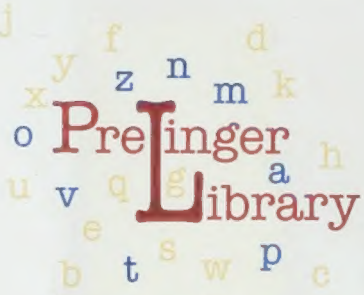
From the collection of the



San Francisco, California
2008

1845 1847 1853
LAWRENCE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
ESTABLISHED 1872
LAWRENCE, MASS.

Pub. Lib.
1/2 cont

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

LAWRENCE Public Library.
LAWRENCE Public Library.

VOLUME XXXV.

PART I.—NOV., 1907, TO APRIL, 1908.

35
part 1

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
FREDERICK WARNE & CO., LONDON.

57253
Ref.

Copyright, 1907, 1908, by The Century Co.

The De Vinne Press.

ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXV.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOV., 1907, TO APRIL, 1908.

CONTENTS OF PART I. VOLUME XXXV.

		PAGE
ALBUM OF THE LEAGUE, THE		466, 562
APPLE BUTTER. Verse. (Illustrated by Denman Fink)	*Oscar Llewellyn*	50
APRIL. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	*May Aiken*	536
BALD BROW CHRISTMAS TREES, THE. (Illustrated by F. Wright)	*Charles Poole Cleaves*	108
BALLOON, INFLATING A. Pictures		296
BILLY'S WEIGHT. Picture, drawn by B. N. Salg		487
BIT OF CHRISTMAS, A. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	*Helen A. Hawley*	246
BOWLING MATCH, THE. Picture, drawn by J. B. Graff		412
BOYS' WAY, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Anna B. Craig*	15
BRAVE FELIPE. Verse. (Illustrated by Herbert Paus)	*D. W. Cooke*	17
CAT TALE, A. Verse	*Ellen Manly*	395
CHIMPANZEE. (Illustrated by W. L. Jacobs)	*Henry Gardner Hunting*	215
CHRISTMAS, A BIT OF. (Illustrated by C. M. Reylea)	*Helen A. Hawley*	246
CHRISTMAS YEAR, THE. (Illustrated by G. A. Harker)	*Rebecca Harding Davis*	132
CIRCUS DOGS. Picture, drawn by Basil S. Tait		537
CLOCK AND THE WATCH, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by G. A. Harker)	*Ray Russell Jewell*	204
COAST PATROL, THE LONELY CHRISTMAS OF THE. Photograph by C. H. Claudy		131
CRINKUM CRANKUMS. Verse. (Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch)	*Ellen Manly*	122
CURE FOR THE BLUES, A. Verse. (Illustrated by G. A. Harker)	*Nancy Byrd Turner*	244
DAUNTLESS: MY BIG TIMBER-WOLF. (Illustrated from photographs)	*Ernest Harold Baynes*	20
DAY'S WORK WITH THE PRESIDENT, A. (Illustrated from photographs)	*Chester M. Clark*	195
DEAR OLD TREE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan)	*Luella Wilson Smith*	136
DEBBY'S DILEMMA. Verse. (Illustrated by Maud Thurston)	*Capt. Harold Hammond*	66
DIABOLO. Verse. (Illustrated by J. C. Wilson)	*Cornelia Walter McCleary*	422
DIAMOND MINES OF KIMBERLEY, THE. (Illustrated from photographs)	*W. G. Fitz-Gerald*	224
DOGGEREL. Verse. (Illustrated by Ruth Halleck)	*Oscar Llewellyn*	245
DOGS, ALASKAN. ("Where Dog is King")	*Lida Rose McCabe*	387
DOGS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD. (Illustrated from photographs)	*W. G. Fitz-Gerald*	391
DOROTHY IN SWITZERLAND. (Illustrated from photographs)	*Deshler Welch*	291
EASTER TURN-OUT, AN. Picture, drawn by Jessie E. Brangs		494
EDUCATED CAT, THE. Verse	*John Kendrick Bangs*	131
EIGHT TIMES EIGHT EQUALS—WHAT?	*B. R. Winslow*	42
EILEEN. Verse. (Illustrated by Herbert Paus)	*Eva L. Ogden*	104
ELEPHANTS, WORKING. (Illustrated from photographs)	*W. G. Fitz-Gerald*	148
ELSIE'S LESSON. (Illustrated by George Varian)	*Mildred Stapley*	507
ESKIMO, A VERY EXCEPTIONAL. Verse	*Isabel Ecclestone Mackay*	333
EVERY-DAY VERSES. (Illustrated by Emilie Benson Knipe)	*Alden Arthur Knipe*	
A Sleepy Boy		62
Buttons		62
Brushing Teeth		63
Tangled Hair		63
Putting on Stockings		162
Being Polite		163
Getting Dressed		260

PAGE

Grace for a Child at Breakfast ... 260
Umbrellas and Rubbers ... 261
Whispering in School ... 261
Off to School ... 346
Going to School ... 347
A Good Memory ... 347
Clean Hands ... 446
Neatness in School ... 446
Pockets ... 447
Waiting for Dinner ... 447
The Dining-Table ... 538
A Reminder ... 538
Eating Between Meals ... 539

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS. (Illustrated by George Varian) ... *Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard*..
Osceola ... 56
"Billy Bowlegs" ... 159
Pascaul ... 249
Antonio and Antonito ... 334
Santos, and Eskiminzeen the Stammerer ... 414
"One-eyed Miguel," the Apache ... 416
Manuelito, a Navajo War Chief ... 512
Cochise, the Chiracahua Apache Chief ... 514

FANCIES OF FAN, AND THE VENTURES OF VAN, THE. Verse ... *Martha Burr Banks* ... 323
"FAR-FETCHED JOKE, A." (Illustrated by the Author) ... *Mark Fenderson* ... 499
FETCHING SMILE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author) ... *Joel A. Day* ... 413
FISHING IN JUNGLEVILLE. Pictures, drawn by I. W. Taber ... 236
FOOT-BALL SEASON IN JUNGLEVILLE, THE. Pictures, drawn by I. W. Taber ... 60
FORD'S TRIP ON A RUNAWAY BALLOON. (Illustrated by Arthur T. Merrick) .. *C. H. Claudy* ... 305
FOREFATHER'S DAY, IN OUR. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author) ... *Phillips Ward* ... 394
FORWARD MARCH. Picture, drawn by Albertine Randall Wheelan ... 448
FOWL WEATHER. Picture, drawn by Albertine Randall Wheelan ... 499
GENTLE INTERFERENCE OF BAB, THE. (Illustrated by Florence E. Storer) ... *Agnes McClelland Daulton* 230, 310, 423, 488
GUESSING SONG. Verse. (Illustrated) ... *Henry Johnstone* ... 223
GYROSCOPE, THE. (Illustrated by W. F. Burger) ... *J. F. Springer* ... 419
HALLOWE'EN HAPPENINGS. (Illustrated from photographs by Mary H. Northend) ... *Carolyn Wells* ... 51
HALLOWE'EN PROCESSION, A. Picture, drawn by J. B. Graff ... 66
HAPPYCHAPS, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Harrison Cady) ... *Carolyn Wells* ... 252, 340, 440, 540
HARE AND HOUNDS ON A NOVEMBER MORNING. Picture, drawn by Walter J. Biggs ... 16
HARRY'S ISLAND. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) ... *Ralph Henry Barbour* ... 205, 324, 396, 519

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER." (Illustrated)
Visiting-Card Houses ... *Lina Beard* ... 67
Christmas Tree Decorations ... *Adelia B. Beard* ... 164
Butter-dish Toys ... " ... 256
Valentines to Make at Home ... " ... 348
Paper Jewelry ... " ... 449
Egg-shell Easter Toys ... " ... 546

HISTORIC BOYHOODS. (Illustrated by W. J. Scott) ... *Rupert Sargent Holland*..
Michael Angelo ... 481
HOLLY SPRIG, THE STORY OF THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan) ... *Arthur Upson* ... 137
HOW A BALLOON IS SENT UP. Pictures ... 296
HOW A PUZZLE WAS SOLVED ... *John Phin* ... 537

PAGE

How Clara Illustrated a Poem. Verse. (Illustrated) ..... *George Jay* 345
How He Forded the Stream. (Illustrated from photographs) ..... *C. H. Claudy* 64
Interesting Bantam, An. Verse ..... *John Kendrick Bangs* 131
In the Land of Fire and Steam. (Illustrated from photographs) ..... *W. G. Fitz-Gerald* 495
In the Toils of Fate. (Illustrated by J. Cassel) ..... *Virginia Mitchell Wheat* 9
Jester's Valentine, The. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author) ..... *Mark Fenderson* 316
Josephine and "Violet," Her Favorite Doll. Picture, by E. Plaisted Abbott 498
Kate's Calendar. Verse. (Illustrated by G. A. Harker) ..... *Margaret Johnson* 228
Knights of Romance. (Illustrated by George Varian) ..... *Isabel Ecclestone Mackay* 44
Land of Fire and Steam, The. (Illustrated from photographs) ..... *W. G. Fitz-Gerald* 495
Lazy Lad, The. Verse ..... *Arthur Macy* 317
Leader of the Butterflies, The. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan) ..... *Francis Baker* 527
League, The Story of the. (Illustrated) 366
Lieutenant's Horseback Ride, The. Verse. (Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch) ..... *Kent Packard* 338
Little Brother o' Dreams. (Illustrated by Florence E. Storer) ..... *Elaine Goodale Eastman* 114
Lonely Christmas of the Coast Patrol, The. Photograph by C. H. Claudy 131
March. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author) ..... *May Aiken* 434
"March Wind Doth Blow." Picture, drawn by Sarah Noble Ives 403
Marmaduke's Recovery. (Illustrated by Arthur Henderson) ..... *Melville F. Ferguson* 436
Michael Angelo, The Boy of the Medici Gardens. (Illustrated by W. J. Scott) ..... *Rupert Sargent Holland* 481
Mina Bird, The. Verse. (Illustrated) ..... *Arthur Guiterman* 103
Mother Goose Continued. Verse. (Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch) ..... *Anna Marion Smith*
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat 26
Little Boy Blue 26
Pat-a-cake 27
Hickory, Dickory, Dock 27
How Many Miles to Babylon? 28
Hark! Hark! 28
Three Children Sliding on the Ice 153
There was a Man and he had Naught 214
The Fat Man of Bombay 214
The Crooked Man 404
What Are Little Girls Made Of? 404
Mother Goose's Last Trolley Ride. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes 518
Motherhood. From the statuette group by Bessie Potter Vonnoh 49
Natural History. Verse. (Illustrated by S. M. Beane) ..... *Florella H. Beane* 395
Nature Fake, A. Picture, drawn by C. F. Lester 430
New Year's Eve in Mid-ocean. Picture, drawn by I. W. Taber 229
Night Before Christmas, A. (Illustrated by Florence E. Storer) ..... *Temple Bailey* 97
No. 1908. Verse. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan) ..... *Pauline Frances Camp* 213
Oversight, An. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author) ..... *C. F. Lester* 247
Overworked Elocutionist, An. Verse. (Illustrated by G. A. Harker) ..... *Carolyn Wells* 41
"Picking" or "Nicking" Easter Eggs. (Illustrated by J. B. Graff) ..... *Everett Wilson* 498
Polar Expedition, A. Verse ..... *Arnold Foster* 130
Poor Plan, A. Verse. (Illustrated) ..... *Arnold Foster* 448
President, A Day's Work with the. (Illustrated from photographs) ..... *Chester M. Clark* 195
Prince Pinoozilum. Verse ..... *Arthur Macy* 204
Puzzled. Verse ..... *Nancy Byrd Turner* 439
Question of Choice, A. Verse ..... *George Jay* 14
Roll-call. Picture, drawn by Herbert Paus 248
Santa in 2007. Picture, drawn by E. B. Bird 103
Sap Song, A. Verse ..... *Walter Prichard Eaton* 434
Scullion Jack, Ye Ballad of. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author) ..... *John Bennett* 154
Seasons, The. Verse ..... *Maud Osborne* 114

PAGE

SEXTON'S CHRISTMAS, THE. Verse. (Illustrated) ..... *Arnold Foster* 248
SLEET, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan) ..... *Thomas Lomax Hunter* ... 59
"SLIPPERS," THE WHITE HOUSE CAT. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) ..... *Jacob A. Riis* 202
SPELLERS, FOR. Verse ..... *Tudor Jenks* 251
STATION OF ANY RAILWAY, AT ANY. Picture, drawn by J. B. Graff 134
SWANS AS BELL-RINGERS. (Illustrated from a photograph) ..... *Helen Marshall Pratt* 434
TALE OF A TYRANT'S ZOO, THE. (Illustrated by L. F. A. Lorenz and from photographs) ..... *W. G. Fitz-Gerald* 37
TEDDY BOY AND TEDDY BEAR. Verse. (Illustrated by Sarah Noble Ives) ..... *Pauline Frances Camp* 138
THEIR MASTER'S VOICE. Picture, drawn by C. J. Budd 486
THREE LITTLE KITTENS, THE ADVENTURES OF. Pictures, drawn by Culmer Barnes 337
THREE, THE. Verse ..... *Margaret Johnson* 19
THREE YEARS BEHIND THE GUNS. (Illustrated) ..... *L. G. T.* 3, 126, 238, 318, 405, 500
TING-A-LING, MISS. Picture, drawn by Alfred Brennan 431
TINKER. (Illustrated by J. M. Gleeson) ..... *Etta Anthony Baker* 431
TOM, DICK, AND HARRIET. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) ..... *Ralph Henry Barbour* ..29, 140
TOMMY'S SOLILOQUY. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author) ..... *Mark Fenderson* 135
TOMMY'S STOCKING. Picture, drawn by C. F. Lester 212
TOWARD SPRING. Verse ..... *Edith Thomas* 487
TRAVELERS FROM THE EAST. Verse. (Illustrated by Julie C. Pratt) ..... *Emma A. Lente* 112
TWISTED SHEET, THE. (Illustrated by Florence E. Storer) ..... *Grace Ethelwyn Cody* 220
TWO SHIPS. Verse ..... *Nancy Byrd Turner* 48
VALENTINE, LITTLE LADY. Picture, drawn by Florence E. Nosworthy 333
VALENTINE, TO MY. Picture, drawn by Florence E. Nosworthy 309
WHERE DOG IS KING. (Illustrated from photographs) ..... *Lida Rose McCabe* 387
WHITE HOUSE CAT, THE; "SLIPPERS." (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) ..... *Jacob A. Riis* 202
WHY TIGERS CAN'T CLIMB. Verse ..... *Arthur Guiterman* 317
WILLENBORG, WALTER J. ("A Young Expert in Wireless Telegraphy") ..... *Charles Barnard* 530
WINTER CONTRIBUTOR, A. Verse ..... *Tudor Jenks* 243
WORKING ELEPHANTS OF INDIA, THE. (Illustrated from photographs) ..... *W. G. Fitz-Gerald* 148
WRECK AND A RESCUE, A. (Illustrated from photographs) ..... *William O. Stevens* 533
YOUNG EXPERT IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY, A. (Illustrated from photographs) *Charles Barnard* 530

FRONTISPIECES.

"New York Sky Harbor in 1950," by Arthur T. Merrick, facing page 3 — "The Mistletoe Hung in the Castle Hall," by Julie C. Pratt, facing page 97 — "Eight Candles," by Julie C. Pratt, facing page 195 — "Secrets," by George T. Tobin, facing page 291 — "An Alaskan Mail-carrier," by Frank Stick, facing page 387—"The Bonnet," by B. J. Rosenmeyer, facing page 483.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK. (Illustrated.)
Dot's Birthday Cake ..... *Philip Howard* 71
Ned and Rover and Jack ..... *Jeannette Stephens* 72
"I Had a Little Kitten" ..... *G. E. Wesson* 73
The Christmas Goose ..... *Jessie Wright Whitcomb* .. 169
The Bunnies That Were Afraid ..... *Kathryn Romer Kip* 262
Bobby Bear, Bubby Bear and Baby Bear ..... *Carolyn Wells* 353
The Bear Family at Home ..... *Curtis D. Wilbur* 453, 550

DEPARTMENTS.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE. (Illustrated) 82, 178, 274, 370, 468, 564
NATURE AND SCIENCE. (Illustrated) 74, 172, 266, 358, 458, 554
THE LETTER-BOX. (Illustrated) 94, 190, 286, 382, 478, 574
THE RIDDLE-BOX. (Illustrated) 95, 191, 287, 383, 479, 575
EDITORIAL NOTES 94



NEW YORK SKY HARBOR IN 1950.

UP THE MAIN AIR-SHIP CHANNEL

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXV NOVEMBER, 1907 No. 1

THREE YEARS BEHIND THE GUNS

THE TRUE CHRONICLES OF A "DIDDY BOX"

BY "L. G. T."

United States Flag Ship *Olympia*,
San Francisco Bay.
Thursday, August 8, 1895.

"TELL your troubles to a policeman," runs the saw. Would that I might, or to any other man on solid ground! But if there is on this great globe one place where a man hides his light under a bushel, it is on a man-of-war. Here nobody asks nor answers "Why?" to any other question than, "Where do you hail from?" And while there are hundreds of fellows about me, apparently content, and even delighted with this state of affairs, I am so hungry for companionship that, to avert heart-starvation, I am forced into the writing of a diary, or "my log." Come, Jackie! You 're not a schoolboy any longer, but a landlubber on board a man-of-war, and this is your log. Here will you bring your joys and your sorrows, just as you used to carry them to your mother. Dear little Momsie, how her heart is aching to-night! And I—

My new life began a month and a half ago, when I ran away to sea and boarded the *Independence*, with nine other applicants (all strangers to one another), for the United States Navy. Even as I write, the cold chills come back and chase up and down my spine, recalling to me an officer whose ferocity of mien has won for him the nickname of "The Bulldog." Perhaps he is just the man for the place; as with a watch-dog, when you see him growling at the porter's lodge, you are at liberty to turn back or to face the terror. I had chosen a name to enlist under; but when the Bulldog growled, "What 's your name?" I positively forgot it, and up and told him on the spot the name given me by my sponsors in baptism, together with the one I have inherited from many generations of Americans. Once I had spoken it, the tension was relieved; and when he asked me what I was qualified to do, I asked him to give me something on deck. From him we were passed on to the doctor, whose greeting was: "Come on, come on, strip off; let 's see what you 're made of."



We stripped, and went through an examination that was first cousin to hazing. Some he kept longer than others; and when I saw a bulky Irishman, who weighed one hundred and eighty,

Copyright, 1907, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

come back with his card marked "Rejected," I thought of my one hundred and thirty-two pounds, and my heart sank. But of the ten only three were accepted, and I am one of them.

We all dressed and went above, where the officer of the deck called out: "Those who have been accepted by the doctor lay aft to the captain and be sworn in."

The captain was promenading the poop-deck. When we came into his presence he stepped to the capstan and took from it a well-worn Bible which he held in his hand, and, folding his arms across his breast, told us to hold up our right hands; then asked our names, birthplaces, etc. Then briefly reciting the articles of war, he asked: "Do you realize the importance of the oath you are about to take?" Three affirmatives came short and quick. The captain lifted the Bible in his right hand, and the oath was taken which makes me for three years a sailor. In a fatherly manner the captain then spoke to us, bidding us endeavor to be good boys, a credit to our country, and a pride to the ship we sailed.



With this admonition, we were turned over to a sailor and followed him below.

In the store-room I found a man whose time had expired; he was about my size, and I presented him with the suit I was wearing. He put it on with evident pride (it was almost new, and had cost Dad forty-five dollars), and I watched him walk down the gang-plank. Just for a second I wished I were in those clothes again, but "out of sight, out of mind," and, turning at "attention," I was fitted out with everything a sailor wants—from needles and thread to—

One hammock, with mattress;
Three mattress-covers;
One pair white blankets;
Two blue flannel suits of clothes;
Three white duck suits of clothes;
Two white cap-covers; One pea jacket; One suit oil-skins;
One watch cap; Two blue caps;
Two neckerchiefs; Two suits underwear;
Two pair navy shoes; Blacking and brush;
Six pair socks;
Bowl, cup and plate of white agate ware with blue bands, and U. S. N. in blue on each piece;
Knife, fork and spoon;
And last, but not least—One Ditty-box, or, as sailors call it, "Diddy-box."

A "Diddy-box"!—the very sacredest thing in Uncle Sam's Navy. Only yesterday I heard a lesson on its sacredness, as one man berated another until he arose to the convincing climax: "Why, that man is low enough to go through a shipmate's diddy-box!"

Dressed in my uniform, with the rest of my chattels tied in a canvas bag, I was turned loose on the deck of the *Independence*—a sailor. At that moment, I believe, I would have bartered all I had to have turned Time's wheel backward for just one week; but while I stood thus, half-bewildered, a fellow walked up with extended hand and said: "Duke me, kid!" From his gesture I knew it was a hand-shake and responded. He said: "I see you 've made it. Are you going on the *Olympia?*" I answered that I hoped so.

The fates so ordained it that before sundown of that very day of my enlistment, my hope was realized, as I was one of fifty who were drafted from the *Independence* to the *Olympia*.

On the cutter that brought us over, we were each given a ticket; mine read:

U. S. F. S. *Olympia*

Watch ....Starboard	Mess .....No. 3
Division ..Second	Battalion Co. ....No. 3
Gun.....Aft Turret No. 1	Ship No., hammock and bag..2149
Boat ....Whale 22	

But the kindly chap who had extended his hand to me in the morning was at my elbow, and said: "Show me your billet." Just a glance, and he said: "You are all right; you are next to me, and I will help you until you get started."

And so he has, from that hour up to the present. I have christened him Handy Andy, for he is the handiest article I have known since my first knife. He is familiar with everything, and has hinted to me that there are no "stairs," but ladders, on ships, and that it is always either



THE "DIDDY-BOX."

"above" or "below." There are not four "stories" to the ship; but a torpedo-deck, berth-deck, gun-deck, and a spar-deck. Many more are the things he has told me, but I cannot remember,

nor understand half of them yet; but one bit of advice was, "When the guys with the swords and buttons ask you anything, don't know nothing. If you tell them you do, you 'll get a call-down; 'cause, you see, they 'll tell you Uncle Sam is paying them to tell you that."

While there is small fear that I shall ever forget, I think it proper, in writing a log, that I should record my first difficulty. It occurred on the morning of June 25. To sleep in a hammock under the trees where you can throw your leg over the side and find firm footing, is very different from having it swung so high that you can touch the ceiling with your hands, and be entirely out of the way of the tallest man on board as he walks the deck. The fear of falling and breaking my neck had kept me awake all night. At five o'clock in the morning I was rousted out. I got into my new uniform, but *could not* fix my hammock. Andy, to the rescue, said: "I 'll lash up for you to-day, kid; don't be discouraged; in a month you will take to it like you take to your Jimokey."

I asked him what Jimokey was, and he seemed surprised that I did not know it to mean Jamaica—coffee.

The *Olympia* is a protected cruiser with a main battery of four 8-inch guns, and ten 5-inch rapid-firing guns; secondary battery, fourteen 6-pounders, and six 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, and four gatlings.

I belong to the aft Turret-gun No. 1; and my hammock swings in the first row aft in the starboard gangway on the gun-deck. From it I catch fleeting glimpses into the captain's cabin. It is, indeed, his castle; for there he eats, sleeps, and holds court. The captain of a man-of-war! Who on earth is to compare with him? Not a king, nor an emperor. His power is absolute!

To minister to his personal comforts, he has an orderly (a marine), a steward, a cook, and a cabin-boy. His table is spread with Irish linen, and laid with Sèvres china, cut crystal, and sterling silver; but, unless presiding at a banquet, he takes his meals like a hermit—absolutely alone.

But there are twenty-two messes on board. One of them, Mess No. 3, is on the starboard side of the gun-deck. From the ceiling there hangs, on a wire cable, a wooden table immaculate from frequent scrubbings, but quite bare of linen. Three times a day it is pulled down, and the benches that are folded on top of it are placed alongside. Near by there is a mess locker, which contains almost everything to be found in a well-regulated larder, or pantry. Below the locker hang a dish-pan, a bread-tub, and two "breakers"—one for vinegar, the other for molasses. This is where I take my meals. There are twenty-one of us. We laugh and joke; but we are creating a new comradeship, and we have great times!

Last week, with the Naval Inspector on board, we went to San Diego on our official trial trip. The *Olympia's* contract calls for a speed of twenty knots, but for eight hours she logged 22.6—the fastest time ever made on the Pacific.

Well, Diddy, we have had a long confab to-night, and I feel better. We will probably not have so exhaustive a session again; but to-morrow night, between eight and nine, I shall bring you here on this mess-chest, and have a little chat with you. And so on each day, I hope, until June 24, 1898.

August 10th.

"And the old, old story is told again at five o'clock in the morning." For then the big gun booms; the bell strikes two; the bugle sings: "I can't get 'em up—I can't get 'em up." The boatswain pipes, then in a thunderous voice drawls out, "A-l-l hands—up, a-l-l hammocks—, come on—, roust out—lash and carry!" This is the song of the merry chanter, as out we tumble. In eight minutes we are dressed, hammocks lashed, and stowed in a netting on the spar-deck; then back to our "jimock"—a cup of coffee taken standing. At half past five again the boatswain pipes, and thunders the order: "A-l-l hands turn to and scrub the decks with sand; a-l-l hands scrub all white paint and clean all bright work."

At half past seven each man gets a bucket of fresh water, and takes a sailor's bath. After breakfast he takes down towels, blackens shoes, and gets ready for quarters.

Colors at eight every morning, no matter when the sun rises. At nine, the bugle sounds the sick call; at half past nine, quarters; muster, then drill. At eleven o'clock the bugle sounds retreat; and here is where you get in your extra work until noon, when the boatswain pipes: "To mess." Simultaneous with the piping, a red pennant is run up the yard-arm, where it floats for one hour. The meal-pennant is always up at meal-times; and while it floats, the smoking-lamp is lighted, and it is only when it is burning that smoking is allowed. The smoking hours are the meal hours, and during the evening recreation; though often, when there is no drill, nor other work it would interfere with, the officer of the deck grants special permit for the lamp to burn. Dinner over, there are boxing, reading, card-games, and all sorts of things (including extra work) going on until half past one, when the bugle sounds "Quarters." Then come instructions in gunnery, signals, seamanship, etc. To-day I had boat-drill,

pulling a 16-foot oar (not a bit like sculling for ducks).

After boat-drill we had to hoist and clean them, make up sails, and put fresh water into the breakers. There has been more scrubbing and cleaning, enough to keep us on the jump until after five, when we had fifteen minutes at "monkey-drill"—calisthenics; and were ready to answer the mess-pipe and sit down to supper at half past five. It is only then that the day's work is done: the smoking-lamp is left burning, boxing-gloves and punching-bags are brought on deck (Uncle Sam furnishes these as well as dumb-bells, Indian clubs, etc.), and joy revels uninterruptedly until, as the dusk gathers, you hear from the bridge the quartermaster announce to the officer of the deck: "It is one minute to sundown, sir." The officer of the deck tells the captain's orderly to tell the captain it is one minute to sundown. Returning from the captain's cabin, the orderly says: "The captain says, 'Make it so.'" The quartermaster, from the bridge, announces: "Sundown!" The officer of the deck says: "Sound it off." The drum gives three rolls, the bugle sounds colors, while every man on deck faces aft, stands at attention, and salutes the flag as it falls. At eight the bugle sounds "Hammocks." All hands stand in line, two by two, at the hammock netting. The boatswain's mate calls: "Uncover!" Hats are doffed, and a silence that lets in the sound of splashing water on the ship's sides settles over all as the chaplain comes on deck and offers a brief but fervent prayer for the loved ones at home and the sailors on the deep. Then: "Pipe down." All in less time than it takes to write it. Each hammock hangs on its own hooks. Some turn in at once, while others go on with the sport, or, as I am at this moment doing, write. At nine o'clock there comes the firing of guns and "Taps." If I can find the man who calls a sailor's life a lazy one, I should like to have a word with him.

Monday, August 12th.

Wrote a letter home to-night, so have no need to write here.

Thursday, 15th.

A letter from home. It was short, but said, "Come home before you sail." I asked leave of the lieutenant commanding, and he has granted me forty-eight hours' leave.

Monday, August 19th.

I 'm rushing for the 2:15 train.

Wednesday, August 21st.

Have washed off the slate and said good-by; and now let me whistle, "A life on the ocean wave."

Friday, 23rd.

Still coaling ship, and she looks like a raven. (So do I.)

Saturday, 24th.

We have scrubbed her fore and aft—she looks like a swan.

San Francisco Bay, Sunday, August 25th.

I have spared you, Diddy-box, the full account of much routine work in getting ready for sea. We are all ready; and with to-morrow's dawn the "Queen of the Pacific" will get under way.

Monday, August 26th. At sea.

At four bells, all in concert, the boatswains piped and called "A-l-l hands on deck—u-p anchor!" Then the engines groaned, the propellers began their first earnest work, ch-u-n-g c-h-o-n-g went the machinery, and we were off. The pilot directed the man at the wheel; and the captain, in all his glory, stood on the bridge in the early morning watch.

It was five bells when we cleared the bar, and my heart beat time to the song in my brain:

> Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
> For many a stormy wind shall blow,
> Ere Jack comes home again.

There is a law of the sea that regulates the watch: If the ship sails on a date of even number, the port takes the first lookout; if it is on an odd date, the starboard. Being the twenty-eighth, the port took the watch at colors this morning. Every man in the crew from now on, while at sea, will be off and on duty, day and night, for four hours at a stretch, barring, of course, the break that comes in the dog-watch which I shall explain some other time.

At sunset colors, the running lights come on; and while they burn there comes from the watchers on the bridge, with each succeeding bell, its announcement, thus: "Eight bells, and a port bright light," "Eight bells, and a starboard bright light." To this the masthead lookout answers back, "A-l-l 's well!" And so on and on, through the watches of the night.

Cleaning, scrubbing, mess and quarter, all go on at sea just as in port.

As we came out of the Golden Gate this morning, we were met by a gentle zephyr, which grew and stiffened, until at noon it was a trade-wind that to-night is gathering for a storm.

Some of the boys are showing symptoms of *mal-de-mer;* fortunately, I have thus far escaped, and, in consequence, have just been told that to-night I am to stand the first lookout at midnight.

At sea, Tuesday, August 27th.

When I tumbled out of my hammock at midnight, I was dumbfounded to find I could not keep my legs under me. I was thrown promiscuously about the gun-deck as I struggled to get into my clothes. I had but one thought, a wreck; and I expected every moment to hear the bugle sound, "Abandon ship!" But instead, the boatswain piped, "All hands on deck!" Together we put up steadying sails; then the port watch turned in, and we were on deck. I cannot recall just what was said as the watch was handed over to me; but I shall never forget the first night aloft. I clung like grim death to the shrouds, saw nothing, but answered, "All 's well," to the bridge, as the dismal groaning of the rigging stole through my senses.



"... MAIN."

At sea, August 28th, Wednesday.

The storm has abated. My shipmates say I 'm good for twenty years in the navy. Was not sick during the storm, and took to the ratlines like a duck to water.

August 30th, Friday.
At sea.

Plowing the main; besides doing regular, as well as extra, duty on ship

Sunday,
September 1st.

Just like a plowshare wakening the crickets in the stubble, the ship has all day startled the flying-fish. Apparently they sleep under the waves until wakened by the ship, when up they come. One of them, in its flight to-day, fell flopping on the forecastle, where I caught it in my hands. It was quite two feet long, and we had it for to-night's mess. The meat was sweet and delicious. I had been taught that flying-fish are from three to twelve inches in length; but this two-footer I saw with my own eyes and caught with my own hands.

All day we have been running races with great schools of porpoises. By thousands they run along with the ship, apparently playing leap-frog, like boys when school lets out.

Monday, September 2nd.

Will anchor at Honolulu to-morrow. Visions of tropical fruit picked fresh from their moorings go dancing through my brain.

Filled with good-will toward man this morning I greeted old McCue on the gun-deck. He

was not slow to acknowledge the salute, but he did it by telling me that "good morning" is the kind of talk they use in young ladies' seminaries. (One type of a man-of-war's-man.)



THE SHIPMATES' FEET.

Tuesday, September 3d, Honolulu.

Disgust and disappointment! My eyes were scarce opened when I recognized Diamond Head. It is there, true enough, with its jagged cliffs and cocoanut trees, just as you see it in the picture-books. But, as we came steering in, we were met by a tug whose mission was to report cholera in Honolulu; and here I am spending my first night in the tropics, not listening to native music, while I gorge myself with succulent fruits; but in quarantine, and still on sea-rations, with my clothes clinging to my body like adhesive plaster, and my lungs laboring in vain to be inflated with this slow, sultry, sweltering air.

September 4th, Wednesday.

The uniform for each day is decided by the joint authority of the doctor and the commanding officer. One is actuated by climate and health, the other by the eternal fitness of things. Every ship carries a set of colored pictures of sailors in their various uniforms. They are laid loose in a frame measuring ten by twelve inches. Each day the one chosen is put next to the glass and hung on the log-writer's door; here goes the boatswain to get his cue, and while the men are breakfasting, he pipes the order. To-day it ran:

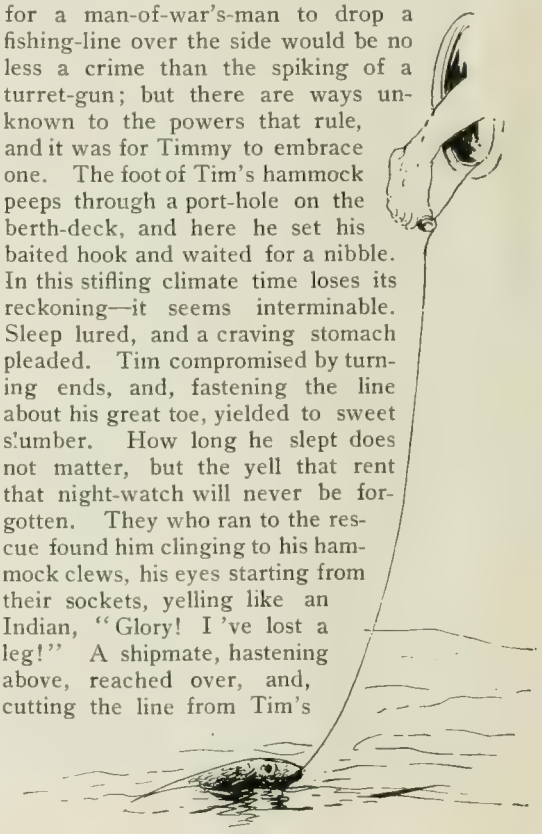
"The uniform for the day will be white working clothes, and bared feet."

I was breathing at every pore from excessive humidity, as I dragged myself to quarters—beginning to feel like an invalid, and feeling sure I should never smile again—when I cast a side-long glance down the line, and grew faint from suppressed laughter. The feet of my shipmates were anything but in uniform. Some of them are so elaborately tattooed they look for all the world like carpet-slippers; while others have only a star on each toe. Butterflies, either in sportive groups, or with one great sphinx-moth, covering the entire instep, are in high favor; while snakes and monkeys follow a close second. One fellow, an Irish-American, has one corner of the English flag running up the side of his ankle, the main part being where he ever tramples upon it. I judge that it is only after a second enlistment that the tattoo fever gets into one's feet. Personally, I think I can serve my whole term without its attacking any part of my anatomy.

Sunday, September 8th.

We are anchored about a mile from the surf. The doctor says all the fish have cholera; so we are still eating "salt horse" and bemoaning our fate.

It was this very fate that drove Timmy, an apprentice, to go fishing one night off Honolulu. Now for a man-of-war's-man to drop a fishing-line over the side would be no less a crime than the spiking of a turret-gun; but there are ways unknown to the powers that rule, and it was for Timmy to embrace one. The foot of Tim's hammock peeps through a port-hole on the berth-deck, and here he set his baited hook and waited for a nibble. In this stifling climate time loses its reckoning—it seems interminable. Sleep lured, and a craving stomach pleaded. Tim compromised by turning ends, and, fastening the line about his great toe, yielded to sweet slumber. How long he slept does not matter, but the yell that rent that night-watch will never be forgotten. They who ran to the rescue found him clinging to his hammock clews, his eyes starting from their sockets, yelling like an Indian, "Glory! I 've lost a leg!" A shipmate, hastening above, reached over, and, cutting the line from Tim's almost severed toe, landed a magnificent fish. We called it a sixty-pounder, though it was never weighed. It seemed a cross between a salmon and a perch. It was smuggled in and distributed to its limit, proving delicious eating, and the only decent meal we have had in Hawaii.



TIM'S FISH.

(To be continued.)

IN THE TOILS OF FATE

BY VIRGINIA MITCHELL WHEAT

"ELIZABETH! Elizabeth! Race you to the cross-roads," called a laughing youth from the back of a beautiful bay horse that pawed the ground restlessly as his master curbed him.

"What! you on Billy and I on Bess? I think not! You take Bess and give me Billy and I 'll race you."

"Oh, no," laughed the boy, teasingly, "Billy 's too heady for you. He 'd pull your hands off."

"Huh," ejaculated Elizabeth, disdainfully; she could handle a horse better than her older brother could, and scorned argument.

"Well, we can't stand here all day, wasting time with folk who are afraid to take up our challenge, can we, Billy? Come, get along!"

"Wait a minute," cried Elizabeth, "I 'll race you, but not on Bess."

Running up to her room she slipped on a riding skirt, caught up a short whip, and was out of doors and across to the stables before her perplexed brother could think what she was "up to." Then, an idea striking him, he wheeled about and rode Billy to the stable door just as Elizabeth came out leading a new black hunter, that had only arrived the day before. His rolling eye, trembling nostrils, and nervously restless head were far from reassuring.

"Elizabeth!" exclaimed Ted, aghast. "What are you thinking of? You cannot ride him. Father would not let you."

"Father would let me if I asked him," said the spoiled Elizabeth, with a toss of her pretty head.

"Even if you please to break your neck? Here, Elizabeth," coaxingly, "you take Billy and I 'll take Bess."

"Bess! In a race? Why, it would be a race to see who would come in last. There 'd be no fun in that. No, I shall ride Terry, and I 'll beat you to the cross-roads, Master Ted, and back again, too."

"Elizabeth, don't be foolish," pleaded Ted. "Here, you take Billy and I 'll take Terry, and we 'll have the race."

"Ho, ho," laughed Elizabeth, derisively, "you must be a bad loser when you would take my very horse from under me because you know he can just leave you out of sight. No, no, Teddy, you keep your pretty Billy, and when Terry and I get to the cross-roads we 'll wait for you; that is, if you are not *too* far behind."

With a taunting laugh she put one foot on the railed fence beside her, vaulted lightly into the saddle, and before she could give the word Terry was off like an arrow from the bow.

The swift loping stride did not disturb Elizabeth in the least. She had been used to horses all her life, and so far had never had her confidence in them betrayed. Lifting her face to the cool rushing air, she breathed it in deep exhilarating draughts for a bit, then turned half-way in her saddle to wave her hand to Teddy.

She realized then how fast she was going. Billy was coming on, urged beyond his usual speed by Ted's unsparing whip, and yet as she looked she could see the distance increasing between them. Turning round she pulled sharply to slacken her horse's pace, but the effort seemed to have the opposite effect.

Sitting well back and catching a turn of the reins around her hands, she pulled again with long steady grip, but without avail. His mouth was as hard as nails.

A short time before she had sprained her wrist and now the unusual strain began to tell on it.

"Oh, pshaw!" she muttered. "He 's just obstinate. The run can't do him any harm, and I 'd better let him have his own way rather than cripple my wrist again. He 'll soon tire out at this rate."

She looked back again, but Billy was not in sight. She loosed the reins from her cramped fingers, when, like lightning, Terry threw his head into the air, then down to his chest, dragging the slack of the reins from her, then, with the bit between his teeth, he dashed on with increasing speed.

For a few moments Elizabeth looked grave. She was not really alarmed, but the situation was altogether a novel one. Never in all her experience had she been run away with before. Every other horse in her father's stable knew her voice and loved it; but this one was a stranger, and if he was accustomed to being handled by men only, the sound of her voice might result in exciting him further.

He continued to run straight, with barely a swerve from the course he had set himself when he left the stable yard. The cross-roads had been left far behind. (She *had n't* waited for Teddy, and Elizabeth wondered with a smile if he would wait for *her,* and how long.)

On and on and on swept the horse. Would his pace never break! Well, it was useless to borrow trouble. She could keep her saddle under

almost any condition, so that, unless he should stumble or fall, there was n't much to worry about. She had known horses after a wild run like this to come to their senses after a while and stand trembling and subdued from reaction.

Steadily, steadily, the great muscles moved beneath her, not with wild erratic action, yet with no suggestion of abating speed; then somehow, with the sort of sixth sense that came of being so thoroughly in sympathy with her father's horses, the belief came to her that there was method in his madness.

She had heard of horses and other animals finding their way back from incredible distances to a dearly loved home. This one had come from Wayville, just in the direction they were traveling, and more than seventy-five miles from her home. He had come all the way on the train, but despite this fact the conviction grew upon Elizabeth that by the aid of that instinct so greatly compensates for the one human power these creatures lack, *Terry was going home.*

What should she do? What *could* she do? The thought of an involuntary and unexpected visit to a strange ranch was anything but a welcome one; still, even if she could accomplish the impossible feat of alighting safely from the back of this flying horse, how much better off would she be out in the midst of a desolate plain, with no means of conveyance back to her home or any town or village.

No, the only thing to do was to stick where she was; the horse would in time carry her to some definite place from which she could return, and, unless she could get control of him again, it was the only thing to do.

Once she leaned over, patted the heaving shoulder softly and spoke a soothing word or two, but Terry threw his head back and increased his speed, so she decided not to try that again. Frequent looks backward as well as all about the horizon, showed that she and Terry were the only actors in the great arena, and the loneliness and long-continued strain began to tell on her nerves. She would have given the world for the opportunity to lean her head on Terry's neck for a good cry, but it would n't do. No time for empty hands or tear-dimmed eyes just now. Pulling



"'WHEN TERRY AND I GET TO THE CROSS-ROADS WE 'LL WAIT FOR YOU,'" SAID ELIZABETH.

herself erect in the saddle, she put the weakness away from her. So long as Terry kept on with this long, even pace she was perfectly safe. It was only a question of patience. Her father, fortunately, was away from home, and would probably not be home before the morrow. The thought of poor Ted and his fright weakened her most, so she decided not to think of him again until it was all over.

Suddenly her eyes flashed and the quick color flew to her cheeks. They had reached the top of a gentle slope and away off in the distance, but straight across their path, she could see the long blue thread of a winding river. She laughed exultingly. That would prove Terry's Waterloo in very truth.

It was still five miles, or further, away, and if Terry would just keep up the strain of the last fifteen miles, he would be glad enough to halt and acknowledge himself beaten by the time he reached the river bank and realized he had half a mile or more to swim before he could take up his gay journey again.

Then she began to plan how she would manage him when they reached the river. In all probability he would give up, and then she would have no trouble; but there was, of course, the chance that he would not, and then she would have to *make* him give up. She had better stay where she was until Terry came to some decision. It would n't do to allow him a chance to bolt and leave her there alone. The thing for her to do was to get that bit further back in his mouth—then everything would be easy. She would keep him pacing for a while, that he might not cool too rapidly, then she would let him rest awhile, and *then* she would ride back triumphantly,—meet Teddy, half scared to death, and nonchalantly declare to him that the race to the cross-roads had proved so ridiculously short that she had gone on to the river instead; and she laughed again as she thought of the look that would be on Teddy's face.

The river! Why, they had never been that far before in all their riding, except on the train; and the distance would seem more tremendous to Teddy, who had been away to school for two years, than to her, for she had been riding every day. She hoped some of the river mud would stick to Terry's feet, so Ted could see it.

They were close enough to the river now for Elizabeth to discover, first with concern, and then with satisfaction, that it looked very different from the calm, smiling river that she had liked to see when she had crossed on the trestle above. Now it was tumbling and foaming, tossing angrily the bits of debris with which it was strewn, and altogether seemed so unlike the placid stream that Elizabeth remembered, that she wondered if indeed it were the same. Oh, yes, of course it was. There was the train trestle about a mile below them. Turbulent as it now appeared, it must have been worse before, for the ground for a long way from the river showed signs of a flood.

"Well, Terry, this is a joke on you," she laughed, realizing how more impassable Terry would find this than the placid stream she had anticipated, and she could not forbear to lean over again to venture a little pat of sympathy for his beaten state.

Terry threw his head again, broke from the long stride as his feet sank into the sodden earth, and then, without an instant's hesitation, plunged into the seething waters.

With a cry of terror Elizabeth reached over and clung frantically to his floating mane, and so together they started.

The horse's muscles were like iron, in spite of the long, continuous gallop and Elizabeth feared that the cold plunge, in his heated state, might produce paralysis; but he swam strongly and confidently, evading with skill the logs and other heavy objects that coursed swiftly on the racing tide. Once Elizabeth, forgetting herself, nearly lost her hold,—a little cradle, empty, and still rocking softly in the tumbling waves, swept by, and after that she noted again and again many evidences of desolated homes. Thoroughly unnerved at last she closed her eyes and, clinging closely, trusted to Terry's strength and sagacity.

Presently she realized that he swam more feebly. The strong, propelling motion grew slower and more wearied and she ventured to open her eyes for an instant.

The tide had carried them almost to the trestle where logs and debris of all sorts were piled in inextricable confusion. If Terry was caught in that dreadful chaos, there would be no possible chance for either of them. Could he hold his own and keep out of it?

Her eyes closed again, and her lips moved prayerfully. She wondered silently what Ted and her father would do without her. Ted would go back to school in time, of course, and in a way he would forget, but Father—! No, she could not think what he would do, or how he would ever get along without her. They had always been so necessary to each other, she and her father. That was why she had never gone away to school like Ted; her father could not spare her, and so he had kept her home and taught her himself, and ever since those happy days when the pretty young mother had gone, she had been sweetheart and tyrant alike to him, as he often said; but now—!

She wondered whether they could manage to get ashore after all. But it seemed hopeless and she closed her eyes in dread.

A sudden tenseness,—a new firmness in the muscles beneath her—made her sit up sharply and open her eyes again. *Terry was treading bottom!*

Her despondency was gone in a flash, and her plan of action instantly decided upon. She had been on Terry's back long enough, and when he reached land again she would slide off.

It might be a bit lonely for her for a while, but sooner or later a train would be along and then she would have plenty of company, and, in spite of her being disheveled and penniless, she was confident of a quick trip home.

Terry's feet sloughed through the water that was now just above his fetlocks, and Elizabeth slipped nimbly from his back before he could have the chance to gather himself and resume his run. But Terry had no inclination to run now; whinnying softly, he thrust his quivering muzzle against her shoulder, and stood with legs trembling, thoroughly, completely subdued.

"Yes, Terry," she said softly, patting him soothingly, "like all the boys, you 're very sorry for what you 've done; but what good does that do now? Over this side of the river may suit you very well, but it does n't suit me at all, and I don't see what we 're going to do about it. Well, let us walk up to the railroad and see if that will help us any; and this time, Terry, we 'll *both* walk. Oh, yes," as the nose touched her shoulder again, "I know you 're terribly sorry, but somehow I think you and I will have to know each other a lot better before I 'll trust you again."

"You see, Terry," fondling the nose to make the words seem less harsh. "You see; when any one fools me once, I never can get over the notion that he 'll do it again if he gets the chance, and I try never to give him a chance."

There was real comfort in talking and philosophizing to this dumb beast in her loneliness, and, somehow, his entire subjection and evident dependence on her judgment and sympathy girded her up with a sense of responsibility to new courage, so that it was, after all, a very cheerful and confident Elizabeth who stepped up on the track near the point where the long steel trestle began to span the river. Off to the north, she remembered, there had been a little settlement close to the river that afforded cheap and ready transit to its every part, or slow and rare intercourse with the outside world. It had vanished; unquestionably, swept entirely away by the flood.

To the west and south were broad rolling lands with only the long shining rails of steel to reclaim them from the primitive state, and to the east the great blue trestle stretched from her very feet toward where her home lay, miles beyond the horizon.

Down where its massive piers met the water, logs and beams, barrels and debris of all sorts, tossed and fought for supremacy like living things. The bridge had proved at first an obstacle to many of the drifting objects, and while they halted at the unyielding bar across their path others had hurried behind them, grappled with and crowded them, until at last a barrier had formed that defied the passage of every moving thing except the tossing, foaming water that rushed over and under it with a total disregard for everything but its own mighty power.

Further up the river great trees had torn loose from their soil and joined the motley crowd on the river. In the center of the stream one fallen monarch, shorn of its magnificent dignity, lay with its roots like great feet kicking ridiculously into the air at every surge of the waters, and its branches laden with strange fruit, for much of the flotsam and jetsam had found lodgment among them. By steady, continued pressure some of the swaying limbs had found a grip in the restlessly moving mass, and one hoary limb by some strange manœuver had thrust itself up between the sleepers of the trestle. There, scarred by its constant fret against the rail, crushed by the tremendous pressure behind it and the unyielding steel before it, a great section had broken off and lay parallel to the shining rail.

Elizabeth's little scarlet-coated figure, still dripping from the river, and Terry at her elbow were the only living things in this scene of desolation. An awful loneliness surged over her soul, and her throat ached with the sobs that she stifled.

She had been trained early to habits of action and courage, and she looked about her again for inspiration. With the instinct that guided Terry in his runaway, her eyes clung insistently to the east, and home; and it was as she stood and so gazed, that the sight of the great limb on the track flashed its message of danger to her tired brain. It was directly in the path of the eastbound train and—

She turned about. As she did so a long shrill whistle sounded. The train was so near that the engineer had seen her on the track and blown a warning: the roar of the waters below had drowned the sound of its coming!

There was just an instant for decision.

In a flash her jacket was off (that little scarlet jacket that father had insisted upon her wearing when she rode, so that he might see her a long way off and she was waving it frantically.

The train was coming at high speed. Could,



"HE BROKE FROM THE LONG STRIDE . . . . AND, WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, PLUNGED INTO THE SEETHING WATERS."

oh, could she stop it in time? In her excitement she ran to meet it, still waving and gesticulating.

The wheels and brakes were screaming and sparking now. It was stopping—it had stopped. what was wrong, and things began to blur before her eyes.

Faithful Terry still stood beside her; and she leaned against him for support. When, suddenly,



"THE ENGINEER HAD JUMPED DOWN BESIDE HER, AND SHE WAS EXPLAINING TO HIM WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS."

The engineer had jumped down beside her and she was explaining to him what the trouble was, but somehow she felt very vague and indefinite now, and this did n't sound like her voice at all!

Then passengers came crowding out to see from amid the throng of passengers alighting came the sound of the dearest voice in the world—her father's. "Elizabeth!" it said. And with wide, glad eyes, and a low, happy cry, she reached out her hands and sank into her father's arms.

A QUESTION OF CHOICE

(To be read through twice)

My friend Jane Brown is { melancholy, / very jolly,
Oh, she 's down in the { mouth! / south!
She says the southern rains { upset her, / are better.—
She { likes / hates { the northern drouth.
The pickaninnies make her { weary; / cheery;
The streets up north, are { clean; / mean;

Hot weather south— { it seems to stifle! / Oh, just a trifle!
She 's { sad / gay { when winter 's green.
She cannot bear the { alligator, / going, later,
She loves the land of { snow: / glow:
Prefer a clime { like Florida? / that 's horrider?
And stay { down south? / up north? } Oh, no!

George Jay.



THE BOYS' WAY

BY ANNA B. CRAIG

When Thomas comes to breakfast with his neatly-parted hair
I'm sure you 'll think it very sad to find
That although he brushed the front with "the very greatest care,"
He quite forgot to brush his head behind.





HARE AND HOUNDS ON A NOVEMBER MORNING.



Dear Little Man:

You may have seen, in picture books you 've read,
A story of a pirate bold whose name the seamen dread.
Well, maybe they don't dread it now, but once they surely did,
For worst of all the pirates was this self-same Captain Kidd.

He wore a long-tailed, square-cut coat; his cuffs were fringed with lace,
His sword he always carried, and, upon his bad old face,
He wore, they say, a "hang-dog look"; I don't know what that is,
But pirates all declare, I 'm told, that they "need it in their biz."

A dozen pistols in his belt, such as all pirates use,
Adorned the Captain's costume; but of all the ugly crews
That ever sailed the Spanish Main or stole a "piece of eight,"
The men who sailed with Captain Kidd, 't is painful to relate,
Were just the fiercest, ugliest, and "no-accountest" lot,—
Folks vowed, if ever captured, they 'd be hung upon the spot.
Well, one day after Captain Kidd had sailed the Spanish Main
From Trinidad to Panama and then sailed back again,
And had n't caught a single ship, he called the Bosun's Mate
And said, "Avast, there, Bottle Nose, the hour is growing late,
Go pipe the men to quarters, and anchor out a buoy;
We 'll try some target practice now. What 's that?—ho! Ship ahoy!

"Set sail for yonder galleon, she 'll never get away,
Or my full name 's not Captain Kidd. Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!"



"'I'LL TACKLE CAPTAIN KIDD.'"

So, off they flew, the sails all set, the Captain standing aft,
(The ship, I failed to mention, was a "long, low, rakish craft").
He laughed and raved, and raved and laughed, the bad old scallawag,
And cried, "What! ho! my hearties! now, run up the pirate flag."

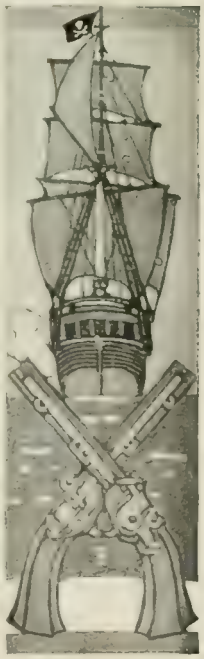


On board the Spanish galleon, the ship the pirates chased,
The Captain called all hands on deck, and in the greatest haste
Armed them with swords and pikes and guns, and all the things they use,
When dreadful things like this occur, to fight off pirate crews.

Now, in the Captain's charge this time, and right beside him then,
Was young Felipe Sandoval, a noble youth of ten.
He saw the "long, low, rakish craft" approaching them amain,
He saw the dreadful pirate flag, and then he looked in vain
For one kind face among the crew. Was he afraid? Oh! no!
Instead, he sang the Pirate Song, "Yo! ho! Yo! ho! Yo! ho!"

"El Capitan," Felipe said, "although beneath my rank
To fight with pirates, yet, methinks, we 'll make them walk the plank;
Give me a sword, a trusty blade, and we will quickly rid
The ocean of these vagabonds. *I 'll* tackle Captain Kidd."

The Captain looked at him and said—a teardrop in his eye—
"O noble youth, the die is cast, our time is drawing nigh;
Yet, I will give to thee a sword as good as ever made;
Take this," and then he handed him a fine Toledo blade.
"And should'st thou see me fall, alack! and fall I doubtless will,
Give one more thrust for Castile's Hope* and be a Spaniard still."



*NOTE: Be careful not to say "Castile Soap."

On came the pirates, guns they roared—the dead fell thick and fast,
Felipe grasped his trusty blade and stood before the mast,
And, in his manly, childish voice, called out across the sea,
"Come hither, bad old Captain Kidd, and fight it out with me."

The pirate roared a fearful roar, and gnashed his teeth and cried,
"Just wait about a minute and I 'll tan that youngster's hide."
But Captain Kidd, he never lived to carry out his threat.
Felipe cried, "Come on! Poltroon! I 've not surrendered yet!"

FILL up your mug with rum, yo! ho! and throw away the cup,
And hurry, please, before the boy who dreamed this dream wakes up!



THE THREE

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

A TUNEFUL voice, all silver-sweet,
A trill of happy song,
An airy step that skips and trips
And dances all day long;
Pink ribbons, ruffles, curls, and lace,—
Such frills of fairy folly!—
Two laughing eyes, a rosebud pout,—
Enough! Your loving arms hold out
To greet the dear,—beyond a doubt,
It 's Dolly!

A rustle soft as stir of leaves,
A cooing, dovelike call;
Arms filled with daisies, neatly picked
By fingers soft and small;
Shy lashes hiding violet eyes,
Shy lips as red as holly,
Shy, pretty ways and looks demure,—
Ah, smile, the little lass to lure,
For, if she runs from you, be sure
It 's Molly!

A burst of bubbling laughter gay,
A rush of romping feet,
A small tornado coming fast
And furious down the street;
Some freckles, flying locks of brown,
Blue eyes, and dimples jolly,
A swirl of giddy skirts, a shout,
A whirl of breezes put to rout,
A pair of warm brown arms—look out!
It 's Polly!



DAUNTLESS.

DAUNTLESS: MY BIG TIMBER-WOLF

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

"Look out there, sir! That big timber-wolf in the last cage is a fiend; if you put your hand within reach he 'll have your fingers off before you know it. When a wolf in the next cage stuck his paw through the bars, that fellow started a scrimmage that gave us all trouble."

I was standing in front of the wolf dens in one of our big zoölogical parks, and the above remarks were addressed to me by a keeper. My interest was increased at once, and I stepped back to get a better look at the occupant of the "last cage." He was a large, powerful brute, with a wonderfully handsome head, albeit on one side there was a long, red scar, the result, as I afterward learned, of a recent desperate fight. The expression on his singularly strong face was not a bad one; in fact, it might have been called "good-natured" had it not been for the coldness of his eyes. The latter were distinctly the eyes of a wild thing, and it was apparent that without special effort, they were taking in everything which went on around them. A wolf in the next cage, the movements of the keeper, my own change of position, a man walking in the distance, a bird passing overhead—all these things, and many more, those strange eyes took note of, and had their owner been free, doubtless he would have made trouble for everybody within reach.

Presently the wolf in the next cage rose to his feet, yawned and stretched himself. The big fellow became restless at once, and paced up and down, whining with the eager impatience of a dog which sees an old enemy but is restrained from grappling with him; a sort of "Just-let-me-get-at-him" whine.

The wolf in the pen alongside now came up close to the dividing bars, and the instant change which came over our big friend was marvelous to behold. He was a very large wolf before, but now, with his head held high above his shoulders, and with the long hair of his neck and back standing on end, he looked gigantic. Of course, he could not get at the other fellow, but the bars alone were to blame for this.

There was a murderous look in his eyes, and his lips curled back from his half-open jaws, dis-

playing his long white fangs, and I marveled at the great activity displayed again and again, as the brute flung his huge bulk at the bars in his desperate eagerness for battle. He was the picture of ferocious strength.

"That," said the keeper, with a jerk of his thumb, and with something between a smile and a



THE TIMBER-WOLF PUPPIES ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

sneer, "is the father of those cubs you 've come for; and if they take after *him,* you need n't doubt that they 'll be genuine wolves."

It was a fact that I had come for a litter of wolf puppies, and now I went off to see them. There were four of them, and we found them curled up in the corner of a separate pen—apparently just a single bunch of gray fur. Their mother was with them, but showed no disposition to fight—only watched us anxiously as we looked her infants over.

I had just finished my inspection, and was slipping my note-book into my pocket, when a well-known naturalist strolled up and asked how I happened to be there. I pointed to the wolf puppies and told him what I intended to do. First he smiled, then he frowned and shook his head with the remark: "Better let them alone; they 'll soon prove a great burden to you."

"How so?" I asked.

"Why, they 'll not only kill your neighbors' sheep and cattle, but if the neighbors happen to have any children—What are you laughing at? You won't find the subject half as funny when you see a mob of farmers at your front door, armed with scythes and pitchforks, waiting to settle for the damage your wolves have done." And off he went, feeling rather piqued, I fancy, because I did not take his advice and leave the wolves alone.

The babies were put into a box, and after a railway journey of some hundreds of miles, I at last got them home safely, but not before I had had numerous adventures.

The first sign that the young wolves took notice of anything beyond the milk which had been their sole food, was given at the hotel as we passed through Boston. I let them out in my room for a little exercise, and at once they crawled away, hugging the wall, to the darkest places they could find. They were stolid, serious-looking youngsters, and gave every indication of wishing to be left to themselves. Otherwise, they might easily have been mistaken for puppy-dogs of some kind, though a certain wolfish look about the ears would have made a close observer suspicious of them.

The young timber-wolves did not take at all kindly to a baby's bottle, and but very little better to a medicine dropper, by means of which I fed them on the homeward journey. After that I gave them milk in a saucer, and they surprised me by the readiness with which they learned to lap it. But it was a very short time before they showed that a milk diet would not answer their requirements indefinitely. After taking a few laps, they would leave the rest, and come toddling up to me, whining, as if they were looking for something else. I tried them with a large piece of raw beef, and they showed at once I had "guessed right the very first time," as the song says. And their natures changed as suddenly as



A TIMBER-WOLF CUB HOWLING.

their diet; one moment they were innocent, toddling, blue-eyed infants—the next they were wild beasts, their savage nature on top in an instant.

Even at this tender age, there was a marked difference in the characters of the young wolves. Two of them were much more courageous than the others, and when there was a battle for the

possession of any particular piece of meat, one or other of this pair was sure to come off victorious. Neither of these had any fear of me, though the other two avoided me whenever possible, skulking under chairs and tables, and making it difficult for me to become acquainted with them.

These wolf cubs were not nearly as playful as the fox cubs which have from time to time come under my observation. They squabbled and pulled one another about sometimes, but never gave themselves up to the fun of romping as the foxes used to do. At odd times, however, they would venture to come and play with me, tugging at the bottoms of my trousers, or chewing my shoelaces, and if at such times I threw them the end



DEATH AND DAUNTLESS HUNTING TOGETHER AT THE AGE OF FOUR MONTHS

of a string, one of them would pick it up in his teeth and play tug-of-war with me. They could use their voices in many ways, including a very fetching little bark; quite a variety of whines, growls, and snarls, and if I imitated the howling of a wolf, they would raise their little muzzles in the air, and sing in concert a prolonged and deep-toned "Oo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o," some of the members of the quartet occasionally varying the performance by giving rather high, staccato yelps, while the others carried the melody, so to speak.

I think I never saw any animals with such ravenous appetites as those four young wolves, and for the first time I fully appreciated the meaning of the saying "As hungry as a wolf." They wanted raw meat, and they wanted lots of it, and I let them have it, in spite of the warning by my well-meaning friends, that it would "make them dreadfully savage." They grew very fast, and as they gained in weight and power, their fights for possession of the greatest share of the food became more and more serious.

A little later, the bolder ones would not confine their fighting to meal-times, but would scarcely tolerate the presence of the weaker ones at any time, and fought them savagely whenever they came near. So, recognizing Nature's law of the survival of the fittest, I had the two which were leading a miserable existence humanely disposed of, and kept the two which were all wolf. One, because of his dark color and peculiarly forbidding look, we named "Death," and the other, the larger of the two, we named "Dauntless," because he had always been the boldest of the lot. These two were great friends, and never fought over anything, though at meal-times they often growled a mutual warning to respect one another's rights. They romped and played a great deal, were perfectly happy when together, but seemed greatly distressed whenever they were separated. They were entirely friendly with me, and allowed me to handle them with some freedom, except when they were feeding, and because they were now able to do a serious injury, I seldom attempted to caress them at meal-times.

Sometimes I took the two young wolves for a walk with me in the forest, and it was most interesting to see them working together through the woods and across clearings, or splashing along the trout brooks in a cloud of spray. They were creatures of seemingly tireless energy, galloping along for hours at a stretch, their long tongues lolling from their mouths. Now and then they would start a rabbit from beneath the low-growing spruce branches where he had been sitting, and often they would send a red squirrel scurrying up a tree in a panic of fright, and then watch him apparently in amazement, as he sat on a branch over their heads, chattering remarks, that sounded as if Master Redskin were almost bursting with indignation and defiance. Sometimes they would scratch for mice under fallen logs, or in the long grass, and rather rarely their efforts were rewarded by finding a nest of the little rodents, which were quickly despatched. Once or twice they destroyed birds' nests which had been built on the ground, and once they caught a full-grown wounded robin. Their eyes were wonderfully quick to notice any movement of bird or beast in the landscape about them, and if it were but a butterfly, their jaws were quick to snap at it.

If there was anything the young wolves en-

joyed better than a walk with me, it was to be allowed to pay a visit to "Romulus," the coyote, who had been deprived of liberty since his last and biggest offense against the property of my nearest neighbors. He is now on a long chain, the last link of which runs upon a wire stretched across the orchard, giving him a range of a hundred feet or more. Here I would sometimes take the two young timber-wolves, and it would be hard to say whether the host or his visitors were most delighted. They would all wag their tails and whine affectionately, the prairie-wolf racing from end to end of his long wire, with Death and Dauntless in hot pursuit. Then Romulus would stand quite still, shut his eyes, and allow the timber-wolves to lick his face and chew his ears. And sometimes I would take part in the game myself, by tossing sticks and apples for the wolves to race after. But after a frolic of this kind, the youngsters were always wilder than ever, and in order to catch them it was often necessary to use both patience and strategy.

After the wolves were two thirds grown, I never dared to turn them loose to roam at their own sweet will, for two wild animals which make a practice of putting their teeth through a galvanized iron pail by way of amusement, and which are powerful enough to kill an ox, are not safe unless under complete control. So I had two pens made for them: one indoors, which they occupied at night and in very bad weather, and the other outdoors, to romp in during the daytime. To an assistant fell the sometimes strenuous task of transferring them from one to the other, night and morning, and to his credit, be it said that he seldom had a mishap. One day, however, he was off in the woods until nightfall, and while attempting to handle the wolves in the dark, they got away from him. He called them in his most endearing tones, and several times they came so close to him that he could touch the tips of their noses as they crouched before him, their fore paws extended on the ground, and a mischievous look in their eyes; but the moment he tried to advance his hand even an inch toward the back of the neck of either one, that one would "give him the Merry Ha-Ha!" as the man said, by instantly leaping out of reach, and bounding away in derision. Then I tried my hand with no better success: the little imps seemed to thoroughly understand their advantage, and were determined to hold it. This was at about eight o'clock, and, of course, it was out of the question to think of leaving them free all night, for no one could tell what damage they might do before morning. So there was little for it but watch and wait, and, in truth, there was more waiting than watching, for after they had had their first bit of fun with us, it was only occasionally that the gray brothers condescended to come within the circle of light shed by our lantern. I knew that



DAUNTLESS CATCHES A WOODCHUCK.

one of the things they would do, would be to pay a visit to Romulus, so to the orchard we went, and found the runaways already on the ground. I called the coyote to me, in the hope that his cousins would follow close enough to permit me to catch them; but not a bit of it: they had been caught this way before, and after coming just so far, sat on their haunches a little out of reach, and waited for their companion to come back to them. But I held on to him by his collar, and presently,



HE DINES ON THE WOODCHUCK

as though tired of waiting, they scampered away across the fields, and of course we had to follow, vainly endeavoring to keep them in sight. They soon disappeared over a stone wall which skirted a road, but finding their footprints in the mud,



DAUNTLESS AND HIS MASTER.

we followed with confidence. We had nearly reached a farm-house, when a fearful commotion among the pigs caused us to quicken our pace. The sty was in one corner of the barn-yard, and from it came a perfect storm of excited grunts and squeals. My assistant was a little in advance with the lantern, and as he neared the pig-sty I could see strange shadows moving fast upon the farther wall. Looking over into the sty I saw a queer sight. There was lots of fun going on, but the wolves were having it all. Dauntless was chasing five or six pigs round and round, at a pace much faster than they would ever have traveled for their health, while Death sat on his haunches and expectantly licked his chops. Dauntless was just about to make the close acquaintance of one of the porkers, when I jumped into the pen and stopped the game. But I could not catch the wolves, who sailed over the farther wall, and were off in the direction of the hen yard. On the way they accidentally ran through a flock of sleeping ducks, which scattered to the four winds of night, with all the ado that a flock of excited ducks can set up.

The wolves were seeking for some opening into the hen yard, when the farmer and his two sons joined the hunt, and it was then that I learned how near I had come to getting shot. From one part of the farm to another, we chased those precious wolves, until some of us began to be tired and to appreciate the fact that a wolf has more endurance than a man has. At last an idea occurred to me. Telling the others to hide near by, I went into the barn, and leaving the door partly open, I groped my way to the farthest corner; then I took a long breath and sent up my best imitation of the deep-chested, long-drawn howl of a timber-wolf. A moment's pause, and then there



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TWO FRIENDS.

came an answering call with a short bark at the end of it. Then I heard a whining, and something dark appeared at the open door. Again I gave the wolf call; there was a pattering of feet on hay, the slamming of a door, and the wolves were prisoners once more.

Out of consideration for my neighbors, I decided to keep but one timber-wolf thereafter, so I disposed of Death. Dauntless was very lonesome for a time, and at night he howled long and mournfully. The howl of the coyote comes from the mouth, and will ofttimes make you smile, but the howl of a timber-wolf comes from deep down—it is a half-human cry which makes you thoughtful and sad. So I went to this lonely wolf when he called, and tried to cheer him up, but at first he would have little to do with me. He took his food and ate it sullenly, but if I attempted to approach, he would retire to the farthest corner of his pen. So I let him alone, but visited him often, and simply sat down to keep him company. About a week after I had begun to make him regular visits, I entered his pen, and thought I detected the suggestion of pleasure on his face. I put out my hand, but he shied off, and I sat down to watch him. In a far corner of the pen he lay on the ground with his big head between his fore paws, and through his half-closed eyes he watched me in silence. Presently he arose, looked at me steadily, walked slowly forward, touched the back of my hand with his cold, wet nose, and retreated. Another long look, another advance, and he thrust out his muzzle and licked my face. I sat absolutely still, knowing that to startle him now might spoil some most interesting observation, but all he did was to reach forward and take my cheek very gently in his front teeth, and begin to pull in a half-questioning way, as though to see how I would take it. Much as I hated to disturb him, I felt that it was certainly my turn to move, so I put out my hand quietly and he let go at once; but it was evident that a change had come over him, for, instead of running away, he crouched before me in a playful attitude, as though challenging me to a romp with him. I accepted, and we had strenuous fun, dodging and twisting and jumping over one another until one of us had had all he could stand of it. Naturally, that one was not Dauntless, and the big wolf, no longer sullen, but with a face full of mischief, tugged at my clothing, apparently in an effort to drag me into the game again.

Since that day Dauntless and I have understood one another pretty well, and we have had many happy hours together.

I did try taking him for long tramps, unhampered by collar or chain, and he was good until something living crossed his path, and then he was a wild timber-wolf, and a whirlwind would have obeyed me about as well. One day the live thing was a large dog, and before I could interfere the wolf fairly hurled himself upon it. The dog was simply knocked head over heels, and it was necessary to move with more speed than discretion in order to save him. The wolf did not attempt to bite me, but he struggled with me desperately in his efforts to go in and finish his work. To add to the excitement I lost my footing in the scuffle, and fell to the ground, and, during the next few minutes, my friend and I tore up the buttercups and daisies over several yards of roadside. As for the dog, he needed no instructions; and with but three legs in commission, the time he made in the direction of the horizon was remarkable. If he ever comes back—but he won't.

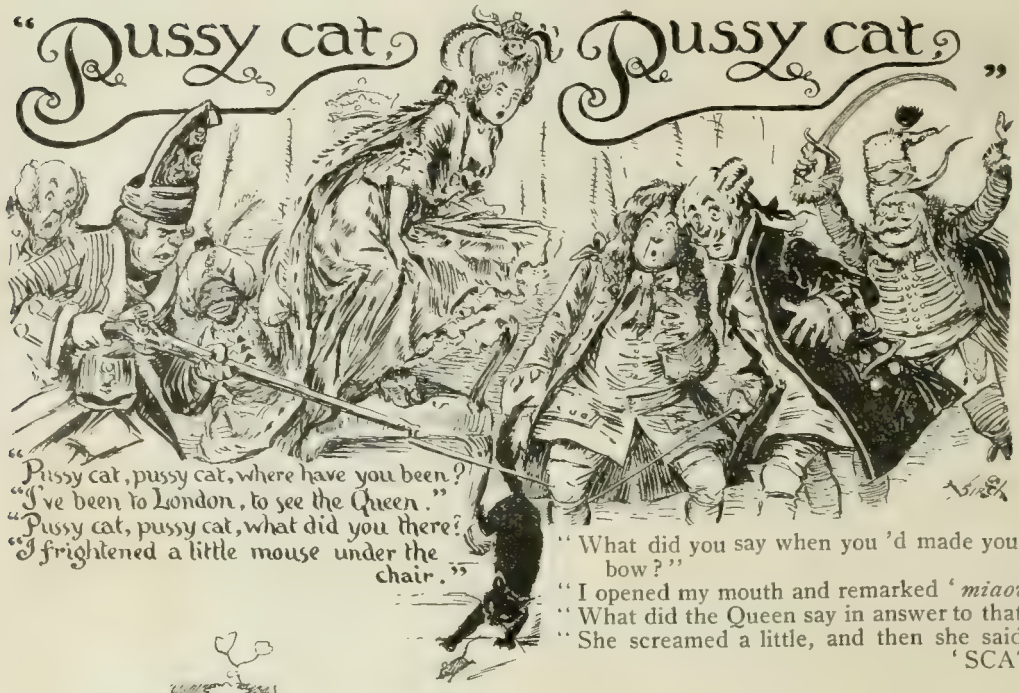
Only once after this did Dauntless have an opportunity to prove that freedom for him meant death for others. We were walking over some wild mountainous country, when a two-point buck crossed our path, and at the first glimpse of him, the gray wolf launched himself. The deer snorted, wheeled and sprang away, and at first opened up a gap between himself and his pursuer. I called to the wolf, but I might as well have ordered the waters of Niagara to go back into Lake Erie. The chase was out of my sight in a moment, but I followed as fast as possible, hoping against hope that somehow I might save the deer. When I caught up to them, the buck was dead, and the wolf looked up at me, smiling, wagging his tail, and licking his jaws.

Now, when Dauntless goes walking with me, he goes on a chain—a chain which is a compliment to his strength. At other times he lives in the orchard near the prairie-wolf, and, like Romulus, can run the length of a long wire, stretched between two distant trees. So the only creatures he can war upon are those which are rash enough to come within the boundaries of his limited range, and as these are chiefly woodchucks, my neighbors find no fault.

Last winter I was lecturing on wild animals in the big Auditorium at Concord, New Hampshire, and at the close of the talk, I told the audience that I had one more picture to show them. As the lights were turned up, a gigantic timber-wolf stalked onto the stage beside me, arose until his big paws rested lightly on my shoulder, and looked across that sea of faces with a strangely calm expression which many translated to mean, "You touch him if you dare." It was Dauntless.

MOTHER GOOSE CONTINUED

BY ANNA MARION SMITH



"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
"I've been to London, to see the Queen."
"Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
"I frightened a little mouse under the chair."

"What did you say when you 'd made your best bow?"
"I opened my mouth and remarked '*miaow*.'"
"What did the Queen say in answer to that?"
"She screamed a little, and then she said, 'SCAT!'"



"Little boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Is this the way you mind your sheep,—
Under the haystack, fast asleep?"



Little boy Blue, awake, awake,
And see how merry your charges make!
Through field and garden their course they steer,
And the mischief they 're doing,—oh dear, oh dear!

I see them now, as they wander far,
With never a thought of a fence or bar.
I hear them laugh,—I 'm sure I do,—
As they think of the trouble they 've made for you.

Ah, little boy Blue, this wisdom keep,
That much may happen when one 's asleep;
And he who 'd harvest his field of corn
Must keep his eyes open, and blow his horn.



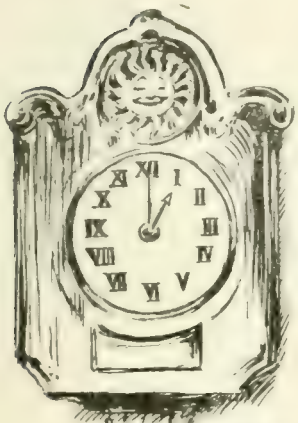
PAT-A-CAKE

"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man
Bake me a cake as quick as you can
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with B,
And put it in the oven for baby and me."

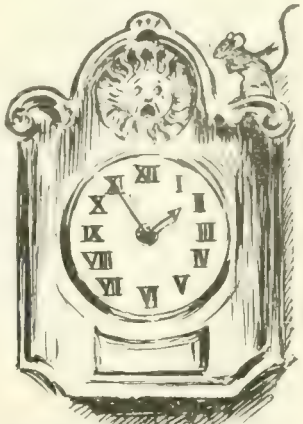


Hurry it, hurry it, baker's man;
Bring it to us as quick as you can.
I hope it has raisins by way of surprise,
And little black currants that look just
like eyes.

Here it comes, here it comes, baby mine.
Never was cake that was half so fine;
Brown as a berry, and hot from the pan,—
Thank you, oh thank you, you good
baker's man!





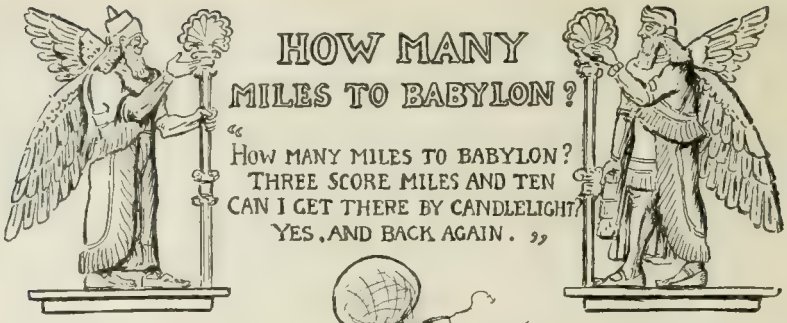


"Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,—
Hickory, dickory, dock."



Hickory, dickory, dock,
Again he tried the clock,
This time,—don't frown,
The *clock* ran down!
Hickory, dickory, dock.





How shall I go to Babylon?
Who will tell me true?
Oh, there are trains, and there are
boats,
And automobiles too.



And one may ride a bicycle,
Or go in a balloon;
Or one may travel on his feet
And get there 'most as soon.





For trains go off the track, you
see,
And boats go down below;
And automobiles go to smash
In ways that none may know.



And tires of bicycles go pop,
Balloons will go and balk;
So taking all in all, I think
If I were you, I 'd walk.





Hear, hear, they 're drawing near!
Just hark to the tramp of feet!
So haste about, set tables out,
And get them food to eat.

Run, run, the turkey 's done!
I hope it is nicely dressed,
For those who shirk and will not work
Are sure to want the best.



TOM, DICK, AND HARRIET

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater"

Chapter XVI

FORMING THE TRACK TEAM

As though resolved that the *Boreas* should rest for a while on her laurels, the weather changed that night within the hour, and when morning dawned there was a warm southwest wind blowing up the river. That afternoon Dick took Harry for a sail, but the wind by that time had died down to a thin, warm breeze that scarcely filled the sails, and in consequence the trip was not an exhilarating one. But exhilarating or otherwise, it proved to be practically the last of the season, for the warm weather held until the ice-cracks, air-holes, and expanses of rotten ice which quickly developed made ice-boating at once dangerous and unpleasant. To be sure, there were occasional trips, but the river never returned to a state making possible another race between the *Boreas* and the *Snowbird*, a race for which Joe Thurston was eager and to which Dick was not at all averse. Finally the *Boreas* was drawn up beside the landing and dismantled, the sails and rigging being stored in the boathouse. As Chub poetically phrased it,

> "The career of the good ship *Boreas*
> Has been brief, but, ah, how glorious!"

February was a fortnight old when the school was thrown into a fever of mild excitement by a notice posted on the bulletin board in School Hall. The notice read as follows:

> It is proposed to form a Track Team, and a meeting for that purpose will be held to-morrow (Friday) afternoon in the Gym at 4:15. All fellows are earnestly requested to be present.
>
> Roy Porter
> T. H. Eaton.

I think you could have formed almost anything at Ferry Hill just then, from a Croquet Club to a Sewing Society. February is a dull time of year, and the fellows were eager for anything which promised to supply a new interest. For two weeks the rink had been unfit to play on, and the river in scarcely better condition. Ferry Hill had won the first six games of its hockey schedule, including the first contest with Hammond. With skating and hockey at a standstill, base-ball practice confined only to light work in the cage, and the golf links still half a foot deep in snow, the forty-three students at Ferry Hill were ripe for any excitement. And as a result the meeting on Friday afternoon was about as well attended as it could possibly have been. Things went with a rush from the start. Roy outlined the project and introduced Dick Somes, who had hitherto remained in the background. It did n't take Dick more than two minutes of talking to have every fellow on the edge of his chair with roseate visions of a track and field victory over Hammond floating before his eyes.

Before the meeting was over, thirty-seven out of thirty-nine fellows in attendance had put their names down for the track team and had agreed to contribute two dollars each. Moreover, there was not one of them who was not firmly convinced that he had the making of a sprinter, distance runner, hurdler, jumper, pole-vaulter or weight-thrower!

"I 've talked with Mr. Cobb," said Dick, "and he gives a hearty consent; says there 's no reason why we should n't be able to turn out a prize team. Of course, we must n't set our hearts on too much this spring; we 're new at it yet, and it takes a couple of years to get the stride. But I can't see why we have n't as good a chance to beat Hammond as she has to conquer us. (*Enthusiastic applause.*) As soon as we 've elected officers we 'll get a challenge off to her, and I think there 's no doubt but she 'll be glad to meet us. We have n't a very good outdoor track just now, but we 're going to fix that in time. Meanwhile we can do a lot of work indoors, and Mr. Cobb will arrange it so that he will be on hand here three afternoons a week to give instruction. But there must n't be any backing down, fellows. And if you 'll just remember all the time that we 're going to show Hammond that we 're just as good on the cinder track as we are on the gridiron and the diamond and the river, why, I 'm sure you 'll stick it out."

Dick sat down amid hearty cheers and Roy proposed the election of officers.

The result of the meeting was that Dick was chosen manager (after Roy had declined the nomination) and Sid Welch, assistant manager.

When, three weeks after the formation of the team, an election of captain was held, the members suddenly realized that there was only one among them who possessed the requisite know-

ledge to fill the office successfully, only one whom they placed faith in. Six fellows got on to their feet at the same moment and nominated Dick Somes, and about a dozen more seconded the nomination. Further nominations not following, Dick was unanimously elected, accepting the honor with becoming modesty. Sid was promoted to manager and Fernald became assistant.

"If any fellow can make a track team go here, it 's you, Dick," said Chub.

"Oh, we 'll all succeed, I think," answered Dick calmly. "Of course I don't look for many victories this year, but if we get the team started it 'll keep going, and next year or the year after that we 'll show the Hammondites what we can do."

"I wish I had some of your confidence," sighed Chub. "If I had, I should feel better about baseball."

"Chub 's an optimist when it comes to other people's affairs," laughed Roy, "and a confirmed growler about his own. Last year he was certain we were going to lose to Hammond; why, he went around for two weeks before the game looking as though he 'd swallowed a barrel of pickles."

"Were you?" Dick asked.

"Not a bit of it! We won, eight to seven."

"It was a close call, though," said Chub. "If you had n't—"

"Oh, Dick 's heard all about that," interrupted Roy. "When are you going to issue that challenge to Hammond, Dick?"

"Right away now. I told Sid to meet me this evening after supper and we 'd write it out. I want them to propose their own grounds. In the first place, ours won't be fit for much this spring, and in the next place, if we 're beaten, as we 're pretty sure to be, we 'll be able to point to the fact that Hammond had the advantage of being on her home field; as a matter of fact, it won't make much difference to us where we are. Then next year, when we may have a chance of beating them, they 'll have to come over here."

"Oh, Dick, but you are the foxy one!" said Chub.

Chapter XVII

THE TREASURY IS LOOTED

Hammond accepted Ferry Hill's challenge to a dual track-meet with alacrity, and, as Dick had hoped they would, suggested that it be held on the Hammond oval.

Dick and Sid and the manager of the rival team had a conference in Silver Cove one afternoon, and the former were forced to agree upon the twelfth of May as the date of the meeting, since June 16—the other date suggested—was out of the question for Ferry Hill, and Hammond had no other dates to offer.

"The trouble is, Sid," explained Dick, "that it will take tall hustling to get the team in any kind of shape by that time. It 's too early. However, there 's no help for it, and we 'll just have to do the best we can. We 'll get up some sort of a class-meet for the middle of April, and handicap games for some day about a week ahead of the Hammond meet. The fellows have got to have some experience in real competitions. You and I, Sid, are going to be two busy little boys from now on."

And Sid looked grave and held himself half an inch taller.

A couple of days later the track team was picked. They had been at work out of doors for over a fortnight, and Dick and Mr. Cobb had had opportunities to judge of the fellows' performances. Fifteen fellows were finally chosen, and they represented what Mr. Cobb and Dick Somes considered the pick of athletic ability. The team consisted of Chase, Cole, Cullum, Eaton, Fernald, Glidden, Harris, Kirby, Porter, Post, Pryor, Somes, Townsend, Walker, and Warren; and Manager Sidney Welch, of course. Sid had struggled gamely for a place on the team, first trying to run the mile, then having a fling at hurdles and finally striving to distinguish himself at the broad jump. But his weight was against him and Dick was forced to limit Sid's participation in affairs to his managerial duties, and as Dick attended to most of those himself, Sid was not overworked at any time that spring.

On the whole the team promised to be fairly good; Mr. Cobb acknowledged in April that his first judgment had been hasty. In the distances there were four runners: Somes, Chase, Warren and Townsend, all of whom were doing very creditable work. Perhaps there was some disappointment over Dick himself, for the story had spread throughout the school that he was a wonder at the mile and his present performances were not vindicating that reputation. But probably the fact that he had so many affairs to attend to told against his track prowess. He did n't seem to do any troubling about it, anyhow, and it was very generally agreed that if he continued to make as good a captain as he did at present he would be doing his full duty. There was one real find, however, to delight Dick's heart. And that was Mr. Thomas H. Eaton, familiarly known as Chub. Chub was doing great work in the 100-yards dash and very creditable in the two-twenty. Running him close in the former event was Walker, while at the longer distance Post was showing up well and promised to become a fine

sprinter in time. For the middle distances there were Roy, Pryor and Kirby, none of them above the average. Kirby was also hurdling, and he and Glidden were showing up fairly well. The pole vault had but one performer, Cullum of the Second Middle. Walker and Cole were making hard work of the jumps, and in the weight events Post, Harris and Fernald were struggling for supremacy.

The class meet was held the middle of April and, although no remarkable records were established, it accomplished what it was intended to and familiarized the participants with the work. The First Senior Class had no trouble in winning the contest.

Meanwhile the base-ball season had begun and Ferry Hill was reaping a harvest of unimportant victories over early-season antagonists. Things promised well this spring for the nine, and Chub was in fine feather. And so, by the way, was Sid, for he was holding his place in left field against all comers and learning to bat with the best of them. Green Academy and Pottsville High and Prentice Military came and saw and acknowledged defeat, falling victim to the elusive curves of Post or Kirby. And April was half gone and the affairs of the F. H. S. I. S. claimed scant attention from its members. Or so, at least, Roy and Chub thought, until one morning they received formal notices in Harry's writing to the effect that there would be a meeting of the society the following evening at eight o'clock—"a full attendance desired." A full attendance was obtained. There was n't a member absent when Dick began proceedings by producing some sheets of foolscap from his pocket.

"The president and secretary-treasurer of the society," began Dick with a smile, "have been trying a plan of their own lately, without authority from the majority. When I 've told you all that we 've been doing, you can move a vote of censure if you like—"

"I move it right now," interrupted Chub.

"—And as presiding officer I 'll rule it out of order," answered Dick.

"Is n't he haughty?" asked Chub, admiringly.

"Go ahead and 'fess up," said Roy. "I thought you two were up to something last month, but since then I 've forgotten all about it."

"Then I suppose you have n't thought out a scheme to get that thirty thousand?" asked Dick. Roy shook his head. "And how about you, Chub?"

"Bless you, I 've been too busy thinking up schemes to win the base-ball game with Hammond."

"Well," said Dick, "Harry and I have done the best we could. It did n't seem advisable to ask the Doctor for the names of the graduates. To tell the truth, I was afraid he 'd forbid us to go ahead with the scheme. So Harry and I have been prospecting around ourselves and we 've managed to get a list of the names and addresses of fourteen men who have graduated from here. We 're not sure about all the addresses, but I think we can reach them in time. Now, what I propose to do is to send personal letters to each of them and tell them just what we want to do, and ask them how much they 'll be willing to subscribe to set the ball rolling. We 've drawn up a letter here and I 'll read it to you in a minute. Of course, we may not get a cent this way; it 's one of those forlorn hopes that Roy was talking about."

"Why did n't you tell me that time that a 'forlorn hope' was what is called in slang a 'touch'?" asked Chub aggrievedly.

"To have the thing look right," Dick continued, "we ought to have some stationery printed, I think; just 'Ferry Hill School Improvement Society, Silver Cove, N. Y., Office of the Secretary and Treasurer'; something like that."

"Yes, indeed," added Chub. "If you wrote me a letter on that sort of paper I 'd be so pleased I 'd want to mortgage the house and send the money to you."

"I think it would be perfectly lovely!" said Harry. "Let 's do it," said Roy.

"Moved and carried," announced Chub. "Now for the letter, Dick."

"We wrote it between us," answered Dick. Harry tried her best not to look vain, but could n't smother the gratified smile that insisted on showing itself. "Here it is." Dick opened the folded sheets of foolscap and began to read

"'*Dear Sir:* The Ferry Hill School Improvement Society has been recently formed for the purpose of advancing the interests of that institution of learning, and securing much-needed improvements, of which the most important is a new dormitory. The School has outgrown its present equipment, and increased accommodation for more students is imperative if the usefulness of the School is to be continued. As an alumnus you will, we are sure, desire to aid your *alma mater*.

"That 's great!" Chub commented softly.

"'It is desired to raise the sum of Thirty Thousand Dollars for the construction of a dormitory building capable of holding twenty boys. What portion, if not the whole, of the necessary amount will you subscribe? Letters similar to this have been sent to fourteen of the School's more prominent graduates and a liberal response is confidently looked for. You will confer a great favor by corresponding at your earliest convenient opportunity with Miss Harriet Emery, Secretary-Treasurer, Ferry Hill School, Silver Cove, N.Y. Trusting that you will be able to aid this most worthy cause, I remain respectfully and fraternally yours, RICHARD SOMES, *President*.'"

Dick folded the letter and looked inquiringly about him. For a moment there was no comment. Chub sat with his mouth wide open and a countenance expressing awed and speechless admiration. Even Roy was apparently too much impressed to speak. Harry waited self-consciously. Finally, "Well," asked Dick, "any suggestions?"

"Not a one," said Roy.

"Suggestions!" cried Chub, suddenly finding his voice. "Why, that 's the swellest thing I ever heard! If that does n't fetch 'em—why—why we don't want their old money! Talk about language! There 's more language there than I ever saw before in one aggregation!"

"This is n't a silly joke," protested Dick, shortly. "If you think that letter can be improved on, why, say so, but don't be sarcastic. If we 've been over that thing once we 've been over it twenty times. Have n't we, Harry?"

"Yes," answered Harry. "I know it by heart, every word of it!" She closed her eyes. "'The Ferry Hill School Improvement Society has been recently formed for the purpose of advancing the int—'"

"We 'll take your word for it," laughed Roy. "But who 's going to write out fourteen letters, Dick?"

"You, because you write better than any one else."

"Pshaw," said Chub, "they ought to be typewritten."

"That 's so!" Dick exclaimed. "Printing and typewriting won't cost much. Not over four dollars; and we 'll only need twenty-eight cents' worth of stamps. And we 've got—how much have we got in the treasury, Harry?"

"Sixty-four dollars and ten cents," answered Harry very promptly. "Twenty-four dollars and ten cents in money and a check for forty dollars. Mr. Thomas Eaton still owes ninety cents."

"So I do," murmured Chub, embarrassedly.

"Well, that 's plenty," said Dick. "We 'll get the printing and typewriting done right away so we can mail the letters by Saturday. You 'd better let me have about five dollars, Harry, and I 'll give you an account of what I spend."

"You must give me a receipt then," answered Harry, doubtfully, as she slid off the grain chest.

"All right," Dick laughed. "There 's nothing like doing things in a business-like way. You and I 'll go over to Silver Cove to-morrow noon, Chub, and—"

But Dick's further remarks were lost, for there was a sudden exclamation of tragic dismay from Harry where, unnoticed by the boys, she had climbed to a box under one of the old rafters.

"What 's the matter?" cried Roy.

"It 's gone!" wailed Harry.

"Gone? What? Where?"

"The money! I put it up here for safe-keeping and now it 's gone! It 's been stolen! And—and I 'm treasurer, and responsible for it!"

Chapter XVIII

A FINANCIAL CALAMITY

The three boys stared at Harry's dismayed countenance in bewilderment. Dick was the first to find his voice.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "Our money? The—the funds of the society—gone?"

Harry nodded silently, looking down anxiously from face to face.

"But what—how did it come here?" asked Roy.

"I put it up here on top of this rafter for safe-keeping," wailed Harry. "I did n't think it was safe to have so much money in the house. So I put it in a little chamois bag and tied it up tight and put it up here on this joist, right in the corner here. And now—now it 's *gone!*" And Harry's voice hinted of tears.

"Don't you care," said Chub, cheerfully. "We 'll find it all right, Harry. It could n't have walked off by itself. We 'll have a good hunt for it. Where is the ladder?"

"I know," answered Roy, disappearing into the shadows at the farther end of the barn. Harry jumped down from the box and when the ladder arrived it was placed against the rafter and Dick climbed up to where he could look along the dusty ledge.

"Nothing here," he said promptly. "It must have fallen down. Look around underneath, fellows. Bring the lantern."

Dick, climbing down the ladder, absent-mindedly stretched out his hand and was rewarded with a playful nip from Methuselah which almost caused him to lose his footing. Roy had brought the lantern and for some minutes the four searched carefully about the barn floor. Methuselah, apparently elated at having nipped Dick's finger and much excited by the commotion, strutted and climbed about his cage and chattered incessantly. In the end they had to acknowledge defeat. They sat down and eyed each other questioningly.

"It has been stolen," said Harry, solemnly.

"Who stole it?" Roy asked. Harry shook her head.

"I don't know," she said.

"Well, if it was stolen, whoever stole it must have seen you put it there, because no one would ever think of looking on top of a rafter in a barn

for money." Dick hesitated. Then, "How about John, the gardener?" he asked.

"Oh, he would n't steal anything," declared Harry emphatically. "Besides, he was n't in here when I put the money there. Because when I got back to the Cottage he was shoveling the snow from the steps."

"How long ago did you put it there?" Chub asked. Harry thought a moment.

"About a month ago," she answered.

"Then if it 's stolen," Chub said, "I 'm sure the fellow who got it has spent it by this time. I 'm glad I did n't pay that ninety cents, anyhow."

"Roy!" said Methuselah suddenly and sharply. Harry started back in alarm and the others broke into laughter.

"Give it back, Roy," said Chub. "You might as well, you know; you 're discovered."

"Are n't you ashamed of yourself, 'Thuselah?" said Harry, severely. "You must n't tell fibs."

"Better confess, Roy. He knows. You said he knew," laughed Chub.

"He 's a traitor," said Roy, smiling. "I gave him a nickel to keep still about it."

"Well, the money 's gone," said Dick, "and there 's no use in crying over spilled milk. After all, we 're out only about twenty-four dollars. I 'll write to the bank and tell them not to pay that check, if they have n't done it already.



TRYING TO GET THE TRACK TEAM

Roy laughed.

"There 's just one of us here," he said, "who probably knows who took it, and he can't tell us!"

"Who do you mean?" asked Chub.

"Methuselah, of course."

"You might ask him," Chub suggested.

"'Thuselah," said Harry, "won't you please tell us who stole our money?"

The parrot blinked, ruffled his feathers and chuckled hoarsely.

"He does know," said Harry, sadly, "and he wants very much to tell me. Don't you, you old dear? Come, now, you know you can tell us!"

Meanwhile we must have the money to get that printing done and to pay for the typewriting and stamps. So I 'll advance it. If we find the money again you can pay it back to me, Harry."

After still further search, which proved fruitless, the meeting adjourned.

Three days later the fourteen letters, neatly typewritten on paper bearing the inscription "Ferry Hill School Improvement Society" printed across the top in impressively large and black type, and signed "Richard Somes, President," were mailed to their destinations, and there was nothing for the members of the society to do but await results. The barn had been thoroughly searched by daylight, but the missing chamois

bag with the society's funds had not been found. The bank in New York had replied that Dick's check had not been presented and that if it was it would not be honored. For the rest, the members accepted their losses philosophically, while Chub, to prove his faith in the treasurer, paid over to her on Saturday the sum of ninety cents. This, representing the entire assets of the society, Harry wore pinned inside of her dress, in an envelop. And for the first day she felt anxiously for it every few minutes.

April hurried along with uncertain skies and warm days, and Spring Vacation came and went. By the first of May the cinder track was in good hard condition and every afternoon the track team worked like Trojans, every fellow animated by the resolve to do his full share toward winning success in the meet with Hammond, now only a little more than a week distant. Dick grew more hopeful as the days passed, and after the handicap meeting on the Saturday before the Hammond games, he even dared think of the possibility of a victory over the rival school.

"I can figure it out on paper," he told Roy, "so that we win by three points. But of course that means that every fellow must do a little bit better than he did to-day."

"I thought you had Chase there in the mile for a while," said Roy. "It looked to me as though you were going to pass him at the beginning of that last lap."

"I thought so too," answered Dick, "but he had more breath left than I had. I don't know why it is, but I have n't been able to do anything like my best this spring, I 'll have to work next Saturday if I 'm going to win a point. I 'd feel like the dickens if I did n't, you know."

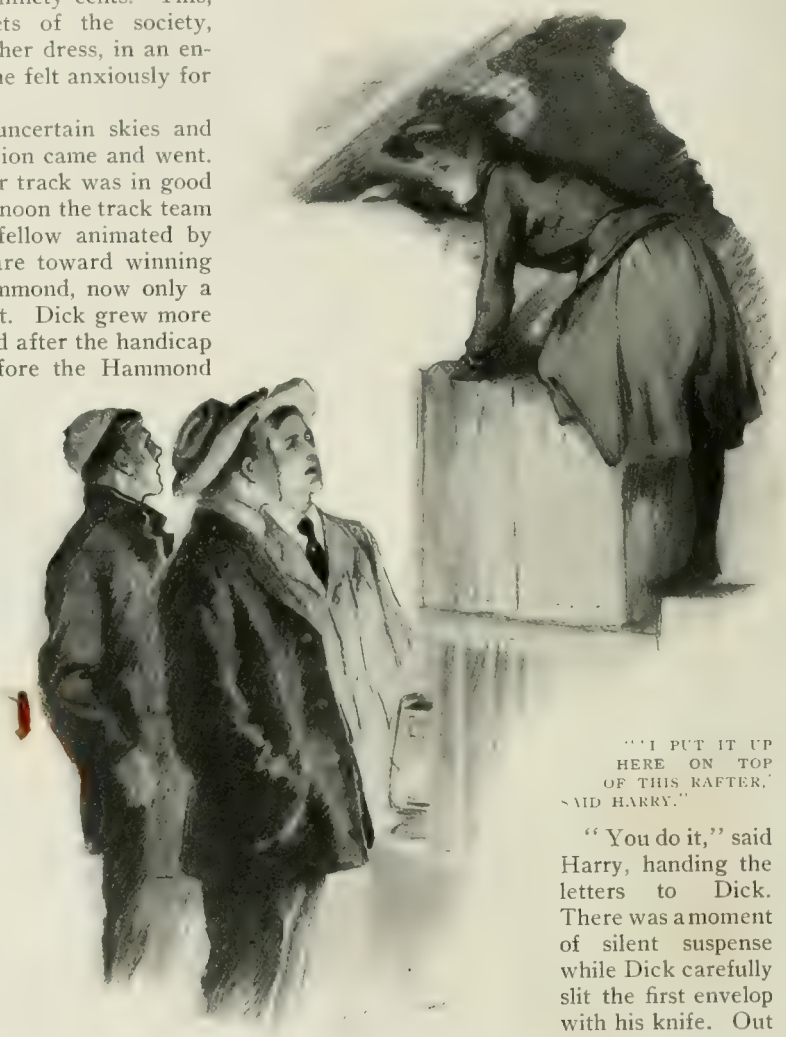
Chapter XIX

Methuselah Subscribes to the Fund

Two days later, on Monday, there was a meeting of the F. H. S. I. S., the call having been hurriedly issued by the secretary-treasurer in person. And when the members of the society were assembled in the barn Harry produced triumphantly three letters.

"They came this morning," she said excitedly, "and I have n't opened them yet. I thought you 'd all like to be here when I did, you know. Here are two from New York and one from Cleveland, Ohio, and—and they all feel as though they had something in them!"

"Hooray!" cried Chub. "Open 'em up please, Harry!"



"'I PUT IT UP HERE ON TOP OF THIS RAFTER,' SAID HARRY."

"You do it," said Harry, handing the letters to Dick. There was a moment of silent suspense while Dick carefully slit the first envelop with his knife. Out came a letter and—a check!

"How much?" cried the others in chorus. Dick looked at it, scowled and glanced at the few lines in the letter. Then: "Five dollars," he said blankly.

There was a moment of disappointment, broken by Chub.

"Mail it back to him," he said, disgustedly.

"Try the next one," murmured Harry. Dick did so. Again a check came into sight.

"Fifty," said Dick, encouragedly.

"That 's better," said Roy. "Try the next. Let 's know the worst."

Dick opened the third letter, unfolded the sheet of paper within and looked on all sides of it. There was no check.

"It 's all right!" cried Dick who had been reading the letter. "He promises five hundred whenever we get ready to use the money!"

"That 's the idea!" said Roy. "He 's all right, he is! What 's his beautiful name?"

"Lemuel Fish," answered Dick.

"Well," said Roy, when the laughter had subsided, "he—whatever his name, he 's a liberal promiser."

"He 's a promising man," murmured Chub.

"You don't think the promise is—is fishy?" asked Harry, and for a moment did n't know why the others laughed. "But I did n't mean to make a pun," she declared earnestly.

"Oh, Harry," teased Roy, "I saw you thinking that up whole minutes ago! And such a weak pun, too!"

"I did n't! I did n't!" cried Harry, stamping her foot, between smiling and frowning. Methuselah, who had so far been perched comfortably on her shoulder and behaving himself thoroughly, resented being jarred and so climbed down to the lid of the grain chest and from there to the barn floor, sidling off into the semi-darkness behind the harness-room with many cunning chuckles.

"Oh, he will pay, I 'm sure," said Dick. "He 's a railroad man according to his letter-head, and railroad men are all rich, you know."

"Are they?" asked Chub. "Let 's start a railroad instead of a dormitory, then. What do you say?"

"Let 's see how much we 've got subscribed," suggested Roy. "Five hundred and fifty and five and forty—"

"Wait," cried Harry. "I 'm secretary! I 'll make a list of the subscriptions." She started to work on the pad she carried, and the others waited patiently while she frowned and labored. Presently, "There!" she said. "Now listen:

Dick	$50.00
Roy	5.00
Chub	5.00
Harry	5.00
Lemuel Fish	500.00
Charles A. Bliss	50.00
J. L. Hughes	5.00
Total	$620.00
Printing, etc.	4.30
Amount on hand	$615.70

"Well," said Chub, "that 's something, even if it is a long, long way from thirty thousand."

"And there are eleven people still to hear from," said Harry hopefully.

"The one I wanted most to get a reply from," said Dick, "has n't written yet. I hope he will."

"Who is that?" Roy asked.

"David Kearney."

"What? The banker? Why, he 's worth millions!"

"That 's why I hope he 'll answer us," said Dick, dryly.

"Do you mean that he went to school here?" asked Chub, incredulously. Dick nodded.

"He was here for two years just after the school started, about twenty-three years ago. I don't think he graduated, though. But that would n't make any difference if he wanted to give us some money. He gives freely, you know. Only last fall he gave a small fortune to some little old college that no one ever heard of before."

"I wish you 'd registered that letter," said Chub, thoughtfully. "I would n't like it to miss him."

"Seems to me it 's time he wrote, if he 's going to," said Roy.

"Oh, men like Kearney are terribly busy, I suppose," said Dick. "There 's plenty of time yet. I was rather hoping that he 'd give a good big sum, say ten or twenty thousand. If we could get some one to give that much, we would n't have much trouble raising the rest."

"I love the way Dick talks about ten or twenty thousand as though it were fifty cents," sighed Chub. "Why, if I saw twenty thousand dollars coming along on the other side of the street, I 'd be so scared I 'd run up an alley! But Dick—why, Dickums would just smile and walk across and slap it on the back!"

"I think," said Harry, seriously, "that we 've done very well, indeed. Why, just think, when we began we did n't have a cent! And now we 've got over six hundred dollars!"

"By the way, where are you keeping it, Harry?" asked Roy.

"In the bank," answered Harry. "I 've opened an account: 'Harriet Emery, Treasurer'; and I 've a real bank-book! And if we let the money stay in the bank for three months we 'll get three per cent. interest on it!"

"Then I think that 's the best way to get the thirty thousand," laughed Chub. "Just let it lie in the bank until the accumulated interest amounts to the other twenty-nine thousand four hundred. But what I want to know," continued Chub, "is why you 've put on the subscription list all the money we 've lost."

"Because," answered Dick, "Harry insists that she 's going to pay it back."

"She 's going to do nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Roy, indignantly. "She may pay her five dollars back and we 'll all do the same, but there 's no reason why she should pay it all!"

"That 's what I tell her," Dick replied, "but you know Harry 's a little bit—well, a little bit stubborn, Roy."

"Excuse me, but I 'm not," declared Harry, without raising her head from the tablet upon which she was figuring. "And I am going to pay it back. It was in my—my custody, and I am responsible. I 'd like to know what folks would do if treasurers could lose money intrusted to them and not have to pay it back!"

"But you 're not a real treasurer—" began Chub.

"Why, Chub Eaton!" exclaimed Harry, indignantly. "I am, too!"

"I mean," exclaimed Chub, lamely, "that you are n't under bonds, you know, and—"

"I don't care. I 'm going to make res—res—restitution!"

"I don't believe," said Roy just then in an odd voice, "that it 's going to be necessary to make restitution."

"What do you mean?" demanded Harry.

Roy pointed past her into the twilight of the barn.

"Ask Methuselah," he said.

The others turned, following his outstretched finger with their eyes. Out from under the shapeless form of a mowing machine walked Methuselah, his beady eyes glittering in the gloom, his head cocked on one side and his yellow beak closed over an object which at first glance looked like a piece of brown paper folded into a tiny parcel. In an instant Harry had swooped down upon the astounded bird and was dancing back with a small chamois bag in her hand.

"It 's the money!" she cried. The boys crowded around her while she untied the little pink string with trembling fingers while Methuselah, quite forgotten, smoothed his feathers and scolded angrily. Out came the bills and coins and Dick's check, all intact.

"Methuselah was the thief, I 'll bet a hat!" cried Chub.

"Sure," agreed Dick. "But I don't see how he ever got up on that rafter."

"Oh, he climbs around everywhere when I let him out," said Harry, excitedly. "And he 's a terrible thief. Don't you remember the time he stole the turnip seeds and ate them?"

"Well, I 'm glad he did n't eat this," said Roy. "I wonder where he found it now."

"Oh, he probably lugged it off somewhere and forgot all about it," said Dick. "And just now while roaming around he came across it and—"

"And he knew we wanted it," completed Harry, "and brought it to us! Is n't he a darling?"

"Well, that 's all in the way you look at it," Roy laughed. "Considering that he stole it in the first place—and tried to put the blame on me—!"

"I tell you what!" exclaimed Chub. "'Thuselah was mad because we did n't elect him to office and so he thought he 'd make himself assistant treasurer! That 's the way of it."

Harry left the recovered treasure in Dick's care and picked up the disgruntled parrot, stroking his head and murmuring soothingly:

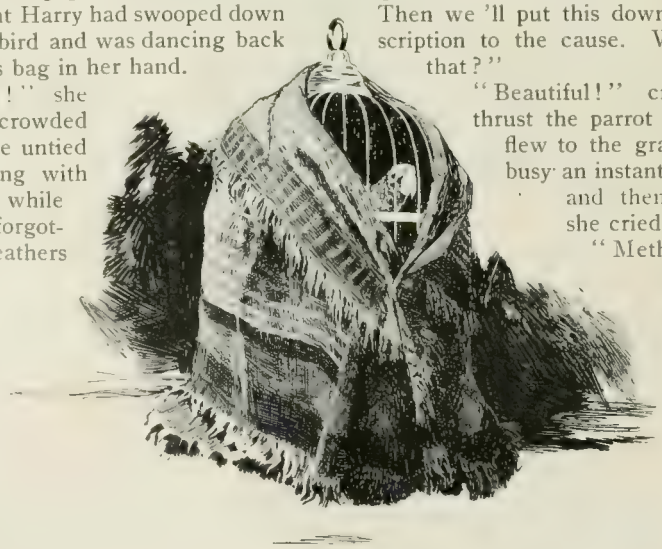
"He was des a booful 'Thuselah," she cooed. "An' he found the money, so he did, and bringed it straight back, did n't um?"

"Um did," laughed Roy. "Though um 's an old rascal." But he scratched Methuselah's head with his finger, and the parrot closed his eyes and looked forgiving.

"See here," said Chub. "We had it all arranged to pay back that money, so let 's do it. Then we 'll put this down as 'Thuselah's subscription to the cause. What do you say to that?"

"Beautiful!" cried Harry. She thrust the parrot into Roy's arms and flew to the grain chest. She was busy an instant with pencil and pad, and then, "Here it is!" she cried:

"Methuselah . . . $24.10."



(To be concluded.)



THE TALE OF A TYRANT'S ZOO

AN ODD FREAK OF A SULTAN OF TO-DAY

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

OPEN your atlas at the map of Africa, and there, set like a pearl on the northwest shoulder of the continent, you will see a country called Morocco. It almost touches Europe; at the narrowest part there is but nine miles of strait between it and Spain, and you might think the Moors had become quite civilized in the course of ages through having European neighbors near by.

It is not so, however. And, strange to say, the more they see of Western progress, the more they despise it. It is a big country, this Morocco, and explorers have left it alone, for the natives detest Christians, fearing lest they will take away from them their lovely land, where it is always summer, and where the soil if just scratched with a crooked stick responds with a teeming harvest.

Close your eyes and come with me to the gates of Fez, the wonderful capital of the Empire. It has a very high wall around it, just as in Bible days. And this wall is pierced with gates before which sit the blind and the lame crying out for alms, just as they did to the Apostles at Damascus.

A fairy city of green minarets, or prayer-towers, and of beautiful snow-white domes! As we enter we see walls within walls, cities within cities, bewildering as a Chinese cabinet. The innermost of all is the Emperor's palace. This is a vast, rambling series of squares and buildings of red mud and green tiles, white domes and slender towers, whose tops are ragged with the nests of sacred storks.

Now, is it not strange to find a real Arabian Nights king in this place to-day? His name is Moulai Abd-el-Aziz, the "Slave of the Most High." He has plenty of other titles, and is the spiritual as well as the civil head of all his people. His word is the only law. No Senate or



A FEW CAGES OF THE LARGER ANIMALS ON THEIR WAY FROM TANGIER TO FEZ.

Congress restrains him when he wants to chop off the head of some one he dislikes.

We are apt to think of an Emperor as a very dignified personage surrounded by grave advisers and always doing the correct thing. Here in Morocco, however, things are topsy-turvy, and the Sultan is what is called a "tyrant." That is to say, he has absolute power and may indulge his every whim and caprice without restraint. Although there are no roads in the Empire, he insisted upon buying automobiles; and he also imported nearly a hundred bicycles.

Next the Sultan tried a billiard table brought thousands of miles across the sea; and after that came big steam traction engines, balloons, cameras of gold and silver, and other toys quite unworthy the attention of a grown-up Emperor. But you will notice in history that tyrants are the most unhappy of all men, and get bored the soonest. And Moulai Abd-el-Aziz was no exception.

One day some one brought him a baby lion as a present, and this gave the Sultan the idea of an immense and costly Zoo filled with all the strange birds, beasts, and reptiles of the earth. I must say this took greater hold upon him than any other whim. "Here am I in Africa," he would say, "yet I have never seen elephant or rhinoceros, giraffe or hippopotamus. And they tell me of monstrous striped cats from southern Asia; giant snow-white bears from the Lands of Ice; great snakes twenty feet long, and marvelous birds of mountain and forest. Am I not Emperor of Morocco, from the Mediterranean to the Sahara Desert; and can I not send forth my tax collectors to this tribe or that, demanding the moneys I want?"

No sooner said than begun. Nearly a thousand slaves were set to work digging the foundations for the Zoo under the superintendence of Berber and Arab overseers, who in turn were directed by French and Italian architects. Far down in the south of Morocco the tribal princes said bitter things when they heard that their ruler required hundreds of thousands of dollars to gratify his latest caprice.

What they wished the savage beasts might do to their Sultan would make grievous reading. But of course they had to pay, and pay pleasantly. Otherwise a big army would come and literally eat up their country. And after that they themselves would be escorted to Fez, and either thrown into prison for the rest of their lives or their heads might even be put above the gates as a lesson to others not to stand in the tyrant's way.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SULTAN'S ZOO IN FEZ.

Agents were sent to all parts in search of animals. The lion man took ship for Aden, in the



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN FRONT OF HIS ZOO

Red Sea, and from there he went on to Adis-Abeba, the very strange capital of the Emperor of Ethiopia. Here lions are so plentiful that on one occasion King Menelik caught more than thirty for a certain Swiss lion-tamer, specially brought over to amuse him. The Sultan's polar bear man went up into Greenland; and a third agent went into the Congo after elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and giraffe.

A fourth set sail for Bombay to procure tigers; and Asiatic Russia was drawn upon for big, fierce black bears. Of course there were eagles and vultures; birds of paradise, and so on through the feathered world, right down to little flashing jewels of humming-birds, with breasts of rose and gold, from Central America.

And soon a veritable fleet of Noah's arks were on their way to Tangier, a Moorish port only thirty-five miles from the great British fortress of Gibraltar, in southern Spain. No such argosy of wild beasts, birds, and reptiles ever sailed the seas; and terrible was the consternation among the natives when the monsters landed. From far and near the tribesmen came, half-inquisitive, half-terrified, to see the mighty caravan crossing the sandhills toward the orange groves of Tetuan and the mountain ranges that enclose the ancient city of Fez, now over a thousand years old.

Most of the animals were in big cages, and you would have thought a great circus was going south to amuse the Sultan. The elephants and giraffes walked, of course, and all kinds of grotesque stories were current concerning these strange creatures. A monster elephant weighing nearly six tons, and standing over eleven feet high, was said to be only two or three days old! In his prime, it was whispered, he would grow to a colossus, dwarfing all the hills around. The giraffe, of course, when he had finished growing, would browse amid the silvery pastures of the moon! And so on.

The journey from Tangier to Fez, which takes about eight days in the ordinary way, took over three weeks on this memorable occasion. And if there was excitement in Tangier—which is on the sea, and therefore accustomed to some extent to the world's wonders—how do you suppose the people of Fez greeted the immense beasts and the strange, big birds? Truth to tell, they were deeply impressed by the Imperial Power that



THE MAN WHO CAUGHT LIONS FOR THE ZOO TO AMUSE THE SULTAN

could wave a wand, as it were, and summon within the palace precincts so many creatures clearly not of this earth.

By this time the big Zoo was ready, with its well-lighted galleries and corridors and sanitary

cages that would really do credit to New York, Paris, or London. All the animals were installed



THE SULTAN AND HIS ENGLISH DOCTOR.

according to their condition and requirements, and began to furnish young Moulai Abd-el-Aziz with inexhaustible merriment. A favorite joke of the Sultan's is to enter into grave conversation with some high tribal prince, who protests loyalty even unto death, with much boasting of



THE SULTAN'S FAVORITE SEAT BY THE FEZ RIVER.

prowess, past and to come. Thereupon His Majesty will escort the loud-voiced one into the Zoo and calmly request him to stroke the tiger's head, or go into the lion's cage and bid good-day to that great-maned monster, who lies regally at full-length awaiting his daily meal!

I fancy the Sultan makes the most of this Zoo of his. I have known tribal princes to come to visit him whose loyalty was open to grave suspicion. And the only thing that impressed them was the sight of a few elephants, horned rhinos, and the cavernous gape of a Zambesi hippopotamus. On a day appointed the Sultan rides forth from the imperial pavilion attended by many slaves, grand vizirs, fly-flickers, and other func-



THE SULTAN ON HIS WAY TO RECEIVE THE CHIEFTAINS OF HIS MOUNTAIN TRIBES.

tionaries,—not forgetting the man who holds above his imperial head the big scarlet umbrella, which is always the symbol of royalty in the East.

The Sultan receives in silence the offerings of these princes and then directs that they be shown all the wonders of his court. Their amazement and dismay in the presence of some of the larger beasts are most amusing to witness. And one elephant was carefully trained to deal some one of his visitors a sly, quick, harmless blow with his trunk, that would lay the prince prostrate.

The Sultan himself, too, will often take such guests through the galleries and corridors of his Zoo; but he finds it very difficult to convey to them any idea of the home-country of, say, the polar bear. For people living in a land like Morocco can form no idea of what ice is.

An Overworked Elocutionist

By Carolyn Wells



Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece;
And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.



And now this is what happened: He was called upon, one week,
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain he cudgeled. Not a word remained within his head!
And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner *Hesperus*,—the breaking waves
dashed high!
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir
in Rome?
Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!



When Freedom from her mountain height cried, Twinkle, little star,
Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,
My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

If you 're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,
The curfew must not ring to-night! Oh, woodman,
spare that tree!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let
who will be clever!
The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on
forever!"



His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine;
His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.
"I see it does n't matter," Robert thought, "what words I say,
So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"



Eight times Eight equals—what?

By B. R. Winslow

THOSE ST. NICHOLAS readers who have studied algebra may remember the problem that seems to make three equal four. Of course there is a little place that will not "hold water," although this is not apparent except after close observation. That problem was with numbers, but here is another, equally unbelievable, that is with the actual drawing plainly before one's eyes. It may not be new to some of you.

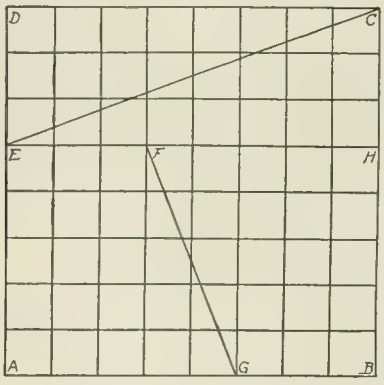


FIG. 1.

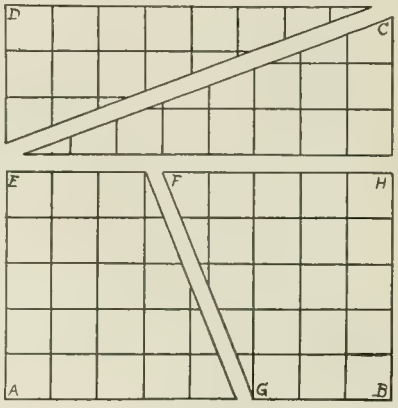


FIG. 2.

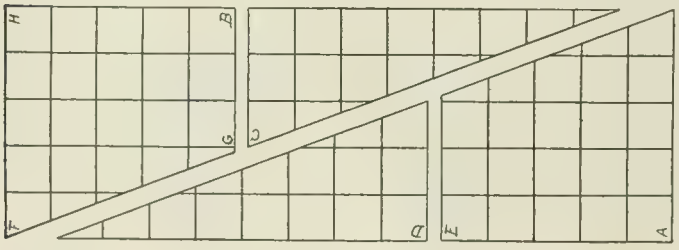


FIG. 3.

Does eight times eight equal sixty-four or sixty-five? It sounds like a foolish question, but there are a host of intelligent people who can make eight times eight equal sixty-five, and, furthermore, they can make you believe it unless you have seen the trick before, or are sharp enough to catch them.

On a piece of paper that is large enough, draw a square eight inches each way. Divide the top line into eight equal parts and draw seven perpendicular lines, one inch apart. Then divide one of the perpendicular lines into eight equal parts and draw seven horizontal lines, one inch apart. This gives you a square containing sixty-four smaller squares. (See Fig. 1.)

Now, by merely cutting this square into four pieces and putting them together in a different way you are going to make sixty-five square inches, and, consequently, make eight times eight equal sixty-five.

Mark the corners of the square *A*, *B*, *C*, and *D*. From corner *A* count up five squares and mark the line *E*. From *E* count across three squares and mark the intersection *F*. From *A* again, count across five squares and mark the line *G*; then mark the other end of the line *E* with an *H*. (See Fig. 1.) Now draw a diagonal line from *E* to *C*, and another diagonal line from *G* to *F*.

Cut this square out, following the border lines, that is to say, *A*, *B*, *C*, *D*. (It will be well to use rather stiff paper or thin cardboard,

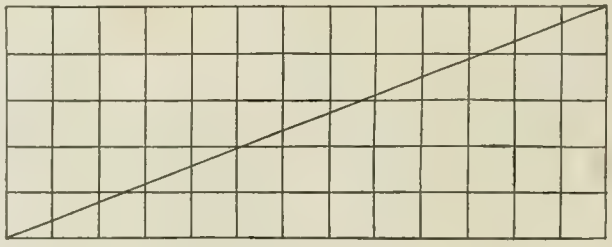


FIG. 4.

for the success of the trick depends upon the card lying flat.) After cutting out the large square

then cut clear across the line *E* to *H*, making two sections, one with three squares on one side and eight squares on the other, and one with five squares on one side and eight on the other. Cut along the diagonal line from *E* to *C*, and also along the diagonal line from *G* to *F*, and you then have four sections. (See Fig. 2.)

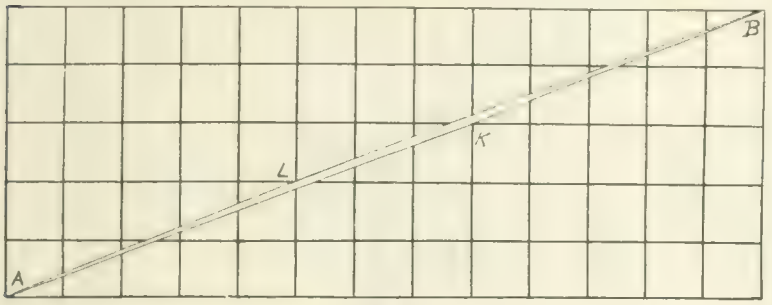


FIG. 5

It will be a simple matter for you to arrange the four sections as shown in Fig. 3. Just as soon as you push these four sections together to form one solid figure you seem to have made eight times eight equal sixty-five, for you will have thirteen squares across the top and five squares up one side, and five times thirteen is certainly sixty-five. (See Fig. 4.) It will probably be useless for you to speculate as to where this extra square came from, but it is certainly there; consequently you must admit that eight times eight can be made to equal sixty-five.

But "no," says the mathematician. "By no conceivable means can eight times eight be made to equal sixty-five. That is because you have not looked at it right. Take the problem another way. Lay out sixty-four pennies on a table, making a square of eight pennies on a side. Now change them to form a figure of five rows with thirteen across. You cannot do it. The best you can do is four rows of thirteen and one of twelve. Yet you made sixty-five square inches out of sixty-four."

"Yes," you reply, "it is right here before my eyes. I had a square of sixty-four square inches; now I have a figure containing sixty-five square inches and the same piece of paper made both figures. I don't know where the extra square inch came from, but it is there."

But it is not there. You can be as easily convinced of that fact as you were that you gained a square inch by simply cutting the paper square into four pieces. Fig. 5 will show you where the supposed extra square came from. The long narrow strip in the center is just one square inch. That square inch was lost in putting the four pieces of paper together; therefore, the sixty-five square inches includes one square inch of paper that is not really there. The explanation is simple. The long diagonal line is not a straight line, as shown in Fig. 4. By this method of cutting it can never be a straight line

The line *E C* (see Fig. 1) slopes three inches in eight, or three eighths of an inch in one inch, and the line *F G* slopes two inches in five, or two fifths of an inch in one inch. It should be evident that a straight line cannot be formed by putting together two lines whose slopes are three eighths and two fifths respectively. The result of placing two such lines end to end is shown in Fig. 5. The true slope of one side of the diagonal line is three inches in eight from *A* to *K*, thence two inches in five from *K* to *B*. The true slope of the other side is three inches in eight from *B* to *L*, thence two inches in five from *L* to *A*. Consequently, when the two halves are put together the two edges do not meet to form a straight line. The reason you were deceived is because the pieces are not cut with a sufficient degree of accuracy. They are slashed out with the scissors and put together with as little care. Therefore, the edges appear to meet exactly.

TAKE the problem another way. Draw a figure of sixty-five square inches, five on one side and thirteen on the other, and cut it as shown by the heavy lines in Fig. 6. Now try to put these four pieces together to form a square of eight on a side, making a perfect square. You will find you have too much paper. If the drawing, cutting, putting together, and measuring could be done with sufficient accuracy, it would be found that there is just one square inch too much. So, you see, eight times eight must always equal sixty-four; it can never equal sixty-five.

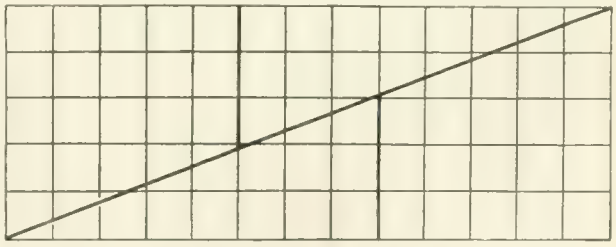


FIG. 6

KNIGHTS of ROMANCE



BY

ISABEL·ECCLESTONE·MACKAY



WHEN Andra and I found out that we really had to go on a visit to Aunt Belinda, we submitted to the inevitable. "The inevitable" is something that Aunt Eva gets Uncle Charles to say you 've got to do, and when you submit to it it means that you can't think of any way of getting out of doing it. This does not happen to us very often, but sometimes it does.

We live at Toronto and Aunt Belinda lives at Leith. At least Leith is her post-office, and that is partly why we do not like the idea of going—it must be very curious to live at a place that is n't a place at all, but just a post-office. Aunt Belinda lives there in the old house where grandpa's father lived when he first came to Canada. She says it is historic and she likes its being historic so much that she says she would feel "out of drawing" anywhere else. Andra and I looked up "out of drawing" in the Encyclopedia, but could n't find it. So we asked Uncle Charles, who said that, in simpler words it meant that Aunt Belinda could n't "fit in" anywhere else. This seems simpler but it 's not very simple, either, because though Aunt Belinda is very tall, she is not big around, and there are heaps of places in Toronto where she would fit in quite nicely. Uncle Charles said it was n't her body but her mind. He explained that she had an "historic mind." That is another reason why we did n't want to go. But we both felt that trying to get out of it was useless.

"It 's the hand of Fate," said Andra, gloomily. "Since our runaway plan ended in a fiasco—"

"A what?" I asked, politely. Usually I don't bother about Andra's words, for she does n't like explaining, but I felt cross myself.

"A fiasco," said Andra, "is a fire-cracker that won't go off."

"That 's a squib," I said, triumphant.

Andra looked at me as if she was thinking hard and then she said: "Fiasco is French for squib."

I have n't started French yet and I told Andra I did not think it nice to talk in that language when I was present; but she only said: "Don't be present, then," as snappy as possible.

All this is a kind of "introducer" to let you see how hard it is, most of the time, to reason with a girl. Uncle Charles says that Andra is the "eternal feminine," whatever that means. But the real thing I am going to tell about began to happen when the time came for us to make up our minds how we could get the most fun out of the journey to Aunt Belinda's.

"Have you anything in your mind?" asked Andra. She always asks me if I have anything in my mind, but it does n't mean anything. It is just politeness. The kind of things I have in my mind do not seem to suit Andra; she prefers to use her own mind as a rule. You will see what I mean when I tell you that she did not wait for

me to answer but went right on to ask me about the bump on the back of my head. She came over and felt it.

"It 's a good size yet," she said. "Is it very sore?"

I got the bump the last time I fell down-stairs, but that was two days ago, so I said it did n't hurt as long as I did n't sleep on it.

"Does n't *that* hurt?" asked Andra, giving it a good punch.

"No, it does n't," I said. "But you need n't do it again."

"Well, that 's one good idea gone!" she said, disappointedly. "If your bump was hurting badly I thought we might play pilgrims. Pilgrims are people who go to shrines, and pools, and things, to get cured. Old Mike O'Neil did. Don't you remember, he had a bone in his leg. He said it was 'most excrusiting.' But we can't play pilgrims if your bump 's better, unless—unless you would care to bump it again!"

I said it might be just as well to think of something else.

"Have you anything in your mind?" asked she, and then, just as I was going to tell her what I had in my mind, she went right on.

"The only other plan I thought of was for us to be knights-errant. Knights-errant were people who did n't have any regular work to do, so they just mounted their steeds and rode all over the place, helping people who had wrongs and were too busy to attend to them."

"What did they get out of it?" I asked. I can't help thinking of these things.

Andra looked at me in a way I wished she would n't.

"I hope you are not going to be like your Uncle Thomas," was all she said. My Uncle Thomas made lots of money, but nevertheless is not considered a credit to the family. I did n't want to be like my Uncle Thomas, but I did n't like the knight-errant idea either, so I said:

"We have n't any steeds, so we can't do it."

"Neither did they have railway trains," said Andra. "If they had they would n't have used steeds. It 's just the same thing, only different. Anybody can make silly objections like that. Are you going to be in the play or not?"

I said I was, for I knew if I did n't Andra would be a knight-errant without me, and Andra is very thoughtless. Of course, Andra being the older makes her kind of bossy, but, after all, I 'm a boy and a boy *is* a boy even when he is younger, and I can't help feeling responsible for Andra. Besides, if I stayed out and there was any fun I 'd be sorry.

We talked it all over and took a solemn pledge of knighthood—not to mind ourselves at all, but just to help everybody in distress. I wanted to put in "especially girls," but Andra would n't. She said girls did n't need it any more than other people.

There is something truly annoying in the idea of two children being sent off into the country when they don't want to go, but nobody seemed to mind a bit.

Aunt Eva, who is an invalid, was not able to see us to say good-by, and Abby, who looks after us, had gone down to Aunt Belinda's the night before, but Susan gave us a nice lunch to eat on the train, and uncle came to the station to see us off. We could never have found the train alone, for it was the big Union Station, where both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk trains come in. He was quite cheerful. The train was all ready but would not start for another ten minutes; so uncle just put us in a seat and told us to watch out and behave ourselves like Musgraves and gentlemen. Then he had to go, for he is a member of Parliament at Ottawa and had a committee meeting.

Andra gave a long sigh. "Now," she said, "we can begin. Have you seen any one in distress yet?"

"Yes," I said. "I saw a man on the platform in it. At least I believe he was. The baggageman smashed his trunk and it had sixteen jars of preserves in it. He was taking them home to his wife—there he is now!"

Andra put up the window and leaned out. Then she suddenly put it down again. I imagine she 'd heard something the man was saying. Anyway she did n't think we had better be knights-errant to him.

"You see," she explained, "a jar of preserves is n't like anything else. When it 's smashed, it 's smashed. I suppose we 'd better look out for something else."

I looked out as hard as I could, but every one seemed to be having the best kind of a time; every one, that is, but one little girl, who was very miserable. She appeared to be going away alone, and was crying the way girls do. I supposed she was being sent to her aunt in the country, as we were, and I did not see any way of being knights-errant to her when we had n't been able to help ourselves.

It was almost time for the train to start when Andra caught sight of the miserable little girl. It seemed to excite her very much and the next minute, before I had time to reason with her, she was out of the car. I tried to go after her but there was a fat woman with two valises in the aisle and, by the time I managed to squeeze

through, the train was beginning to move and Andra was coming back through the car-door.

Her hat was crooked, and the ribbon that ties her hair behind had come untied; and she had something that wriggled and tried to jump out of her arms. When she came near enough I saw that it was a cute little blue dog—a puppy with long ears and thick, long hair hanging all over its eyes so you could just see little twinkles through.

"It 's the miserable little girl's dog," said Andra, as she sat down to get her breath. "It 's what she was crying for. Her father was n't going to let her take it, but just as I was looking out of the window he put it down. He was busy talking to another man, so I just grabbed it up and—here it is!"

Now, as I have said before, Andra is thoughtless at times and in spite of myself I could n't help thinking that this was one of the times. I thought that perhaps the man might not like it, but little things like this never seem to worry Andra.

"Is n't it a dear?" said she. "Look at its beauty eyes. When it lies down you can't tell which is head. Won't the miserable little girl be pleased! Let 's go and give it to her."

The train was going pretty fast by this time but we managed to get to the other end of the car, where the little girl was, without accident. She was still crying and one handkerchief was spread out on the window-sill to dry. I began to feel that after all Andra had done a noble thing.

"Don't cry," said Andra, sitting down beside her. "Here is your little dog, my dear."

Andra always talks as if she were about fifty years old. The miserable little girl gave a jump and looked up. At first when she saw the dog she began to look happy and made a grab for it —then, quite suddenly, she started to cry harder than ever.

"Oh,—oh," she sobbed. "It is n't my dog. Go 'way—I want my own dog. I want my Togo!"

I looked at Andra. It is never my way to say, "I told you so." It is a mean thing to say; besides it makes Andra madder than anything I know. I just looked at her. Looks say a lot if you know how. But I will say this for Andra, if she *is* a girl she 's got grit.

"Stop crying!" she said, and the miserable little girl stopped. Andra took her handkerchief from her and spread it on the window-sill beside the other.

"Now," she said, "look at this dog."

The little girl looked.

"Is n't it your dog?"

"No."

"Were n't you crying for a dog?"

"Y—es," the little girl began to blubber harder.

"Wait a minute!" said Andra, firmly. "Was the dog you were crying for anything like this dog?"

"Oh, yes. But I want my own dog. I don't want your horrid dog!" The little girl slapped the puppy away and began to cry all over again. I could have shaken her with a will. She did n't deserve to have a dog!

Andra turned to me. She looked sympathetic, but reproachful.

"Well, you *have* done it this time," she said.

Now what would you think of that?

I knew it was no use saying anything, so I picked up the dog and we went back to our seat.

"It is a most remarkable thing," said Andra after a minute. "I don't see how you ever made such a silly mistake."

I said I did n't see either.

"I suppose I am partly to blame—in a *way*," she went on in the mild tone of a martyr, "for I saw the little girl and her father and her horrid dog just as we were getting on the car. But it was not until you drew my attention to her that I remembered our vow about people in distress. And then I saw the same man and the same dog, but I suppose," here she sighed deeply, "I suppose the dog was different."

We both looked at the dog and he certainly did look different. But he was a nice dog.

"I wonder if he can do any tricks?" asked Andra, but before we could find out, the conductor came along the aisle with the brakeman after him. He saw the dog at once.

"No dogs allowed in the passenger coaches," he said, as cross as possible. "Here, Jim, take this pup into the baggage-car."

Andra took the dog in her arms. She saw that the conductor meant what he said and that it was no use arguing, so she just looked as if she did n't see him at all and gave the dog into the brakeman's arms.

"Please be careful of him, Jim," she said.

Every one around laughed and the brakeman grinned and instead of saying, "Yes, miss," as John does at home, he winked and said, "Sure." Then he took the dog away.

"Where are you two going?" asked the conductor in a very loud and impertinent manner.

Andra did not answer, but handed him our tickets as if he were the dummy in front of a clothing-store. I don't know how she does it; I can't. Anyhow the conductor did not like it.

"The charge for the dog is twenty-five cents," he snapped.

"Give the man a quarter, Jack," said Andra in the tone Aunt Eva uses when the cook gives notice. Of course I had to fork out. What else

could I do? And it was the only change I had, too! Anyhow, it made the conductor boiling mad, so I did n't care very much.

But worse was to come. Things often seem to save the worst till the last; and anyhow it happened that way, this time.



"'OH—OH,' SHE SOBBED. 'IT IS N'T MY DOG. GO 'WAY. I WANT MY OWN DOG.'

Andra had just opened Susan's nice lunch at a station where the train stopped for dinner, when the conductor came in again with another man. The other man did not seem cross like the conductor but he had a worried look. They both came straight up to where we were sitting. Andra had just set out the cream-puffs. There were four.

"There they are, officer," said the conductor.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the worried-looking man.

"I guess not," said the conductor, and he put his hand on Andra's shoulder. Somehow I just got hot all in a minute and I struck his hand off with all my might.

"Leave the lady alone!" I said.

The conductor turned red with rage, but the other man said quickly:

"There is some mistake here, I think." He sat down on the opposite seat. Andra looked at him as Aunt Eva would look if the butler had sat down at the table; then, when she saw that he was n't like the conductor, she stopped doing it at once.

The man bowed to her.

"With your permission," he said, gravely.

Andra smiled at him. The conductor was wild by this time.

"You 'd better look sharp," he said; "I can't wait here forever. These are the kids that had the dog."

And then, suddenly, I partly guessed what had happened. I got cold all over. The other man did not appear to notice the conductor, he just began to talk to Andra.

"There was a dog," he said, "picked up at the last stop. A thoroughbred Skye—Ormond. The owner is a Mr. Cyril Murray. It seems that you children have a Skye with you. Of course you can account for him."

"Do you mean that you would like to hear how we got him?" asked Andra, graciously. "My brother will explain." She began to eat one of the cream-puffs.

Now what was I to do? Of course I just had to. By the time I had finished she was eating the second cream-puff.

The worried-looking man seemed more worried than ever.

"Remarkable!" he murmured.

"Not at all," I said as grandly as I could for I felt I had to protect Andra.

"Oh, yes it was, Jack," said Andra, in the sweetest tone, looking up from her cream-puff.

"It was the strangest thing! I don't see how you ever came to be so silly."

The nice man coughed and the conductor said something I did n't catch.

"I don't know just what to do," said the nice man, looking worried again.

"You don't believe that yarn, surely?" said the conductor, sharply.

Andra picked up the third puff. There was only one left. I thought that even if we were going to be arrested I might as well make sure of that, but just as I stretched out my hand to take it, the nice man turned to me and said:

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Musgrave," I said. "Mr. John Harrington Musgrave and Miss Alexandra Musgrave. I am sorry I have n't my cards with me."

Andra was mean enough to laugh. The conductor and the nice man looked at each other and then at us.

"Are you—" began the nice man and then he paused.

"Yes, we are," said Andra, calmly.

For a minute I did n't know what she meant, and then it suddenly struck me that they probably knew Uncle Charles.

"We sometimes get in a scrape," explained Andra to the nice man, "but we don't steal dogs. Our uncle, the Hon. Charles Musgrave, does n't approve of it."

The conductor made a remark he should n't have. The nice man smiled.

"Well, well," he said, "perhaps we had better let it go at that. But I suppose you will allow me to restore the lost Ormond to his distracted owner, will you not, Miss Musgrave?"

"I shall be much obliged if you will do so," said Andra. "And please tell Mr. Murray that Miss Alexandra Musgrave is very sorry to have troubled him. But really it 's the dearest little dog! It 's in the baggage-car."

"Then, I think," said the man, rising and smiling at us, "we may consider the episode closed." And he and the conductor left the car.

Andra looked after them and her eyes were all twinkly as they are when she just *enjoys* something; then she said:

"Did you see the conductor's face, Jack?"

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Only Uncle Charles is a director of this railroad."

"Well?" I said.

"Well—stupid!"

I did n't see exactly what she meant, for Uncle Charles does n't take the least interest in conductors, but I was too relieved to want to argue. It seemed to me that we were well out of a rather awkward scrape and there was a certain thing that I wished it would not have been mean to say. It 's all very well to be reckless when you have a brother along to help you out, but supposing Andra had been alone!

"Have a sandwich, Jack?" said Andra.

"Give me a cream-puff to start on," said I, for I was beginning to be hungry. I glanced down at the luncheon that Andra had spread out on the suit-case. Then I looked at Andra. It was a dreadful look.

"Oh, Jack," she said; "I am so sorry. But I was so excited and nervous I ate them all and never thought!"

Now what do you think of that!

TWO SHIPS

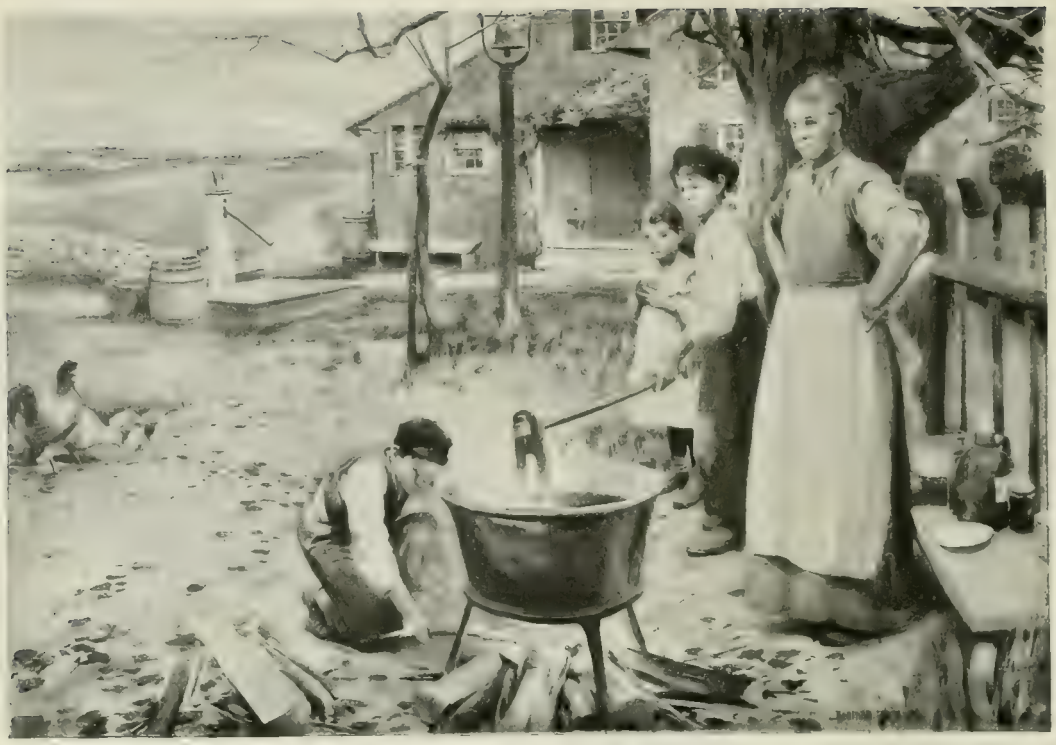
BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Dearie, on morning wings a-wing
The Ship of Dawn draws in to thee,
With airy pennants fluttering
And soft-hued sails set steadfastly.
And this the cargo that she bears:
Day music, flowers just awake,
New joys, new wonders and new cares
For little hands to take.
Across a glory-ruffled sea
Her gold prow breaks the rosy foam,—
A happy bark bound for her mark
The Ship of Dawn beats home.

Dearie, the Ship of Dark comes slow,
Gently the still gray waters past,
With clinging sails and flags hung low,
And one thin crescent at the mast.
Her freight, the croon of nested birds,
Dim shadows meeting dusky gleams,
Low lullabies and tender words,
Quiet and rest and dreams.
From out the hushed sea darkening far,
Across the shadows crowding deep
She drifts, and anchors with a star
Safe in the Port of Sleep.



MOTHERHOOD.
From the Statuette Group by Bessie Potter Vonnoh



APPLE BUTTER

"Oh, goodness me!" said Johnny Green,
"My ignorance is utter!
I don't know what the people mean
Who talk of 'apple butter.'
Do you think anybody would
Apples with butter spread?
And do you think they could be good
To eat instead of bread?"

"Oh, Johnny Green, you 're green indeed!"
Said little Tommy Smart;
"Although your history books you read,
And learn their lore by heart,
If common knowledge you could claim,
'T would not be to your loss;
Why, apple butter 's just the same
As our own apple sauce.
And in some distant country spot,
Where apples grow quite thick,
They cook it in a great big pot,
And stir it with a stick."

Then Johnny Green he wagged his head,
And Tommy Smart wagged his;
"I am so glad to know," John said,
"What apple butter is!"

HALLOWE'EN HAPPENINGS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY H. NORTHEND

For real, rollicking, frolicking fun, there is nothing more jolly than a Hallowe'en party.

The observance of Hallowe'en, or All-Hallow Eve, is a tradition handed down from the ancient Druids, who celebrated their harvest festival on the last day of October. The next day was All-Hallows', or All-Saints' Day, and so they called the festival All-Hallow E'en.

The gay games of modern times are not much like the solemn rites of the Druids, but a connection may be traced between the supernatural beliefs of the ancients, and the burlesque attempts to pry into the mysteries of the future, which our own Hallowe'en fun represents.

Long after the time of the Druids, simple-minded country people continued to believe in charms and witchcraft, and especially claimed that on the night of October 31 witches and goblins held revel, and fairies danced about in the woods. From these spirits, or their manifestations, it was believed that the future could be foretold and human destinies discovered. As our celebration of the occasion is merely a whimsical adaptation of all this, there is one thing clear at the outset: To a successful Hallowe'en party, the young guests must bring a large stock of imagination, a zest for merriment, and an unfailing fund of good humor. For many Hallowe'en tricks result in turning the laugh on one or another, and this must be accepted in a gay, good-natured spirit. Old-fashioned Hallowe'en parties were held in the kitchen, and where this is practicable, it is a good plan for many of the games. But all of the rooms used should be decorated with trophies of the harvest. Pumpkins, apples, grain stalks, and autumn leaves, offer materials for beautiful and effective trimming; and, if desired, draperies of red and yellow cheese-cloth, and ornamentations of red and yellow crêpe paper, may be added. Jack-o'-lanterns are, of course, a necessity. All boys know how to scoop out pumpkins, cut grotesque faces on them and insert candles (Fig. 1). But don't stop with the pumpkins. Make lanterns also of queer-shaped squashes, turnips, cucumbers, and even apples.

For invitations to a Hallowe'en party, find a large oak or maple leaf in bright autumn tints. Lay this on a paper and trace the shape, then tint it in gay colors, and write the invitation thereon; or, use cards decorated with tiny sketches of Jack-o'-lanterns, witches on broomsticks or black cats. Some such verse as this may appear on the card:

> Hallowe'en will tell you true
> What the Future holds for you.
> Thursday evening, just at eight,
> Come, prepared to learn your Fate.

When the guests arrive, the house should be but dimly lighted, and a weird and mysterious atmosphere should prevail. Red shades on the lights, or a red screen before the open fire, give a soft, rich glow. The guests may be received by some one dressed as a witch, or garbed in a white sheet to represent a ghost. Welcome should be



FIG. 1. CUTTING PUMPKIN JACK-O'-LANTERNS.

spoken in sepulchral tones and accompanied by groans or wails. Some one may play snatches of wild, weird music on the piano, or strike occasional clanging notes from muffled gongs. Jack-o'-lanterns peer from unexpected places, and, if convenient, an Aeolian harp may be arranged in an open window. The awesomeness of effect will be sufficiently relieved by the irrepressible laughter of the merry guests as they arrive.

It is well to begin with the simpler sort of Hal-

lowe'en games. First comes the Initial Letter (Fig. 2). Pare an apple in one continuous piece. Swing it slowly around your head three times, and let it fall on the floor. The letter it forms as it falls will be the initial of your future Fate. This incantation should be pronounced as the experiment is tried:



FIG. 2. THE INITIAL LETTER GAME.

Paring, paring, long and green,
Tell my Fate for Hallowe'en.

The Mirror (Fig. 3) is another test. A girl must stand with her back to a mirror, and, looking over her shoulder, repeat this charm:

Mirror, mirror, tell to me
Who my future Fate may be.
Ere the magic moments pass,
Frame his picture in the glass.

A merry trick is Blowing out the Candle (Fig. 4). A boy and a girl may try this at the same time. Each must be blindfolded, and after turning around three times may try to blow out a lighted candle. A prize may be given to the one who succeeds. Hallowe'en prizes should be plentiful and of trifling value. Also, let them be, as far as possible, appropriate to the occasion. Pen-wipers may be in the shape of witches' peaked hats, bats, brooms, black cats, autumn leaves, or wee white ghosts. Pin-cushions may represent tiny pumpkins, tomatoes, apples, or radishes. Peanut owls, black velvet witches, chenille imps, and other weird or grotesque figures will suggest themselves, and in the shops may be found inexpensive trinkets suggestive of the day.

Another prize game is Biting the Apple (Fig. 5). A large apple is suspended by a string, and two or more players try to catch it and take a bite. It is not permissible to touch the apple with the hands, and if the merry contestants forget this, their hands may be tied behind their backs.

A good variation of this game is to take a barrel hoop and suspend it from the ceiling so that it will swing and revolve freely. From it, at intervals, suspend by short strings, apples, nuts, candies, cakes, and candle-ends. Who gets by chance a candle-end, must pay a forfeit, while the dainties are considered prizes of themselves. Another rollicking form of this game is called Bobbing for Apples. A large tub is half-filled with water, and in it a number of apples are set floating. Previously, the initials of each one of the guests have been cut upon an apple. All those with girls' initials are put in at one time, and the boys endeavor to draw out the apples with their teeth, while their hands are tied behind them. Then the girls "bob" likewise for the apples which bear the boys' initials. The apple secured is supposed to represent the future Fate of the lad or lassie.



FIG. 3. THE MIRROR GAME.



FIG. 4. BLOWING OUT THE CANDLE.



FIG. 5. BITING THE APPLE.

A true Hallowe'en game is the Fateful Ice-cream. In a mound or brick of ice-cream are hidden a dime, a ring, and a thimble. The dish is passed around and each guest eats a spoonful. Whoever chances to get the dime is destined to great wealth; the ring betokens matrimony, and the thimble single blessedness for life.

Popping Corn (Fig. 6), though of no fateful significance, is an indispensable part of the program, and must not on any account be omitted. Pop-corn, somehow, seems to belong to Hallowe'en.

Popping Chestnuts is a more serious matter. Two chestnuts are laid on an open fire or hot stove, and the inquiring maiden names each for a youth of her acquaintance. According to the Hallowe'en superstition, if one nut pops or bursts, that suitor is the unlucky one, but if it burns with a steady glow until consumed to ashes, it shows a true and faithful lover. So old is this particular ceremony, that no less a poet than John Gay thus writes of it:



FIG. 6. POPPING CORN.

Two hazel-nuts I throw into the flame,
And to each nut I give a sweetheart's name,
This, with the loudest bounce me sore amazed;
That, in a flame of brightest color blazed.
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion glow,
For 't was thy nut that did so brightly glow.

Threading the Needle (Fig. 7) is a test of a steady hand. A boy or a girl may hold a needle while the other tries to thread it. Each must use but one hand, and sometimes he or she is made to hold in the other hand a full cup of water which must not be spilled. If the needle is finally threaded the two are presumably destined for each other. The other young people help or hinder the pair by chanting this charm:

Needly, thready,
Steady! Steady!
Where 's the thread? The needle 's ready.
Now you have it, and now you don't!
Now she will, and now she won't!
Aim it true, and aim it straight,
And behold your future Fate!



FIG. 7 THREADING THE NEEDLE.

The Game of Who 's Got the Ring, though old, is another traditional feature of the occasion. The players stand in a circle, holding hands, while one stands in the middle. A ring is passed swiftly and slyly from one hand to another, and the player inside the circle must try to capture it as it goes. All sing in concert:

Ring go round, ring go round!
You can find it, I 'll be bound.



FIG. 8 COUNTING THE SEEDS

Now it 's here, and now it 's there,
Changing, ranging everywhere.
Watch more carefully, and then
You may see it!
Fooled again!

Needless to say, the last line often rings out most appropriately.

The Bowl of Flour is a pretty test of who shall be the first bride or bridegroom of the group. Pack a bowl very tightly with flour, and in it drop a wedding-ring. Invert the bowl on a platter, and remove it carefully, leaving a compact mound of flour. With a broad, silver knife, let each guest cut off a slice of the flour. As it crumbles, if it contain the ring, it is an omen of approaching marriage.

Counting the Seeds is a game all may play at once, see Fig. 8. Each is given an apple, which is at once cut in two, crossways, and the seeds



FIG. 9. THE THRILL SEEKERS.

counted. If two seeds are found, it portends an early marriage; three indicates a legacy; four, great wealth; five, an ocean trip; six, great public fame; seven, the possession of any gift most desired by the finder.

Nutshell Boats make a pretty test of Fortune. In the half shells of English walnuts are fitted masts made of matches, and tiny, paper sails. On each sail is written the name of a guest, and the boats are set afloat in a tub of water. If two glide together, it indicates a similar fate for their owners; if one sails alone, it means a lonely life. A gentle stirring up of the water will make the boats behave in an amusing manner.

The Three Saucers (Fig. 9) is said to be an unerring revelation of Fate. One saucer must contain clear water, another, soapy water, or water into which a drop of ink has been spilled, and the third saucer is empty.

A girl is blindfolded, and must dip her finger into one saucer. If the empty one, she will always remain single; if the soapy water, she will marry a widower; but if she touch the clear water, her Fate will be a handsome and wealthy husband.

And as a parting peep into the mysteries of the Future, let the hostess, or some grown-up read the palms of the young people (Fig. 10). This need not be scientific palmistry, but a merry make-believe, wherein the fortune-teller can gravely assure the young inquirers of astounding events or fabulous delights which may come into their future lives.



FIG. 10. PALM READING.

After merry and rollicking games, it is a welcome rest to sit down to Fagot stories (Fig. 11). The hostess should have in readiness a number of small fagots, or bunches of small dry twigs, tied together with a bit of ribbon. One should be given to each guest. These, in turn, are thrown on the fire, and each guest must tell a story that shall last as long as his or her fagot is blazing.



FIG. 11. FAGOT STORIES.

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD



GENERAL O. O. HOWARD. CHIEF JOSEPH.

NOTE.—Probably no white man has ever known so many famous Indian Chiefs as General O. O. Howard, the author of the interesting series of articles which begins with the following sketch of Osceola.

After his distinguished career in the war of 1861-65, General Howard was chosen by President Grant to make peace with the Apaches and other tribes in Arizona and New Mexico; and in the six years following 1874, he commanded the United States Army in two Indian wars. He came to know intimately more than twenty famous Chiefs, from New Mexico to Alaska, several of whom had been his foemen in the field. The accompanying photograph, for instance, shows General Howard and Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés Indians. In 1877, General Howard fought many battles with him, and finally captured him after a chase of fourteen hundred miles, which cut through the forest of Yellowstone Park, and was one of the longest infantry marches ever recorded. Later, the General of the white soldiers and the Chief of the Red Men became warm friends.

Of course General Howard never saw Osceola, for he was only a lad when the Seminole War was fought. But he heard many vivid accounts, at the time, of the bravery and skill of that fierce Indian warrior, and so a sketch of Osceola fitly opens the series.—EDITOR.

1. OSCEOLA

I SUSPECT "Uncle Sam" was born July 4, 1776. If so, he was still a young man, only twenty-eight years old, when Osceola came into the world. The Red Stick tribe of the Creek Indians had a camp on the bank of the Chattahoochee. The water of this river is colored by the roots of trees, shrubs, and vines which grow along its sluggish current, and so it is very black. Osceola's mother, living near this dark river, named her baby As-sa-he-ola,—black water. Spanish tongues by and by shortened it to the beautiful and Latin-like name of Osceola. Osceola's mother was the daughter of a Creek Indian chieftain. His father is said to have been an Indian trader born in England. There were three children, two girls and the boy. Osceola's mother, the proud and high-tempered Indian princess, became angry for some reason and taking her son went into the wilderness of southern Georgia and joined her own people, while the father took his two daughters and passed over to the far West. The princess taught Osceola both English and her own language, but she had come to hate the white people and did not fail to bring up her son with the same unkind feelings.

Later on, troubles arose between our white settlers and the Creek Indians in Georgia, and General Jackson was sent to drive them further south.

At this time Osceola was only fourteen years old; yet he was so smart and so fierce that he became a leader of his people. Under him they fought hard, and were driven at last to the middle of Florida, where, not far from one of Uncle Sam's stockades, called Fort King, the tribe joined the Seminole Indians, who lived there. These Florida Indians, the Seminoles, were really a part of the Creek nation and spoke almost the same language. They soon became fond of Osceola, and as their head chief, Micanopy, was very old, in all fighting Osceola became the real leader. He had two under-chiefs, one named Jumper and the other Alligator. They were as fierce and hated the white people as much as he did, and enjoyed doing all he told them to do. As Osceola grew older, he had a fine, manly bearing and a deep, soft musical voice. He was quick at learning a new language, and he was very skilful in the use of the bow, though he liked better the white man's rifle with powder and ball. It is said he always hit what he aimed at.

For fifteen years Osceola went from tribe to tribe and from chief to chief all over Florida and other states of the South, wherever he could find Indians. He always spoke against the white people, saying they were two-faced and would not treat the Indians with justice and mercy. I believe that Uncle Sam really had a good feeling for his red children; but the white people were very few in Florida, and they were afraid of the Indians and wanted to send them away to the West. So they asked Uncle Sam to send his officers and agents to make a bargain with the redmen. This bargain came about and was called the "Treaty of Payne's Landing." It was signed at Payne's Landing on the Ocklawaha River May 9, 1832, by some of the Indian chiefs and by Uncle Sam's white officers and agents. It was agreed that all the Indians were to go far away beyond the Mississippi River before the end of the year, and that Uncle Sam should give them $3000 each year and other things which were written in the treaty. Only a few of the Indians really agreed to go, and Osceola, now twenty-eight years old, was very much against giving away the Seminole country. He aroused the whole nation, nine tenths of the head men were with him, and he gathered good warriors, divided them into companies and drilled them. Osceola called an Indian assembly, and rising to his full height, took a strong bow in his right hand and an arrow in his left, and said, "I will not sign a treaty to give away the Indian's land, and I will kill the chiefs or any followers who sign it."

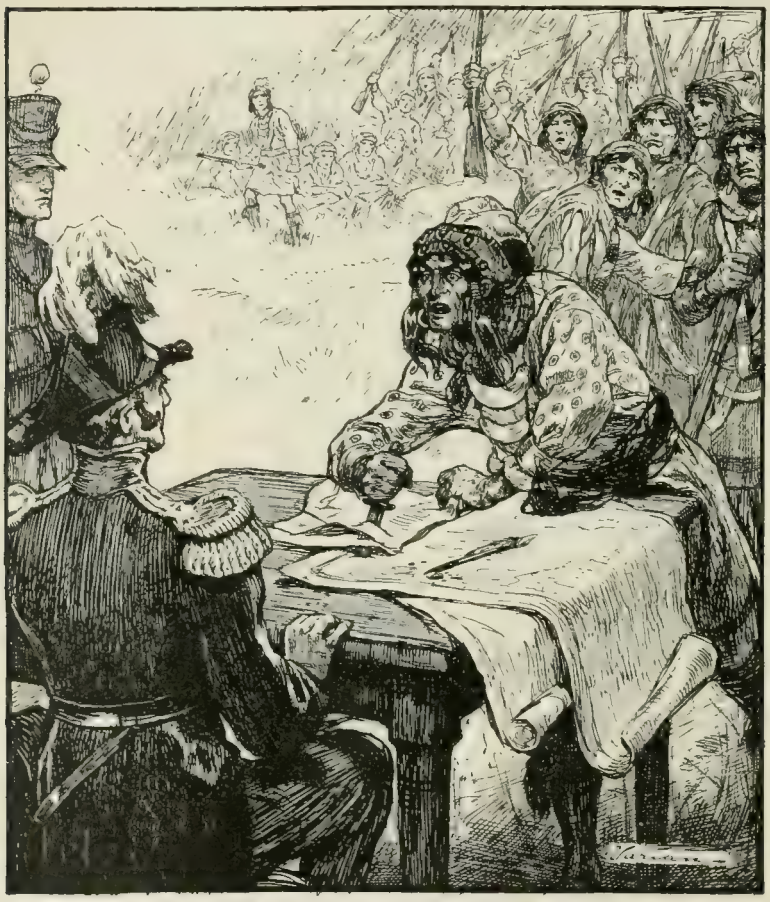
Two years passed, and then some Seminole chieftains, who had gone beyond the Mississippi, returned. They reported against the removal of the Indians, and the Indian Agent called a meeting of well-known Indians and white men to talk it over. The old chief, Micanopy, spoke for the Indians, but Osceola sat near and whispered into his ear what to answer the Indian Agent. Micanopy was old and wanted peace. He, Jumper, Alligator, and others said they never meant to sign away their land, but only agreed to send some men to look over the new country before they decided what to do. The meeting became very excited, and at last Osceola sprang to his feet and defied the agent, saying in a taunting manner, "Neither I nor my warriors care if we never receive another dollar from the Great Father." The agent, spreading the treaty upon the table, remonstrated with Osceola, but the fierce chief drew his long knife from its sheath and cried, "The only treaty I will execute is with this," and he drove the knife through and through the paper into the table.

Soon after this Osceola had an interview with Captain Ming of the Coast Survey near Fort King, but he declined every civility and said, "I will not break bread with a white man." A formal council was arranged, but here Osceola in a threatening manner seized a surveyor's chain and declared in a loud voice, "If you cross my land I will break this chain into as many pieces as there are links in it, and then throw the pieces so far you can never get them together again." The Indian Agent, in desperation, sent for Osceola and ordered him to sign the papers for transporting the Indians, but he answered, "I will not." When told that General Jackson, the President, would soon teach him better, Osceola replied, "I care no more for Jackson than for you."

The Indian Agent knowing that Osceola stirred up his people had him put in prison at the fort, but he escaped by making promises to his guards. As soon as he was free again he began to get his warriors ready for battle. He went from place to place very fast, hardly stopping for food, till he had a large number of braves gathered near Fort King. Their rifles were kept ready for battle. Soon after, three white men were wounded and a white mail-carrier killed. The chief, Emaltha, who was friendly to the treaty, was assassinated. The war had begun.

It was now 1836 and Osceola was thirty years old. Hearing that Major Dade, with 110 officers and men, was to pass along the military road from Fort Brooke at Tampa Bay, Osceola sent Micanopy and Jumper with 800 of his warriors to wait in ambush for them. It was so well arranged that the whole command except three men were killed. These three men escaped to Tampa

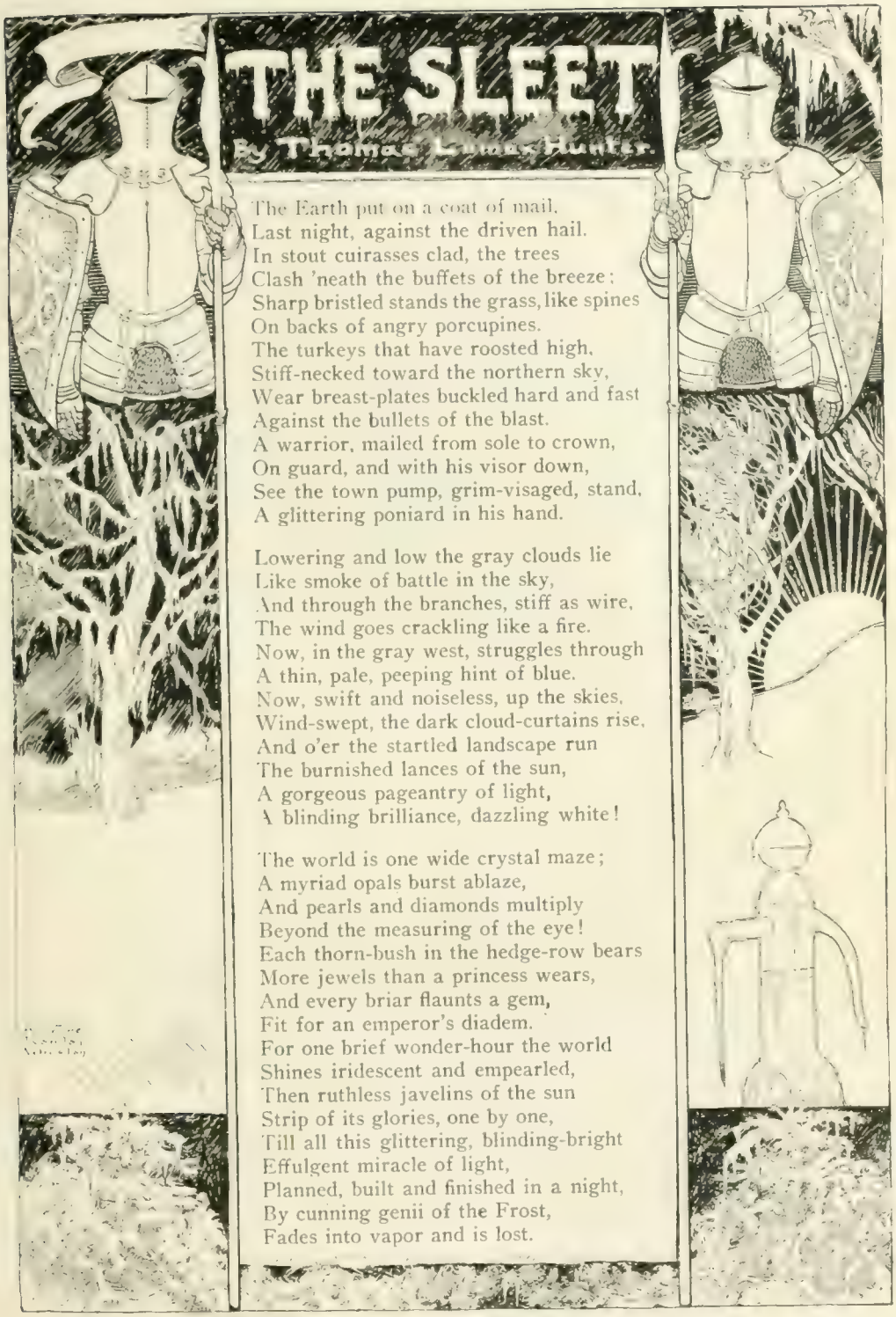
and told the terrible story. Osceola himself had remained with a small force near Fort King, for he wished to kill the Indian Agent, his long-time enemy. Lieutenant Smith and the agent were walking quietly toward the sutler's shop, a half mile from the stockade, when a number of Indians set upon them and both were killed. The agent was pierced by fourteen bullets and the lieutenant with five. The sutler and four others were killed, and the store and out-buildings burned. The fire gave the first alarm at the fort. In the meantime, Osceola's warriors under Micanopy and Jumper had been so prompt that the first battle was over before their leader joined them. Then the dreadful war went on. Osceola met General Clinch with 1000 regular soldiers at the crossing of the Withlacoochee River. There were not a thousand Indians, but Osceola brought them into battle like an experienced general. His men followed his own brave example and fought with tiger-like ferocity. Osceola is said to have slain forty of our officers and men with his own hand. The Indians fought till their ammunition was gone, and then with bows and arrows and knives.



"THE ONLY TREATY I WILL EXECUTE IS WITH THIS!"

After this, Osceola went through many battles, but never despaired and never surrendered till the fearful battle came when the Indians were defeated by General Taylor. Then the waters ran with the blood of Uncle Sam's quarreling children and Osceola's men were scattered to the four winds. Even then Osceola would not have been captured but for an act of treachery. He was asked to come to a conference at a camp not far from St. Augustine. He came with some of his warriors, trusting to the word of the commander, but he and his companions were at once surrounded and carried to St. Augustine as prisoners of war. Our officers said it was right to do this because Osceola had not kept his promise in peace or war, but we do not like to think that the officers and agents of Uncle Sam broke their word, even if an Indian chief did not keep his. Though Osceola fought in the Indian way, and hated the treatment that the white people gave the Indians, still, we know he did not hate the white women and children, and constantly told his warriors to treat women and children with kindness.

After he was taken to St. Augustine he was in a sad condition. His spirit was broken by defeat and imprisonment, and he grew feeble as he realized there was no escape. When he was taken to Fort Moultrie in Charleston Harbor he knew that he should never see his own land again. Then he refused food, would see no visitors, and died, broken-hearted, after a short illness, aged thirty-three. He was a brave enemy, and respected as he had been by the Indian nation, his manly nature was too proud to be long under the control of the white man.



THE SLEET

By Thomas Lomax Hunter.

The Earth put on a coat of mail,
Last night, against the driven hail.
In stout cuirasses clad, the trees
Clash 'neath the buffets of the breeze;
Sharp bristled stands the grass, like spines
On backs of angry porcupines.
The turkeys that have roosted high,
Stiff-necked toward the northern sky,
Wear breast-plates buckled hard and fast
Against the bullets of the blast.
A warrior, mailed from sole to crown,
On guard, and with his visor down,
See the town pump, grim-visaged, stand,
A glittering poniard in his hand.

Lowering and low the gray clouds lie
Like smoke of battle in the sky,
And through the branches, stiff as wire,
The wind goes crackling like a fire.
Now, in the gray west, struggles through
A thin, pale, peeping hint of blue.
Now, swift and noiseless, up the skies,
Wind-swept, the dark cloud-curtains rise,
And o'er the startled landscape run
The burnished lances of the sun,
A gorgeous pageantry of light,
A blinding brilliance, dazzling white!

The world is one wide crystal maze;
A myriad opals burst ablaze,
And pearls and diamonds multiply
Beyond the measuring of the eye!
Each thorn-bush in the hedge-row bears
More jewels than a princess wears,
And every briar flaunts a gem,
Fit for an emperor's diadem.
For one brief wonder-hour the world
Shines iridescent and empearled,
Then ruthless javelins of the sun
Strip of its glories, one by one,
Till all this glittering, blinding-bright
Effulgent miracle of light,
Planned, built and finished in a night,
By cunning genii of the Frost,
Fades into vapor and is lost.

The Foot-Ball Season in Jungleville.

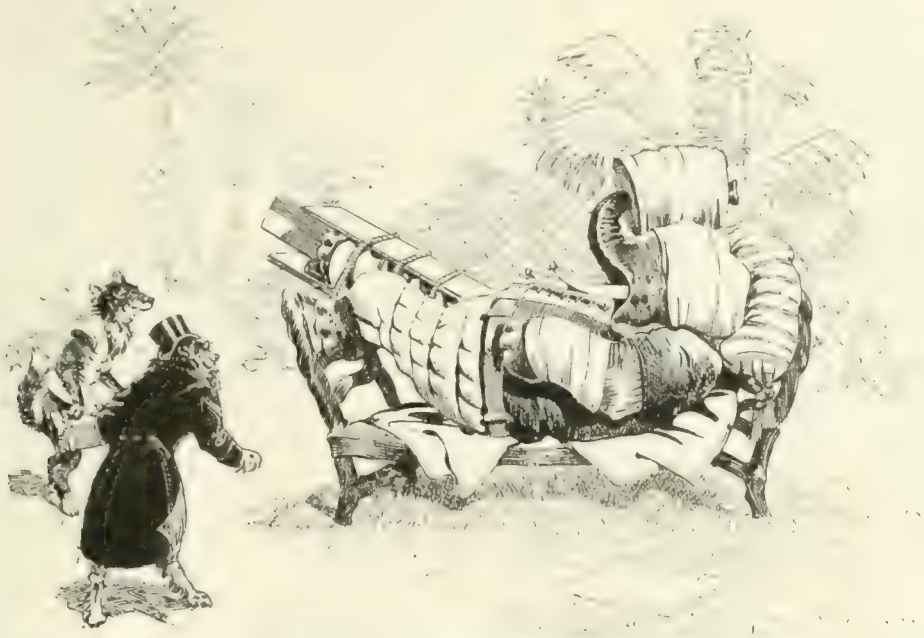
Drawn by I.W. Taber.



The Patient: "Ah, Doctor Mac Collie, I am glad you've come, I've had too much foot ball!"
The Doctor: "Hm-m! We must have bandages at once."



The Patient: "Feel better? No, I dont. My foot hurts, and so does my trunk."
The Doctor: "Gracious! I'm afraid it's a compound fracture, we must take to splints then."



The Doctor: "There, Sir, that's the best I can do to day. Dont eat too much hay, and I should suggest a diet of lily pads."



The Patient: "Lily pads! I'm padded enough already; take that!"



EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

A SLEEPY BOY

"Up! Up, my boy, it 's time to dress,"
Calls Father in the morning;
And then, a second afterward,
There comes another warning.
"What! not up yet, you lazy boy,"
Says Father quite severely,
"It 's fifteen minutes since I called,
And breakfast 's ready, nearly."

Now what I really want to know,
Is where those fifteen minutes go.

BUTTONS

A boy must dress himself, you know,
Before he is a man,
But buttons always want to go
The queerest way they can.
I struggle with them every day,
And tug with all my might,
And still they seem to have a way
Of never going right.
And yet when Mother takes a hand,
They go so easily,
That I can never understand
Why they won't go for me.





BRUSHING TEETH

All little boys and little girls,
Remember this, I pray,
To brush your teeth both morn and eve
And do it every day.

Remember in the morning, please,
To brush your teeth with care.
It 's best, I think, to do it, just
Before you brush your hair.

TANGLED HAIR

When you fix your hair
Tangles, bear in mind,
Must be combed with care;
And it 's best, you 'll find,
Not to tug and pull and hurry,
Putting tempers in a flurry,
But a gentle girl to be,
Then they come out easily.



HOW HE FORDED THE STREAM

BY C. H. CLAUDY

The agent for a well-known automobile was reading from a newspaper to a group of interested automobilists, club members and others, a paragraph regarding some tourists in Southern States. "A great deal of mud and water was encountered, and a good deal of trouble was experienced in the electrical connections becoming damp, and failing to work. A dozen times in the last fifty miles the timer had to be cleaned and dried to get any spark at all."

The agent laid down the paper. "If those fellows had had one of my cars," he said, "they could have gone the whole fifty miles through water and never stopped."

"You mean your machine will work with a wet timer?" incredulously asked one of the little company.

"Not at all!" was the answer. "I mean my timer would n't get wet. I mean I can drive through mud-puddles and fords, mud, water, anything, so it does n't actually flow up and over the timer, and there won't be a single miss in the engine!"

"Well," spoke the objector, "I don't doubt your word or your belief in your car, but I do the facts. I should like to be shown."

That was the way it started. A somewhat excited discussion followed, and the end of it was that a meeting-place was appointed for the next day, the agent had pledged himself to plunge into a wide stream, where there was a ford, with his motor-car, at not less than twenty miles an hour.

If the car failed to stand the test, some terrible penalty for wasting his friends' time was to be imposed upon the agent, such as taking them all to dinner or the theater,—I forget just what, because it was n't impressed on my memory. I remember the other fellow's penalty, however,—if the car went through the deep water and the engine remained dry and continued to run, the doubting Thomas was to enter his order for the next year's model of the car. As he was a man of wealth, and wanted a new car anyhow, this seemed fair enough.

Imagine, then, a group of four men on a lonely bank—and one solitary man in a motor-car. Immediately below is a smoothly flowing stream of water. The road dips to the stream at this point and comes out on the other side. It is a ford,—nearly two feet deep, but with a smooth, level bottom. As we look, a passing automobile gingerly enters the water, and proceeds at a snail's pace to the opposite shore. "No danger of that fellow getting wet, at any rate," says one of the men. "Do you suppose," to the agent, "that you will get very wet yourself? Will the machine make a great splash?"

"Oh, not enough to wear a rain-coat for, I should say," was the preoccupied answer; "it might sprinkle me a bit."

At last all was ready. The machine backed up the road out of sight around the curve. Three of us stood waiting—I was busy with a camera, pointing it toward the spot where I proposed to take the picture, and seeing that it was in focus. Then—dead silence. A long wait. "I wonder if his nerve failed him?" remarked one man. "It 's more than likely," assented another, when—"Honk-Honk—Honk-Honk" suddenly sounded from around the corner. "He 's coming!" we all shouted in unison. And come he did. And he came fast, too,—he was game for whatever his contract was to bring him, and it was with all of twenty miles an hour that he struck the water.

Then there was a sight! The next instant there was no machine, only a wild fountain of water, a veritable "cloud-burst," which pursued its swift and even path across the ford. It spouted fifteen feet high and twenty feet or more on either side. Little of the machine could be made out in the hasty glimpse we had, before it was all over. The photograph shows just the lamps and wheels and the suggestion of a grinning face behind the veil of water.

Then it was all over but the shouting. The car came to a stop some fifty feet from the water, and the steady chug-chug of the still running engine told us, before we reached it, that the "test" had been highly successful from the standpoint of the agent. But before we could ask questions or even get to the car, we all had a sudden outburst of laughter. There stood the agent,—his arms outstretched and dripping, his collar a limp bit of linen, his shoes, trousers, everything, as wet as if he had been thrown into the creek.

"Well,—er,—you *did* get sprinkled a little, did n't you?" observed the one of us with most hardihood. The agent was wrathy. "Sprinkled a bit—*sprinkled* a bit,—why—here, you come get in this car and we will do it again and you will see what a sprinkling *you* will get!"

It seems that the water arches both ways from



"THE NEXT INSTANT THERE WAS A VERITABLE 'CLOUD-BURST.'

the motor's wheels, which both throw it out and suck it up, and that the man running the car was subjected to a regular deluge. The rear



"THERE WAS A SECOND DISPLAY OF WATERWORKS."

seats were full of water and there were several inches of it on the tonneau floor. We looked under the hood, where the engine was still puffing away. Not a drop of moisture could we find. The protection from dust and water was ample and we were all forced to admit that the agent was right.

Somewhat to the surprise of the agent, the man he had invited to take a *sprinkling*, accepted, but donned a rubber-coat belonging to the agent "*You* can't be any wetter," he said coolly, "and I don't need to be!" And the agent never said a word.

To make this next photograph I tried to get as close to the machine as I could. When they came down and struck the water, there was a repetition of the former display of waterworks, and I took the picture again at the right time. But the agent, to vent on some one of us his playful spite for the fun we had had at his expense, had steered as close to me as he dared. And so that beautiful arching mountain of spray caught me fair and square, drenched my camera, ruined my clothes,—which happened to be flannel,—and utterly destroyed my temper, for a moment. I recovered in a short time, and joined in the laugh at *my* expense, and the plates and the camera escaped serious injury.

As the result of it all the agent had a check for a new car, the man who doubted has a new automobile,—I have some fine pictures, and you have the whole story, pictures, automobile, "ducking," and all!



DEBBY'S DILEMMA

BY CAPT. HAROLD HAMMOND

Author of "Pinkey Perkins"

"AUTUMN" was the awful word that Debby
could n't spell;
With other words it seemed to her she got along
quite well.
The teacher kept her in one day until she could
remember
The spelling of "the season which ends with
bleak November."

For one half hour poor Debby sat, but memory
failed to aid her
Or bring before her saddened eye the word
which had delayed her.

At last, when deep dejection seemed to shut out
every hope,
A happy thought broke through the gloom, and
Debby ceased to mope.
"How stupid of me, silly,—why, it is n't hard at
all!
Few people call it 'Autumn' and I surely can
spell 'Fall.'"



A HALLOWE'EN PROCESSION.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

EIGHTH PAPER—"VISITING-CARD HOUSES" INVENTED BY THE AUTHOR, LINA BEARD

From old visiting-cards you can show children how to build all the different houses and furniture seen in the accompanying illustrations.

For the little Tropical house in Uncle Sam's newly-acquired possessions (Fig. 1) select eight of your largest and stiffest visiting-cards; these are for the four walls of the first or lower story of the house. If the cards are not alike in size make them so by trimming off the edges of the larger cards.

Place two of the cards together and cut two slashes, one on each side of the center through one end of the double layer (Fig. 2). Slide the two cut ends together, allowing the center divisions A (Fig. 2) to lie, one over and one under the two cards. This will bring under the side divisions B and B (Fig. 2) on the card whose center division A comes on top, while the divisions B and B of the other card will come over on the outside. Fasten all of the remaining cards together in pairs in the same manner; then cut a long slit near the outer end edge of



FIG. 1. A TROPICAL HOUSE MADE OF VISITING CARDS.

each of the four pairs of cards C and C (Fig. 6). Slide the walls together at right angles, and form a square by means of the long slits. Do this by holding the open end of one long slit in one wall under, and at right angles to the open end of one long slit in another wall, and then fitting the two walls into each other so that they will stand firm and form one corner of the lower story of the house (Fig. 8).

Strengthen the house with an extra inside wall. Cut long slits at each end of the wall, then a long slit near the center of each side wall in which to fit the extra wall.

Make the ceiling of the lower story of two more pairs of cards fastened together like Fig. 5, and on the ends of each pair of cards cut similar divisions, only have them quite short (Fig. 5). Bend down all of the end divisions and fit the strips over across the top of the first story from front to back bringing the two corner divisions, D and D (Fig. 5), on the outside of the wall while you slide the center part E on the inside (Fig. 3). Dotted lines indicate the division E on the inside.

The second story must be built entire before it can be fastened on top of the first story.

Make each of the four walls of the second story three cards long. Cut divisions on both ends of the middle card to fit in the end cards (Fig. 7).

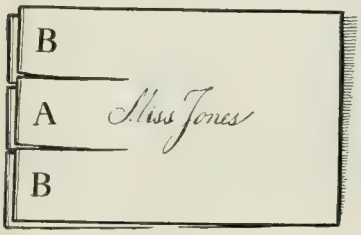


FIG. 2.

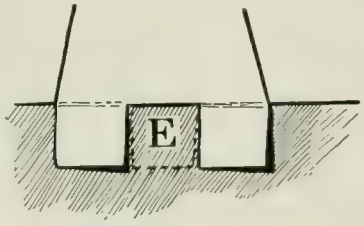


FIG. 3.

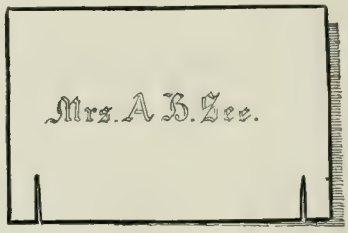


FIG. 4.

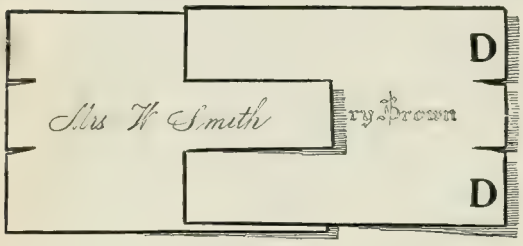


FIG. 5.

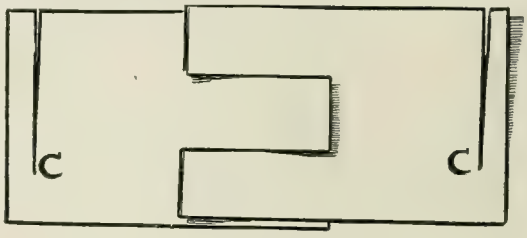


FIG. 6.

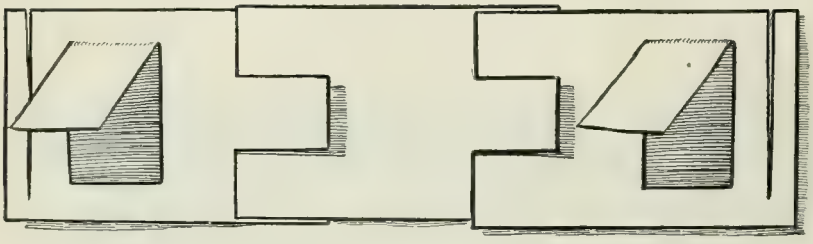


FIG. 7.

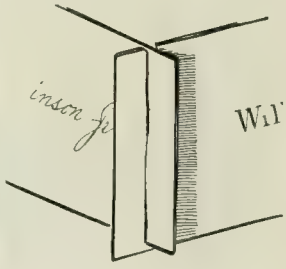


FIG. 8.

DETAILS OF THE VISITING-CARD HOUSES.

When cutting divisions always fit the two cards together that are to be joined, and cut through the double layer, which will insure having the divisions alike.

When the four walls are ready to be put together, cut a window in the two end cards of the wall which you intend for the front (Fig. 7). Only the lower edge and sides of the window may be cut, the upper edge is merely bent and throws the solid window shutter, formed of the piece cut, outward, as shown in the photograph.

Slide the four walls together and add a fifth wall to run through the center from side to side for strength. Use the long slit method for joining the center wall to side walls.

When built, turn the second story upside down and fit a strip of three cards bridge-like over the center from front to back, and fasten it to the walls as you made the ceiling of the first story; then fit on another strip in like manner over the center from side to side, and fasten it to the side walls. The two strips will cross each other at their centers, one lying at right angles over the other.

Carefully lift the second story and adjust it squarely and evenly on top of the first story as in the photograph (Fig. 1).

Make the projecting roof of the second story of four strips of four cards each. Run the strips from side to side of the house and lap them a trifle, one over the other. The roof is merely laid on and is supported by the walls.

The peak is made of two strips of two cards

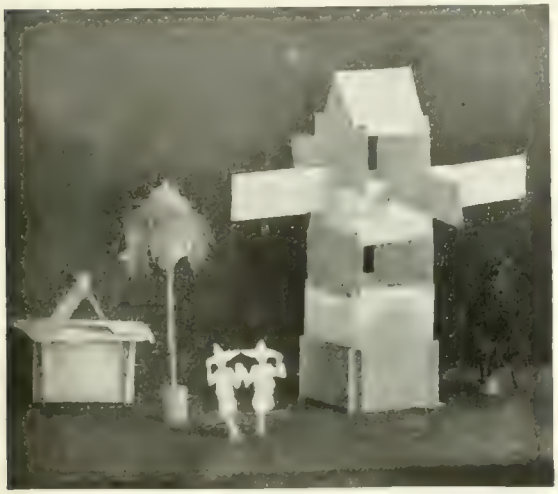


FIG. 9. THE WINDMILL.

each and slid into a base of one strip of three cards by means of long slits. At the apex the cards are also fastened together with long slits.

The little summer-house in Fig. 1 has each of the four sides made of one card. The cards are fastened together by means of long slits. A doorway opening is cut in the front wall, much in the same manner as the windows are cut in the large house, only in this case the incision is made directly on the lower edge of the card, and when finished the lower half of the door is cut off. The door is then bent outward and forms a little canopy for the open doorway, as in the photograph.

Make the roof of two strips of cards of two cards each by merely laying the strips across the top opening of the house.

Fasten the ends of two cards together with long slits to form the apex of the peak and bend the bottom ends of the cards out flat, so the peak will stand steady on the roof.

If the children would like to keep the buildings intact to play with at any future time, as they build up the structures let them add a little glue or strong paste here and there to hold the various parts firmly together. The toys will then last a long time and stand considerable wear.

Tissue-paper trees in spools furnish the foliage in the photograph while a miniature flag with its pole supported in an empty spool shows the country to which it belongs.

Cut little paper people from cardboard and place them on the grounds.

A fine setting for the scene can be made by tacking a piece of green Canton flannel, fleecy side uppermost, taut over a pastry board or pinning it on a piece of the light-weight patent straw pasteboard.

The fleecy green gives the appearance of grass, and when the glistening white buildings are set down on the grass among the green trees with Old Glory floating overhead, and gaily dressed dolls in the foreground, the children will be delighted with the scene; nor will the appreciation be confined to the children, for older members of the family will also enjoy it.

The windmill (Fig. 9) is extremely easy to build. Make the base square of four cards fastened together with long slits. On this foundation build up one card on the front and one on the back, by cutting two short slits on the lower edge of the lengthwise bottom of the cards, one slit near each end (Fig. 4), and sliding one card across the front on to the uncut top edges of the sides of the foundation by means of the slits, then fastening the other card across the back from side to side in like manner. On top of these two cards build on two more reaching across the sides from front to back. Continue building in this way until the mill is six stories high; then bring the top edges of the last two cards together to form the peak. To make the arms of the mill, fasten eight long narrow cards together into pairs of two cards each. If your cards are too wide trim them.

Make a slit almost half-way across one end of each of the four arms; then cut slits of about the same length up from the center edge of the side cards immediately under the peak and cut similar slits at the top center edge of the front and back cards forming the next lower story.

Fit and slide in at right angles the slit on one of the long narrow arms, fasten it into the slit on the lower edge of the top story. Fasten another arm on the opposite side in the same way, and adjust the two remaining arms into the slits on the top edge of the two cards forming the front



FIG. 10. THE PAGODA.

and back of next lower story as in the photograph (Fig. 9).

Tell the children they can build a "skyscraper" by making a foundation like that on the mill and then building up the cards to a great height and omitting the wings or arms. If the cards are kept even and the building straight the children can build up twenty-eight inches or more.

The Japanese pagoda (Fig. 10) is built in the same way as the mill, minus the arms, and with the addition of projectures along the sides. These projectures are made of two long, narrow cards each, the two cards fastened together at the center like Fig. 5; then the ends are bent up and the strip laid across from side to side on the top edge of the two side cards which form every other story. The pagoda is ten stories high with the apex roof built on a strip of two cards bent up at the ends. Both the mill and pagoda may be glued, if it is desired to preserve them; but all the buildings can be erected without the aid of glue.

The furniture in Fig. 11 is also made of visiting-cards. Take two long narrow cards, place them together, and about one third distance from one end of the double layer cut a slit through the two cards, extending it a little more than half way across the cards; then take the cards apart and slide them into each other. Be sure that the two short ends come together. Open out the two short ends tent fashion, and bend down one of the long ends across its center for the seat, leaving the other long end erect to form the back of the chair for the paper doll (Fig. 11). Make several chairs; then make the dressing-table. Place two long cards evenly together and cut a slash through and more than half way across the center of the two cards. Slide the card together making an X. Bend out the top and bottom end of the X flat. For the top of the table select a rather large card, but not too wide. Cut one slash on each side of the center of one of the lengthwise edges. This will make three divisions. Cut corresponding slashes, but much deeper, in one of the short ends of a smaller card, which is to be the mirror. Trim off the end of the middle division in the table-top and slide the two cards together, bringing the B and B divisions (Fig. 2) of the mirror well forward so that the top of the table extends back beyond the mirror; then bend up the B and B divisions of the mirror, as in the photograph. Place the top with the mirror attached on the X, allowing the X to come back directly under the mirror in order that the top may be steady. If you paste a piece of silver paper or tinfoil well smoothed out on the card for a mirror, the dressing-table will, from a little distance, appear quite realistic.



FIG. 11. VISITING-CARD FURNITURE.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

DOT'S BIRTHDAY CAKE



Once there was a little girl called Dot. And she was just five years old. And she had a fine birthday cake. It was big and round, and it had five beautiful little pink candles set in pink rosebuds on top.

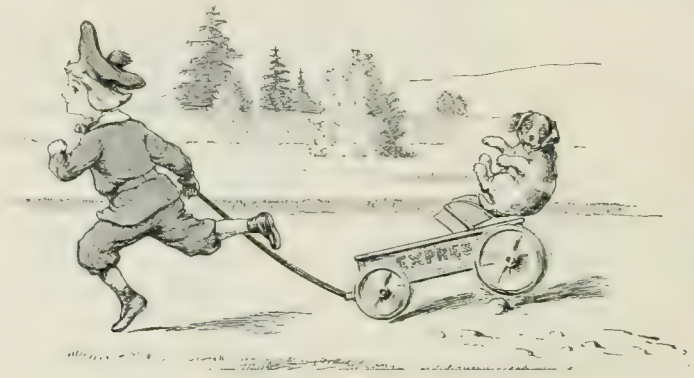
Dot sat at the big table at dinner that day, and by and by they put a pretty pink paper cap on her head and then brought in the birthday cake. And the little candles were all burning bright. And when she saw it she said, "Oh! oh! how lovely! It is just too pretty to cut!"

But her mama said, "I will cut it for you, dear." So she cut one piece for Dot, and then she asked Dot, "Will Marie have a piece?" Marie was Dot's big doll. And Dot looked at her and said: "Marie says, 'No, thank you.'" And mama said, "Will Fuzzy have a piece?" Fuzzy was Dot's Teddy Bear.

And Dot looked at him and said: "He says, 'No, thank you.'" And mama said, "Will papa have a piece?" And Dot said, "Oh, yes. Won't you, papa?" And papa said, "Yes, please." And Dot said, "Mama, you will. You *must* have a piece of my birthday cake." And mama said, "Yes, thank you."

And mama cut the cake and gave Dot a piece and papa a piece and herself a piece. But she left the parts of the cake where the candles were burning,—one, two, three, four, five. And Dot's birthday cake lasted one, two, three, four, five whole days before it was all gone.

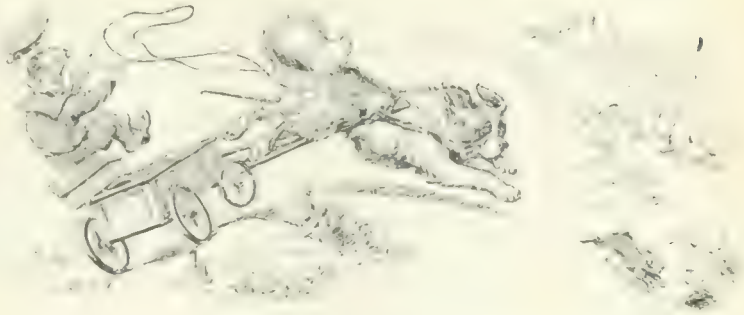
NED AND ROVER AND JACK



A BOY named Ned had a little puppy-dog named Rover. One day, Ned's papa gave him a nice new toy wagon. Ned was pulling it around the yard when he saw Rover. "Come, Rover!" he said, "I will give you a fine ride." So he took Rover and put him in the wagon and gave him a ride.

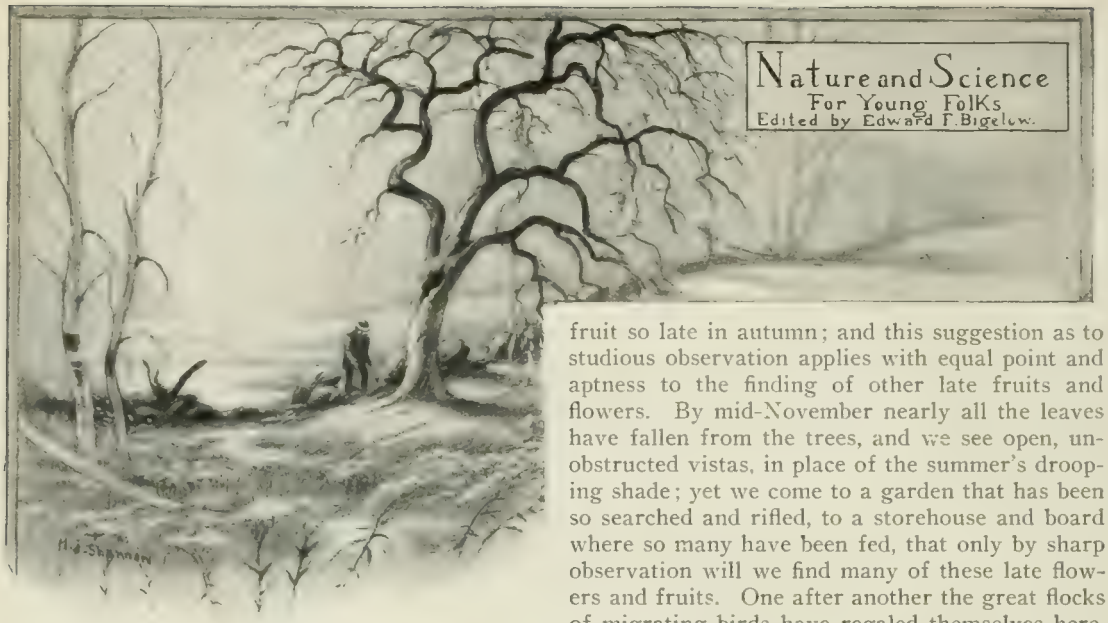
But just then Ned saw a boy he knew, named Tom. Tom was running down the street. Ned called to him but he did not hear. Ned wanted to show Tom his new wagon. So he ran after Tom as fast as he could go, calling, "Tom! Tom!" and never thinking of poor little Rover. He was barking with all his might: "Bow! wow! Bow-wow! bow-wow-wow-wow!" which means "Oh, stop! stop! I 'm going to fall out!" And the next minute Rover went "bump-ity-bump!" out into the road, and ran off home, crying, "Ow-wow-wow!" He was not hurt much, but he was badly frightened. But he soon forgot his ride, and he grew and he grew and he grew, till, by and by, he was a big dog. And then, Ned's little brother, Jack, had a little wagon. But now Rover was too big to ride in it. So Jack said he would make Rover pull it and *he* would ride.

Ned helped him to harness Rover in it like a horse, and Jack climbed in and took the reins. "Get up!" said Jack, and away they went out into the yard and on into a big field. But just then a little rabbit started up in front of them, and the minute Rover saw it, he began to race after the rabbit. Poor Jack could n't hold him at all. Round and round they went, and they ran, and they ran, and they ran! Jack called out, "Whoa, Rover! Stop, Rover!" But Rover did n't stop. He wanted to catch the rabbit and he forgot about Jack.



At last the rabbit ran toward a hole under the wall, where Rover could not get him. But Rover dashed after him as fast as he could go. "Bumpity-bump" went the little wagon, and just as Rover missed the rabbit, the wheel struck a big stone and poor *Jack* tumbled out on the ground. But he did n't cry. He was not hurt much, and he was n't frightened at all. He ran and caught Rover, and said, "Oho! Who cares for a little bump like that? You 're a funny horse, Rover. But you did n't catch your rabbit, you old runaway—did you?"





LAST FLOWERS AND FRUITS.

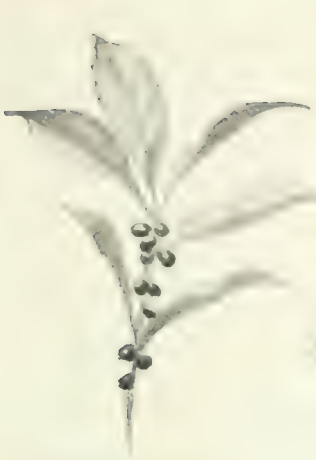
BUT still, if you are a skilful gleaner, you may get many a pocketful even of grafted fruit, long after apples are supposed to be gone out-of-doors. I know a Blue-Pearmain tree, growing within the edge of a swamp, almost as good as wild. You would not suppose that there was any fruit left there, on the first survey, but you must look according to system. — THOREAU.

IN the above quotation from Thoreau's essay on "Wild Apples" the author suggests to us how careful must be our search if we would find the fruit so late in autumn; and this suggestion as to studious observation applies with equal point and aptness to the finding of other late fruits and flowers. By mid-November nearly all the leaves have fallen from the trees, and we see open, unobstructed vistas, in place of the summer's drooping shade; yet we come to a garden that has been so searched and rifled, to a storehouse and board where so many have been fed, that only by sharp observation will we find many of these late flowers and fruits. One after another the great flocks of migrating birds have regaled themselves here, and found a sufficiency to sustain them in their long, southward journey, and few indeed have been the berries and fruits to escape their sharp eyes. While these feathered guests were feeding in the trees, the squirrels and mice were just as busily gathering their winter store beneath, and later came the frost to take what these had left. The keen winds withered the apples where they hung, broke down the stalked berries and fruits, and coldly touched the lingering flowers of October until they paled, one by one, sank down to earth and gradually resolved themselves into the elements again. So, like gleaners, we come to this field of nature, so often harvested, to gather in, by thought and by vision, if not with our hands, the last lingering fruits and flowers.



THE CLOSED GENTIAN.

The closed gentian blooms now in company with its more admired and notable sister, the fringed gentian, and we may feel inclined to choose this peculiar flower with its unopened petals, with its apparently belated and therefore incomplete blossoming, as especially expressive and typical of the season. Here, too, is the royal aster company, blue and purple, violet and pale lavender, gathered in feathery masses along the roads, or girdling the woods around with their banked and profuse luxuriance. The beauty that these flowers confer upon the late autumnal fields is peculiar to this country, for England owns but one native aster. Only in her gardens do the asters bloom in profusion, and there they are the American variety,—just such gold-centered, purple blossoms as we see about us to-day.



THE [illegible]
IN [illegible]



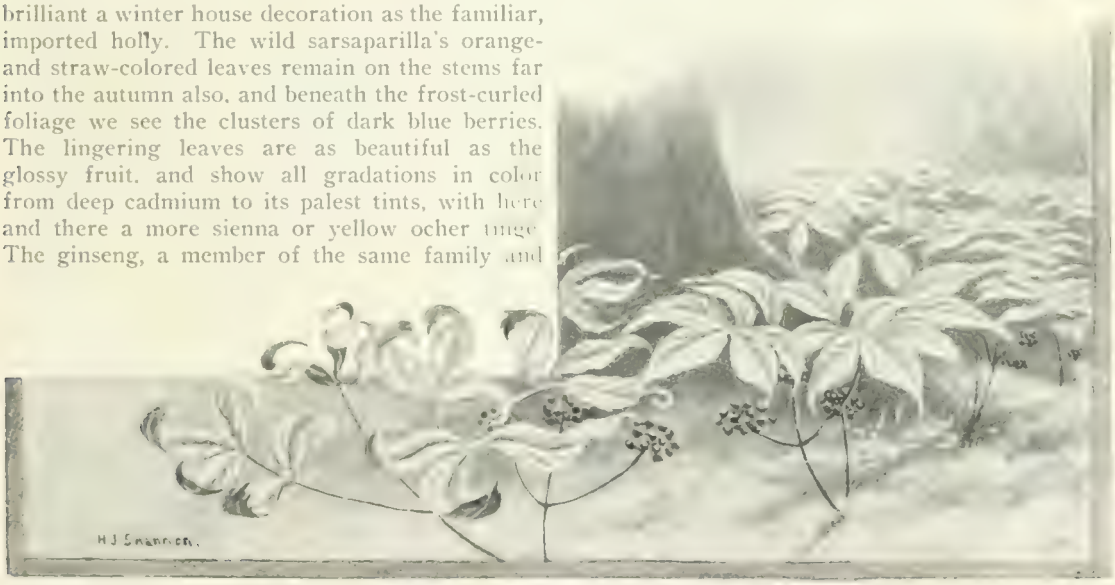
LATE PURPLE ASTER.



RUNNING STRAWBERRY-
[illegible] IN [illegible]

As blue is the keynote of the late autumn flowers, so crimson and scarlet are the prevailing colors among fruits. The strawberry-bush's crimson capsule splits open to expose and discharge its scarlet-covered seeds; and, whether we examine the strawberry-bush proper or the creeping variety, we will find the same brilliant coloring. High in the trees, and draping the thickets, are the bittersweet berries, equally bright with scarlet and orange tints, while the alder stems are decorated with their bright red berries also. If the green leaves persist until late fall, as they often do, a stalk of this shrub forms as fitting and brilliant a winter house decoration as the familiar, imported holly. The wild sarsaparilla's orange- and straw-colored leaves remain on the stems far into the autumn also, and beneath the frost-curled foliage we see the clusters of dark blue berries. The lingering leaves are as beautiful as the glossy fruit, and show all gradations in color from deep cadmium to its palest tints, with here and there a more sienna or yellow ocher tinge. The ginseng, a member of the same family and of somewhat similar habit of growth, has berries of a brilliant red, and so this family, as well, continues the scarlet theme that runs through so many of the autumn fruits.

How intimately these late growths, particularly the flowers, reflect the spirit of the season! The spring flowers so perfectly suggest their season that a stranger, without knowledge of the time which gave them birth, would still, by the appearance of the blossoms, associate them with the spring months. The prevailing color being white with pink and purple flushes, or faint and delicate blue, is certainly suggestive of the dawn and of



THE WILD SARSAPARILLA IN FRUIT
The berries are so well liked by birds that they are seldom found in quantities

the opening year, while the autumn tints and shades are suggestive of the after time, of the sunset and afterglow. This is true, also, of the



THE WITCH-HAZEL IN BLOOM.
The capsules also split open now and shoot out the seeds.

rich red cardinal flower which comes in late summer and is deepest in hue of all the wild flowers we shall find upon our jaunt.

The goldenrod's prevailing orange is surely a reflection of our autumn sunsets, and the blue asters deepening to purple answer to the bars of rain-cloud that accompany them. In the gentians this color deepens until in the closed gentian it is so full and significant as to symbolize the darkening twilight of the year, the storm blue of the approaching night-clouds; while the yellow, filmy stars of the witch-hazel, which come still later, to close the floral season, are the faint lines of light, the last yellow gleams that break low on the horizon before night and winter wholly close down. HOWARD J. SHANNON.

SKILL IN THE USE OF THE JACK-KNIFE.

FROM my earliest boyhood I have been a user and lover of a good jack-knife, an implement that I have always taken pride in keeping in good con-



PEACH-STONE WHITTLING
From left to right: First steps in whittling monkey, a peach-stone basket, and a completed monkey (sitting with tail in mouth).
By Mr I. C. Pelton.

dition. In making this statement, I am confident that I strike a chord of fraternal sympathy with many "Nature and Science" readers,—especially



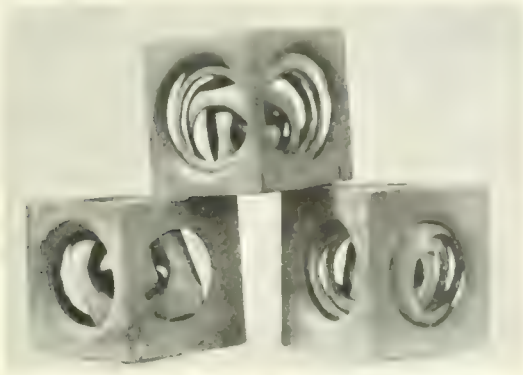
HOW TO MAKE A WOODEN FAN BY USE OF A JACK-KNIFE.
Shape a stick as shown in first illustration. Then, after soaking this in water, slit down as shown in the next illustration. Then pull apart the splints or "rays" *sideways*, and catch each in the notches of the other.
Made especially to illustrate this article by Mr. George W. Lockwood.

the boys. I wish I could inspire every young person with a deeper love and teach him a more skilful use of the jack-knife. It is the best tool in all our manual training methods. It is the inseparable companion of every nature lover, and is the best "all round" piece of apparatus for scientific experimenting.

Not long ago, in talking to boys and girls in a school-room, I asked for an exhibition of their lead-pencils. The variety of wood-cutting there displayed was astonishing. Indeed, it was better than astonishing, for it was indescribably funny.



CHAIN SAWED AS SAMPLE



FAVORITE TESTS OF SKILL WITH JACK-KNIFE

And the best of it is that every pupil appreciated the joke, and laughed as heartily as I did. Perhaps some of our older readers will take this as a fertile suggestion, try it and give themselves and their friends a good laugh. The funny part was not in the diversity of length, shape, and color, but in the sharpening. The "points" I wished to make were readily seen and thoroughly appreciated. They were long, short, slender, chubby, crooked, cragged, smooth, rough, beautiful, ugly,—in short, and in their length, too, it would take more adjectives than the dictionary can supply to do them justice. No extended study of those pencil-points would be needed to tell much of their owners' dexterity. I think, too, that they expressed much of the owners' mentality. I am certain that some exhibited thoughtful care, and others, thoughtless carelessness, or other good qualities and the "less-ness" of them.

I remember that years ago, when I was a pupil in the High School, I thought that a boy sitting near me was foolishly "fussy" with his pencils, crayons, and drawing materials, and especially so with a piece of stout cord used in drawing circles on the blackboard for the use of the class in geometry. He had the end of this cord carefully wound into a hangman's knot, and he "slip-noosed" it so carefully and skilfully around the end of a crayon that the other members of the class were greatly amused. I remember that after every recitation he carefully turned the cord around his finger, slipped off the coil and put it in a box especially provided for the purpose. The boys and girls sometimes ridiculed him for this,



Photographed with thimble and spool to show comparative size.

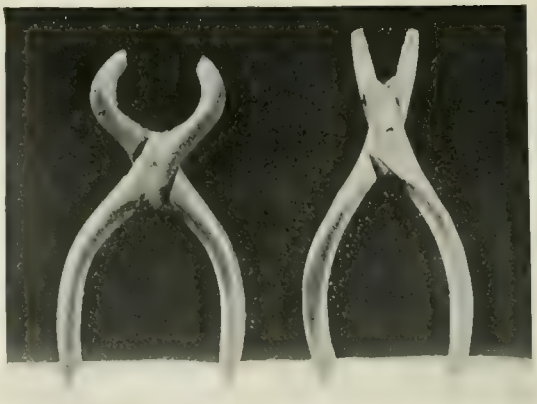
as well as for the careful sharpening of his pencils. When in the woods he always cut a walking-stick with the same exquisite care. I remember that the teacher commended his circles and other geometrical figures. They often looked better than those in the book. In later years I have noted that his life's work is better done than that of most of the other members of the class. Yes, a jack-knife or even the sharpening of a pencil shows something of character. Let them both be the best possible.

Young people in the country and all nature



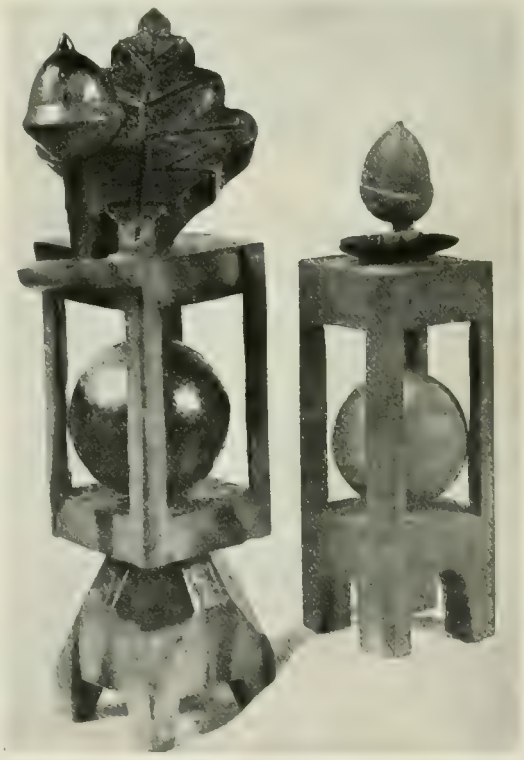
INTRICATE LINKED CHAIN.
(Photograph from Mr. Day Allen Willey. From whittling by Mr. B. F. Clay.)

lovers find many uses for a sharp jack-knife. With it the smaller parts of plants may be dissected, samples of woods may be selected and smoothed to show the grain, souvenirs may be cut and carved. The woodsman, especially the New England woodsman, is proverbially a whittler, and through practice he becomes exceedingly expert in the use of the implement. For those who do especially skilful whittling, the favorite "stunts" are to make concentric rings within cubes of wood, to originate furniture, fans, chains from broomsticks, and peach-stone baskets. Some of these broomstick chains become



NIPPERS AND PLIERS.
Readily open and shut. Each from one piece of wood.

intricate by innumerable interlocking links. A favorite exhibition of skill is to cut from a single piece of wood, a pair of nippers or pliers so that they may be actually opened and closed. To carve a swivel or a movable ball within four column-like supports is another favorite test.



BLOCK WHITTLING.
Movable ball, acorn, and leaf.
(Both illustrations in this column by courtesy of Dr. M. W. Robinson, from specimens made by inmates of Soldiers Home, Noroton, Conn.)

FEEDING THE TURTLES.

THE scientific name of the elephant-footed tortoise from the Galapagos Islands, shown in the photograph, is *Testudo elephantopus*. It might



FEEDING THE TURTLES

be of interest to the young folks to know that these giant tortoises live to be several hundred years old. One we have in the Zoo, about as large as the one the little girl is standing on, is probably 250 years old or nearly as old as the Virginia town, the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of which is being celebrated this year. When these tortoises get very old their shells often crack and the earth gets in these cracks into which also drop seed. They often thus carry little vegetable gardens around on their backs. One that we have, had at one time a small peach-tree growing in a large crack about seven eighths of an inch across. This little peach sprout was carefully guarded and was thought to be a great curiosity. Unfortunately a new keeper was hired who thought that the turtle needed a good cleaning up, and the first thing that he did was to grub out the "weed" that he found growing out of the turtle's back, and that he thought was certainly a disgrace. Oftentimes races are run with these giant tortoises and we had one in the Zoo one time by putting three of the big fellows in a line and placing small children on their backs. The children were provided with sticks on the end of which was tied a small head of cabbage. This head of cabbage was held in front of the turtles and thus out of their reach and in their efforts to get the cabbage in front of them they went ahead at what was quite a rapid rate for them. These tortoise races are quite the thing in the Hagenbeck Zoölogical Garden in Hamburg, Germany, and also in some of the other European parks.

WALTER A. DRAPER.

A BALLOON MADE OF NEWSPAPERS.

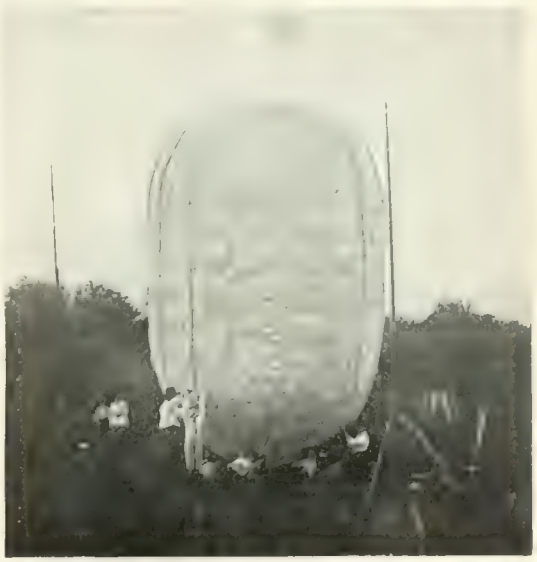
DURING our last summer's vacation in Colony, Kansas, our boys made a balloon of old newspapers. It was thirty feet high and fifteen feet across, and was composed of two hundred and fifty-six papers and any amount of paste and patience.

They pasted the pages together, end to end (with narrow strips of muslin across the place of joining), thus forming long strips which were then pasted together, side to side, again covering the joining with muslin strips.

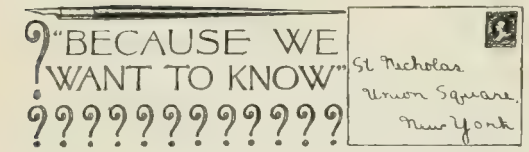
We first conceived the idea of making a small balloon just after a balloon ascension in our town. We watched them as they made ready to send up the large balloon and patterned ours very much after it. Our first balloon was small, only fifteen feet high. We sent up two others after that, the last one of which was thirty feet high. We flew it successfully several times.

We regulated our supply of coal-oil and gasolene with parts of a gasolene stove and regulated the air with drafts and a gasolene lamp pump. We had it arranged with the guys (ropes) so that the jerk of one cord threw everything loose from the balloon. The balloon flew probably over half a mile before the gas cooled. This was the last one tried in the neighborhood, and to fly it as successfully others would have to have our pattern.

LLOYD W. MUIR.



BALLOON MADE OF NEWSPAPERS BY LLOYD W. MUIR
(Photograph from The National Press Association)



DO FISH CLOSE THEIR EYES?

California.

Dear St. Nicholas: A friend once set me wondering by asking if fish ever closed their eyes. She said that she had watched a goldfish for a long time, but it never closed its eyes. I will be very much obliged if you will tell me about it. Yours truly,

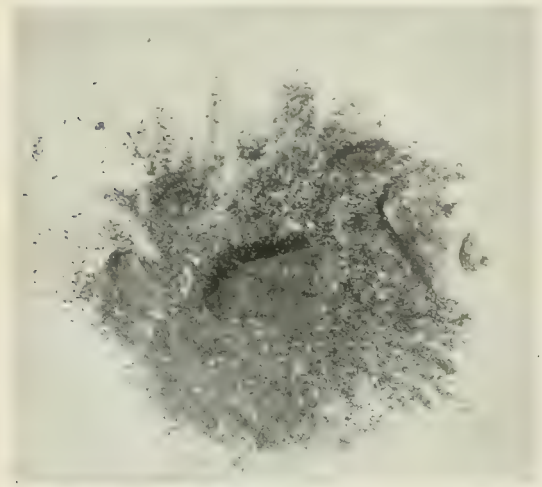
M. L. Gakthwaite.

Goldfish do not close their eyes because they have no eyelids. There exist in fishes no genuine eyelids; but in some (mackerel and sea mullet) there is a transparent film over the anterior surface of the eyeball and in certain sharks there is a nictitating, or winking, membrane that is regulated by a special muscle. Dr. H. M. Smith.

BRILLIANT AND SPARKLING MINERAL.

E———, Penna.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have been taking you ever since I can remember, for nine, or, it must be, twelve years. I enjoy St. Nicholas more than any other magazine. I have never yet, however, had occasion to ask you a question until now. Would you please tell me what the inclosed substance is? I live on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and found a large block of it glittering in the sun. I am using it now for a paper-weight. The block was about five inches long, two inches thick, and two and one half inches wide, of irregular shape. This substance (which I have inclosed) was picked up on a cinder path that leads along the railroad track. I carry the mail at my town, and have often noticed this substance alongside the track. Please tell me all about it if you can. It is very brilliant, and sparkles in the sun or artificial light. It was in a solid lump when I picked it up, but it easily crumbles into a fine dust, in which form I have sent it to you. I am sixteen years old.



THE POWDERED MINERAL SENT BY THE WRITER OF THE ACCOMPANYING LETTER

Thanking you in advance for your kind reply, I am

Your faithful reader,

Marvin P. Blmus.

The mineral specimen inclosed is specular iron, a form of hematite (the sesquioxid of iron), an excellent ore of iron, and widely distributed.

L. P. Gratacap.

INTERESTING GALLS ON VIOLET LEAVES.

Dagworthy, Devonshire, England.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have just discovered a most curious violet leaf, growing among the other violets. The leaf has a queer, knobby lump growing out of its surface, which lump is rather like a hollow, green raspberry. The lump is not solid, and is a paler green than that of the leaf. I send only a very rough sketch of the leaf. I should be very much obliged if you would tell me what this growth is, and what the cause of it is.



THE CURIOUS VIOLET LEAVES.

Yours truly,

Katherine Gotch Robinson.

The gall is caused by the larvæ of a small gall-gnat, *Cecidomyia viola*, and it may be found in England from July to December. The larvæ transform in the gall, and the flies emerge during the spring. Wm. Beutenmuller.

THE SONG OF THE CICADA.

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear St. Nicholas: When I was in the country in May I was very much interested in the song of the cicada. As I was walking through the woods I saw one of them walking up and down a twig, with his wings throbbing and sending out that peculiar rasping sound, which sounded like a pair of clappers or a small drum slowly rolling off its incessant half-monotonous sound. I went out the next day with my entomologist's net on purpose to catch one to examine through my microscope. When I went to swoop my net over one, it flew away high in the air. The sound stopped when it was flying, and when it alighted it

waited a while before it started. This time I caught it and killed it with alcohol. I dissected and found where the sound came from. I am yours,

[illegible]

The gift of song is found in the male insect only, and the true sound-apparatus consists of two small ear-like or shell-like inflated drums situated on the sides of the basal segment of the body. These drums are caused to vibrate by the action of powerful muscles, and the sound is variously changed by smaller disks,—the so-called "mirrors" or sounding-boards,—and issues as the peculiar note of the species, which, once heard, is never likely to be forgotten, or, if heard again, mistaken for that of some other insect. The true sound-organs are entirely exposed in the seventeen-year cicada, except for the covering afforded by the closed wings of the resting insects. In other cicadas these drums are usually protected by overlapping valves or expansion of the body-wall.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

VERY SMALL SHELLS IN THE SOIL.

I.——, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While looking at my garden to-day, to see if my flowers were coming up, I noticed some shells. They were found at an altitude of 5,700 feet, in the Seven Devils Mountains, in loose, alluvial soil, and in the timber.



TINY SHELLS

[illegible]

Will you please tell me what they are, and the habits of the animals that lived in them?

From your friend,

WINIFRED BROWN.

The shells belong to the genus *Pisidium*, a group of very minute bivalves which live in the soft mud of mountain streams, pools, and lakes, in Idaho and adjacent states. In the eastern part of the United States they inhabit bogs, lakes, and small streams. DR. FRANK C. BAKER.

THE CARE OF DORMICE.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had a pair of dormice given to me, and I want to know how to feed them and keep them generally.

I know you are so kind giving us help, and I can find no books about dormice or I would n't bother you. A kind friend sends us ST. NICHOLAS every month and we do like it so much. We have had it for three years, and hope to have many more volumes.

Your interested reader,

EVELYN BUCHANAN.



A DORMOUSE.

Dormice are frequently kept as pets in England and occasionally in this country. They are neat and graceful. In a wild state they live in trees and feed on nuts, acorns, seeds, etc. The prefix dor is from *dorm*—to doze—because they are usually torpid in winter, following somewhat the habit of our woodchuck.

In captivity, as pets, dormice may be fed their usual wild food, or as are other pet mice. A standard English book on pet mice says:

"The feeding of fancy mice is a mere trifle, their cost of keep being much less than that of birds. Canary and millet seed make a good staple food; milk should be given daily, as it is both fattening and conditioning, and also mice need to drink just as other animals do. Any kinds of biscuits, nuts, a bit of sweet apple or pear, are liked, and small branches or pieces of soft wood to gnaw should always be given, or the teeth may become overgrown."

DRIED UP STRAWBERRIES.

W——, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why are the seeds of some strawberries close together, making the berry hard and knotty?

FAY RACHEL MEMORY (age 15).

For some unknown reason these berries have failed to grow and to ripen. They become drier and drier in the hot sun, and as the moisture evaporates, what should be a delicious strawberry, gets smaller and harder, until it is finally little more than a woody, tasteless knot.

It is probable also that the seeds on the berry did not become fully developed, and for that reason, Nature allows the "berry" to dry up, and as it becomes smaller the seeds (achenia) on the surface are crowded closer and closer together.

Blackberries of late autumn are frequently irregular in shape, because some of the achenia were injured by frost, and the tiny stone fruits (drupes) on the "spongy receptacle" did not develop fully or evenly.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"HEADING." BY ELIZABETH TYLER, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

AN EVENING RIDE.

BY CARL W. PUTNAM (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

RISING in haste from a pleasant game
We pass to the whispering night,
Almost nine, and the mail to get,
Ere ever the door shuts tight.

No moonlight filters through the trees;
We grope for our wheels in vain,
And next our stumbling footsteps lead
To the end of the long dark lane.

A push, a leap; we 're on, we 're off,
'Neath the dim stars' twinklingfires,
Whilst hidden ruts and sands unseen
Clutch at our writhing tires.

Hearts in our mouths, nerves on the stretch,
We speed through the rustling night.
The white road twists like a living thing,
'Neath our whirring, rushing flight.

Each jagged shadow in our path
May be a stick or a stone.
Was that a man that bat-like passed?
Who knows or cares! Ride on!

And so we ride, till we reach our goal,
Through wavering shadows whirled,
And step from the gloom to the light and noise,
As if to another world.



"THE HORSE." BY GEORGE EDWARD DAY, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

IT is eight years ago this month since we made the first announcement of the ST. NICHOLAS League. That seems a long time to young people, no doubt. Even those League members who were then just entering their teens, in short trousers and dresses, are men and women now, and of course the time when one is growing from the age of "little-folks" to the high estate of "grown-ups" always seems very long—as long as all the rest of one's life, even if one live beyond the allotted three score and ten.

To the League editor it does not seem a very long time. It is almost as if it were yesterday, or at least not farther off than last week that we were discussing the League idea, planning its general outline of work and preparing the first list of subjects for competition. The editor remembers wondering whether ST. NICHOLAS readers would be interested in a League which would be their own department, made up of their own work and whether they would be able to

supply enough good art and literary contributions to make a department which would interest the general reader as well as League members. He had tried the experiment briefly in a newspaper, but a magazine was a different matter.

It seems strange now that there could ever have been any doubt as to the League interesting St. Nicholas readers, or concerning the quality of the contributions they might send. Still, it is an old saying that "hind-sight is better than fore-sight," and with a wholly new magazine venture, as the League was then, no one could be wise enough to say with certainty that it would succeed. Indeed, there were men of experience who declared that no department filled with the work of children could be worth continuing for more than a few months at most — that the number of young people under eighteen who could write and draw were too few to be depended on to fill even a single page that anybody but themselves would care to see.

As a matter of fact (somewhat to our surprise, though we had great hopes), the St. Nicholas League has attracted the attention of the entire educational world. No such an exhibit of children's work has ever been offered as that shown in the League department during the eight years just closing. No such an exhibit was believed possible even by our foremost educators, whose range of observation, however wide, had been limited as compared with that offered by this organization of St. Nicholas readers — a mighty army of the most intelligent, the most talented children in the world. And the educators themselves have joined with us, interested their art and literary classes in League work until to-day the St. Nicholas League has become a sort of great central exhibition school — an immense class-room of comparative study — the most profitable study to the young aspirant in literature and art. Many, very many, of those who entered that class-room eight years ago — boys and girls in their teens they were then — have graduated into the world's wider fields and are writing and illustrating books, or contributing to the newspapers and the magazines. We see their work here and there, and we hear from them now and then, and we are always pleased and always proud to remember them as our old boys and girls.

And now another great army is coming on — young artists and young writers who are doing just as excellent work, and making just as amazing progress as those who went before them. Will the next eight years show among the League graduates a world-famed painter, illustrator, poet or novelist? Once more there is a chance for prophecy. Who shall truly say?



"THE [illegible] BY JAMES [illegible], AGE [illegible] (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 93, SECOND HALF.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Carl W. Putnam** (age 17), 63 Marlboro St., Boston, Mass., and **Winifred S. Bartlett** (age 16), Fisher's Island, N. Y. (via New London, Conn.)

Silver badges, **Agnes I. Prizer** (age 10), 813 O'Fallon Ave., Dayton, Ky., **Alice Ruth Cranch** (age 12), 53th St. near 17th Ave., Bath Beach, Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Kathleen A. Burgess** (age 15), Court Devenish, Athlone, Ireland.

Prose. Gold badges, **Harriette E. Cushman** (age 16), 132 Warren St., Jamestown, N. Y.; **Ethel Rimington** (age 15), Douglas, Wyo.

Silver badges, **Therese Born** (age 11), 1308 S. St., Lafayette, Ind.; **Dugald C. Jackson, Jr.** (age 11), 1920 Arlington Place, Madison, Wis., and **Muriel Ives** (age 10), 114 Hemstead St., New London, Conn.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Jeffrey C. Webster** (age 11), 57 Hallowell St., Westmount, Montreal, Can.; **Jeanne Demêtre** (age 14), 155 W. 85th St., New York City; **Elizabeth Tyler** (age 14), 39 Gray Cliff Road, Newton Centre, Mass.

Silver badges, **Katharine L. Havens** (age 15), 203



"THE HORSE" BY JOHN W. PLATTY, JR., AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



"HIS NATIVE HOME." BY EDWARD P. HUTCHINS, AGE 13. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

Summer St., Newton Centre, Mass.; **Elizabeth Evans** (age 12), No. 1, Fort Slocum, N. Y., Via New Rochelle, and **Olive Garrison** (age 14), 84 Highland Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Photography. Gold badges, **George Edward Day** (age 12), 845 S. 4th St., Springfield, Ill.; **James Bruce** (age 13), Ruxton, Md.

Silver badges, **John W. Beatty, Jr.** (age 16), Richland, Lane, E. E., Pittsburg, Pa.; **Sara Delano** (age 12), Barrytown, N. Y.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize "His Native Home," by **Edward P. Hutchins** (age 13), 4810 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill. Second prize, "Chipping Sparrows," by **Alfred C. Redfield** (age 16), Barnstable, Mass. Third prize, "English Sparrow," by **Roy Phillips** (age 16), 315 Pullman Ave., Pullman, Ill. Fourth prize, "Young Robin," by **William Dow Harvey** (age 13), Golf Lane, Wheaton, Ill.



"CHIPPING SPARROWS." BY ALFRED C. REDFIELD, AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Frances Hardy** (age 15), 200 W. 137th St., New York City, and **Marguerite Knox** (age 14), 370 W. 120th St., New York City.

Silver badges, **Henry Paul Brown** (age 13), Girard College, Philadelphia, Pa., and **Dorothy Winsor** (age 10), Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

Puzzle-Answers. Gold badge, **Frances Bosanquet** (age 14), Fruitland Park, Fla.

Silver badges, **Virginia Bartow** (age 10), 1007 W. Ogden St., Urbana, Ill., and **Marian Swift** (age 17), 20 W. 55th St., New York City.

THE RIDE.

BY WINIFRED S. BARTLETT (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

OVER the sandy beach
Gallop my horse and I,
Near to the breaking waves,
Under a cloudless sky.

Thunders the wind in our ears,
Loud is the surf on the shore;
On we go over the sand,
Caring for nothing more.

Would I might ever ride
Under a cloudless sky;
Near to the breaking waves—
Only my horse and I.

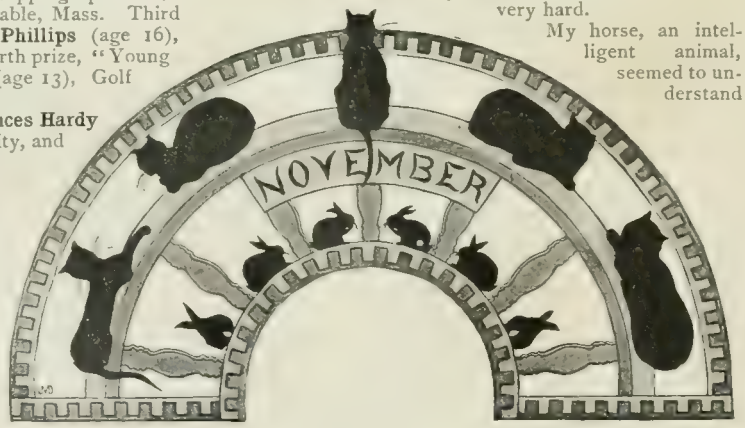
A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY ETHEL RIMINGTON (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

WHEN I was about thirteen years old, we lived on a ranch in Wyoming, about six miles from the stage road on which the mail was carried. One bright day in summer I started out horseback after the mail; the sky was quite clear when I left the house, but before long the clouds began to gather in the northwest. That is where all our bad cloud-bursts come from at that time of year. Of course I watched them closely. They were moving very rapidly around in the direction I was going. Soon they began to turn very white. I knew this meant a downpour, so I prepared myself for the storm. I no sooner got on my rain coat than it began to rain very hard.

My horse, an intelligent animal, seemed to understand



"HEADING." BY JEANNE DEMÊTRE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



there was something about to happen. He wanted to go home, and he seemed to think I was a foolish little girl not to let him go. We kept on going all the while the rain was coming down in a torrent.

To get to the mail-box I had to cross a high, dry flat. Instead of it being high and dry, as usual, it was a big lake of water. Then I knew I had only been on the edge of the storm.

I knew if I reached home in safety I would have to hurry, for I had to cross the creek twice. I wanted to get across before the water got down. The creek drains a great scope of country, but the bed of the creek is very dry and sandy, and I knew it would take some time for the creek bed to get soaked up enough for the water to come rushing down over it. I rode very fast but when I came to the first crossing the water was there, rushing angrily down. I rode still faster to the other crossing hoping to beat it, but again I was disappointed.

Then I saw my father coming to meet me. We had to swim across the creek. We got home safely.

Mother and my aunt were watching the storm. When the water got to the house they said it was in a wall about ten feet high.

It surely had been a cloud-burst, and no wonder my horse did n't want to face it, for he knew better then I did what it was.

THE RIDE O'ER THE SWAMPS.

BY KATHLEEN A. [illegible]

(*Silver Badge.*)

FROM behind a bank of over-hanging clouds
An angry sun rushed forth and glared awhile;
Gilding the stagnant waters of the marsh
That spread its barrenness for many a mile.

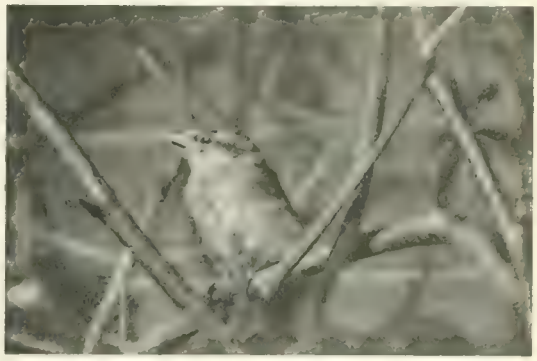
Then slowly, sullenly it sank below
The distant hills, and left the night behind.
And through the darkness gleamed a flickering light;
And o'er the desert wailed a fitful wind.

A rider urged his tired horse along
The road that stretched as far as eye could see;
And oft he turned and scanned the moor. Yet still
His journey he continued wearily.

Then suddenly the flickering light drew near;—
Swathed in the mist and burning pale and dim;
And as he looked he saw a woman's form,
Holding a torch and beckoning to him.

Pale were her cheeks and slight the beckoning arm,
Black was her hair and brilliant were her eyes.
On, on he rode and she his guiding star
Fair as though fallen from the cloud-flecked skies.

At last his horse fell—dead—and looking up
He saw the girl melt in the mist away.
And then he knew she was a Wandering Light,
Haunting the moors to lead mankind astray.





THE RIDE

BY AGNES L. [illegible]

(*Silver Badge.*)

I RODE down to the village
On my old horse Joe:
I saw and heard so many things
And oh, it pleased me so!

I heard the mill a-buzzing,
Like a little honey bee;
I saw a ship a-sailing
Far out on the sea.

I saw so many people
A-walking up and down;
I saw so many carriages
A-driving into town.

I heard so many, many birds
A-singing in the trees;
And I felt the soft, sweet fanning
Of the pleasant summer breeze.

I rode down to the village
On my old horse Joe;
And saw so many pleasant things—
Wouldn't you like to go?

AN ADVENTURE ON HORSEBACK.

BY HARRIETT E. CUSHMAN (AGE 16).

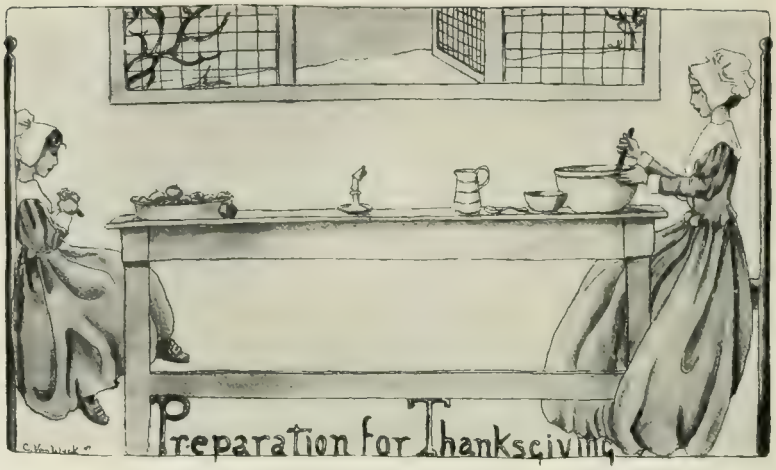
(*Gold Badge.*)

ADVENTURES are of many kinds. Some are amusing, while others serious; some bring future happiness, while others long suffering. The adventure which I am about to relate is both amusing and also painful for the adventurer.

A few years ago the men of a little village who belonged to a village club decided to give their lady friends a banquet and have a parade for their entertainment. One of these men, a friend of ours, was to costume as a negro and come behind the procession on a shabby old horse at a breakneck speed.

Accordingly at the appointed time when the procession was well under way, our friend saddled his old horse and started after the procession. Just as he reached the spectators his saddle-girth slipped around and he fell under the horse's hoofs. He jumped to his feet staggering with pain but no one saw his distress or agony as his features were concealed beneath a black mask; and all thought it was part of the program and cheered him wildly. Bravely he rose to the occasion, mounted his horse and successfully finished his part of the program. Though at times he swayed from side to side in pain, the crowd only laughed the louder, remarking how clever his make-up was, and how well he carried out his part.

At last when the parade was over and he reached home, a physician was summoned and found him suffering from a broken collar-bone, from which he was confined to his home for several weeks. During this time he never lacked attention from the admiring and sympathizing villagers.



"HEADING." BY CATHARINE VAN WYCK, AGE 14 (HONOR MEMBER.)



"HEADING." BY KATHARINE L. HAVENS, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE.)

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY THERESE BORN (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

OLD writers tell us how greatly the Romans loved Rome. They tell of a time when the Romans sacrificed their lives to defend her. One of my favorites of these stories is the sacrifice of Marcus Curtius.

After Rome was burned by the Gauls, and the new Rome, finer and more beautiful than the old, had been built, a deep chasm suddenly appeared in the Forum.

The Romans threw dirt into the chasm hoping to fill it, but the pit seemed bottomless. Then they went to the priests and asked why the gods should punish them, and how the chasm could be filled. The priests answered:

"Let the Romans throw what is most precious to them into the chasm."

So the Romans threw in gold and jewels. These were followed by food, but still the chasm was as yawning and black as before.

Then Marcus Curtius, a youth who had done great deeds, stepped forward and said:

"What is more precious to a Roman than youth and arms? Pray, let me sacrifice myself for the good of Rome."

The next day Marcus arrayed himself in his finest garments and selected his best horse. He rode through the streets of Rome to the chasm where thousands of people had gathered. After bidding good-by to his friends and begging the priests to pray for him, Marcus and his horse leaped in the chasm. Tradition says that immediately the pit closed and a small muddy pool of water was all that remained. This the Romans named the Curtian Lake.

The people then went away. Statues were erected, feasts held and glorious songs were sung by the Romans in honor of their deliverer.



Hundreds of years later the triumph of Æmilius Paulus was held in the Forum. Thousands of people witnessed it. Treasures that had been taken from the Greeks were shown. Everything was beautiful. The merriment lasted for three days.

By which do you think the Romans were more impressed?

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY DONALD C. JACKSON, (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONE time when my uncle was in Nevada he and his friend had to take a trip from Bishop's Creek to a mining hamlet. They had to cross the White Mountains, which was difficult, as it was winter, but a guide said he thought he could manage it.

When they reached the top of the first mountain the guide said that he would take them to a ranch in Beaver Cañon for the night, so they started down the slope. Soon they came to gullies filled with snow so deep the horses couldn't touch the ground, but they got across by humping up and jumping like grasshoppers. My uncle pretty nearly rolled off his saddle with laughter to see them jump. Finally they got down in the cañon and started for the ranch.

On the way they saw a rabbit and the guide said, "I bet I can kill it." He tried and failed, but it was finally shot by my uncle.

In a little while they came to boulders that they had to jump their horses over. Their guide thought it peculiar to have boulders in Beaver Cañon. Soon after they came to boulders so big the horses had to jump upon them and then slide down.

Later on they came to a ledge from which they had to jump their horses into a creek, covered with thin ice, which the horses did not like, because the ice breaks and cuts their legs. After getting over that difficulty they went along and soon came to a waterfall, where they could get no farther. Then the guide knew where they were; they were in Crooked Cañon instead of Beaver.

The only way to go any farther was either to shoot their horses and travel the rest of the way by foot, or lead the animals over a mountain some thousands of feet high, covered with rocks. They decided to take the horses over the mountains, the guide leading them.

When they got to the top they found the mountain so steep that the horses had to slide on their haunches, while the men took hold of their tails and slid after them! After reaching the foot the guide took them to a squatter's cabin, which they found deserted. They cooked the rabbit for supper and slept there that night.

A BOY'S VACATION.

BY [illegible] (AGE 11).

(Omitted from August).

(*Silver Badge.*)

A WARM but pleasant spot—
By a quiet, shady pool—
A [illegible]
And joy of all—no school!

A can of bait, a hook and line
A blue jay's high, shrill pipe—
A laden apple tree o'erhead
With fruit that 's all but ripe—

A merry, boyish whistle
Brimful of love and joy.
All nature seems to sing—"no school!"
To the free and happy boy.

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY PETER MCANAHAN (AGE 7).

ONE time my father was out in Montana — out horseback riding, when the horse stepped into a rabbit's hole and fell down.

My father lay senseless on the ground, all the Indians peeping at him, and the horse stood beside him and guarded him a long time and let no harm come to him.



THE RIDE ON DADDY'S KNEE.

BY ALICE RUTH CRANCH (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Up and down, up and down,
Astride on daddy's knee.
"Will you go to London Town?"
Cried Ted with laughing glee.
"I want to see the grizzly bear,
The lions and the tigers there."

To and fro, to and fro,
Goes the rocking chair,
First you 're high, then you 're low;
"Daddy, what 's the fare?"
"Precious kisses, one, two, three,
For a ride on papa's knee."

All is quiet, all is still,
For Ted has gone to sleep.
Floating down the Drowsy Rill,
Nearing, nearing, sweet Dream Hill,
Wrapped in slumber deep.
Daddy knows the little head
Soon must cuddle in its bed.



"HEADING" BY E. ALLENA CHAMPLIN, AGE 15

THE TWILIGHT BOAT RIDE.

BY CLARA CHASSELL (AGE 14).

Oh! how gently the lake-water
Rocks me in my boat to sleep;
All is still and silent round me
But the moaning of the deep;
And the water-lilies' perfume
Fills the air with fragrance sweet;
In the coolness of the evening
I forget the noonday's heat.

Twilight shades around me deepen;
One by one the stars appear;
Scarce a ripple on its surface
Now disturbs the water clear.
Oh! what joy and comfort fill me,
Driving all my cares away;
Gone is every pain and sorrow
With the passing of the day.



"THE HORSE" BY FLORENCE F. CASE, AGE 15

THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

BY LITTIE GARMANY MENARY (AGE 12).

Our modern times are very queer,
Alas! the old folk say,
The ancient ways are past and gone,
Now newer modes hold sway.

The horseback ride is laid aside,
So loved in the olden days;
The automobile and cycle ride
Have now become the craze.

My grandma says, her grandpa rode
On saddle-horses fine,
And oft her grandma rode with him
On a pillion just behind.

And she herself still rode to school
On a little pony, too,
Then, ladies rode on side-saddle,
And wore a habit blue.

But, oh, I love our modern ways,
And I love the horseback ride,
With the merry chase in Autumn-time,
O'er the country far and wide.



"HEADING" BY DORA GUY, AGE 13

THE RIDE OF THISTLE-DOWN.

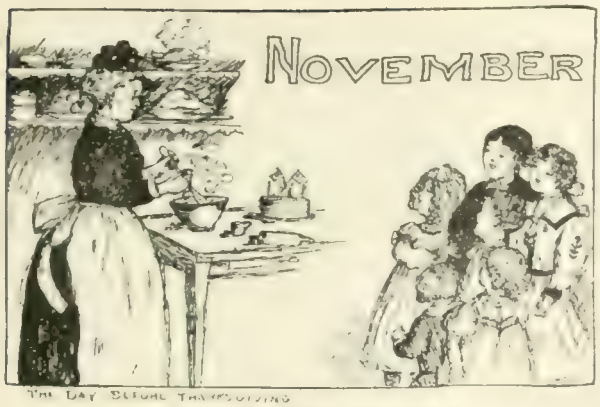
GLADYS M. ADAMS (AGE 17).

(*Honor Member.*)

On a daisy petal young Thistle-down swung —
A gay young fellow, as light and airy
As ever was born a happy fairy —
And he sang the song of the free and the young:
"Oh! I ride where I list in the bright Spring air,
And I whirl 'mid the flowers that gem the mead.
Oh! light is my heart, as I flit here and there,
And my life is the life of lives to lead."

With a feathery bound he was off anew,
Over hill and dale in his rapture gliding —
Now darting — now skipping — now dancing — now hiding —
As he sang the song that his frolic knew:
"Oh! the air is my steed, and I ride, and I ride
Where my fancy leads, for my heart is free
And careless am I of what ills betide,
For my life is the life of lives for me."

Through the air he fluttered, alone and gay;
In his merry mood than the swallow lighter,
And touched by the sun than the rainbow brighter
And he sang this song in his dainty way:
"Oh! The sun and I are play-fellows of old,
On his rays or the wings of the dawn I fly,
While the wind is never too harsh or bold,
And my life is the life of lives, say I."



THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING

"HEADING," BY MARY [illegible], AGE [illegible]

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY MURIEL IVES (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONCE, when we were in the Adirondack Mountains my father was invited to go on an "American" Fox Hunt which he accepted with pleasure, providing they would furnish the horse. They took the fox over the course the night before and started the next morning. Papa had a slim, long-legged horse which went very badly. He started off in a gay humor to go to the meet, a mile and a half down the road.

The course lay through the fields, and instead of jumping the fences, the rails were taken down so as to make a path for the horses. Mother and some of her friends went to a hill where they could see the course. First came the young man who got up the hunt, with no dog or anything. Then came one or two more men and then came one dog, taking his time, and not trying to find the scent, but just running along. After this dog came another gentleman, then a group of dogs lounging around. And *finally* came papa. Mother tried to get papa's attention, but he rode right on. Then mother and her friends came home and found the hunters having their pictures taken, and the man who got up the hunt had the fox in his arms. It had been kept in a cage at the house all the time. Father told us afterward how the horse had backed him into a stall and had thrown him twice on his head; and so this horseback adventure came to a very queer end.

THE RIDE.

BY DOROTHY ADAMS (AGE 16).

A LITTLE girl,
A pony small,
A saddle trim,
A coachman tall.

A narrow lane,
A wall of brick,
A motor car,
A sudden kick.

A bedroom sweet,
A tiny bed,
A patient small,
A bandaged head.



ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE RIDE"

WHEN WE RIDE.

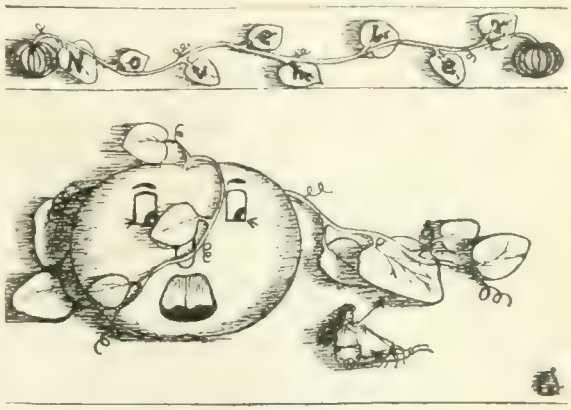
BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 9).

(*Honor Member.*)

WHEN knights, with bright swords by their side,
Along the king's highway did ride,
Then often in their greatest need,
Their lives were saved by horses' speed—
But that was long ago.

Now, if out for a ride we go,
Mid sun, or rain, or blinding snow,
'T is an automobile that we must seek,
With a cheerful sound in its "honk, honk" squeak,
And speed that is far from slow.

But whether we gallop thro' country lanes,
Or ride in our "bubble" o'er level plains,
Or follow the curve of the trolley's track,
Or ride on the sea with the wind at our back,
'T is for love of the ride we go.



"HEADING," BY ELEANOR J. [illegible], AGE 13

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY ROSALEA M. MC CREADY (AGE 14).

IT all happened about three months ago, when one of my little friends, Erma Prall, invited me to her home (a farm about four miles distant) to spend my fourteenth birthday. I was delighted at being able to accept her invitation, and was all ready to start, when Mr. Prall, Erma's father, drove in for me. I was to go out the day before, so as to be there bright and early for my birthday.

Nothing of particular interest happened that afternoon; but the next morning (my birthday) Erma proposed that we ride out to the cypress swamps and get some wild flowers for the dinner table. Erma's father owns two pretty brown ponies, and it was upon these that we intended to ride. Pet, the smaller of the two, is very gentle, but Jack, the other, is frisky and full of fun.

Everything went well on our way to the swamp, but when we were on our way back Jack began to gallop.

I tried to hold him in, and kept calling "Whoa, Jack! whoa!" But he plunged on regardless of me and my shouts. It seemed to me that the more I shouted, the faster he went. I am not a very good rider, and I will admit that I was very much frightened.

Just then my blanket slipped from under me and fell to the ground. Jack's back was so smooth and slippery that I could hardly keep my balance, and fearing that I might fall off if I tried to keep in an upright position, I leaned forward and clutched his mane with both hands.

"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."



BY JEFFREY C. WEBSTER, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

At last I grew so dizzy at seeing trees, stumps, and palmetto leaves whiz past me that I thought I was going to faint, but just then Jack stopped galloping.

I looked around in hopes of discovering the cause of his sudden halt, and saw Erma and Pet a little way ahead of us. I called to Erma and she stopped her pony and waited until I came up beside her. I told her about the way Jack had been acting, and she laughed and said:

"Oh! He just saw Pet away ahead of him and he wanted to catch up with her. He always does that."

And I had thought that he was running away with me.

A RIDE TO HOUNDS.

BY CATHARINE H. STRAKER (AGE 14).

(*Honor Member.*)

GOOD-BY to all care,
As I mount on my mare,
And ride to the meet away;
I love the sound
Of horn and hound,
All on a fine hunting day.

Chorus:

Be it heather, or furrow, or grass,
It 's hunting all the same.
So hark, tallyho! A-hunting we 'll go,
The "Tynedale" are always game.

Away we all go
To the tune tallyho!
We gallop across the fields,
All try for the front
In this capital hunt,
And shame to the man who yields!

Chorus:

Be it heather, or furrow, or grass,
It 's hunting all the same,
So hark, tallyho! A-hunting we 'll go,
The "Tynedale" are always game.

All things have an end
So homeward I wend;
Though weary and long the way,
I ride at a jog
Through the damp and fog,
But I 've had a good hunting day!

Chorus:

Be it heather, or furrow, or grass,
It 's hunting all the same,
So hark, tallyho! A-hunting we 'll go,
The "Tynedale" are always game.



"HEADING." BY IRMA EMMERICH, AGE 11.

MAC.

BY ELIZABETH ENDLICH (AGE 11).

I HAVE had very little experience with horses, never having owned a pony. I have



"HEADING." BY OLIVE GARRISON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"THE HORSE." BY ALICE WAINWRIGHT, AGE 11.

always been interested in the stories my mother tells me of hers. It belonged first to her uncle who rode him through the Mexican and Civil Wars.

Consequently, he was pretty old when mother got him, but not too old to be tricky. When he was going fast he had a fashion of humping his back and putting his head way down, so that anybody that was on him would slide over his head, and fall into the dust. And after he did it he was always very sorry and would be as gentle as he could. His name was Mac and if you would call him he would come no matter where you were. Steps were no obstacle to him, and he would climb them as easily as walk on a level. He would go into the kitchen and hunt for sugar. And he would shake hands if you would say, "How do you do, Mac?" He died of old age.

WHEN THE SEA-GULLS RIDE.

BY BARBARA K. WEBBER (AGE 13).

THE moors are wrapped in chilly mist,
The wind is howling loud,
The sea is roaring in his depths,
And the foam flies like a shroud.

Oh! the sea is happy, the sea is glad,
For his bounds are loosed to-night;
His chargers thunder up the strand,
And his locks fly wild and white.

And above the foam and the billows,
The sea-birds, wings flash white,
For this is the time when the sea-gulls ride,
For this is their gala night.



"THE HORSE." BY JOSEPHINE STURGIS, AGE 11.

They ride unharmed on the highest waves,
Their white wings flash on the breaker's breast,
They hover above the wind-tossed foam,
The wildest breaker 's their place of rest.

Oh, may we like a sea-gull be,
And in stern sorrow's blast,
Ride high above despair's dark wave,
And reach safe port at last.

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY EDITH PETERSON (AGE 14).

ONE day last summer, up in the mountains of Colorado, we, a party of four happy children, started on two burros to see Elephant Rock, one of the curiosities of the place. We had our lunch packed in baskets, which hung at our burros' sides.

As we drew near a shady meadow, we let down the bars and then went in to eat our lunch. We were so intent on satisfying our appetites, that we hardly noticed a certain noise that kept growing louder and louder.

Happening by a lucky chance, to look around, we beheld a stampede of horses coming toward us.

We left the burros and our lunch, climbed hastily over the barb-wire fence, and stood watching the horses.



"THE HORSE." BY CLARA KOLSTOE WILLIAMSON, AGE 16.

When they had gone by, we returned to our burros (who, by the way, were badly frightened), picked up the scattered fragments of our lunch, and started homeward.

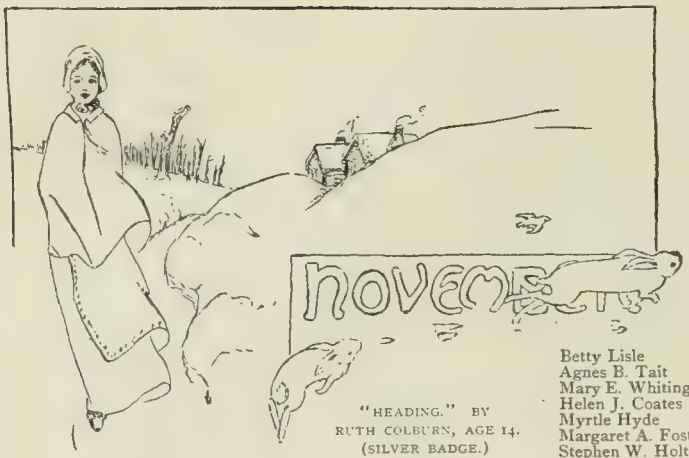
So we did not see Elephant Rock that day, nor for a long time afterward.

OUR HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY MARCIA L. HENRY (AGE 13).

IT was the middle of October and my ninth birthday. Mother took my brother Charles and me out to Grandpa's farm to gather nuts. We were tired of running and swinging and almost everything: so we asked Grandma if we could ride on old Dick, the farm horse.

We went to the barn and the man put a bridle on Dick and strapped a blanket on him and helped us on. Everything went finely until we thought we 'd like to have Dick run. I was in front, being the oldest, and my brother who was about six was behind me, holding tight to my sleeves; so when we kicked Dick with our heels he jerked and Charles pulled me back and there we were in the driveway not knowing what had happened, but sure we were killed. Grandma helped us into the house and we lay on the couch the rest of the day. Grandma intended to give me a quarter to spend, and gave me another for falling off.



"HEADING." BY
RUTH COLBURN, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Annie Laurie Hillyer
Stella Roof
Catharine Jackson
Phyllis J. Walsh

VERSE 2.

Margaret T. Babcock
Eugene L. Gross
Robert F. Milde
Katherine McGonnell
Kathleen C. Betts
Daisy Glaze
Frederica Going
Frances L. Ross
Elizabeth Toof
Thoda Cockroft
Lucile D. Woodling
John U. Burke
Marjorie S. Thompson
Barbare Cheney
Harry B. Perkins
Geneva Anderson
E. Vincent Millay
Elizabeth W. Black
Emily M. Robinson
Gertrude Marvin
Thomas F. Cahill
Madeline Kenward
Edith B. Gilliland
J. Carryl Shinn
Sarah Cecilia McCarthy
Elinor L. P. Lyon
Dorothy Barnes Loye

PROSE 1.

Dorothy Howland Cheesman
Irwin C. Reynolds
Ruth E. Abel
Jean Russell

PROSE 2.

Louise Herbert
Marilla May
Martha M. Boone
O. G. Whitney
Margaret Lynn Templeton
William R. Deeble
Elizabeth Canavan
Delia E. Arnestein
Margaret Cornelia McGilvary
Carolyn McNutt
Amelia Barton
Helen Parsons
Dora V. Swain
Ruth Plain
Marion Eyre Savage
Sylvia Harding
Billy Richmond
Caroline T. Shane
Frances A. Emmons
Nora Habersham
Ellen Greenbaum
Mary Gorgas
Helen McLanahen
Rosa Hahn
William Rush Farr
Louise M. Anawalt
Marjorie Waldron

DRAWING 1.

Alberta A. Heinmüller
Theresa Jones
Ruth Athey
Vera Hill
Charles C. Mansfield
Charlotte Waugh
Sidney G. W. Law
Dorothy Starr
Muriel Halstead
Gerald Collins
Sybil Emerson
Dorothy D. Leal
Perry Blumenlein
Frances W. Steel
Rachel Bulley
Lucia E. Halstead
Marion Strausbaugh
Harriet Ide Eager
Clifford Saake
Harriet M. Newman
Kathryn Maddock
Beth A. Burlingame
Dorothy Yaeger
Edna Lois Taggart

DRAWING 2.

Marie H. Preble
Marie Petersen
Dorothy K. Ross
Eleanor Cabot
Elizabeth Alward
John Pierce Buchanan
Lois Hopkins
Virginia Blair Reeves Harris
David Hawxhurst Wilson
Ruth K. Gaylord
Virginia Stanley Connable
Carl Misch
Grace T. Richards
Harriet Hopkins
Stella Grier
Carrol T. Mitchell
Edward Gilman
James Gore King, Jr.
Seaverns Hilton
Hester Gordon Gibson
Edward S. Garner
Florence Dawson
Carter G. Osburn
Dorothy C. Seligman
George Cass Papazian
Ellen Wolff
Fay Hull
Frieda Elizabeth Wonham
Margaret M. Russell
Helen Louise Lee
David B. McLaughlin
Alice D. Laughlin
Eleanor D. Blodgett
Penelope Turl
Helen J. Prescott
Edward Hesse
Shirley McFarland
Dorothy Hanson
Alice Moseby
Lottie May Capel
Sidney B. Pfeifer
Gertrude Stockden
Frederick Reeves Rutlege
Florence Ann Cushman
Karl Hall
Charlotte A. Garrett
Paul McNamee
Verna Keays
Helen N. Hale
Daisy Hirons
Helen Prince
Roy Ward
Dorothy Quinby Applegate
Florence Mallett
Helen Hudson
Mabel W. Whiteley
Mary E. Billings
Bessie Kennedy
Marie Hill
Mary Aurilla Jones
Sylvia Allen
Grace Garland
Elizabeth Eckel
Betty Lisle
Agnes B. Tait
Mary E. Whiting
Helen J. Coates
Myrtle Hyde
Margaret A. Foster
Stephen W. Holt
Xenil Tousley
Marwin R. Bailey
Ward Reece Buhland
Julia C. Stohr
Annie S. Thorp
Dorothy Hamilton
Elsie E. Knudsen
Maud Spear
Edwina Spear
Christine R. Baker
John B. Davis

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Justine Middlebrook
Dorothy T. Arnold
Alex C. Eschweiler
Marian L. Flavell
Ruth Martin
Roswell C. Erwin
Rose Norton
W. Foster Reeve, 3d.
Helen B. Nichols
George B. Curtis
Marianna Kroehle
Mary P. Pyne
Gretchen Wolle
Arthur Minot Reed
Ruth Harmon
Marjorie Hale
George R. Hukill
Edward V. Dake
Rosamond Lee
Evaline Taylor
F. Reeves Rutlege
Anne Pendleton Rogers
Edith M. Sprague

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Cora S. Clements
Lucille Norris
Eleanor Leinham
Gladys Bean
Enid Sipe
W. Glenfield Wilson
Margaret E. Nash
Elizabeth D. Smith
G. Louis Sill
Frances B. Goodwin
Ruth Reese
Cornelia T. Metcalf
Marjorie Calkin
Mary C. Brown
Maude T. Bergen
Imogen Baldwin
Edith F. Faxon
Louise D. Clarke
Alice Victoria Robertson
Lucy Rose Morgenthau
Margaret Hyland
Dorothy B. Sayre
John B. Brainerd, Jr.
Paul Jones, Jr.
George W. Benedict, Jr.
Emily Welsh
Elizabeth S. Billings
Edwin McCauley
Alice Trimble
Helen E. Seckerson
Percy R. Pyne, Jr.
Thomas Turnbull, 3d.
Mary Muir
Henry P. Kidder
Edmund A. Muir

PUZZLES 1.

Walker E. Swift
Franklin Spier
Julia D. Musser
Edith K. White
Katherine E. Spear
Helen Dwight
Alice B. Gantt
W. S. Maulsby
Auguste Chouteau
Walter Strickland
A. Zane Pyles
Caroline C. Johnson
E. Adelaide Hahn
Albertina L. Pitkin

PUZZLES 2.

Alice M. West
Dorothy Gordon King
Alice R. Bragg
Robert B. Carney
Edith M. Younghem
Alice E. Carpenter
Dorothy Dixon
Elizabeth Illsley
Elizabeth C. Beale
Grace Lowenhaupt
Alison Winslow
Jennie Lowenhaupt
Eleanor Haight
J. Dearborn Lucas
Ellen E. Williams
Phoebe S. Lambe
Laura F. Lacy
Ruth F. Rob
Philippa Bruce
James A. Block

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

We regret to say that the "Magpie" tail-piece published in June was not an original drawing, but copied from one of Frederic Remington's pictures.

As an example of the manner in which League work has been combined with school work in our foremost educational institutions, the following letter from the St. Gabriel's Chapter, St Gabriel's School, Peekskill, New York, is very interesting and satisfactory.

My Dear League: I am sure you will be interested to know how we value your help in our efforts in literary paths. We should never have made so many attempts to write, had it not been for your encouragements, and now we mean to continue, and to do work that shall make you proud of us. We have made a summary of our work for this past year, and knowing your sympathy and interest in us, send it to you.

Your loving friends,

The St. Gabriel's Chapter.

St Nicholas League News for the Year.

(Beginning May, 1906, Ending May, 1907.)

4 Gold medals won.

6 Silver medals won.

101 Honorable Mentions.

1 Prize for an original advertisement.

14 Poems published.

5 Prose articles published

1 Puzzle published.

1 Photograph published.

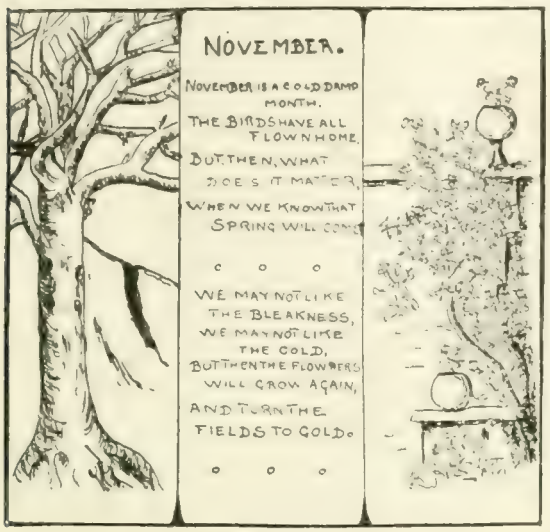
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a lovely trip which I had to California this spring. We went down to San Francisco on the steamer, and from there down to Santa Barbara, where we stayed six

weeks. It is such a pretty place and we went for some very beautiful drives while we were there. The old Mission is very interesting, and we were shown over it several times. From Santa Barbara we went to Los Angeles and spent two weeks there. The shops are so beautiful, and we used to spend all our time in them. Pasadena is also a lovely place and we often used to go over in the electric cars from Los Angeles. The Ostrich farm is very interesting and it is such fun to watch the ostriches.

From your affectionate reader,

[illegible]

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My gold badge came as a birthday present to me, for my birthday is in June. I cannot tell you what is the most



"ILLUSTRATED POEM" BY RUTH ADAMS, AGE 13

pleased about it, myself or the other members of the family. I have kept both of the cards which came with the silver and gold badges, and mean to have a third one, coming with a cash prize, if hard work can win it. Your grateful friend,

MARY AURELIA JONES.

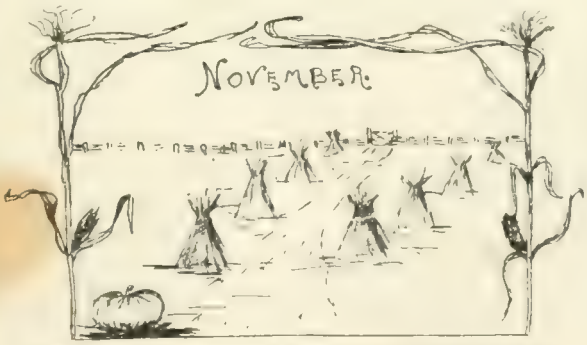
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I am sending you to-day my last July contribution. It makes me feel very badly when I remember that I have but five more months in which to be an active League member.

I can't begin to thank you. I can't even find words in which to express my appreciation for the good you have done me, for the benefit you have been to me. All of my League contributions I have written together in a blank book, with the age, and in re-reading them I can see a very perceptible improvement. Almost every month for which I have contributed I find some mention of my work; for this I thank you, for it spurs me on to greater endeavors. Through your pages I have become acquainted with many of your members and have received many pleasing words of appreciation. I have tried to answer them all and think that I have succeeded.

I can't realize that I am getting so old as to be almost an ex-member. But no matter how old I may be, my dear League, you will never have a warmer friend than Yours very sincerely,

MARY YEULA WESCOTT (*Honor Member*).

OTHER welcome letters have been received from Alice K. S. Brewster, Eleanor Parker, Dorothy Thompson, A. J. Kramer, Alice Wood, Delie Bancroft, Josephine Lewis Peet, Johnette Pierik, Harriet Riddle, Marjory E. Newton, Kenneth Ehret, Dorothy Treat, Josephine Ramsay, Mary Widdifield, Millard M. Mier, Caroline Helmick, Lucile Pettus, Miriam McKee, Ellen Tebbetts, Dorothy Miles, Dorothy Smith, Edith C. Godshall, Helen E. Kirwan, Esther E. Evans, Mona Mundell, Mattie Larrabee, Irene Ezard, Mary B. Ellis, Dorothy Norwood, Louise Winston Goodwin, Alice L. Jones, Lucy Rose Morgenthau, Agnes M. Gray, Dorothy M. Wolfe, Mary McKittrick, Elizabeth Endlich, Charlotte Moody, Frances Smith, E. Corrinne Tyson, Mabel Gardner, Dorothy Dillon, Edward A. N. Kerr, Caramai Carroll, Sylvia Harding, Decie Merwin, Phyllis Horton, W. Glanfield Wilson, Mary E. Whiting, Tallant Tubbs, Elsie Godwin Daley, Dorothy Brinker, Knowles Entrekin, Willard Jamieson, Helen Genevieve Davis, Ruth Douglas, C. Primrose Lawrence, Elizabeth Baker.



"[illegible]" BY ESTHER E. EVANS, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 97.

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 97 will close **November 20** (for foreign members **November 25**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **March**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title "The Days of Long Ago."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Family Tradition." (Must be true.)

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "An Heirloom."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "A Family Relic," and a **March** Heading or Tail-piece.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. Readers of any age may belong to the League, but members over eighteen years of age cannot compete for prizes.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

EDITORIAL NOTE

THE publication of Mr. Barbour's fine serial "Tom, Dick, and Harriet" was begun before the author had finished the manuscript, and the story grew beneath his hand, until, at the last, it was evident that it could not be compressed into twelve instalments without serious injury to the interest of the narrative. We had no choice, therefore, but to extend the serial for two months more, or condense it to an extent that would have been unjust both to the author and to his young readers.

And though we are always loth to let a serial run beyond the bounds of the volume, we feel sure that all ST. NICHOLAS young folk will agree that it was the only right thing to do, in this instance, and will feel themselves gainers because the story continues for two months more.

It will end in the December (Christmas) issue of the Magazine, and a new serial, which Mr. Barbour has almost finished, will begin in the January number.

THE LETTER-BOX

F————————, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I went with two friends and their governess to a camp situated on an island in one of the Rangeley Lakes, and the only people up there were a Frenchman named Joe and his wife. The view is beautiful, because they get the lovely lake and the mountains. They have a great many pets on the island, consisting of two cats with their two kittens, a dog, four young herons, and there are some foxes which you sometimes see and at night you can hear them barking and yelping. The lake is not very large, but it abounds in fish of all kinds. We went fishing almost every morning or afternoon, but I think I shall never forget one of them.

It was rather a hot day, and we expected a storm, but we *must* have something for dinner. We anchored our boat far out in the lake near a small cove, but had not caught any fish, when all of a sudden the clouds burst and the rain pelted down in torrents. The white caps were coming nearer and nearer and the thunder rolled along over the mountains. It was very dark and no land could be seen except when the lightning flashed, and the wind blew so hard that we had to hold down the awnings of the boat with our hands. The launch was drifting near the shore, so the engine was started, but the lightning played with the electricity, and so we stopped. Joe, who was running the engine, said the electricity played around his legs so he had to sit down. One thing that made the thunder seem loud and long were the wonderful echoes, because sometimes there would sound two. When the storm was over we went home, but Joe said it was the worst storm he had ever been in. We had a fine time and were sorry to leave "Camp Moonahanio."

Your loving reader,
ALIDA PAYSON (age 12).

A————————, INDIAN TERRITORY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a visitor to our home for over a year and even my little sister and brother count the days till you come. A dear friend in New York sent you to me. I call her my Fairy.

I am a native of the Choctaw Nation. I do not go to school, so I do not know much about grammar and arithmetic, but I read everything I can get that is good. Mamma sees that what I read is good.

I do not know which of the serials I like best because I like every one, but I think I like "Fritzi" best. I would like to join the League. Will you send me Leaflets and Badge, please?

I am going to write again and tell you about this country and its people as they were and are, for in a little while it will be like the other states.

With love and good wishes for ST. NICHOLAS,
Your faithful reader,
VIVIEN MARIE ARNOTE.

————————, WYOMING.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl and have been to the Philippines, Japan, and Hawaii. We were in the Philippine Islands two years. While we were there I had a little pony named "Billy." He was a mischievous little rascal and would often slip his halter and go in the other stalls and fight the ponies (we had three). Many times my father would have to get up in the middle of the night and tie him up.

We were in Japan two months—February and March. We were there at the time of the fall of Port Arthur. We were staying in Yokohama at that time and the city was just covered with flags; every house had two or more flags hung up. This was the way all the victories were celebrated, and except at the time of victories you would never know there was a war at all.

Your devoted reader,
KATHARINE C. SHANKS (age 12).

P————————, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old and I have two sisters, aged eleven and twelve. We have taken you for three years and like you better every month. Father and mother both took you before us, and at both grandmothers' there is a shelf full of the old numbers they took when they were children.

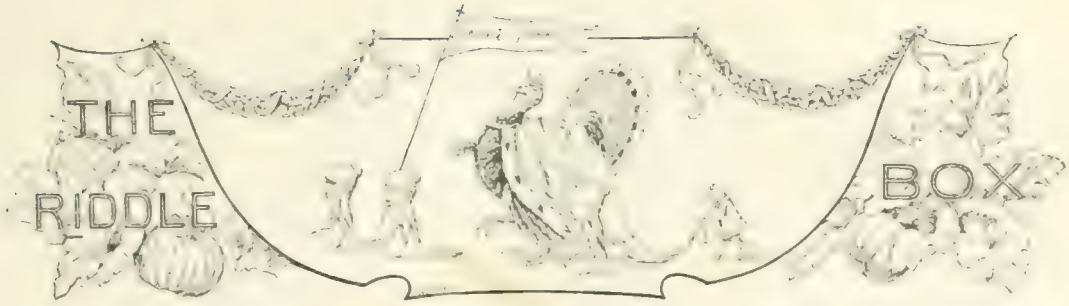
We have two gray squirrels for pets and they are so tame that we let them out of their cage around the room. One is named Tom, the other Dick. Tom is the tamest and will eat out of our hands, but Dick is a little shy.

I remain, your interested reader,
M. MAY REYNOLDS.

W————————, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since Xmas, 1906, and I am very fond of you. I know that none of us will ever part with you. I am especially interested in the League, as I have had the pleasure of seeing my name on the Roll of Honor several times. I am striving very hard to win a prize, and I hope that some day I may be able to call myself an Honor Member. Each month my friend and I take you out under a big tree that shades our lawn and read you from cover to cover. We live in a part of the city that is almost as good as the country in the summer time; there are such lovely fields and blossoms. Our home is just back of the Susquehanna River, and from our back door we get one of the prettiest views I ever saw. In the valley where we live the Wyoming Massacre took place, as stated in history. Just across the river there is a monument with the names of the soldiers engraved on it. Our river common has a monument that marks the site of a fort which was there years ago.

Ever your devoted reader,
ANITA LYNCH.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

A Double Acrostic. Initials, Sir Walter Scott; third row, Sir Isaac Newton. Cross-words: 1. Sister. 2. Icicle. 3. Rarest. 4. Wrote. 5. Answer. 6. Learns. 7. Trades. 8. Except. 9. Kingdom. 10. Spears. 11. Coward. 12. Option. 13. Trophy. 14. Tinted.

A Diagonal. Saint Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. Superficially. 2. Daguerreotype. 3. Brilliantness. 4. Significantly. 5. Chastisements. 6. Washingtonian. 7. Impertinently. 8. Prejudicially. 9. Disfranchised. 10. Philanthropic. 11. Substantially. 12. International. 13. Spectroscopes.

Oblique Rectangle. 1. W. 2. Toe. 3. Would. 4. Elsie. 5. Dials. 6. Elsie. 7. Signs. 8. Enter. 9. Sepia. 10. Rills. 11. Alley. 12. Sea. 13. Y.

Illustrated Diagonal. Pumpkin. 1. Pegasus. 2. Turkeys. 3. Samisen. 4. Lamprey. 5. Cracker. 6. Jonquil. 7. Lantern.

Concealed Central Acrostic. Hallowe'en. 1. Ether. 2. Elate. 3. Melon. 4. Allow. 5. Snows. 6. Lowed. 7. Where. 8. There. 9. Pinch.

Primal Acrostic. Initials, Columbus. Cross-words: 1. Comprise. 2. Original. 3. Lengthen. 4. Unburden. 5. Mingling. 6. Bachelor. 7. Universe. 8. Suspense.

Double Beheadings. 1. Con. mit-tee. 2. Sal-era-tus. 3. Can-non-ade. 4. Con-den-sed. 5. Intere-sts. 6. Apo-log-ise. 7. Con-son-ant. 8. Pre-sum-ing. 9. Adjour-ned. 10. Met-hod-ist. 11. Pre-not-ion.

Charade. I. 1. Wit. 2. Sylvia. II. 1. Aster. 2. Larva. 3. Heat. 4. Evade. 5. Rates. III. 1. Porch. 2. Opera. 3. Recur. 4. Crude. 5. Hares. III. 1. Sarah. 2. Agile. 3. Rigor. 4. Aloud. 5. Herds. IV. 1. Truth. 2. Ratio. 3. Utter. 4. Tiers. 5. Horse. V. 1. Strap. 2. Tripe. 3. Rival. 4. Apart. 5. Pelts.

To our Puzzlers: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the August Number were received, before August 15th, from Jo and I—Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie—Caroline C. Johnson—Helen Sherman Harlow—Ruth Thayer—John Flavel Hubbard, Jr.—Valeria G. Ladd—Myrtle Alderson—Rose Connor—Eleanor Wyman—Peter and Lace—Marion Thomas—Malcolm E. Carroll—[illegible]—"Queensmarie"—Margaret Lichenet—Harriet O. Dunn—Elizabeth D. Lord.

Answers to Puzzles in the August Number were received, before August 15th, from Edna Meyle, 5—Benjo, 10—D. Winsor, 1—R. and E. Eckel, 11—N. Rogers, 1—E. R. Ewer, 1—C. E. Sweezy, 1—R. Harrison, 1—M. Webster, 1—E. Flemming, 1—F. Fletcher, 1—Elsie Nathan, 1—A. J. Story, 1—F. H. Wade, 1—C. Congdon, 1—S. L. Dexter, 1—Frances Edmunds Lyng, 1—Dorothy and Isabelle [illegible], 2—E. Farmer, 1—H. Bowman, 1—M. M. Keyser, 1—Margaret W. King, 1—Anne H. Farnsworth, 2—M. A. Farman, 1—M. F. Baker, 1—K. L. Lee, 1—no name, Corn Exchange, 6.

CHARADE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

At the first you do not think my [illegible],
My second's bad, or at its worst;
And I shall always think it true
To say my *whole's* ne'er sung by two.

DOROTHY WINSOR.

DIAGONAL.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the diagonal (from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of St. Jerome.

Cross-words: 1. Sun worship. 2. A mixture of various things. 3. Not explicit. 4. One who teaches the duties of religion. 5. An apparatus for telegraphing by means of the sun's rays. 6. Handy. 7. A farmer. 8. The family name. 9. Terrific. 10. Given without an equivalent.

HENRY LATIMER BROWN.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. Doubly behead to resort to, and leave to gain possession of. 2. Doubly behead to breathe out, and leave robust. 3. Doubly behead a place for horses, and leave competent. 4. Doubly behead to point out, and leave to mark. 5. Doubly behead cruel, and leave sort. 6. Doubly behead not present, and leave despatched. 7. Doubly behead to recover, and leave profit. 8. Doubly behead aromatic flavorings, and leave covers with frosting. 9. Doubly behead a coming, and leave a small aperture. 10. Doubly behead flavored highly, and leave covered with ice. 11. Doubly behead pertaining to a dog, and leave a number. 12. Doubly behead an exclamation meaning "depart," and leave departed. 13. Doubly behead to smear over, and leave to plaster. 14. Doubly behead arranged for a theatrical performance, and leave old. 15. Doubly behead the name of a famous chevalier, and leave a measure of length.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When they have been rightly guessed and doubly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell a pleasant festival.

FRANCES HANDY.

RIDDLE.

Take five hundred, add nothing, and then add one hundred. The result will be a favorite toy.

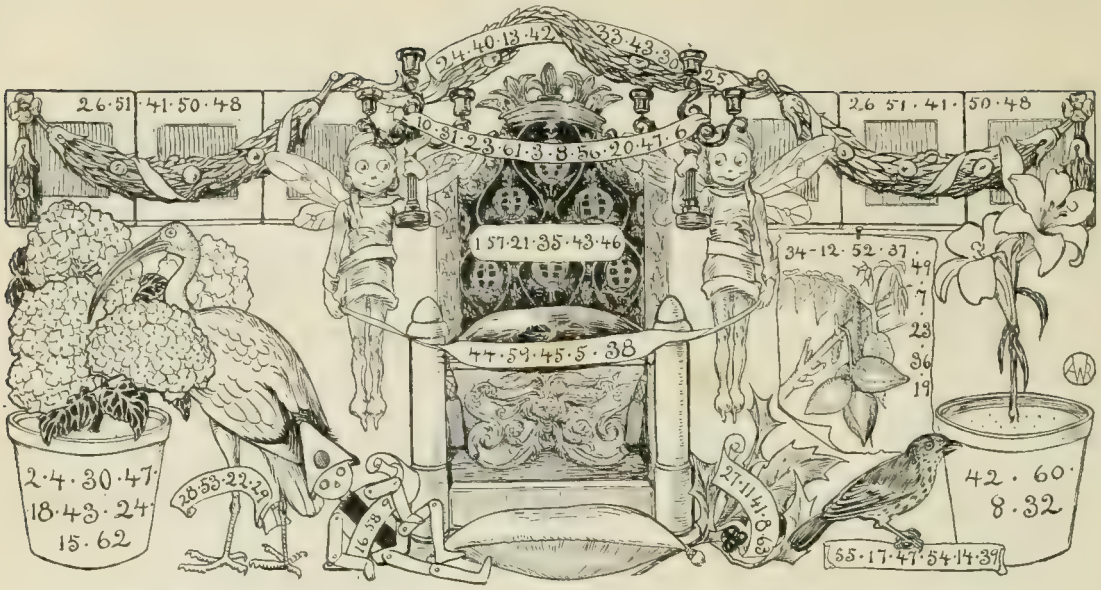
ALICE E. GANTT (League Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will name a famous author, and another row of letters will name one of his works.

Cross-words: 1. A short coat. 2. To throw light upon. 3. Large black birds. 4. A violent twist. 5. A means of defense formed by felled trees. 6. Affectionate. 7. A death-like stupor. 8. Worn away. 9. To diminish. 10. A beetle sacred to the Egyptians. 11. Vast assemblages. 12. The eighth part of a circle. 13. Fear that agitates body and mind. 14. One who makes a business of buying and selling.

KATHERINE DAVIS (League Member).



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

In this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When the twelve objects have been rightly guessed, and the sixty-three letters set down in proper order, they will form a quotation from the play of "King John." In the picture may be found lamp-stands, sprites, wreaths, a seat for royalty, a Christmas decoration, two birds, a nut, two flowers, flat plates of baked clay and a plaything.

F. E. R.

A NOVEMBER CHARADE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

A useful thing you 'll find my *first*
When you are hot and parched with thirst;
My *second* to us all is clear,
Especially if very near;
The printer's horror is my *third*,—
To him it is an awful word.
My *whole*, the joy of every heart,—
Better than turkey, nuts, or tart.

MARGUERITE KNOX.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To send back. 2. To eat away. 3. That which imparts motion. 4. False gods. 5. Concise.

KATHARINE HARDY (League Member).

PROSE CHARADE.

My *first* is irate;
My *second*, a letter;
My *third*, an aëriform fluid;
My *fourth*, a vehicle;
My *whole* is a tropical island.

KARL GREENE STILLMAN (League Member).

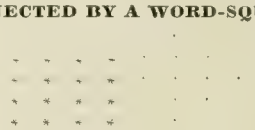
CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters will spell the name of a man who destroyed, by burning, a town, the founding of which is being celebrated this year.

Cross-words: 1. Bright. 2. Rubbish. 3. To seize after pursuing. 4. A feminine name. 5. A vital organ of the human body. 6. Conceit. 7. Colorless. 8. A visitor. 9. Worth. 10. A fur-bearing animal. 11. To demand. 12. A recess in a wall. 13. To cite a passage from. 14. A sweet substance.

MARY E. ROSS (League Member).

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A WORD-SQUARE.



I. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In diamond. 2. A tree. 3. A famous epic poem. 4. Insane. 5. In diamond.

II. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In diamond. 2. Melancholy. 3. A water nymph. 4. A period of time. 5. In diamond.

III. Word-square: 1. Notion. 2. To mend. 3. Ireland. 4. A feminine name.

ELIZABETH BRENNAN (League Member).

A MARTIAL DOUBLE DIAGONAL.



Cross-words: 1. A war urged by domineering statesmen. 2. The hero of Mobile Bay. 3. That part of the Pacific Ocean lying between Japan and Korea—the scene of a bloody naval battle. 4. The scene of two battles of the Civil War. 5. One of our war presidents. 6. An ancient country of Europe extending along the North Sea—the scene of many wars. 7. A Federal sympathizer in the Civil War. 8. A city of Sicily destroyed by the Saracens in the ninth century.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, the belligerents in the greatest struggle of modern times.

A. ZANE PYLES (Honor Member).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



THE MISTLETOE HUNG IN THE CASTLE HALL,
THE HOLLY-BRANCH SHONE ON THE OLD OAK WALL
THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXV DECEMBER, 1907 NO. 2

A NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

BY

TEMPLE BAILEY

IT was the night before Christmas and stormy.

"Sqush—sqush," went the wheels of the carriage in the mud.

"Whew—ew—ew," whistled the wind, and it blew Peter's hat into the middle of the road.

"Whoa," said Peter, and climbed down from his high seat.

The "Princess" poked her head out of the window. "What 's the matter?" she asked.

"My hat blew off," Peter told her, "and the wheel is stuck in the mud, Miss."

"Oh, Peter, Peter," the Princess chided, "you must get that wheel out of the mud at once."

"Which is easier said than done," Peter grumbled; "it 's that dark that I can't see my hand before me."

"There 's a light back there among the trees," the Princess informed him; "perhaps you could get some one to help you."

"I 'll go and see, Miss, if you ain't afraid to stay alone," and Peter, after some effort, succeeded in quieting the plunging horses.

"I am dreadfully afraid," came shiveringly, "but I suppose you will have to go."

Now in the middle of the pine grove was set a little cottage. Peter knocked at the door.

"Who 's there?" asked a childish voice, and a little girl poked her head out of the square window.

"Our wheel is stuck in the mud," Peter answered, from the dark, "and I want to get a man to help me."

"There is n't any man here," Jenny informed him. "There is only me and Jinny; and our mother has gone to nurse a sick neighbor, and she won't be home until morning."

So Peter went back to the carriage and reported to the Princess.

"I shall freeze out here," said the Princess. "I will go up to the house and sit by the fire while you look for some one to help you with the carriage."

She climbed out of the carriage, and with Peter in the lead, she plodded through the woods,

Copyright, 1907, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

and the wind blew her long coat this way and that, and at last, wet and panting, she came to the little house.

And once more Peter knocked, and once more Jenny came to the window. Then she flung the door wide open, and so tall was the Princess that she had to stoop to enter it. It was a dingy little room, and there was a dumpy black stove in the corner, with a bubbling iron pot that gave forth a most appetizing odor.

"Oh, oh, how nice and warm it is," said the Princess, as she held out her hands to the fire.

In all their lives the little girls had never beheld such a wonderful person, for the Princess wore a long red coat and a black velvet hat with a waving plume, and her muff was big and round and soft, and she had a scarf of the same soft fur about her neck. Her hair was pale gold, and she had the bluest eyes and the reddest lips, and her smile was so sweet and tender, that Jenny ran right up to her and cried: "Oh, I am so glad you came!"

Jinny, from her little chair, echoed her sister's words. But she did not run, for there was a tiny crutch beside Jinny's chair in the square window.

"And I am glad to be here," said the Princess, whose quick eyes were taking in the details of the shabby room. "It 's so nice and warm and cozy."

"Is n't it?" said Jenny, happily, "and we are getting ready for to-morrow."

On a small round table beside Jinny's chair was a tiny cedar bush, and Jinny's fingers had been busy with bits of gold and blue and scarlet paper.

"We are going to pop some popcorn," Jenny explained, "and string it, and hang it on the tree."

"Oh, may I help?" the Princess asked. "I have n't popped any corn since I was a little girl."

Jinny clasped her thin little hands. "I think it would be the loveliest thing in the world," she said, "if you would stay."

"Peter is going to find some one to help with the carriage, and I will stay until he comes back."

And when Peter had gone, the Princess slipped off the long red coat, and underneath it she wore a shining silken gown and around her neck was a collar of pearls.

"And now, if you could lend me an apron," she said, "we will pop the corn."

But Jinny and Jenny were gazing at her speechless.

"Oh, you must be a fairy Princess," gasped little Jinny at last.

The beautiful lady laughed joyously. "Peter calls me the Princess," she said; "he has lived with me ever since I was a little girl. But really I am just an every-day young woman, who is going to spend Christmas with some friends in the next town."

She dismissed the subject with a wave of her hand.

"And now to our popcorn," she said.

Jenny brought a green gingham apron, and the Princess tied it on, making a big butterfly bow of the strings in the back, and then she danced over to the dumpy little stove and peeped into the bubbling pot.

"Did you ever smell anything so good?" she asked. "I am as hungry as hungry."

The little girls laughed joyously. "It 's bean soup," Jenny said, "and we are going to have it for supper with some little dumplings in it. I was afraid it was n't nice enough for you."

"Nice enough?" the delightful lady demanded. "I think bean soup and little dumplings are—um—um!" and she flung out her hands expressively.

"I thought," Jinny remarked quaintly, "that fairy princesses only ate honey and dew."

"Which shows that I am not a true Princess," said the beautiful lady, "for honey and dew would never satisfy me."

Jenny got out three little blue bowls and set them on a table that was spread with a coarse but spotless cloth. There was a crusty loaf and clover-sweet butter, and last and best of all there was the bean soup and the bobbing little dumplings served together in an odd mulberry tureen.

It was perfectly wonderful to see the Princess in her shining gown at the head of the table, and little lame Jinny said, "You were just sent to us for Christmas. Why, it 's just like

'the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads—'"

"But our stockings were n't hung yet, and *we* were n't in bed!" said Jenny.

"It was too early for that," said the Princess; "but let 's go on with the rhyme, just for fun. I see you know it all through, so you must n't mind my changing it a little:

'When out on the lawn, there arose such a clatter,
Jenny sprang from her chair to see what was the matter.
Away to the window she flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
When, what to her wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer—'

"Oh, no, I forgot! I mean

'When what to her wondering eyes should appear
But a carriage stuck in the mud, right out here—

> And a little old driver, so lively and quick,
> You must have thought Easter was dear old St.
> Nick!"

The children laughed gleefully, and Jenny said: "We *would* have thought that, only we are n't going to hang up our stockings this Christmas at all. Jenny and I are n't going to get any presents, for mother has n't been well, and she could n't get any sewing. But she said we could make our Christmas merry, and we were to pretend that we had been to the big stores in the city, and had bought things for the tree, and dolls and everything."

"That 's a lovely way," said the Princess gently, and she laid her hand with its flashing rings over Jinny's thin one.

"And we are going to pretend," Jenny contributed, "that our chicken is a turkey. But we won't have to pretend about the mince pie, for mother has made a lovely one."

"I wish I could help you eat the chicken," said the Princess wistfully, "and I should like to meet your mother. I know she is home-y. And I have n't any mother, you know."

"Oh," said the little girls, round-eyed with sympathy, and then the Princess told them that all her life she had lived in a big, lonely house, and she had always yearned for a cozy home and for a sister.

After supper they popped the corn, and just as they finished in came Peter.

"I can't find any one to help, Miss," he announced, "and it 's snowing. I 'll have to unhitch the horses and go back to town, and get something to take you over in."



"NO, PETER," SAID THE PRINCESS, "I AM GOING TO STAY HERE ALL NIGHT."

"No," the Princess demurred, as she stood in the middle of the room with a heaped-up dish of snowy kernels in her hand. "No, Peter, I am going to stay here all night."

Peter stared, and the little girls cried, "Oh, will you?"

And the Princess said, "I really will. And, Peter, you can bring up the steamer trunk and my bag."

"Won't your friends expect you, Miss?" Peter inquired, as if awaiting orders.

"I will send a note by you," was the calm response, and as the man went out she followed him and shut the door behind her. "Oh, Peter,

Peter," she whispered confidentially, "I am going to give them such a Christmas!"

"The little girls, Miss?"

"Yes. They are so sweet and brave. And I have the presents in my trunk that I was going to carry to the other children. But they will have so much that they won't miss them, and I shall spend my Christmas in a plain little house, but it will be a joyful house, Peter."

"Yes, Miss," Peter agreed, understandingly.

"I wish we had a big tree!" said the Princess, regretfully.

"Well, leave that to me, Miss," Peter told her, eagerly; "you just get them little things to sleep early, and I 'll be here with a tree."

"Oh, Peter, Peter Santa Claus!" exclaimed the Princess, gleefully, "it will be the nicest Christmas that I have had since I was a wee bit of a girl."

So Peter went away, and the Princess, with her eyes shining like stars, danced back into the room and said, "Oh, let 's play 'Mariners.' "

Jinny and Jenny had never heard of such a game, but the Princess told them that she was a ship on the high seas, and they were to tell from her cargo what country she hailed from.

"I carry tea," she began; "where do I hail from?"

"China," guessed Jenny.

"No."

"Japan," cried Jinny, with her little face glowing.

"No."

Then the little girls pondered. "It might be India," ventured Jenny, but the Princess shook her head. Then Jinny cried: "It 's Ceylon!" and that was right.

And after that Jinny brought a cargo of oranges from Florida and Jenny brought a cargo of rugs from Persia, and there were cargoes of spices and of coal and of coffee and of fish and of grain and of lumber, and the Princess finished triumphantly by carrying a cargo of oysters from the Chesapeake Bay.

"One more," begged Jinny.

"I carry a cargo of castles," said the sparkling Princess; "where do I hail from?"

The little girls guessed and guessed, and at last the Princess said:

"That was n't a fair one, really, for my castles are castles in Spain."

Then, with Jinny in her arms, she told them of her own castle-building, and when she had finished, she said: "And so your mother shall have all of my sewing, and that will keep her busy until spring."

"Oh, you are going to be married and live happy ever after," sighed Jinny, rapturously; "it 's just what a fairy Princess should do."

"And what you should do," said the Princess, looking at the clock, "is to go to bed, bed, bed, so that you can wake up early in the morning."

She tucked them in, and came back later in a fascinating pink kimono with her hair in a thick yellow braid, and she kissed them both. But it was little lame Jinny that she kissed last. And then she went away, like a glorious vision, and the little girls sank into slumber.

In the next room the Princess opened the door cautiously, and there was Peter with snow all over him, and his arms were full of holly and mistletoe, and a great tree was propped against the door-post.

"Quietly, quietly, Peter," warned the Princess. And Peter tiptoed in and set the tree up in the corner, and its top reached to the ceiling.

The Princess opened the steamer trunk and took out two white Teddy-bears, one with a flaring blue bow and the other with a flaring pink one, and then she took out a green and a yellow and a red and a blue fairy book, and a beautiful square basket of candy, tied with holly ribbon, and then from the very bottom of the trunk she drew string after string of shining little silver bells, fastened on red and pale green ribbons.

"I was going to get up a cotillion figure for the children at the other house," the Princess explained to Peter, "but these little folks need it so much more."

The little bells went "tinkle, tinkle," as Peter hung them, and Jinny, dreaming in her little bed, heard the sound and thought it a part of her dream.

And while Peter and the Princess trimmed and whispered and laughed, some one rattled the door-knob.

Peter opened the door, and there stood a white-faced, shivering little woman.

"Oh, what has happened to my little girls," she panted. "I saw the light and it is so late—" then as she beheld the golden-haired vision in pink, and the gay tree, and Peter in his trim livery, she gasped, "Why, I believe it is fairies—" and she sat down very suddenly in Jinny's chair.

"You are the little mother," said the Princess, and she knelt beside her, and put her arms around her, and told her how she came to be there; and when she had finished, she said, simply, "and I have wanted my own mother so much this Christmas, and the little girls were so sweet, that I knew I should love you."

"You poor little thing," cried the little mother to the tall Princess; and the beautiful lady put her head down on the other's shabby shoulder

and wept, because in spite of her riches she had been very, very lonely in her big house.

And after Peter had gone, they talked until midnight of Jinny and Jenny: and then they concocted great plans about the pretty things that the little mother was to make for the Princess.

And in the morning, Jinny and Jenny, waking in the early dawn, saw, sitting on the foot-board of the bed, two Teddy-bears, one with a flaring pink bow and one with a flaring blue bow, and the Teddy-bears held out their arms saucily and gazed at the happy little girls with twinkling eyes.



"THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE MOST WONDERFUL DAY OF THEIR LIVES."

"Oo-oh," cried the little girls, who had never seen a Teddy-bear before; and that was the beginning of the most wonderful day of their lives, for all day the tree went "tinkle, tinkle" as they foraged in its branches for bon-bons, and the Saturday, and you are to stay at my house all day," she said.

"Oh, yes," Jenny sighed with rapture.

"And you are to come to my wedding in the spring—all of you!" said the Princess, gaily.



"THE PRINCESS CALLED BACK, AS SHE DROVE AWAY THROUGH THE GLISTENING SNOW."

chicken dinner was a delicious success, and in the afternoon they all took a ride in the Princess's sleigh, with Peter driving on the box, and when at last he set them down on their own humble door-step, and lifted little Jinny in his arms, the Princess smiled at them radiantly from under her plumy hat.

"Remember, Peter will come for you every

"And see the Prince!" said Jinny, over Peter's shoulder.

"And you are going to let me share a third of your mother?"

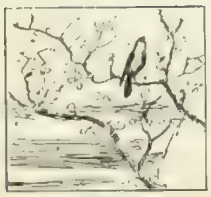
"Yes, oh, yes," from both of the little girls.

"Then you shall share a third of Peter," the Princess called back, as the smiling coachman drove her away through the glistening snow.



THE MINA BIRD

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN



THERE lives a little Mina on the hills of Hindustan,
The most conceited Mina of his most conceited clan.
A cowry shell he treasures, for a cowry may be spent
As money;—in the market it 's a hundredth of a cent.
"I 'm rich!" the Mina caroled just as loud as he could sing;
"I 'm higher than the Rajah!" (And a Rajah is a king!)

The Rajah was offended by this most insulting lay;
He ordered out his army and they took the shell away.

"The Rajah must be hungry!" sang the Mina; "don't you see?
The Rajah took my cowry for the Rajah envies me!"

The Rajah was n't ready for this method of attack;
He disciplined his army and they gave the cowry back.

"I 'm greater," sang the Mina, "than the mightiest of men!
I forced the haughty Rajah to restore my wealth again!"



The Rajah sat and pondered on his massive golden throne:
"I think," said he, "my councilors, we 'll leave that bird alone.
He 's rather prone to boastfulness; his voice is void of charm;
He lacks a sense of humor; but—he can't do any harm."

So still the Mina magnifies his grandeur everywhere;
It makes him very happy,—and the Rajah does n't care.



BY EVA L. OGDEN

THE LEGEND OF EILEEN

In the last great fight between the kings of Erin, Brian had vowed he would destroy his enemy's house root and branch. But Eileen, his rival's daughter, had slipped away and hidden by the rock on the moor. Now the Little Fairy Folk heard her sobbing there and they ran to their Queen and told her. And when she came, Eileen threw herself at the Queen's feet and cried, "Oh, hide me from Brian, for sooner would I do without the light of sun and stars than meet his cruel eyes!"

Then the Queen took her and hid her in the cave in the cliff which is lighted with one great Rock Crystal, more soft and beautiful than any diamond. And she gave her a golden key that locked the little niche in the cave where the three great books are kept. One is the Book of the Blessings of the Earth, of the fruitful fields and the pleasant river and the sunny meads; and one is the Book of the Blessings of the Sky,—sunlight and moonlight, starlight and the happy rain and the silver dew; and one is the Book of the Blessings of the Sea,—the rampart of Erin against all foes, and the highway by which her people shall go forth to conquer the earth and to possess it.

Did you hear of the Man of Killarney,
The long, red Man of Killarney?
And the jewel he found in a cave under ground?
Whisht, then, till I tell you the tale!

He dwelt at the edge of the Lonesome Moor,
Where never a sound was heard before
The laugh of the Princess Eileen,
The little White Princess Eileen;
Whose eyes were blue, and whose hair was black,
And who had but one gown to her straight little back,
One gown and a mantle of green.



"THE KINE OF THE MAN OF KILLARNEY STRAYED, AND WANDERED AWAY."

Poor and proud was the Princess Eileen;
So the Good Little People in green
Made her Keeper of Books to their own small queen,
In the Crystal Cave by the river of Mean.

And there, in the Cave of the Crystals,
Lit by one shimmering stone,
Through opal morning and eve of gold,
She guarded the Books alone;
The Books of the three great Blessings,
Of the Earth, the Sky, and the Sea,
That are hidden away till the dawn of the day
When Erin again shall be free.



"HER LITTLE SELF LAY ON THE BLACK KINE"

Now it happened, one evening in summer,
Of a misty, moisty day,
That the kine of the Man of Killarney
Strayed, and wandered away;
He sought till the moon on the meadow-mist
Made it a mountain lake;
Nor hoof nor horn of his Kerry kine
On mountain or bog could he take.
So he stayed till the winds of the morning
Had driven the mist away
Ere he started once more to seek them
By the light of the growing day.

He came to the Cave of the Crystals.
There the print of their hoofs could be seen;
He entered the Crystal Cavern
And he saw—the little Eileen!

Her eyes were twin Lakes of Killarney,
Her voice was the song of a bird;
Her little white hands lay on the black kine,
And this was the moan that he heard:

"Now the blessing of heaven rest on ye,
Dear kine, for going astray!
My heart ached sore for a breath of the moor,
Ye have taken that soreness away.
O the lilt of the lark on the moorland!
O the feel of the wind from the sea!

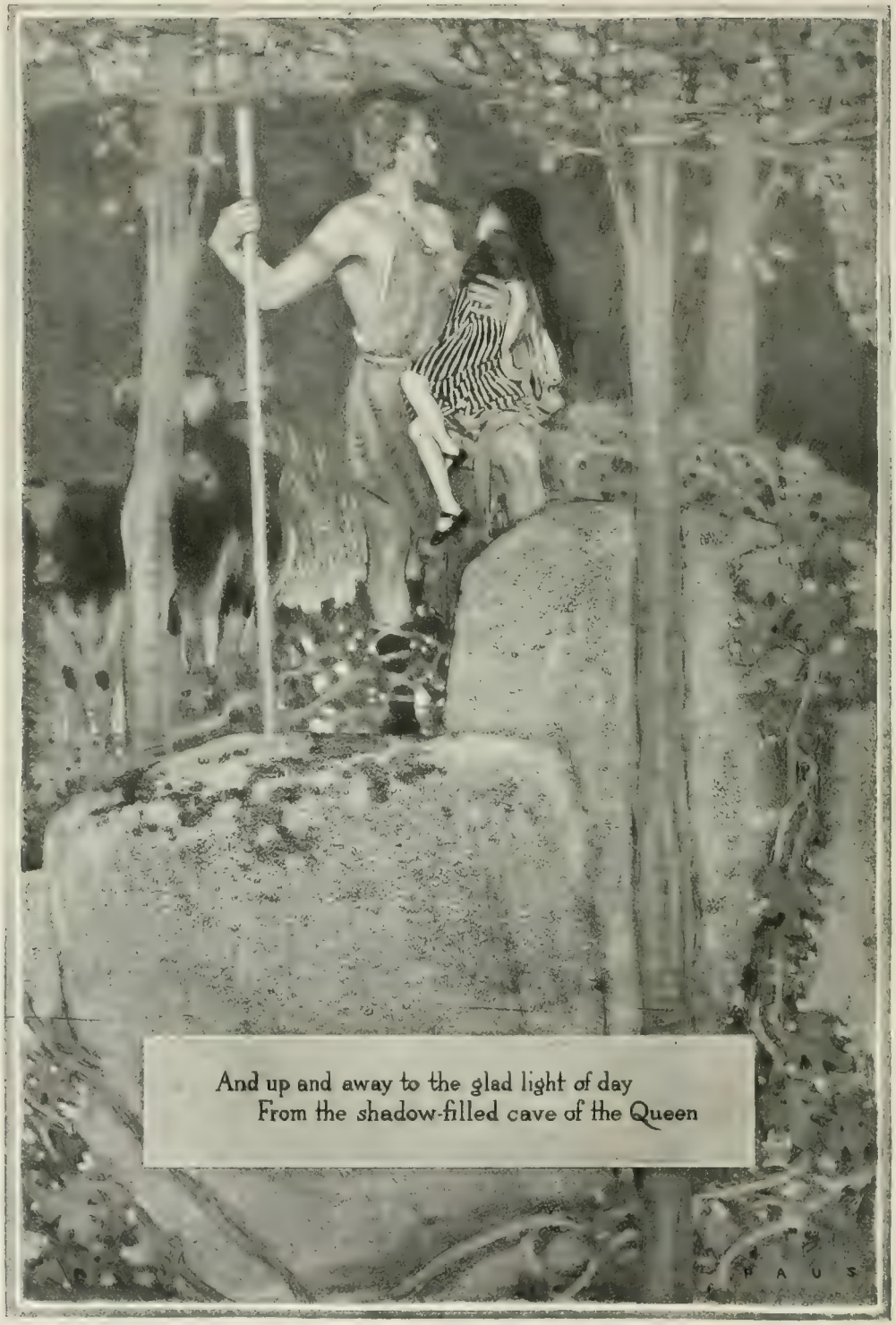
But Eileen said, "It is not time yet." Then the Queen bade her sing, and she sang a song at the mouth of the cave and laid a spell on the threshold, and she said, "None can enter here now till the appointed day; but when that day shall come, not bars of iron nor gates of brass will avail to keep them out." Then she kissed Eileen and went.

And Eileen lingered in the Cave of the Crystal for a year and a day. The Good Little People fed her with berries and fruits and they baked tiny loaves of bread for her and milked the kine on the moor for the crystal cupful of milk that she drank three times a day. [illegible] light was to read in the Books of the Blessings.

But when the summer came, the Good Little People met one day and covered mountain and moor with a thick gray veil of mist, and under the cover of it they drove off the kine of the Man of Killarney.

Now he was so tall that they called him the Long Man of Killarney, and his hair was as a golden flame. His cottage stood at the edge of the Lonesome Moor where never a sound was heard since the spell of silence was laid on it,—the spell that could only be broken by the laugh of a glad little girl.

That misty day when the kine came not home, he started to find them. Long he sought but in vain; so he came back to the moor and sat on the door-stone and played his harp till the East grew bright with the dawn. Then once more he started to look for them. Soon by the growing light he found their hoof-prints and traced them [illegible].


And up and away to the glad light of day
From the shadow-filled cave of the Queen

Go home to the byre of your master.
There 's no home-coming for me!
Ye will see the sunlight on the heather,
I must stay with the Good Little Folk."
She turned her face to the wall of the cave,
And her tears fell fast as she spoke.

He gave but one look; three long steps he took–
On his breast lay the little Eileen;
And up and away to the glad light of day,
From the shadow-filled cave of the queen!

Eileen cowered closely in terror,
Her heart was a fluttering bird;
She covered her eyes with her mantle,
But this was the whisper she heard:
"The sunlight is bright on the heather,
Waiting, Mavourneen, for you.
The wind blows fresh from the water,
The moor is white with the dew.
Lonely and homesick, Macushla?
Not more than the world is for you!"

He climbed the great steep overhanging the deep
And, with never a word of warning,
He sat her down on the very crown
Of the world, in the top of the morning!
She looked at the Earth, she looked at the Sky,
She looked across the Sea.
Her little, white, happy hands flew up,
And she laughed aloud in glee!

of one of the little black kine, as she moaned, "Oh, for the scent of the sea and the air of the moor. It's back to your Master's byre ye must go, but my heart will go with ye. But I must stay with the Good Little Folk where the cruel Brian cannot find me. The blessing of God go with ye, dear kine!" And she turned her face to the wall of the cave and sobbed.

Then the Long Man of Killarney strode forward and seized her in his arms. Her heart died within her for fear; but he held her close and soon she heard soft, caressing words: "Macushla, Mavourneen," he said over and over again, and then, "Is it lonely and homesick you are? Ah, it's I that have been the lonely one for years, and never dreamed it till now. But it's the sunlight on the heather you 'll soon be after seeing and the wind from the water you 'll be after feeling. And the Good Little Folk can look after themselves now, for it's the kine and I that 'll take care of you."

But she lay on his shoulder, unable to move and still afraid, though he was so gentle. And he climbed the great cliff with her and set her softly down on the very summit. And she looked up at the warm sky and across the green earth and over the blue sea and her little white, happy hands flew up and she laughed aloud.

But at that laugh the spell on the moor was broken. Songs of birds floated over it and the wind swept across the harp and woke one soft strain.

And he took her home.



THE BALD BROW CHRISTMAS TREES

BY CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES



At noon on the fifth day of December, the three Farnsworth boys completed their work of harvesting trees on the summit of Bald Brow—a "mountain" of no great elevation which bears, above the bald western slope, some of the finest Christmas trees in New England. The northern half of the mountain is the property of the Consolidated Paper Company, from whom permission to cut trees was secured. The southern half belongs to old Jared Frye, an eccentric hermit who has a fancy for raising turkeys. Through his private road and past his house was the route to the top of Bald Brow.

The trees were chopped, the butts sawed square, and all but the larger were tied in bundles, ready for shipping. There was prospect of continued fair weather, and a few days' teaming would load the car and allow the trees to be shipped in ample season. The contract read: "By December fifteenth."

As they descended the mountain at noon of the fifth, the boys were singing and shouting—gay with the joy of good work well done and the prospect of final success. In the sunny yard of the hermit's house the snow had melted, and the old man had loosed his turkeys to strut in the sun. Unfortunately, a snowball from Mark's hand missed Ned's dodging head and flew among the turkeys, striking a spotted gobbler, the old man's pet and pride, fairly on the wing. With a screech the turkey sailed across the yard and the boys' effort to prevent his escape sent him fluttering down the forest road. Frye was not in sight, and after a fruitless chase the fowl slipped into the woods. The boys, now a considerable distance from the house, concluded to let him go and trust to his instinct to bring him home.

But the next day, when they drove their teams up the mountain road, they were halted in front of Frye's house by a railing fenced across the road and a large sign which read: NO TRESPASSING.

As the permit to pass over the premises was merely a favor, and not in the nature of a contract, they were effectually barred out. The Paper Company's road, on the northern slope, was not direct, had not been cleared out, and a strip of unbroken woods lay between its completed part and the Christmas trees.

"Here 's a pretty state of affairs!" cried Tom. He dropped his reins and whip and strode up to the house, his brothers following. The old man shuffled to the door in response to his knock and listened attentively to his expostulations.

"Where 's my turkey?" he asked, when Tom paused.

"I 'll pay for the turkey, sir," replied Tom, promptly. "Mark flung a snowball at Ned and it hit the turkey and drove him down the road. We tried to catch him, but he dodged into the woods. He may come home. I 'll pay for him, anyway. What better can we do?"

The old man's eyes narrowed and his lips tightened.

"Find my turkey!" he answered, and closed the door.

The boys faced each other in dismay. Delay was serious. Storms, blocked roads, or a thaw would hinder teaming. After shipment there might be delay on the railroad.

"We 're fixed!" said Ned, mournfully.

"Can't we reason with him, or bribe him? We must do something," said Mark.

"It 's of no use," replied Tom. "He 's unreasonable; too well off and too proud to be hired. We 've got to find that turkey or make a road some other way. A pretty tough proposition in either case!"

They turned the teams and drove down the forest road to the place where the turkey had disappeared. A half hour's floundering in the crusty snow proved the folly of the search. The

frightened gobbler had fled far into the forest. Nothing but snow-shoes would mount the fragile crust, and snow-shoeing was hardly possible among the shrubbery where the turkey would be likely to skulk. If he had not already proved a savory feast to some wild beast he might wander homeward. If the weather turned colder he would probably freeze in the forest.

The boys returned to their teams.

"It 's of no use," said Tom, despondently. "Wait a couple of days, and the bird may find himself. But I 'll write the Paper Company for a permit to carry their road through to the summit. I believe a week's chopping would do it, and I am savage enough to chop day and night. There 's no small part of our year's education tied up in those Christmas trees. Boys, we *must* ship them! If the gobbler does n't turn up, or the old man relent, we must get those trees out if we have to hire a crew and lose money. We can make it up next year, and it will never do to fail at the start, in our contract."

They passed two uneasy, anxious days before they returned to the mountain and found the turkey still missing—the old man still obdurate. Meanwhile, a thaw had begun. The warmth and indolence of early spring were in the air, as if December were coquetting with April. In the village the streets were coated with a mere film of slush and ice. The mountain road was fast reduced. In the forests the snow was settling groundward. The boys broke out the Paper Company's road to its terminus, and chopped a continuation through the intervening strip. It cost them five days of hard labor, and even then there was evidence that a lack of snow to cover the stumps would make sledding impossible. Their hearts and financial interests were so much engaged in the Christmas tree enterprise that when, on the night of December thirteenth, they went to bed and listened to the drip, drip, of the eaves, Tom groaned involuntarily, and made no reply to Mark's queries.

But that night the wind whisked to the north and blew April four months away. By daylight the thermometer had dropped to its record. A crust like adamant was spread over the land, icing the roads and glazing the snow in field and forest. The roads were saved, and it was possible that a light fall of snow might soon follow



WHERE'S MY TURKEY?" HE ASKED.

and cover the sapling stumps of the extended north road sufficiently to make possible the shipment of the trees by the engaging of several teams for doing the work in a day. That snow, however, could hardly fall before the fifteenth, and Tom rose early to write his Boston retailer a statement of the predicament.

But when he stood in the doorway and gazed up the shining slope of Bald Brow, over which he had often wished a road could be driven, a thought struck him that set him stamping about the crust in the dooryard.

Bald Brow was not a precipice, but a steep, rocky slope—too steep for man or horse—which was rough and craggy when bare, a mire of snow when covered. But Bald Brow coated with a solid crust afforded the simplest and most efficient means of transporting Christmas trees to the main road that skirted the base of the mountain. Any bright boy or man, his wits glowing under the stimulus of the bracing mountain air, would wake to the idea of *sliding* the Christmas trees down the declivity of Bald Brow.

They made plans in short order. Tom drew conclusions.

"I 'll shoot the bundles down the slope! You boys must stand down in the field to keep them from damaging each other, and draw them down to the roadside. We 'll be ready to load them by the middle of the afternoon, and with such teaming as this, we 'll have them on the car before tomorrow night, and then out they go on the evening freight."

To shorten the distance Tom cut through the southern woods, toiling up the mountain, over the firm crust, with light heart and quick feet. Passing behind the hermit's premises he heard a cow lowing dismally in her stall. No smoke rose from the chimney. There was an air of desolation about the scene. Urged more by the importance of the day's work than by resentment to Frye, his first instinct was to press on. But the mystery of the smokeless chimney, the pleading of the cow, and the desolateness, woke him to a sense of common duty. He approached the house. No tracks were visible in yesterday's slush and the windows were blinded by thick frost. He knocked twice. There was no response and he walked in. The room was cold, the stove fireless, and on the table, where a meal had been prepared and left untouched, the food was frozen. Tom's heart thrilled with dread.

"Mr. Frye! Hello!"

A muffled shout came from under the floor. Tom stooped and flung up the trap-door and peered into the darkness. He could hear quick, anxious breathing. Without further delay he lighted the old man's lantern and started down the narrow steps.

"Look out for that broken stair!" called a sharp voice. The strength of it relieved Tom's anxiety. He stepped carefully to the bottom of the cellar where he found the old man huddled up on the plank walk, a few potato sacks wrapped around him. His face was drawn, and he moved feebly and painfully.

"Had a tumble," he commented. "I came down for butter, and the trap-door dropped on me. Shot me down, and I broke a stair and doubled my limbs under me. I lost myself, and woke up chilly." His mouth twitched grimly in the lantern-light. "Guess I 'm pretty well bruised—or broken. Cold up-stairs, ain't it? I heard the wind blow, and it 's kinder drafty here."

"Cold? I guess it is!" exclaimed Tom. He started to explain, but the old man cut him short impatiently.

"Well, well. Start a fire in the kitchen and then help me git up. It 's warmer down here now."

Tom thrust Christmas trees out of mind as much as the pangs of disappointment would allow, left the old man in the cellar with the trap closed, and started a roaring fire in the kitchen range. Then he wrapped bedding about him, and finding him growing weak and faint, hurried out to the stable for an armful of hay with which he improvised a couch on the cellar planks. When he brought hot coffee, the old man drank it eagerly and called for food. He had the grit of a hero, but his movements brought forth exclamations of pain.

"Can't you feed my cow—and milk her?" he asked, eagerly. "Give my turkeys and hens some hot mash. They must be about frozen. Let me rest till you take care o' the critters, and the house gits warm."

He sank back on the bedding and waved Tom away. Leaving the lantern beside him and closing the trap, Tom hurried about the chores. The cow was grateful for breakfast and the famished fowls gathered stiffly about the scalded meal, and a young rooster thawed sufficiently to mount the roost and give vent to a long-delayed "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Down at the foot of Bald Brow Mark and Ned, stamping their feet on the crust and threshing their arms, had waited long and impatiently for Tom's appearance on the summit. A half hour should have brought him in sight. An hour passed. They shouted till their voices rang through the woods, but there was no reply. At last, leaving Ned as sentry, Mark started to follow as closely as possible Tom's route through the woods. But the tracks on the hard crust were

indistinct and soon lost, and Mark, after a shorter circuit, found himself on the clearing at the summit with no trace of Tom. He shouted the news disconsolately to Ned, and turned down the mountain road toward the hermit's house hoping to learn there some tidings of Tom.

Ned, determined to cover Tom's path to the summit, began a zigzag tour in the forest, gradually climbing the hill, shouting and peering into every dense covert. Sometimes he discovered drawn the old man from his dungeon and arranged him comfortably in bed—bruised, strained, and suffering from the terror of the lonely night, but with no serious injury. Ned's heart leaped at the sound of Tom's voice, and he sprang in and stood before the group with the final token of reconciliation in his arms—the turkey—which, with a gratified gobble, sprang upon the bed.

"I vow!" was the old man's comment. An abashed look and a smile of grateful pleasure



"THE TURKEY, WITH A GRATIFIED GOBBLE, SPRANG UPON THE BED"

Tom's footprints, followed them a few rods, then lost them and pursued his zigzag tour again. Where the sunlight poured down into clearer spaces he threshed the chill from his body and pressed on. At last, in a clump of firs, an old brush camp blocked his path. As he peered into it, his eyes blind with the brightness of the snow, a rustle in the corner startled him. Drawing back, he heard a querulous gobble, the voice of a vexed and uncomfortable fowl. It was Jared Frye's turkey.

He grasped the immediate horn of the dilemma, and secured the turkey without delay—determined to retrieve his snowball blunder. He was now so near the hermitage that he decided to return the bird, and continue his search—hoping, meanwhile, to meet Mark. He knocked at the kitchen door, stepped into the entry, and listened to the voices within. Tom and Mark had stole over his face, and he drew his knuckles across his eyes. "Here I be, sick and in prison, and ye come to heap coals o' fire on my head. Say, boys, it ain't too late to haul them trees down the mountain, is it?"

He looked at Tom pleadingly. The project of slipping the trees down the slope instead of teaming across his premises even disappointed him, but he settled down gratefully over the happy outcome, and slept under Ned's ministry, while Tom and Mark hurried away to secure additional help and an extra team to atone for lost time.

The trees were shipped next day, landed in Boston the twentieth of December, and the generous returns were spread far over the following months of school life. Next year's shipment—if there be no crust on Bald Brow—will pass Jared Frye's hermitage; that has all been arranged. There is no crust, now, in the old man's heart!



TRAVELERS FROM THE EAST

BY EMMA A. LENTE

THREE Kings came journeying from the East,—
Three Kings were they of wide renown;
But each laid off his royal crown,
Content to count himself the least.

Three Kings came journeying to the West;
Star-led, they came o'er desert sands,
O'er hill, and moor, and alien lands,—
Scarce tarrying for needed rest.

They journeyed costly gifts to bring;
Frankincense, myrrh, and gold they bore,
From out a rare and hoarded store,
Wherewith to greet a greater King.

Star-guided, to a manger-bed
They came, with wonder and with awe,
And reverence and love, and saw
A Child with radiance 'round His head.

They worshiped, loved, and went their way,—
Three Kings so great and good and wise,
Whose deed, through all the centuries
Is told on every Christmas Day.

And, still, across the desert sands,
Our reverent fancy sees the plain,
The star-lit town, the camel train,
And Kings with treasure in their hands.



THE SEASONS

BY MAUD OSBORNE

When Springtime comes—a-glancing, a-prancing, and dancing,
It breathes upon the meadow-lands, and makes them fresh and fair;
When birds and bees it 's bringing, a-winging, and singing,
It scatters buds and blossomings and beauties everywhere;
And it 's heigho, for a frolicking, when Spring is in the air!

When Summer days come, glazy, and hazy, and lazy,
Then it 's at the brook- or river-side you 'll find the greatest fun;
For it 's in the water flashing, and dashing, and splashing,
Then out again upon the bank, and drying in the sun.
Oh, the happy, happy, holidays when Summer is begun!

When Autumn winds come spying, and flying, and sighing,
Then it 's nutting-time, or squirrels spry will surely get your share.
You can hear them go a-scattering, a-pattering, and chattering,
The greedy little fellows! There 's enough—and some to spare.
Oh, what merry times a-picnicking, when Autumn 's everywhere!

When Winter snows come sifting, and lifting, and drifting,
Then it 's gliding swift across the ice, unheeding slip or fall;
Or it 's down the hills a-posting—what coasting, and boasting!
And then some fort bombarding with the snowy cannon-ball.
Oh, here 's three cheers for Winter, 't is the jolliest of all!

LITTLE BROTHER O' DREAMS

BY ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN

One of his earliest recollections was of standing at a window, watching the big snowflakes sail out of a great, gray void, and settle like a flock of white birds upon the waiting earth.

Had he ever seen anything like that before? It seemed to him that he never had. This was the first snowfall of the year, and last winter was a long, long time ago.

Closer and closer he pressed against the cold window-pane, straining his eyes to pierce the dizzy emptiness of the upper air, following the mysterious birds in their swift, soundless flight, that seemed to bear them straight into his eager heart. Nearer and nearer they came, growing ever bigger and more beautiful.

At first he thought it had been so still, that first snowfall; not like the rain, that tapped on the glass with impatient fingers, or the wind that shook the windows angrily, and cried down the chimney. But when he had looked at the flying birds a long time, he was almost sure that he heard soft singing—not like the chorus of bird-song on spring mornings, but somehow muffled—a far-off, delicate chime, that made him so happy he could scarcely breathe. "Oh, mother, mother! Listen to the White Birds singing!"

His mother was busy putting supper on the table, moving about the kitchen with a tread that sounded heavy after that white hurrying dance out of doors and that song of the snow, that was so much finer and smaller and sweeter even than the purr of the back log in the big fireplace, or the lisp of the long grass in the meadow, or the heart-beat of the tiny brook under its thick armor of ice. Everybody could hear those, he decided, but everybody could n't hear the White Birds, for his mother, when he called to her about them, only said:

"Come away from that window, child; you 'll catch your death o' cold!"

And then when he asked Don, the hired man, who came in the next minute with the milk-pail, first stamping his feet and shaking himself like a big dog—when he went close up to Don and asked him quite low if he had n't heard the White Birds, the big fellow looked at him hard

a minute out of those clear blue, twinkling eyes of his, and all *he* said was:

"Been dreamin' again, sonny?"

Of course he had n't been dreaming, for how can you dream when you 're not asleep? and he had been quite wide awake all the time! But, to be sure, he had n't heard them until he listened very close indeed, and mother and Don had so much work to do, they hardly ever had time to listen like that.

In silence he ate his supper of fresh bread and honey, not thinking much about it, except that the honey tasted of last summer, and wondering what flowers the bees liked best, but not wanting to ask, because his mother's face still looked a



"He was almost sure that he heard soft singing"

great way off, although she sat quite near him and helped him twice to honey, and filled up his tumbler with new milk. Eating was all very well, but not half so nice as the music, and he heard it again after he went to bed, where he lay with his eyes shut, thinking about the White Birds and seeing their radiant flight blot out the darkness until he really did fall asleep.

That was a memorable winter to Little Brother O' Dreams. It was a long, long winter, and bitter cold up there on Fray Mountain. It truly seemed sometimes as if the cold was like wolves, snarling and whining just outside the door, reaching in through every crack and cranny in the crazy little old house with their white fangs and their long, sharp claws that bit and tore. Out-of-Doors was so beautiful, but dangerous, like some glorious wild beast; and In-Doors was safe and warm enough, he thought—for his mother saw to that—but it was dingy and dull, and dark and lonesome—oh, so lonesome! There was n't anybody to talk to. One could n't talk to the chairs and the tables—they were n't alive like the trees and the brook. Sometimes you could talk to the fire, and sometimes to the pictures—there were two or three pictures—and beside these there was mother; but then mother did n't understand. It was hard when little boys had only mother, and she did n't understand. She hardly ever answered at all when one told her about things, and her eyes looked tired and sad, and far away. To be sure there was Don, too, sometimes, when he came in from doing the chores, and his eyes looked as if he did understand—a little—but he usually said: "What, dreamin' again, boy?" and that was nonsense, you know, when one had n't even been asleep!

One night Little Brother told Don about being so lonesome, after a whole week of storm and bitter weather, such weather that he could n't go with Don to the wood-lot on the bob-sled, nor to the mill with corn, and there were only the calves and chickens in the barn, and they were n't so very interesting—they always seemed to be thinking about something to eat!

"Why don't ye l'arn to read, sonny?" asked the big, blue-eyed fellow, quite sympathetically. "Would n't that be kind o' company for ye, now?"

"What is that—to learn to read?" Little Brother demanded, his pale, homely little face lighting up marvelously as he spoke.

"Why, don't ye know?" said puzzled Don, carefully spreading the weekly paper out on the table which had just been cleared of the supper dishes. "Look a-here, these little marks all mean somethin'; you l'arn to figger out what they mean, and then the paper 'll talk to ye!"

"And will you tell me what they mean?" pleaded Little Brother, catching fire at once.

"Wa'al, mebbe I can tell ye some on 'em—or mebbe your ma—" he paused in red embarrassment and glanced toward the woman who stood with her back to them, washing dishes; a woman whose face, hair, and dress all seemed of one color; and as she spoke, in a low, monotonous



voice, Little Brother thought with a dull ache that her voice sounded just the same color, too.

"He 's only five; I guess he don't need to learn to read just yet, 'n I 've no time to teach him. He 'll have to go to school some day, when he 's old enough. But how—*how* am I to manage it?" She spoke the last words passionately, under her breath, and threw a look of distress at the boy, whose cheeks by now were fairly blazing, and his eyes like hot coals.

Twice he opened his mouth to speak, but the words would n't come; and as his mother said nothing more and did not even seem to see him at all for the rest of the evening, he snuggled up close to Don in the circle of yellow lamplight, and began to pick out one by one the largest capital letters in the newspaper, and by dint of whispered question and answer he had mastered half of them before bedtime.

The next morning he got hold of the paper again; and as his mother did not forbid him, and even told him a letter or a word now and then, while Don helped sturdily of evenings, it was not many weeks before he graduated into the "Pilgrim's Progress," one of the half dozen books on the high shelf beside the clock, and that was company indeed!

It was soon after this that he began to call himself "Little Brother."

"I like that name," he said, "because it makes me feel as if there were more of us. It is n't a lonesome name; it 's a nice all-together sort of name!"

At last and at last the spring began to come, high up on Fray Mountain. Little Brother felt a good deal as he supposed the brook felt when it burst its icy armor and ran boisterously over the meadow, half laughing and half crying, and all but breaking its little heart for pure joy.

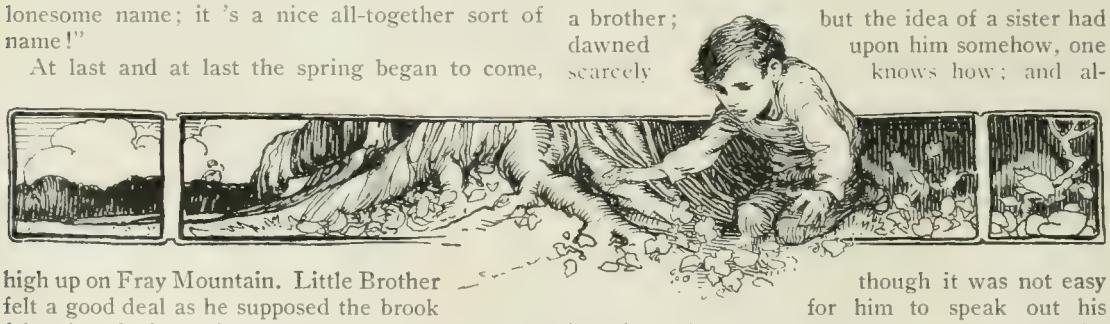
He ran all over the meadows, too; but when he came in with wet feet and a croak in his throat his mother put him right to bed with a hot soapstone, and made him take bad-tasting medicine. Happily, a pair of bluebirds flashed past the window on purpose to comfort him, he thought, and Don brought him a big bunch of skunk-cabbage, but his mother threw it out of doors because, she said, "it smelled so." To Little Brother it seemed, after all, a good, clean, growing smell!

In a few days he was out again, and beginning expectantly to haunt the remembered places, the warm, sunny nooks where, out of cozy nests of dry leaves, they had been used to lift up to his their tender faces—the first flowers of the year! As he knelt one day in a pale ecstasy with arms outspread, making a fence around one little clump of pinkish lavender bloom that he loved far too much to pick, or even to caress it, a song bubbled right up inside him, and he began to croon it over softly, scarcely knowing whether the flowers were singing it to him or he to the flowers. It was something like this:

Little children, little children
Of the spring,
Say, what greeting, happy greeting,
Do you bring?

Little sisters, little sisters,
Do you hear?
Is it love and is it hoping?
Tell me, dear!

Little Brother O' Dreams had never asked about a brother; but the idea of a sister had dawned upon him somehow, one scarcely knows how; and although it was not easy for him to speak out his heart's desire, he told his mother once how he would love to have a little sister. But she only said, with unusual sternness: "You will never have a sister; don't speak of it again!"



The tears filled Little Brother's eyes, but he winked them away. Although he was only six years old that summer, he never cried aloud ex-

cept for real hard pain, and then it was not [illegible] crying, but a sort of musical wail that really sounded more like a sad singing. This time the tears kept coming faster and faster, and he kept on winking and rubbing his eyes and seeing things double, but he made no fuss that anybody noticed, and he did not speak of wanting a little sister again.

He thought of a sister, however, more and more earnestly, and wished for her in fairy rings and by wishing trees, until he really expected her to appear in some queer fashion—a real little sister, about as old as he was; for, as he argued with himself, there is so much magic in the world, and there is n't any "never,"—that 's only what grown-up people say, but it can't be, for everything happens some time!

It was one of the boy's simple pleasures to bring out his own cup to be filled at every milking-time, and he was always tenderly lifted to the swaying top of every sweet-smelling load of hay and down again, even when a shower threatened and Don was in a hurry. Mother had to come out into the field herself for the hay-making; and she would say: "Never mind about the boy this time, Don"; but, all the same, Little Brother never missed his ride to the barn behind the red oxen when he was on hand and ready for it.

The haying was scarcely over when a strange thing happened; something that had never happened before within the boy's remembrance. You see the small, stony farm, scarcely more than a rough clearing, away up on the shaggy side of the



Poor Little Brother o' Dreams shrank back among the tall lilies

There was always Don, who was so tall and straight and strong, and so good to look at, and had such a big soft heart, and who found time, with all his work, to be kinder than ever to Little Brother that summer. He used often to bring him flowers, "blows," he called them, from swamps and wild places where little boys could n't go. Once it was a great bunch of very special trailing arbutus from high up on Fray Mountain; later on, an armful of the tallest lady's-slippers, clear pink and white; and then the purple rhodora, tremulous as a spray of royal butterflies. Little Brother did n't know their names, and he would n't have picked them himself for anything, it seemed as if it must hurt them; but he could n't doubt Don's goodness; and they were oh, so beautiful!

mountain, and the ancient, little unpainted house, blackened by the rains, and leaning slantwise like some old wind-buffeted tree, were quite off the highroad on a grass-grown cart-track, along which Don and the red oxen took their undisputed way to market or to mill. But on a hot day in midsummer there came through the unfrequented wood road, where the trees met overhead, straight to the half-ruined cottage smothered in a riot of cinnamon roses and coarse tawny lilies and straggling currant bushes with their strings of scarlet beads, a great mountain wagon, drawn by four horses and filled with visitors from another world! They drew up at the old well-sweep and called for water, and poor Little Brother O' Dreams shrank back among the tall lilies, vainly hoping himself unseen, for his

great, asking eyes had fastened themselves instantly upon the fairylike vision of a little girl on one of the big seats—a little girl with tumbled nut-brown curls and delicately modeled features, and the softest, most soulful of brown eyes! All in white she was, dazzling as any fairy; and Little Brother caught his breath for sheer astonishment and delight; but the next instant the brown eyes had met the black ones, and there was that in them that fairly crushed the sensitive little heart.

It was Don who found him, half an hour later, sobbing almost soundlessly, face downward among the lilies.

"Why did she look at me so, Don? Why did she?" was all that he could say.

"There, there, sonny; don't take on so," comforted Don, patting the black head; helpless as a man must be, yet tender as a woman.

"She was so beautiful, and no bigger than me, Don; and she was so light on her feet, and *straight*—not like me! And she looked as if she were afraid—and—and—sorry for me, Don!" he sobbed.

It was the end of one chapter in the life of Little Brother O' Dreams.

II



Of course, he knew now that he was different from other children. He supposed that was why his mother had n't sent him to school; at least, it must be part of the reason; and maybe it was why she looked so sad and tired and far away. She *could n't* love him as much as she could have loved a little boy who was strong and beautiful; of that he was sure. Yes, he was *quite* sure of that!

But the trees loved him, and the flowers, and the sky; and the little people of the woods, the birds and squirrels, did n't mind his plain face and crooked little body; and Don was always good to him and never looked sorry for him, either! And then there were the sunsets on Fray Mountain!

"Oh, mother, mother! Is heaven on fire?" cried Little Brother one evening when he was five years old. "Will it all burn up, mother? And what will God do then?"

Two or three years later he made a poem about the two sunsets—the autumn of day, you know, and the sunset of the year. It was like this:

> On the castle of Night a red, red flag, that flies
> for the prince To-morrow;
> In the face of the Cold a blazing world; and Hope
> at the door of Sorrow!

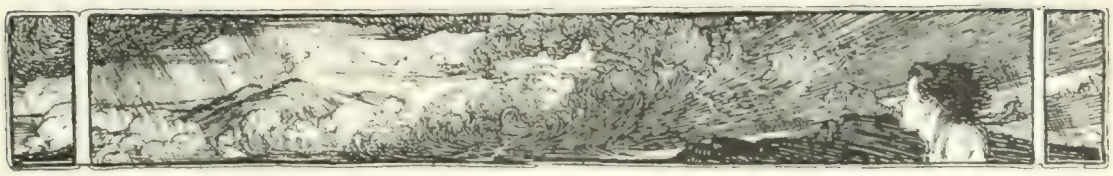
You know most of us love the things that are near and can be touched and handled and understood. Little Brother was different. He loved best what was big and far off and mysterious, like the night and thunder-storms, and the shadowy pine wood where he dared not go alone, for that would be to disobey his mother. She had said that he might get lost. Not that he was at all afraid of getting lost; it seemed to him that to be lost in such a quiet, holy place would be like going to church and forgetting all about the rest of the world; and as he said to himself by way of argument—for he was fond of reasoning things out with himself—"She means that I might not know where I was or the way home; but God would know, and He would be sure to show me the way when it was time to go home!" However, his mother had forbidden him to go there alone, and he was an obedient child.

He had all sorts of strange fancies about Night. Oftenest she seemed to him a beautiful and grand woman with a great deal of long black hair, covering her all up but her eyes, which shone like stars. Afraid of the dark? He *loved* the dark; and yet his bedtime was at seven o'clock in winter and eight in summer, and he had never been out of doors at night in his whole life!

And then there was the majesty of a summer thunder-storm sweeping over Fray Mountain; how he shivered for pure joy in its approach, feeling to the ends of his fingers, and in every hair of his head, the electric thrill and tingle of it! The impulse to run out in the face of all that stir and secret turmoil, out and up to some high, open place where he could read every bit of the silver writing on the cloud and feel himself the center of the clash of elements and crash of worlds, was very strong in Little Brother O' Dreams.

Once it actually mastered him. The child slipped away unseen while his mother was hurrying to shut doors and windows against the heralding wind, and, flying up through the wood like a hunted thing, was standing alone on the bald, bare mountain summit when the floods were let loose out of heaven.

Half an hour afterward, a dripping, rain-beaten and altogether forlorn little figure appeared to his startled mother at the cottage door in the last throes of the storm, with a strange, uplifted look upon his pale wet face that made her draw him hastily within and chide in muttered undertones,



harmless as the echoes of the departing thunder. He never remembered being punished for naughtiness; somehow it was impossible to scold Little Brother!

Now there were certain trees that come into the story, for they were very friendly to the boy. He loved all trees, of course; but there were some that stood up grand and noble, kissing the sky—trees that one would scarcely venture to speak to; and then again there were others whose branches bent over and caressed your face, whose aspect, homely, and almost human, invited your confidence.

One, in especial, was an old curly maple, knotted and gnarled, with a broad, low, comfortable seat near the ground; and hidden among a world of pointed, Gothic-shaped leaves in the lap of that old mother-maple, Little Brother told her many things. More than once or twice he had told her about the little girl—or the fairy, he was n't quite sure which—who was so very beautiful, and yet whose loving brown eyes had hurt him so without meaning to do it. At first the hurt had been sharper even than his delight in her loveliness; but the more he thought about it the sweeter it was to think of so perfect a creature, and patiently as the tree herself takes a fresh wound right into her heart and surrounds it with living wood, he accepted the hurt, and covered it up and smoothed it over till nothing but a little scar was left—a scar that only Don noticed.

Not far from the old maple there was a brown brook that rippled in singing shallows over a pebbly bottom; and as this brook was so tiny that even the most anxious or careful mother could not conceive it to be a danger, Little Brother was allowed to play there, on the express condition that he must not wet his feet.

Since he did not know how to play like other children, fishing, and sailing boats, and since wading was forbidden, he usually lay flat on his face at the edge of the water, gazing downward into the clear, brown pools, which reflected his own face, and something more. And one long midsummer day while he lay thus, a whole year after the coming of the strangers to Fray Mountain, there came to his ears a pitiful little cry, like that of a lost or frightened bird,—just one cry, and then silence.

Little Brother awoke from his dream of a sweet face looking up to meet his from the rounding ripples in the pool, and scrambling to his feet, he scurried along like a rabbit in the direction of the sound. The ground was rough, and in a little hollow there was a heap of something white, which he soon made out to be a little girl who had fallen and was frightened, or hurt, or perhaps both. She sat up as he came near, and he saw the tumbled brown curls and the brown eyes that, this time, met his with neither pity nor fear, but with a flash of pleased surprise.

"Oh, it is you, little boy!" she exclaimed joyfully.

"I 'm not Little Boy," he replied at once. "I 'm Little Brother!"

"Then if you 're Little Brother, I must be Little Sister!"

The old, old wish had come true; he had found a sister at last!

A red blush of delight covered his whole face as he held out a small, frail hand to help the little maiden to her feet. But with a merry laugh, she sprang lightly up, and gamboled about him like a young fawn, as she exclaimed:

"I was n't hurt a bit, not a bit, not a bit! I was running and I caught my foot in a vine, and I cried out because I was all alone!"

"But you won't be all alone now you have found me, Little Sister."

"No, of course I shan't, Little Brother! But what do you do here? Show me everything in this wood, and tell me all the stories you know!"

So he took her to the old mother-tree, the maple whose lap was so nice and wide and her arms so comforting, and who kept secrets so well. And there he told her several little stories.

Next, he took her to the lady birch, who seemed



to be ever leaning forward as if she were listening, and trying to pull her one foot out of the ground, so that he thought she wanted to get away and go somewhere else—to the other side of the world, perhaps!

"And where is the other side of the world, Little Brother?"

"Why, it 's over the mountain, where the sun goes when it sets," he answered.

And then he showed her the old man hemlock, shaggy-haired and silent and sober; but the birds and his mother only let him go there when Don was in the field and had promised to "keep an eye on the little feller." Fortunately, haying had begun again, and so the very next day he went to the same spot and saw Little Sister again, as he had been quite sure he would. He had lain awake from happiness on his cot, and stared at the cracked and stained walls, where he had been used to fancy all sorts of pictures after he went to bed. But the only picture he saw that night was of an arch and lovely little face with



He took her to the old Mother-tree, whose lap was so nice and wide

and the squirrels were fond of him; there were ever so many foot-prints all around him in the wintertime.

"Do you live here in the winter, too?" He fancied that the little girl shivered a bit as she spoke.

"Why, yes. Don't you? But I think you must live on the other side of the world, Little Sister, where it is always summer, and you have the sun when there is n't any sun here; and that must be what makes your hair so beautiful—and your face "

But she was dancing on before him; and they came to the tiny brook, and she said quite suddenly: "I must go home, now." And the next minute she was gone.

The brown brook and the mother-maple were a long, long way from home, Little Brother thought. You see, he was only seven years old. It might have been half a mile, at the foot of the mowing; eyes as brown as the clearest pool, looking out from a mass of tumbled curls.

As soon as she spied him again, Little Sister ran to meet him, crying happily: "I 've come to hear the stories this time, Little Brother!"

"Well, I don't know any more stories; but I know poems, ever so many poems! Shall I say a poem for you?"

"Yes, do say a poem, Little Brother!"

Then they sat down side by side under a tree, and Little Brother began:

"I love sweet fairyland;
I love the lovely flowers,
Their faces smile upon me
To lighten weary hours.

"I love the grass;
I love the sky;
From this latter place
God looks down from high!"

"That 's nice," said the little girl. "Where do the poems come from?"

"Oh, they just *grow*," said Little Brother.

"They don't grow in this wood, do they?"

"They grow right up inside of me—just sing themselves to me. Whenever I 'm happy, I make a poem about it, and when I 'm sad I often make a poem about that, too."

"I like poems, whether they 're sad or happy," said Little Sister. "But it 's time for me to go home now. If your mother asks you anything, you can say you dreamed a sister in the wood. That 's what I told them yesterday!"

"She never asks me anything, only if I got my feet wet, and if I want my dinner," said Little Brother.

"Well, they asked me where I had been, and I said in the wood. I said I played with my dream brother; and they just laughed; they don't think you are real, you see!"

"But I am real!" exclaimed Little Brother, in an anxious voice.

"Of course you are; but I call you my dream brother, because if they were to know about you, they would n't let me come here any more!"

At these words everything seemed to get dark and cold all at once, and he could only cry out pitifully:

"But you *are* coming again, *are n't you?*"

"Of course I am, Little Brother! I 'm coming 'most every day, if I can! And I want you to say another poem for me, to-morrow!" And then she was gone.

The meetings went on for several days; not every day, but several days; and nobody knew anything about it, not even Don, who was greatly pressed just then with haying and harvest coming on, and only took time to notice that Little Brother was safe, and looking unusually well, for him. The pale little face actually got quite brown, and round with something of childish roundness, and a new expression crept into the big, black, speaking eyes.

As for the little fairy whose father had bought a great estate and built a summer castle on the other side of the wood, her pretty young mother was in heaven, and she had just then a thoughtless new nurse who was willing enough to be free for a part of the day, and who did n't see that the child could come to any harm, picking flowers by herself in the wood and roadside near by.

But one night when she spoke of her "Dream Brother," her grave-faced father took her on his knee, and gently and kindly began to question her more closely.

"Tell me some more about this Dream Brother of yours, little daughter," he said.

She gazed straight into his eyes.

"He makes poems, father," she said.

"What sort of poems? Where does he get them?"

"They grow right up in his heart, he says. I can say one of them to you now." And she did.

"Hm, hm," said her father. "And what does he look like, daughter?"

"He looks—oh, he looks—different! And he *is* different; but he is my Little Brother and I 'm his Little Sister that he had been looking for, ever and ever so long; and he says he 'll die if I don't come any more; and I—shan't die, because I don't want to die, but you *will* let me go and listen to his poems,—won't you, father dear!"

"Is my child a poet?" thought her father. "Or is there really some one in the wood?"

So the very next day when she slipped away from her nurse he followed. And the day after, he made some quiet inquiries about the tumble-down cottage on the mountain side, and heard about the young woman who had lived there with her boy ever since his father died; how the boy was dreadfully deformed, and, some said, not quite right in his mind; and they never called him by his name, but only "Little Brother." He heard about the faithful "hired man" who worked the tiny place on shares, and in this way kept the woman and her little boy from going to the poor-house.

When he had heard everything they knew, he called at the cottage, and there was a long talk between the rich man who had lost the wife of his heart, and whose hair was streaked with white, but not from years, and the woman whose youth and prettiness were quite gone, and whose life held nothing save poverty and toil and bitterness—and her poor frail boy with the twisted little body that it hurt her to look at, and with the poet soul that she could not understand. They talked a long time in low voices; but what they said I shall not tell you, and you may guess for yourselves how it came about that before Christmas Day Little Brother O' Dreams went to the other side of the world with his Little Sister.



Crinkum Crankums



A NONSENSE RHYME

BY ELLEN MANLY

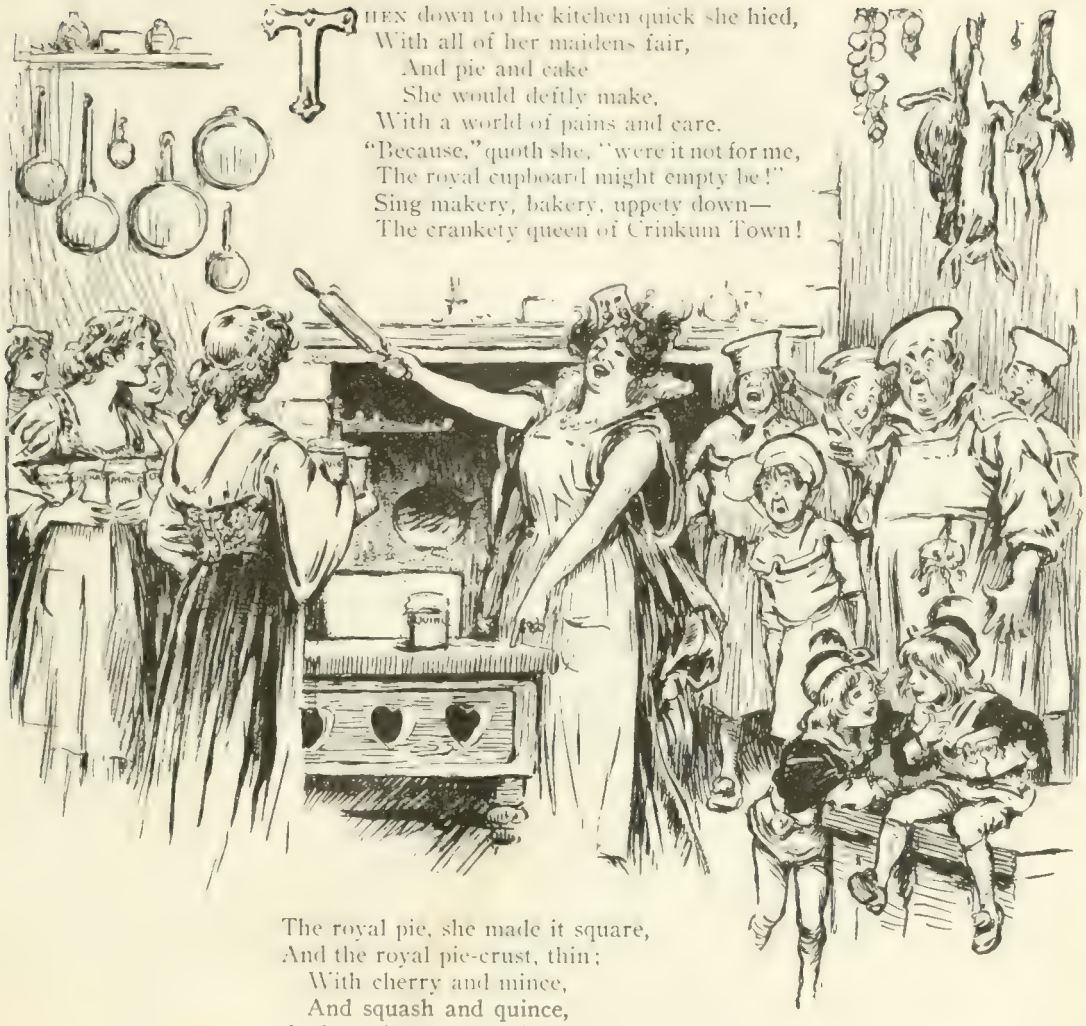
WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD B. BIRCH



THE crankety queen of Crinkum Town
A singular dame was she,
For she wore her crown
Turned upside down,
Which made her a sight to see;
And never she cared what people said,
So long as it fitted her royal head!
Sing finery, minery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!



And once a week, on a Friday night,
As the clock was striking eight,
Her sleeves of white
She rolled up tight,
And she rose from her throne of state,
And over her robe of purple hue
She fastened an apron big and blue.
Sing eightery, latery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!



Then down to the kitchen quick she hied,
With all of her maidens fair,
And pie and cake
She would deftly make,
With a world of pains and care.
"Because," quoth she, "were it not for me,
The royal cupboard might empty be!"
Sing makery, bakery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!

The royal pie, she made it square,
And the royal pie-crust, thin;
With cherry and mince,
And squash and quince,
And cranberry, too, within.
"For if *one* thing 's good in a pie," quoth she,
"Of course a dozen much better will be!"
Sing trykery, piekery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!



"I can't waste butter and eggs!" quoth she,
"A queen should never do that!"
And the cakes, ah me! were sad to see—
So heavy, and queer, and flat!
"They must go without
If my skill they doubt,
The king, and the maidens fair!" she cried,
As she viewed her work with a queenly pride.
Sing cakery, bakery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!



When the feast-day came, and the royal fare
Did the royal table grace,
The good king sate
In his chair of state,
With the maidens all in place,
And with many a sigh they ate the pie,
And the cake, with a wry grimace!
Sing sadery, badery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!







But the queen, with her crown all upside down,
And pride in her royal eye,
  Took great delight
  In the charming sight
Of her beautiful cake and pie.
For she reckoned in all the country round
A queen so clever could not be found.
Sing cookery-bookery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!





Then his majesty shook his royal head,
And unto the maidens fair he said—
To the maidens fair quoth he—
"She has excellent taste in dress, no doubt.
And right side in, or inside out,
  Or upside down,
  She may wear her crown,—
But to-day I issue a stern decree:
In the kitchen no queen may henceforth be,
But the *cook* makes pie and cake for *me!*"
Sing suppety, cuppety, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!



THREE YEARS BEHIND THE GUNS

THE TRUE CHRONICLES OF A "DIDDY-BOX"

BY "L. G. T."

Chapter II

"WHAT IS IT, MY BOYS?"

A log is a thing you have to write on every day you live, or it ceases to be a log. See what a mess I have made of it! But the old saw, "There is nothing easier than rolling off a log," shows me my way out. I am just going to roll off the log right here on the spot, and write impressions and reminiscences just as they occur to me.

If there is a day on board that a sailor can call his own, it is Rope Yarn Sunday, which always falls on Wednesday. It is then he mends or puts his traps in shipshape. What an odd picture the deck presented to-day! Half a dozen little hurdy-gurdy sewing-machines running, some cobbling, and all sorts of things which a fellow used to have done, he must do for himself. It is a good chance, when time permits, to write a letter home, and I noticed an old sailor: he had written U. S. F. S., when off came his cap, and, while he held it in his left hand, scanning the band, he slowly wrote, "Olympia." He wears half a dozen enlistment stripes on his arm, and whether he had, for the moment, forgotten what ship he was on, or whether it was a lesson in orthography he was studying, no one dared ask.

The call to general quarters, or battle-drill, we answer as readily as the mess-call. Although it has no stated time, and is supposed to come a surprise, whether in port or at sea it has always come in the daytime. But last week, when we were anchored well out at sea, our object being to test compass, etc., and it was 2-bells before the mid-watch—"in his hammock at midnight the sailor boy lay"—when the boatswain's mate piped and called, "Cast loose and provide." It was the battle-call! In less time than it takes to write it, every officer, every man, was at his station: beside the guns, at the magazine, at the ammunition-hoists, or in the torpedo-room. Then as, in awaking from sleep, a giant monster strains each separate muscle until its whole being is alert with action, so each man does his part. Up the hoists come the ammunition, cartridges weighing from one pound to those weighing two hundred and fifty being handled with equal facility; the guns are loaded; the next order is, "Aim!" followed ordinarily by "Secure!" Then the loads are withdrawn, returned to the magazines, and the drill is over. But that night, instead of "Secure," the bugle sounded "Fire!" Not a man blundered; but I am sure the stars in heaven ceased to twinkle, as twenty-three guns went off in unison. Was the order given to test us, or was a junior officer giving orders in his dreams? We shall never know.

Hawaii, "the Paradise of the Pacific," whose praises men never cease to sing, has been to us anything but a Paradise for six long, long, murky, sultry weeks. Our navigator was sunstruck, and was sent home the second week we were here. Even the volcano has sulked, and not a glimmer of his lurid splendor has he flaunted for us. And all the time we have been without fresh meat; eating yams—they were certainly intended for firewood, and not for Christian stomachs—and not a lemon or a lime to brew a cooling drink. Even our first mail was destroyed in the precautionary fumigation. If ever there be a closer call for mutiny, I rejoice not to have been there. With rations unfit and insufficient, we felt like prisoners in a workhouse; and we acted the part. Coal was unnecessarily wasted by spilling into the sea; men sulked, and refused to work. When they were put into the brig, their shipmates called: "Let them out, or put us in, too." And I believe there was n't a mother's son of us who would not have been glad to jump ship and swim home had it been possible. Oh, it is a bitter dose this, but I poured it out myself, and am going to keep swallowing and never "squeal."

Matters were growing from bad to worse, when, finally, we called for the skipper. Like a father he came to us, asking: "What is it, my boys?" Once our troubles were laid before him, everything changed.

Captain Reed is a man and an officer, every inch of him, and he has a crew that will stand by him until the ocean freezes over.

Chapter III

THE COAL-BUNKERS ON FIRE

The lingering sun seemed listening to the sweet strains of "Aloha" as they floated out from the shore; the captain had said it was sunset; the boatswain piped "A-l-l-ll hands u-p anchor!" and we bade a fond, a glad farewell to Hawaii.

In this little, new world afloat I have been learning so many things that I had not noticed

our lights, but, missing one from half way up the mainmast rigging, I asked Andy what had become of it.

I think I detected a tinge of disgust in his voice when he asked me if I had ever heard of an anchor light burning at sea. Then he showed me how all of the electric lights were placed where their beams would fall entirely within the ship. With the exception of the running lights (four in all) we were, to the man in the moon, in darkness. On either end of the bridge a triangular box, or reflector, holds a light: the starboard end a green, the port a red. At the stern of the ship, and directly in its middle, a white light is boxed, while from the foretop a white, bright light that rivals Sirius the dog-star, proclaims over the whole world of waters that she is a man-of-war.

During the night we passed numberless islands, but by noon on the following day there was no land in sight, and though the feel of the tropics lingered in our bones, the keen breath of old Ocean soon drove us into watch-caps and jerseys. Neptune was sleeping. His long-drawn breathing waved his blue blanket into billows whose only gleam of white was a feathery froth cut by our ship and trailed in our wake, and into whose spray the tiny storm-petrels hung their slender legs, apparently treading the water, which was growing dark and darker, frowning back at the darkening sky above.



"AT FIRST WE SHOVELED THE BURNING COAL INTO SACKS."

Old salts will tell you that Mother Carey controls her chicks as unfailingly as the barometer controls its mercury, but it was the latter the officers depended upon; and whenever a chance could be found we would hasten 'midships, hoping against reason, but the telltale silver was sinking, sinking in the barometer. Steadying sails were hoisted, the guns trained in, life-boats made ready in their cradles with their oars doubly lashed. In short, we "secured" for a storm, and were scarce ready when an ugly green sea rushed upon us, pouring brine into every corner of the ship.

Because Bill Phelan discovered a cozy corner on the gun-deck where men could lie and snooze when off duty, it was, even before we left San Francisco, christened the "Phelan Building." When this particular sea went over us it left six inches of water on the gun-deck, and the boys crawled out, declaring the Phelan Building was swamped. Bill never stirred. The ship rose and pitched, while the spent water rushed fore and aft with the force of a hydraulic monitor, and still Bill hung to a stanchion, apparently unruffled. When his shipmates pleaded with him to come along, he answered by asking:

"Do you think I am going to leave all this nice warm water to go out in the cold storm? Don't disturb me, please, until the smoke-stacks are under."

But a treble from the boatswain's pipe summoned all hands on deck, for there was an alarming odor permeating the whole ship. There was a regular search-party set on the track of those fumes. Day and night it never abated, and after forty-eight hours' search, a fire was reported in a coal-bunker situated in dangerous proximity to the aft 8-inch magazine. It was unquestionably a case of spontaneous combustion. The coal, evidently being damp, had ignited under the friction caused by the ship's roll; but it was not the *cause* that interested us now, it was the threat and how to avert it.

To have done our fire-drill would have proved disastrous; instead, then, of turning the hose with salt water into the bunkers, the hollow compartment surrounding the ammunition magazine was flooded, and the black-gang, like rats in a grain-bin, dug into the coal; and while they fought the fire below, a perfect discipline reigned on deck: hatches and gun- and air-ports were doubly secured; life-lines we wove from rail to stanchions; crossing and recrossing, knotting and tying, we wove a network over and about the whole ship. Along her sides we trailed oil-bags, and the sea-anchor, a great, bulky parachute, was cast astern, where it dragged and sulked like a bulldog at its chain, while the grinding waters on the ship's sides sounded not unlike his growl, and the ship stood on beam ends, while mountainous billows rode under her; or she stood trembling in every fiber, gathering strength for the onset, and she would cut through the sea like a torpedo shot from its gun. Then she would rock and roll, her masts whipping the brine like fly-rods on a trout-stream.

Releasing hold of the life-line for one instant

as he was going inside, a man was dashed piteously, and stunned, against the turret. Before he could recover himself, the returning wash bore him away with as little ado as if at drill. The life-buoy was loosened from its trigger, and the order was trumpeted to "Man the life-boat."

Whale-boat No. 22, hanging at the lee, was called away. We were all, twelve men and a coxswain, in place ready to cast adrift, when the skipper, who had no sense but sight left, trumpeted from the bridge, "Belay that life-boat."

I stopped praying, and thanked God.

When the men down there below got the fire under control it broke out in two more bunkers; then there were no longer black-gang nor deck-hands. Everybody (even the marines, who *never* work) took a turn. At first we shoveled the burning coal into sacks, dragging it to the fire-room; but the sacks would burn away, spilling their fiery contents before we could reach the furnace. Thus we were forced to keep to the iron buckets. One man at a time would crawl through a small door into the smoldering bunkers, shovel a bucketful, and hasten away to make room for the next. We dared not throw one shovelful overboard, for it was our fuel, the ship's only hope.

The iron walls of the engine-room caught one stray note from the rhapsody of the storm, and held it in a tremolo that silenced the hissing voices of flaming tongues licking in the smoldering coals; and in their fantastic wavings I saw, in memory, a little child dip the pretty tips of a long peacock-feather brush into a burning grate, lift it proudly above his head, and march away with his flamboyant torch in his left hand, while his right beat an imaginary drum, and his baby lips toot-toot-tooted an air that marked his "marching through Georgia."

It was a strange time and place to recall such a scene in my babyhood, but I remembered still further they had said I was truly doomed to some fearful ending, and I was wondering if it had not come, when another sea broke above, and drove us under tons of water down into the deep.

For nine days the fires continued, sometimes smoldering, sometimes raging just like the typhoon that played with the ship, and during those nine days and nights, which seemed like ninety, there was neither hammock nor mess. Hardtack and coffee, taken as one could catch it, was the only ration.

Human endurance has its limit.

The gases became so overpowering below that many succumbed, and had to be hoisted to the deck to be resuscitated by the breath of the storm. It became necessary to number us into line, that none might shirk, checking us off as our turn came to shovel a bucketful and hasten to the air. Officers and men, all begrimed into a common blackness, would fall exhausted upon the decks, to sleep until roused to fresh action. Sometimes the sky would overcast and day seem like night; then the blessed rain would come in torrents that quelled the waves; but the clouds would ride on, and the wind and the waves, as if mad to have been checked, would redouble their fury, and we always faced the storm. The little wheel in the chart-house, by which one man under the direction of an officer can steer in an ordinary sea, took four, tugging with their might, to handle.

Chapter IV

How We Fought the Fire

The captain, who was omnipresent, seemed always there, eyes fixed on the binnacle, signaling orders that could not be heard. Then Quartermaster Swift would leave his side, and, with his lantern tucked inside his coat, struggle forth to hold the reel, often returning to report that instead of making two hundred miles a day, we more than one day made not a single mile.

It was not a wash of waves. Great, ugly, green seas would pile up and stand like mountains. Then the demon Wind, with a cutlass between his teeth, would cut the crest clean away, and hurl tons and tons of water upon us; and when their repeated assaults were loosening the anchor clamps on the cat-heads, we were obliged to go with rope lashings to doubly secure them. In doing this we lay at times buried under tons of water, and when we came out we could not speak for the noise of the tempest.

While all this was going on we were given extra instruction in the order to "Abandon ship." Each division comprises forty-four men and two officers, divided into two watches. Lieutenant Sherman and Midshipman Todd were in charge of my division, and they went from man to man, screaming their orders into our ears. We already knew our places and what to do, but the general plan for the emergency was explained again to each. Should the moment arrive when the fires could no longer be controlled, we were to go as a fleet.

We have launches, boats, dinghys, and catamarans sufficient to carry every man in the crew. The sailing-launch with its tall masts to carry signals, would have taken the lead as flag-ship. She was already equipped with charts, one to be given to the officer of each of the other boats, that in the event of their being buffeted apart in



THE *OLYMPIA* IN A TYPHOON—"I SAW ONLY THE SWEEPING, SEETHING WATERS, ENGULFING THE DECKS."

the sea, each craft, with the aid of chart and compass, might make its own way to Silver Island. After the last boat should have cast loose, Captain Reed, with the lead-bound book under his arm, would enter his gig with its golden arrow, and shoot out for the new flagship, of which he would be the admiral.

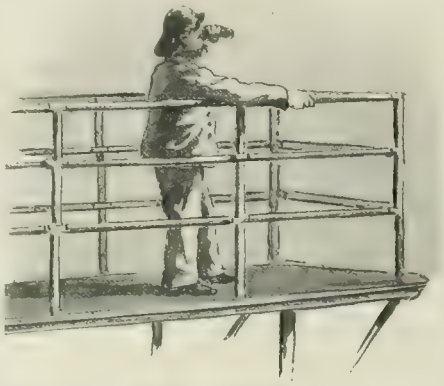
The captain, in a typhoon, is not the gilded idol that stands upon the bridge on entering port. Begrimed with soot he is incased in oilskins and a sou'wester that cannot keep out the damp, and he is no better to look upon than an old salt on a whaler.

On the tenth day, when the storm was spent

and the sea was like oil, when the fires were quenched and the ship was running her prescribed knots, the captain called us to muster. Stanchions and railings lay like twisted straws along the decks, the chart-house was stove in and partly washed away, the paint was battered from our sides, and red rust mingled with black soot to disfigure her still further; but it was not to review these things he called us; it was to express his sorrow at the loss of one of his crew, and his pride at the willingness every man had shown when the life-boat was called. He explained touchingly and briefly that he could not sacrifice thirteen men, for he realized that it was hopeless to go after him when we were every moment shipping seas.

How I wish I could write something that would convey just an idea of a typhoon,—what it was like, and how we felt. Four hundred and forty-four human lives were imperiled and not a man whimpered.

From fighting the fire, we would joyously go for a trick at the wheel,—although it was a tug that called for strength nearly superhuman. I recall a night so dark that the darkness could almost be felt. The frenzied wind blowing off the crests of black seas was hurling them with terrific force, and they stung me with biting brine as I stood in the foretop listening for the stroke of the bell. My ear was glued to the speaking-tube, yet the shout from the bridge came to me in the faintest of whispers: "What 's the matter aloft?" and I screamed back, "Can't hear the bell, sir. A-l-l-l 's well!" Oh, the winds, the winds, the winds!



THE CAPTAIN IN OILSKINS.



"THE LIFE-LINES WERE WOVE FROM RAIL TO STANCHIONS."

Again, I stood on the signal yards, but it was day. They screamed, and roared, and yelled, drowning every other sound. Like boys creating new noises by breathing across the mouths of empty bottles, they cut across the smoke-stacks and moaned into their cavernous tubes. Then, exhausted by their fury, they flagged and soughed through the rigging, quickening every line and ratline into a wh-h-r-r-rr and a Rr-r-r-r-ra-rattling that swelled into melody such as no æolian harp has ever played; then, blending into a single note, a deep monotone struck masts and yards, rising and falling, rising and falling, like the blue ocean in a calm.

It brought balm to my weariness, and, looking down the slim mast, I discovered that the ship was gone; I saw only the rushing, surging, seething waters engulfing the decks, and from my exalted height I felt like a bird of the greenwood blown out to sea.

Lieutenant Buchanan told me one night, when we were buffeted against one another on the bridge, that I should never meet another blow like this, and men are wondering how the ship ever lived through it; but I think I know.

The flag-ship is a thing alive. It has its parts and being. We have heard it breathe, and who will question that in Captain Reed it has both brain and soul?

Who has not watched the Reaper who is called Death shake his sickle in men's faces, when many would lie down and die, while one, like a panther at bay, would fight him off and live on?

That is why, like a stormy petrel, the *Olympia* rode through the typhoon.

(To be continued.)

A POLAR EXPEDITION

When I 'm a man I shall just start forth,
And always keep a-going North.
And of course by keeping on this way
I 'll *have* to come to the Pole some day.

It seems so strange, and I can't think why
The men don't get there when they try!
For surely, if you just keep on
A-going North, the thing is done!

BOYHOOD JINGLES

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE EDUCATED CAT

What good it does the Educated Cat
To jump through paper hoops, and wear a hat,
I cannot see.
But if she 'd spent her time in learning how
To milk a cow,
It seems to me
There 'd be some sense in that,
Considering that she
Likes milk for breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea.

AN INTERESTING BANTAM

My daddy says that in the days gone by,
When he was small and young like me, he useter
Play with a bantam chick that jumped so high
Most people thought he was a Kangarooster.



THE LONELY CHRISTMAS OF THE COAST PATROL. Photograph [illegible]

THE CHRISTMAS YEAR

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS



"SHE HAD A CORDIAL WORD FOR EVERY ONE OF THE NEIGHBORS OUTSIDE."

From a little Southern village comes to us the story of a woman who once lost Christmas out of her year. Just before the day, misery and disgrace, and, at last, crime came into her family. She carried the load for a while, and then fell under it, sick unto death. The blessed day dawned and passed, but she was lying unconscious and knew nothing of it. When she came to herself the people of the town had forgotten that there ever had been a Christmas. But the day had always counted for much to Jane. It seemed to her like a word of cheer from God Himself on her weary climb upward, giving her hope and strength and encouragement for the whole year to come.

Jane kept the village post-office. She was apt to be sharp and cross, because she was old, and had a secret ailment which at times tortured her. But when she took up her work on the very first day that she was able to do so, it suddenly occurred to her:

"Why not pretend that this is Christmas Day, and keep it, though nobody but God and me will know?"

She opened the window, and as she gave out

the letters had a cordial word for every one of the neighbors outside—children and hard-worked women and feeble old men. They went away laughing and surprised, but strangely heartened. When the office was closed, she bethought herself

She was very tired when she had finished her day's work. She thanked Him when she knelt down at night that He had put it in her mind to keep His day, in this secret fashion.

But she could not sleep for thinking of other



"THE LITTLE GIFTS HELD OUT FOR SOME TIME AS SHE CARRIED THEM FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE."

of gifts, and baked some of her famous crullers and carried them to folk so poor that they never had any crullers, and to the old paupers in the almshouse.

She astonished each of them, too, with the gift of a dollar.

"I can do with my old cloak another year," she thought, "and they will feel rich for days!"

"In His name," she said to herself as she gave each of her poor presents.

The little gifts held out for a long time as she carried them from house to house, her face growing kinder as she went and her voice softer. It seemed to her that never before had there been so many sick, unhappy folk in the town. Surely it was right to make them glad that He had come among us—even if it were not Christmas Day?

poor neighbors to whom she might have given some little comfort or pleasure.

"Why not make them happier that He has come, to-morrow, as well as to-day?" she thought, with a shock of delight in her discovery.

So it came to pass that this little postmistress made a Christmas out of every day in that year for her poor neighbors. When she had no more gifts for them she threw herself into their lives; she nursed them when they were sick, dragged them up when they fell, cried with them when they suffered, and laughed with them when they were happy.

And thus it was that she taught them of her Master, and led them to be glad every day of the year that He had been born into the world to be its Helper.

At any station of any railway, December 24th



Tommy's Soliloquy

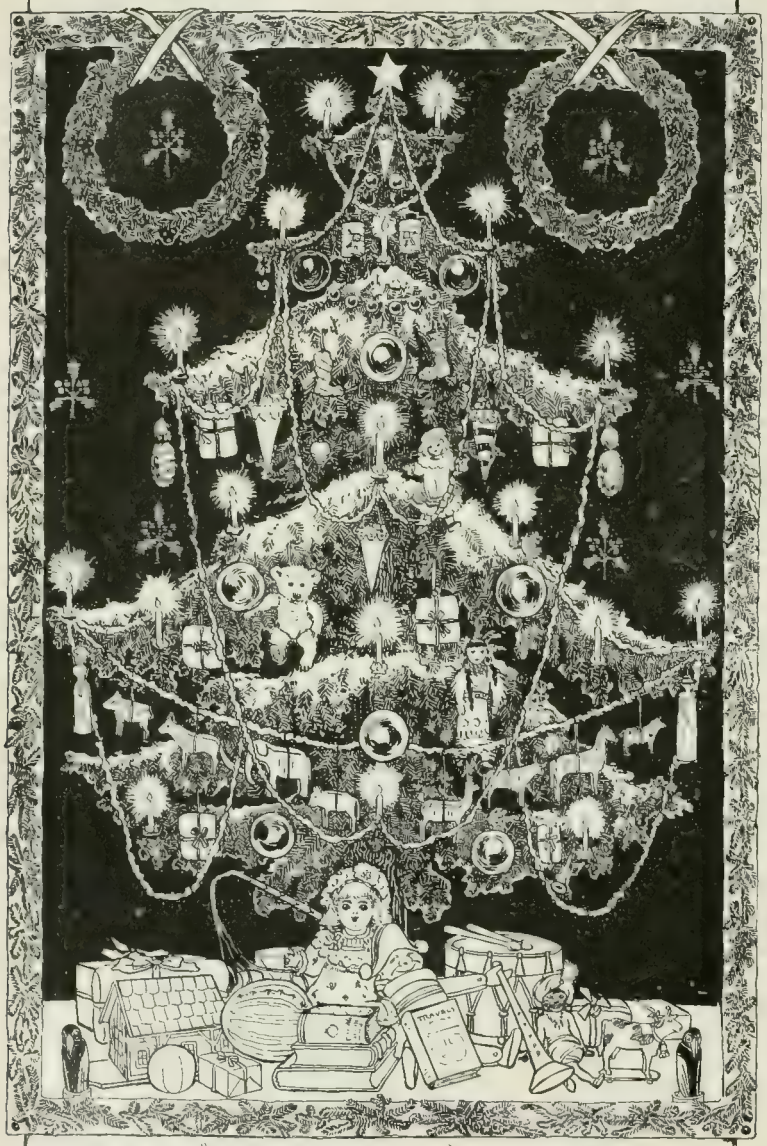


When you're on
your way to school,
You're so cold
that you could cry;

But when you're
skating on the pond
You're so warm! —
& you don't know why.

The Dear Old Tree

BY LUELLA WILSON SMITH





There's a dear old tree, an evergreen tree,
And it blossoms once a year.
'Tis loaded with fruit from top to root,
And it brings to all good cheer.

For its blossoms bright are small candles white
And its fruit is dolls and toys.
And they all are free for both you and me
If we're good little girls & boys.

The Story of the Holly Sprig



By Arthur Upson

"I 'd be the shiniest green,"
  Wished once a sprig of holly,
"That e'er at Yule was seen,
  And deck some banquet jolly!"

"I 'd be the cheeriest red,"
  Wished once the holly-berry,
"That e'er at board rich spread
  Helped make the feasters merry!"

The life within them heard
  Down dark and silent courses,
For each wish is a word
  To those fair-hidden sources.

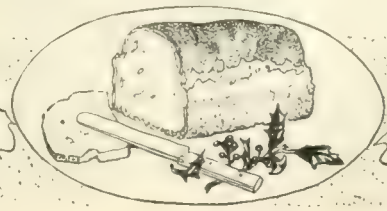
All Summer in the wood,
  While they were riper growing,
The deep roots understood,
  And helped without their knowing.

In a little market stall
  At Yule the sprig lay waiting,
For fine folk one and all
  Passed by that open grating.

The Eve of Christmas Day
  It had been passed by many,
When one turned not away
  And bought it for a penny.

Hers was a home of care
  Which not a wreath made jolly;
The only Christmas there
  Was that sweet sprig of holly.

"Oh, this is better far
  Than banquet!" thought the berry:
The leaves glowed like a star
  And made that cottage merry!



Teddy Boy and Teddy Bear

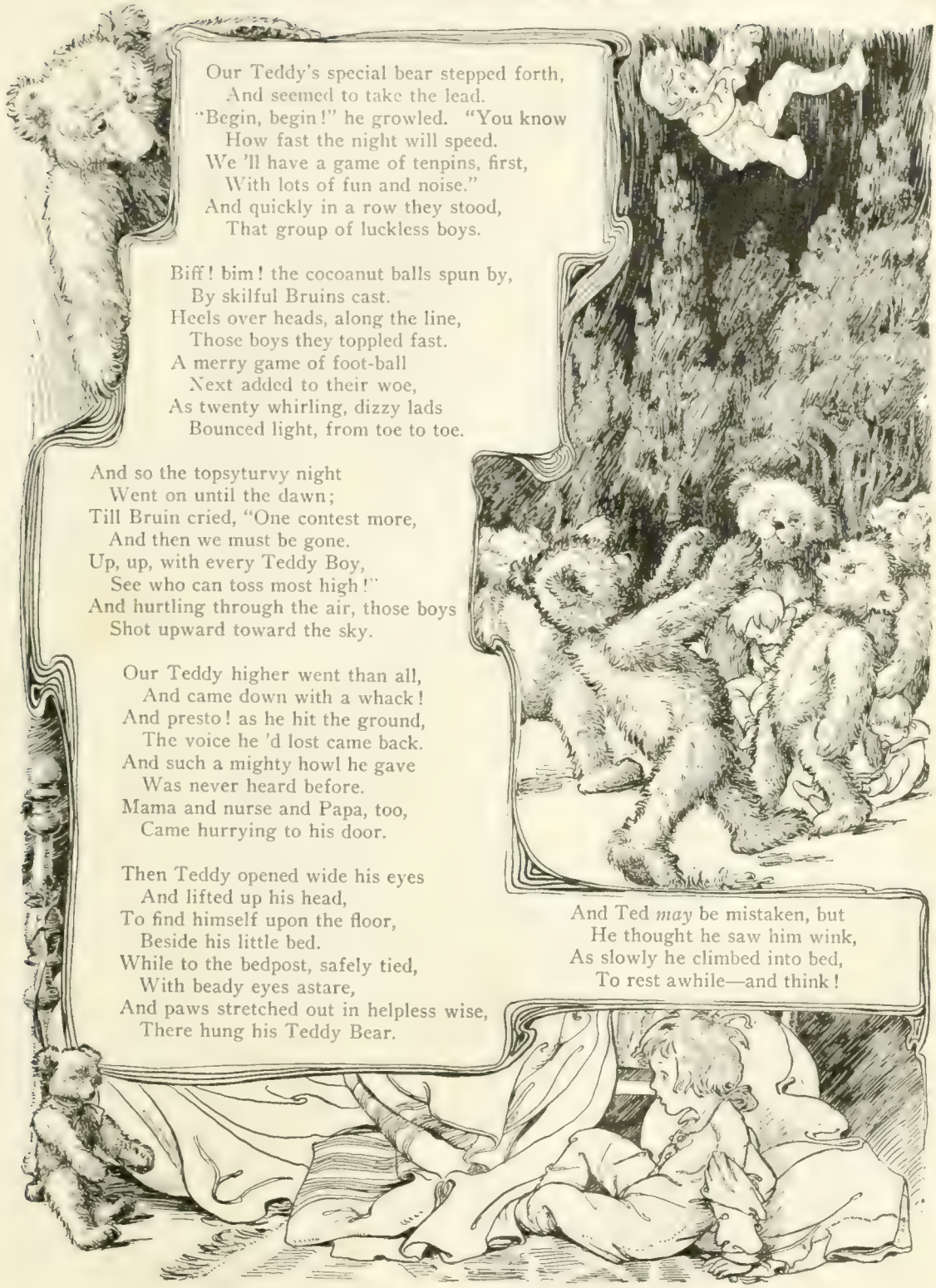
By Pauline Frances Camp

A LIVELY little Teddy Boy,
Who owned a Teddy Bear,
A very strange adventure had,
And sadly did he fare.
One night, upon his pillow white,
He 'd scarcely laid his head,
When suddenly a fuzzy form
Stood right beside his bed.

In gruffish tones it growled, "You 've played
With me a year or two;
'T is only fair that I should play
A little while with you.
I 've been a very patient bear,
And now I 'm going to see
Just how you stand the treatment that
You have been giving me."

Then seizing Teddy by the hair,
Bear through the window jumped.
Dear me! how fast against his ribs
The heart of Teddy thumped!
He tried his best to call aloud,
That help he might bespeak;
But not a sound could utter, save
A dismal little squeak.

With skip, and hop, and leap, and stride,
Each longer than the last,
They sped along until they reached
A forest, dim and vast.
And there, beneath a giant tree,
Was heard the sound of joy;
And there stood twenty Teddy bears
With each a Teddy Boy.



Our Teddy's special bear stepped forth,
And seemed to take the lead.
"Begin, begin!" he growled. "You know
How fast the night will speed.
We 'll have a game of tenpins, first,
With lots of fun and noise."
And quickly in a row they stood,
That group of luckless boys.

Biff! bim! the cocoanut balls spun by,
By skilful Bruins cast.
Heels over heads, along the line,
Those boys they toppled fast.
A merry game of foot-ball
Next added to their woe,
As twenty whirling, dizzy lads
Bounced light, from toe to toe.

And so the topsyturvy night
Went on until the dawn;
Till Bruin cried, "One contest more,
And then we must be gone.
Up, up, with every Teddy Boy,
See who can toss most high!"
And hurtling through the air, those boys
Shot upward toward the sky.

Our Teddy higher went than all,
And came down with a whack!
And presto! as he hit the ground,
The voice he 'd lost came back.
And such a mighty howl he gave
Was never heard before.
Mama and nurse and Papa, too,
Came hurrying to his door.

Then Teddy opened wide his eyes
And lifted up his head,
To find himself upon the floor,
Beside his little bed.
While to the bedpost, safely tied,
With beady eyes astare,
And paws stretched out in helpless wise,
There hung his Teddy Bear.

And Ted *may* be mistaken, but
He thought he saw him wink,
As slowly he climbed into bed,
To rest awhile—and think!

TOM, DICK, AND HARRIET

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater"

Chapter XX

GOSSIP AND A MEETING

Harry and Dick were sitting on the lower step of the little flight leading to the Cottage porch. It was between ten and eleven of a perfect May morning.

"Do you think we can beat Hammond on Saturday?" asked Harry.

Dick hesitated, then shook his head slowly.

"Honestly, I don't. But I 'm not telling the fellows that. It does n't help any, that sort of talk. I tell them we can win if we do our level best; and we can; the trouble is that every fellow can't do his level best when the time comes. Lots of them will be nervous, you know; can't help it. I will be, too."

"Are you going to practise this afternoon?" said Harry.

"No, on account of the ball game with Whittier. But to-morrow we 'll have a good stiff afternoon of it. Then Friday we 'll rest up."

"Do you think we 'll ever get the money for the dormitory, Dick?" asked Harry wistfully.

"Sure to, sooner or later," he answered stoutly. "But it 's slow going, is n't it? Have n't had any more letters, have you?"

Harry shook her head.

"Not one."

"Well," Dick laughed, "I dare say they 've got plenty of uses for their money. We 'll get it yet. And when we 've got two thousand pledged I guess your father will be willing to help us. He will see then that we 're in earnest."

"I 'm sure he will," said Harry. "And is n't it too funny for anything about his being honorary president and not knowing it?"

.

The ball game was won by Whittier Collegiate Institute with a score of seven to five, and all Ferry Hill took on hope for Field Day.

Events proved John the gardener to be a real weather prophet, for Saturday dawned clear and warm. The track and field meeting with Hammond was to begin at half-past two, and at half-past twelve Harry, music-roll in hand, was hurrying back along the dusty road from her music-lesson, fearful that she would n't get through luncheon in time to cross to Coleville on the first launch. The tower of School Hall was already in sight above the tree-tops when the sound of wheels reached her from the road behind. A station carriage drawn by a dejected white horse and driven by a freckle-faced youth of seventeen or eighteen years was approaching unhurriedly from the direction of the Cove. In the rear seat, as Harry saw when the carriage overtook her, sat a gentleman in a neat gray suit, derby hat and brown gloves. The gloves were especially noticeable since they looked very new and were clasped tightly about the handle of a slenderly rolled umbrella which stood between his knees. He was about forty years old, had a round, smiling face, shrewd brown eyes and a short, bristly mustache. As the carriage jolted past in its little cloud of dust the occupant of the back seat, who had been observing the pedestrian for several minutes, laid a hand on the driver's shoulder.

"Stop," he said.

The horse showed as little inclination to stop as before it had shown to go, and when the vehicle finally drew up motionless, with the driver still scolding fretfully at the steed, it was some little distance beyond Harry. But it was quite evident that the occupants were awaiting her, and so she hurried up to it under the smiling scrutiny of the passenger. She had been walking fast, the forenoon was quite warm and her face was flushed as a result. Also the dust had settled upon her shoes and half way up her ankles, and Harry was sensible of not appearing at her best, a fact which annoyed her since the immaculate appearance of the stranger seemed to set a standard of neatness. Then she was looking up into a pair of smiling brown eyes, and—

"Do you live around here?" he asked. "If you are going toward Ferry Hill School," the man went on, "may I not offer you a seat?"

Well, it really was warm, and she was in a hurry, and the man in the carriage smiled so nicely, and—and the next thing Harry knew she was sitting beside him, smoothing her skirts and trying to hide her dusty shoes, and the horse was once more jogging along the road. She was n't sure whether she had thanked him, so she determined to be on the safe side.

"Thank you," she said in her most polite and ladylike tones. "Ferry Hill School is my home."

"Really? Now that 's where I 'm bound. Then

you must know the principal there, Doctor Emery, I think his name is."

"He 's my father," answered Harry. "I 'm Harry—that is, Harriet Emery."

"O—oh!" said the man, and Harry thought he viewed her with a new interest. "So you 're Miss Harriet, are you? Well, my name is—but there, it is n't polite to force one's acquaintance on a lady." Harry did n't see the logic of this, and would have intimated the fact had he not gone on. "I used to go to school here myself a good many years ago," he said. "I suppose things have changed lots since then. New buildings, of course, and everything thoroughly up-to-date?"

"There 's only one new building, I guess," said Harry, "and that 's the gymnasium. Was the Cottage there when you went to school?"

"Cottage? No, I think not. The Cottage is—"

"It 's where we live," Harry answered. "There are only four buildings, you know: school hall, the dormitory, the gymnasium and the cottage. But we 're trying to get a new—" Harry stopped suddenly—"we are getting up a subscription for a new dormitory."

"Is that so, indeed? Won't you tell me something about it. For instance, how much is it going to cost, and how much is already subscribed? But perhaps you are n't acquainted with the details?"

"Oh, yes; I am. I 'm the secretary and treasurer of the society, the Ferry Hill School Improvement Society, you know." The man bowed gravely, but his brown eyes held a disconcerting twinkle. "It—it 's going to cost thirty thousand dollars," Harry went on; "and we have got six hundred and thirty-nine dollars and eighty cents."

"I see; you 've just started, then."

"We 've been at it four months," answered Harry a trifle disconsolately.

"Really? Then you have n't progressed very well, have you? What seems to be the trouble?"

And Harry told him. She found a very attentive and sympathetic listener, and she traced the progress of the undertaking from the moment of its inception to the present time, becoming now and then very eloquent and very incoherent. But her audience seemed to approve of her enthusiasm and toward the end even seemed to catch it.

"I hope you 'll succeed," he said when she had finished breathlessly. "I really do. It was a big undertaking for four young persons like you, but you 've shown pluck. I 'd like to meet this Dick Somebody; he seems to be the kind of boy that grows up to big things. But you 've all been very plucky, I think. We 'll talk about it again, Miss Harriet—I 'd like to, later on, when we 've more time. I think this is where we turn in, is n't it?"

"Yes, sir. If you tell him to drive to the Cottage you 'll find papa there, I think, because it 's almost time for luncheon. We 're having it a little earlier than usual on account of the track meet with Hammond this afternoon."

"Hammond!" exclaimed the man. "That sounds natural. When I went to school here we used to have great fights with Hammond, regular rough-and-tumble battles out on the island down there; and we played base-ball with them, too. I used to pitch; thought pretty well of myself, too; but we usually had the worst of it, though. How about it now?"

"We beat them more times than they beat us," said Harry proudly. "We have a great base-ball team this spring, and this afternoon we 're going to meet them at running and jumping and hurdling—track athletics, you know."

"Really? This afternoon? My, I 'll have to see that! Going to beat them, are you?"

"I don't know," said Harry. "I 'm afraid not. You see, it 's our first year at it; we never had a track team until Dick started it two months ago; and so we are n't very good yet. But next year—!"

"That 's what we used to say," laughed the man. "And then when next year came—why, we said it again! Do you know, I 'd give a lot to see Ferry Hill beat Hammond? I really would, Miss Harriet! I feel the old antagonism rising up inside of me at the mention of the name of Hammond. The fellows there now are n't the ones I used to know, of course; 'Tricky' Peters and Jerry Gould and—and what was that big red-headed fellow's name, I wonder! Prout! That was it; Prout! I wonder what became of him. Jerry Gould has an office in my building and we 've often talked over old times. He declares he made a home-run off my pitching once, but I don't believe it, by Jingo! What time does this athletic contest take place?"

"At half-past two, sir."

"Just the thing! I 'll go and see it. Will you take me, Miss Harriet? Good! And—and did n't you say that this Dick got up the team?"

"Dick Somes; yes, sir."

"And he 's the same one that 's president of the Improvement Society?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then. You see him and tell him that if he will win from Hammond this afternoon I 'll subscribe something handsome to the dormitory fund. What do you say?"

"I 'll tell him," answered Harry breathlessly. "But—but I don't believe it will make any difference, because he 'll do the best he can anyhow; and so will the other boys. But I 'll tell him, sir."

"Here we are. Is this the Cottage?" And Harry's new friend jumped nimbly out and gallantly assisted her.

As they entered Doctor Emery was crossing the hall, and Harry ran to him.

"Papa," she said, "here 's a gentleman who 's come to lunch with us. I invited him and it 's all right. He used to go to school here and he 's going to—to—"

"I 'm very glad to see you, sir," said the Doctor, shaking hands. "Very glad to welcome one of our old boys back again, although I fancy you were here before my day. May I ask your name, sir?"

"Kearney, David Kearney, Doctor. Yes, I left here before you took hold; over twenty years ago it was. I met your daughter on the road, begged the pleasure of her company and was rewarded with an invitation to lunch. But if it is going to put Mrs. Emery to any trouble—"

"Why, not a bit, Mr. Kearney," said that good lady herself. "It is a great pleasure, I assure you, to have you with us."

The launch was to make its first trip across to Coleville at half-past one, carrying the members of the team and a few privileged friends, returning later for a second load of passengers. At a quarter past one Dick, Roy, Chub and their teammates were hurriedly changing their clothes in the gymnasium, since it had been decided to dress before crossing to Hammond. Dick was just knotting the cords of his bath-robe about his waist when Sid put his head in at the dressing-room door and called to him.

"Say, Dick! Harry 's outside and wants to see you right off; she says it 's very important."

"All right, tell her I 'll be there in a second, Sid."

He followed Sid through the swinging doors and Roy and Chub, struggling into their white and brown running costumes, viewed each other inquiringly. Then Dick thrust the doors open.

"Roy and Chub!" he called. "Come out here quick!"

Then they too disappeared and it was the turn of the others to wonder and speculate. Five minutes later Sid once more appeared.

"Dick says for every fellow to come out right away," he announced. "He 's got important news."

A minute later they were all out on the porch, crowding around Dick. Roy and Chub were beside him, and Harry was standing with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks on the stone railing behind them.

"What 's up, Dick?" asked Ed Whitcomb anxiously. "Hammond has n't forfeited the meet, has she?"

"No," answered Dick. "Just wait a minute, fellows; I 've got something to tell you." When quiet was restored he went on. "It 's a long story, but I 've got to make it as short as I can, so if you have any questions to ask wait until later on. You fellows know—or maybe you don't know, but it 's a fact—that we need another dormitory here at Ferry Hill. The Doctor has n't much more than paid expenses the last few years. He needs more boys, and that means more dormitory room. So a while back, along in January, four of us—Harry and Roy and Chub and myself—got up a sort of a club that we called the Ferry Hill School Improvement Society. The purpose was to get money for a new dormitory. We talked with the Doctor about it, but he thought we were just sort of fooling, you know, and would n't have anything to do with it. So we went ahead alone. We sent letters to some of the graduates and we got about six hundred dollars. There was one grad we wrote to who did n't pay any attention to our letter. You have all heard of him, I guess: Mr. David Kearney."

There was a chorus of assent.

"Well, he turned up here a couple of hours ago. Instead of answering our letter he waited until he had a chance and came up here to see us."

There was an incipient cheer which Dick waved down.

"He wants us to win from Hammond. He says that when he was here at school, about twenty years ago, Hammond used to beat Ferry Hill almost all the time. Mr. Kearney played on the ball team; used to pitch; and when Harry told him we were going to meet Hammond on the track this afternoon he said he was going to stay over and see it—said it would do him a lot of good to see Ferry Hill beat Hammond just once at something."

This time the cheer would not be denied, and Dick had to wait until it had died down before he went on.

"So he has sent a message to us by Harry. 'If,' he says, 'you beat Hammond this afternoon, I 'll make a handsome contribution to the dormitory.' "

"*Ph-e-ew!*" whistled somebody, and for a moment bedlam broke loose.

"Now," continued Dick, as soon as he could make himself heard, "I know you fellows don't need this to make you do your very best. You 'd have done that anyhow, merely for the sake of beating our rival over there, for the sake of Ferry Hill! But you 're not going to do any less now that you know that so much more depends on victory; you 're going to do a little better than your best, fellows; you 're going over there with

a determination to bring back the championship and help on that new dormitory! Now, let 's have a cheer for Mr. Kearney."

And when it had been given,

"A cheer for Ferry Hill, fellows!" cried Dick.

And then, still shouting and cheering, they tumbled down the steps and raced for the landing.

Chapter XXI

FERRY HILL AGAINST HAMMOND

The Oval at Hammond Academy lies on a broad plateau just beyond the campus. By half-past two the stand was well filled.

The clerk of the course, a Hammond youth, bawled importantly for the contestants in the trial heats of the 100 yards and presently eight youths gathered at the head of the stretch. Three were Ferry Hill entries and five wore the Hammond colors. Four at a time they sped down the alleys and Ferry Hill found cause for rejoicing, for three of her sprinters had qualified for the finals —Post, Eaton and Walker,—while only one Hammond man had made good.

Up on the grand stand Harry signified her delight by waving the brown-and-white banner she carried. Beside her was Mr. Kearney, and beyond him Mrs. Emery and the Doctor. The visitor had pleaded ignorance and Harry was explaining volubly.

"There are twelve events, you see," she said. "And in each one the first four fellows count. The winner makes five points, the one coming in second makes three, third place counts two and fourth place one. That makes eleven points for each event, or 132 points for the meet. And of course the team that wins a majority of the 132 points wins the meet."

"But would n't it be possible for each side to make half of 132 points? Then nobody would win, eh?"

"It would be a tie. But it does n't very often happen that way, Mr. Kearney."

"What are they going to do now?"

"I think this is the 120 yards' hurdles; the high hurdles, they call it. We won't do much in this because we have only two fellows entered and neither of them is much good."

And so it proved; Hammond got first, second and fourth places, and Ferry Hill third.

"That makes Hammond 9 and Ferry Hill 2," said Harry. "Well, we did n't expect anything in the high hurdles, so we 're really two points ahead."

"Half-milers this way!" called the clerk.

This was a spirited—not to say exciting event, and was finally won by Roy with James, of Hammond, a bare two yards behind him, thus making the score for this event Hammond 8; Ferry Hill 3.

"Oh, said Harry disappointedly, "that 's too bad. Dick was counting on six points in the eight-eighty. Let me see, that makes the score 17 to 5 in Hammond's favor. Is n't that just too mean for anything?"

Mr. Kearney agreed smilingly that it was. "But it 's early yet," he said. "They 're putting up the strings again. What does that mean?"

"Final of the 100 yards' dash," answered Harry. "Oh, I do hope Chub will win this!"

"Chub? Let me see now, he 's one of the four conspirators—I mean one of the society, is n't he?"

"Yes. His real name is Tom, you know—Thomas H. Eaton. That 's he; the boy with the white sweater over his shoulders; see?"

"Yes. So that 's Tom? And your name is Harriet; and then there 's a Dick, too."

"Why, yes, Dick Somes."

"To be sure. And the fourth one?"

"Roy, the boy that just came in second in the half-mile.

"Thank you," said Mr. Kearney. "I think I have you straightened out now. Shall we stand up so we can see this better?"

Ferry Hill was certain of three places in the 100 yards since she had three of the four entries, but it was going to make some difference which those places were. Chub and Post and Walker were crouching side by side, each at the head of his alley, and with them was the lone Hammond entry, a fellow named Ranck. Then the pistol broke the stillness and the four leaped away from the mark and came charging down the track. It was all over in an instant—to be exact, ten and two fifths seconds—with Chub first by a yard and Ranck in second place. Harry mourned the loss of second place but looked cheerful as she scrawled a very big, black 8 to Ferry Hill's credit. The score so far stood Ferry Hill 13, Hammond 20; and that looked far better than 5 to 17.

There was quite a field for the 220 yards' dash, and three trial heats were run before the participants in the finals were decided on. In the end Ferry Hill won two places and Hammond two, Post and Chub Eaton qualifying.

The quarter-mile run was a tame affair, Holmes of Hammond taking the lead at the start and never being once headed to the tape. Roy won second place again, followed by Pryor and Kirby, and Ferry Hill's stock went up several points. The score now stood 19 for the visitors and 25 for the home team. Things began to look more cheerful, and Dick, looking over Sid's shoulder as the manager reckoned up the points, felt en-

couraged and even hopeful. But ten minutes later the prospect was very black indeed. The result of the pole vault was made known, giving Hammond 9½ points and Ferry Hill 1½, Cullum having tied a Hammondite for third place. Then the best Glidden was able to do in the low hurdles was to come in a bad fourth.

"The dickens!" wailed Sid. "That gives them 45½ to our 21½! I guess it 's all over but the shouting, Dick."

"And I guess we won't have to do any of that," was the answer. "Is n't the broad jump finished? I 'm going over to see. By the way, what comes next? Two-twenty dash? Where 's Chub? Find him and send him over to me, Sid."

But the announcer was already busy with his crimson megaphone, and Dick stopped to listen. Ferry Hill had secured first and third places in the broad jump and second, third and fourth in the shot put. Sid's pencil worked as the cheers swept across from the south end of the stand.

"That 's better," breathed Dick as he watched the totals appear. "Ferry Hill 34½, Hammond 54½."

"We 've only gained four points," objected Sid.

"Yes, but I did n't look for anything much in either of those events, and we got the big end of each. Give us six points in the high jump, six in the hammer throw and five in the 220, Sid, and see what it foots up."

"Only 51½," said Sid.

"Is that all?" Dick frowned perplexedly. "We 'll have to find some more somewhere, then. Oh, Chub! Chub Eaton! Where 's Post? Hurry him up; I want to see you both."

Affairs began to look up for Ferry Hill after the 220 yards' dash, for Post won handily and Chub found the tape a bare six inches ahead of Ranck of Hammond. Another Hammondite, Custis, took fourth. And when the time was announced it was found that Post had simply knocked the top off of Hammond's record for that event. The latter was 24⅘ seconds, and Post had finished in 24 flat. Then came the results of the high jump and the hammer throw, and Ferry Hill's supporters went crazy with delight. In each event the wearers of the Brown-and-White had done better than any one had dared to expect. In the jump they had secured all but two points and in the hammer throw Fernald had sent the weight 129 feet 6 inches, securing first place by over four feet from his nearest competitor, Harris. Post had got third place, leaving only one point for the Cherry-and-Black. And the score showed Ferry Hill ahead, 61½ to 59½!

Up on the stand Harry was dancing with glee, deaf to the smiling remonstrances of her mother. Mr. Kearney, too, made no effort to disguise his pleasure and excitement.

"Well, I fancy that means a victory for us, eh, Miss Harriet?" he asked. "There 's only one more event, is n't there?"

"Yes, the mile run," answered Harry breathlessly. "And—oh, where 's my pencil? Quick! Thank you. Oh, dear! We 've got to get at least five points or Hammond will win yet! We must get first place or second and third! Oh, I don't believe we can ever do it! There 's only Dick and Chase; the others are n't any good at all! Dick! Dick! You 've got to win!"

"Well, from what I 've heard of him, I think he 's quite likely to," said Mr. Kearney smilingly.

"He has n't been doing very well, though," grieved Harry. "You see, he 's had so much to think about and attend to! I don't see how it could be a tie, but if it should—would n't it be awful if we lost so much for the dormitory by half a point?"

"I suppose it would," said he, looking smilingly at her pale face.

"There!" cried Harry. "They 're on their marks! Why, Warren is n't there! That gives us only three men! Is n't it dreadful?"

"Which is Dick Somes?" asked the visitor. Harry pointed him out with a finger that trembled.

"The big boy with the yellowish hair," she whispered. "And the little one is Chase. And Townsend 's next to him on the left. The boy with black hair, the one with the Cherry-and-Black ribbon across his shirt is Connor! He 's Hammond's crack distance runner. I—I hope he won't win!"

"So do I," answered Mr. Kearney. "They 're off!"

The pistol broke sharply on the air and the field of eight runners leaped forward.

"*Oh!*" breathed Harry. "It 's four times around, and I 'm just sure I 'll die before they finish!"

There 's nothing very spectacular about a mile race. It is rather a test of endurance than of speed when compared to the middle distances and sprints, and as the time for the distance is likely to be somewhere around five minutes the pace is not fast enough to be inspiring to the spectators. As the runners took the first corner they seemed rather to be out for a gentle exercise jog than taking part in a race which, no matter how it was won, would decide the fortunes of the day.

Ferry Hill had entered Dick Somes, Chase and Townsend. Warren had intended to run, but at the last moment had funked it. For Hammond there were Connor, Parish, White, Temple and

Frothingham. Connor held the Hammond record of 5 minutes 7⅗ seconds and Parish was credited with something very close to that. The other wearers of the cherry-and-black were unknown quantities. Dick had done the mile the year before in about 5 minutes and 6 seconds, but so far this spring had not been able to come within ten seconds of that time. Chase was still slower and Townsend had absolutely no hope of being able to finish inside the half-minute. But he was going to be useful.



"HE SAW HER HAND SHOOT OUT TOWARD HIM WAVING A HANDKERCHIEF AND BECKONING HIM ON" SEE PAGE 147

At the beginning of the second lap he pushed to the front and took the lead, none disputing it with him. For the next lap he set a hard pace. Connor was running fifth, with Dick dogging him closely, stride for stride. At half the distance Townsend drew aside, badly tuckered, and the lead went to Temple of Hammond. By this time the eight runners were strung out for fifty yards, with Temple, Parish, Chase, Connor and Dick well together in the van. As they went by the stand on the beginning of the third lap the cheering became frantic. As though in response, Connor suddenly drew out and passed Chase. But Dick was close after him, and at the turn they had settled down again. Temple gave the lead to Parish and gradually dropped back. Then Chase began to lose and the hearts of Ferry Hill's supporters sank. It was Parish, Connor and Dick now, with Temple and Chase fighting together yards behind. Then they were crossing the line and the last lap had begun.

The voices of the judges announcing the fact were drowned in the shouts of entreaty and encouragement that broke from the spectators.

"There 's only Dick left!" wailed Harry. "Chase is out of it entirely! If Dick does n't win we 'll lose! Dick! Dick! Run! You 've got to win, Dick!"

But Harry's frantic entreaty was lost in the babel of sound and the runners took the turn, clinging closer to the inner rim of the cinder track. Around the curve they went, Parish, Connor, Dick, one close behind the other, heads up, elbows in, strides matched.

So far Dick had stood the strain well, but now the work was beginning to tell on him. Breathing was getting difficult, his knees began to feel a little bit uncertain and his head displayed a tendency to drop back. He realized that to win better than second place was almost out of the question. Both Connor and Parish were experienced runners, were conducting the race according to some plan settled upon between them and were not going to let their adversary pass if it was possible to prevent it. And yet if Ferry Hill was to win the meet it was absolutely necessary for him to reach the tape ahead of the others. If he came in second and Chase, by good luck, came in fourth it would give them four points, just



"HARRY'S FACE, FLUSHED, EXCITED AND RADIANT, BENT OVER HIM AS SHE HELD A LITTLE SLIP OF WHITE PAPER BEFORE HIS EYES."

enough to lose by one! So it was first place or nothing—and Dick began to think it would be nothing.

He believed that somewhere on the back-stretch Parish would let Connor by and at the same time try to block the enemy. Connor would then hit up the pace, Parish would follow if he could and if not would lag and make it necessary for Dick to run outside of him; and in the last two hundred yards of the mile every effort, no matter how

slight, counts. The idea of risking all on a spurt, passing both opponents and then trying to keep the lead to the tape occurred to him, but was relinquished. He believed that he had enough strength left for a sprint at the finish, but he doubted his ability to make the pace for the rest of the distance.

The one encouraging thought that can come to one during a hard race is that your opponent is probably just as tired and just as worried as you are. And as Dick followed the others around the turn into the back-stretch he made the most of that thought. If his own breath came in scorching gasps from tired lungs, so must that of Connor and Parish; if his own legs ached, so must theirs; if he was at his wits' end how to get by them, they were at their wits' end to prevent him.

From across the field came the cheers of the watchers, but he was scarcely aware of them. His whole mind was on the race, and he watched Connor as a cat watches a mouse. For him the only sounds were the hard breathing of the runners and the crunch of the cinders underfoot. A hundred yards behind, although he did n't know it, Temple and Chase had finished their battle and the former had won; Chase, with head thrown back, was following gamely but hopelessly, already out of the race.

Yard by yard the back-stretch was conquered. The curve was already at hand and still Dick's opponents made no move. The three ran steadily on, stride for stride. Perhaps they were waiting for him to try and pass, hoping he would wind himself in a useless attempt to take the lead. Well, he 'd fool them! Then the wooden rim at his left began to curve, and suddenly Connor had slipped from his place with a gasping warning to Parish and had taken the lead. Dick went after him, but as soon as he had drawn alongside of Parish that youth, watching for him, quickly closed up behind Connor. Dick must either drop back to third place again or run on the outside, covering more ground on the turn than the enemy. Well, he was probably beaten anyway, and so he 'd stay where he was. Perhaps he could cheat Parish out of second place. So around the turn they went, Connor hugging the pole in the lead, Parish right behind him and Dick at his elbow. And now they were on the home-stretch with the tape and the little knot of judges and timers scarcely sixty yards away.

But what a distance sixty yards is when seventeen hundred have gone before it! And what a deal may happen in that little stretch of cinder-path! The stand was almost deserted and the spectators were lined along the track almost from the corner to a point beyond the finish, so that the runners came on through a lane of gesticulating arms, waving flags and caps, and frantic noise.

Suddenly Connor's head tipped back a little. Dick, watching, saw and realized that the last struggle had begun. With a gasp for breath to carry him on, he began his sprint at the same moment that Connor strove to draw away. A dozen strides and Parish was no longer beside him. A dozen more and he was almost even with the Hammond crack. But now his breath threatened to go back on him utterly at every aching gasp and his legs weighed hundreds of pounds. The hope of victory, born suddenly back there by the turn, withered under the knowledge of defeat.

Then into his range of vision, standing sharply out against the confusion of dark figures lining the track to the right, leaped a girl in a white dress, a small, slim form with the reddest of hair and a pale, entreating face. And in the moment that he saw her, her hand shot out toward him, waving a handkerchief and beckoning him on. And in the instant he remembered that there was more in this than a victory over Hammond; that on his winning or losing depended the success of the F. H. S. I. S.! To win meant success for his pet plan; to lose—but he was n't going to lose now!

Stride! Stride! Gasp! Gasp! He had an idea that Connor had vanished into thin air; at least he was no longer at his elbow! Faces swept by like strange blurs. The line was in front of him, half a dozen yards away. He wondered why nobody spoke, why everything was so still; then awoke to the knowledge that the shouting was deafening. Cries for "Ferry Hill! Ferry Hill!" for "Hammond! Hammond!" rent the air. Another stride—another—and then somebody got in his way and he could n't stop and so tumbled over into somebody's arms.

He had a dim idea that he was being dragged across the cinders. Then he had no ideas at all for a minute. When he got a good, full hold on his faculties again he opened his eyes to find Chub and Roy beside him. He smiled weakly.

"Did I—win?" he gasped.

"Two yards to the good!" said Chub. "We 've won the meet, Dick, by a point: 66½ to 65½!"

"Yes," cried another voice, "and something else, too! Look! Look!" Harry's face, flushed, excited and radiant, bent over him as she held a little slip of white paper before his eyes. Dick looked and read with a dizzy gaze:

COUNTY NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK CITY

Pay to the order of Tom, Dick, and Harriet

Twenty-nine Thousand Three Hundred and Sixty and $\frac{20}{100}$ Dollars. DAVID KEARNEY.

THE END.



AN INDEPENDENT WORKER CARRYING A BEAM TO THE STACK.

THE WORKING ELEPHANTS OF INDIA

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

An animal that weighs over five tons, possesses the strength of many horses, and intelligence of a high degree ought to be a very useful servant; yet it is only India that has really developed the elephant as a worker. Of late years a few big African specimens have also been trained for railroad construction work on the Congo and in Uganda; but the men in charge have much to learn about a creature so timid and delicate and whimsical, as an elephant is—strange as this may sound.

It will be news to many that these huge creatures are still used in the Indian Army, as they were thousands of years ago when princes built war towers upon their backs, and drove into battle in living fortresses. Only to-day the elephants are merely used as draft animals for the heavy batteries of artillery and the guns of the siege train.

Yet docile and tractable as the big beast is, he must be taken out of the traces before the guns come under fire, and replaced by bullocks; for his nervousness is notorious among all who have ever had to do with him. On the plains of India the elephant batteries maintain their three and a half miles an hour, and keep up all day with infantry on the march.

Females of twenty years of age are preferred, and such an animal is of enormous use in the forbidding passes of the Himalayas. Every heavy battery consists of four forty-pounders, and two 6.3-inch howitzers; the whole being moved by twelve elephants.

But to see the working elephant at his best one must go into Burma, where the teak timber trade, worth millions of dollars a year, is the staple industry. Teak, as every one knows, is a very valuable wood quite equal to mahogany, and much used in expensive furniture and fittings. There are in Burma vast forests, thousands of square miles in extent, and these are leased by the Indian Government to private corporations, many of whom employ over a thousand elephants, each one of them worth at least 5000 rupees, or $1675. These elephants are renewed from the wild herds, as occasion demands. But the Indian Government strictly protects every elephant between the Himalayas and Cape Cormorin, and not one may be shot save by special license, and when it is clearly shown he is a "rogue," or out-

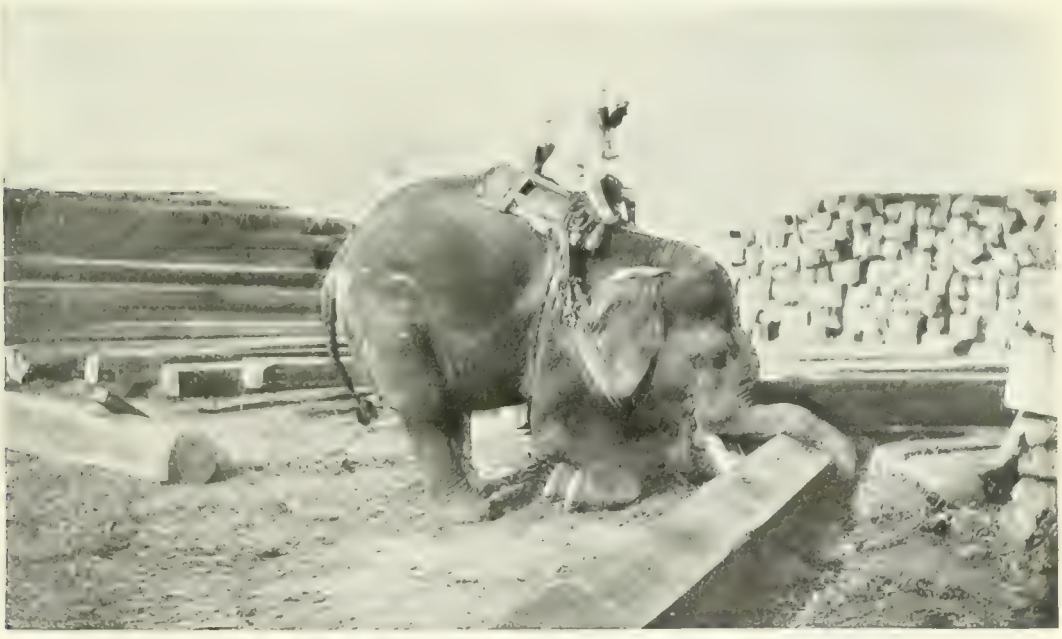
cast from the herd, and on that account likely to become a serious menace to the villagers.

The Indian Government itself undertakes the trapping of the wild elephants through its Forest Department. In the old days this was done by digging pits in the jungle and covering them lightly with twigs, branches, and grass. But for one elephant successfully taken by this method, at least twenty were maimed or destroyed, and now the "kheddah" system is in vogue. The "kheddah" is simply an immense inclosure made with the trunks of trees and with a V-shaped entrance. On a day prearranged, thousands of beaters under the supervision of white *shikaris,* or hunters, drive the wild herds from their feeding grounds toward the kheddah; and at last with a thunder that shakes the ground many hundreds of the monsters rush screaming and trumpeting into the great inclosure.

Next day expert *mahouts,* or drivers, mounted upon tame working tuskers, enter the kheddah and begin to make friends with the captives. The work of taming these wild elephants is astonishingly simple. It is also comic to witness, because so well-trained are the tame decoys that should the prisoners misbehave themselves they are very drastically corrected by the tusks of their taskmasters. In a week or so each captive is led forth between two tame elephants, and his education is very nearly complete. Many elephants are shipped from India proper up to Moulmein and Burma in ships specially built for the purpose. I have seen as many as 120 full-grown elephants being put on board one of these curious liners. They are lifted by a special sling harness, attached to cables and a powerful crane.

It is pitiful to see the terror of the enormous brutes dangling helplessly in mid-air, and when one realizes what agonies they suffer at the mere sight of a mouse, one understands their dread of being swung in air. The elephant laborers are fully grown at twenty-five years, and then they do their best work, traveling faster than the older ones. For nearly fifteen years they continue to increase in weight and their experienced mahouts are able to tell their age at a glance by the shape of their ears. As workers they are both quiet and swift; I have seen a Rangoon elephant outrun a fast horse for a short distance. Oddly enough they cannot jump in the least, and a deep ditch only seven feet wide is to them quite impassable. Near-sighted they are, too; but to make up for this their sense of smell is little short of miraculous.

It may sound strange to speak of elephants as being very delicate animals, yet such is the fact; and the workers of Burma are treated far more considerately than we treat our horses. During the cooler part of the year they only work from early morning until two or three in the afternoon, but in the hot season three hours in the early morning is their entire day's labor. Those em-



HOW ONE OF A TEAM OF TWO ELEPHANTS GETS HIS TUSKS UNDER A LOG



ELEPHANTS DRAGGING TEAK LOGS THROUGH THE FOREST TO THE RIVER.

ployed in the jungle forests have to forage for their own food, and very skilful they are in getting roots, bark, and succulent saplings just as they do in their wild state.

On the other hand those employed in the great sawmills are fed like ordinary stock. Those who carry loads upon their back wear a soft padded cloth, and over this come two stout flat bags six feet by two, and stuffed with dried grass or cocoanut fiber. These are attached by cross-



WORKING ELEPHANTS IN THE IRRAWADDY.

pieces and placed on either side of the animal's backbone, so as to distribute the weight evenly. And on these pads rests a third large one, which receives the load directly. The whole gear is most carefully adjusted, lest the back be galled; in such event even the strongest elephant is laid by for weeks. Half a ton is a good load for continuous marching, though an elephant may bear a much heavier burden for short distances.

These draft elephants will pass through a country, heavily laden, such as could not be traversed even by mules or donkeys. Now and then, however, they come to grief. On one occasion near Mogok, the city of ruby mines, I saw a caravan of laden elephants traversing a jungle path through bamboo and coarse grass fourteen feet high. The track in some cases was embanked, but heavy rains had undermined the soil; and just as the biggest elephant was passing, the high embankment gave way under his weight, and with a scream of terror the huge animal fell sideways, rolled over and over no less than five times, and at last, to the immense relief of his mahout, stopped short on the brink of a deep ravine. Of course it was thought the elephant was killed. He was none the worse for his serious fall, however, but his load had been wrecked. The broad girth had broken, and tents, cooking utensils, medicines, and fifteen or twenty live ducks were scattered over the hillside.

In the teak forests and also in Upper Burma very young elephants are ridden like ponies. These calves are extremely useful for very difficult country; they give no trouble, and are ridden with a soft pad and stirrups. They will do their fifty or sixty miles a day, guided only by a slight tap on either side of the head, a little pressure of the knee, or even a word whispered in their ear.

But it is in the heart of the teak forests that one sees the working elephant at his best. As fast as the trees are cut down and trimmed, teams of elephants with harness and chains are attached to the huge logs, which are promptly dragged through forest paths to the nearest stream. Here the logs await the rainy season, when little rivulets become roaring torrents, and float down the timber into the great Irrawaddy itself.

You will see that the elephant is a conscientious worker, and when pulling a heavy load he will lean right forward exerting every muscle of his immense body, and even throwing himself on his knees in a loyal effort to accomplish his task.



A TEAK-WORKING ELEPHANT AT MEID [illegible]

Many of the animals lose their tusks in the performance of their duty; for it is with forehead, trunk and tusks that they handle huge logs with truly wonderful dexterity. In the great sawmills worried if the logs are not placed straight! Yet it is a well-known fact in Burma that this is so. It is the same in Ceylon, where elephants are frequently employed on the building of reservoirs,



MANŒUVERING A ROUGH LOG.

of Moulmein and Rangoon other immense herds of tame elephants are kept to receive the logs floated down from the forest, and tow them ashore. The big workers then drag the logs to the mills, and once inside the immense sheds they adopt new tactics, rolling and piling the logs, and avoiding the machinery with rare skill.

It is noteworthy that the tuskers employed in this work use their delicate trunks far more freely than when in a wild state. They receive the squared logs from the mills and form them into stacks, sometimes working singly, but occasionally in teams of two. It is interesting to watch a brace of tuskers tackling a massive sixty-foot log inside the mills. The mahouts declare they "talk" to one another, even though no sounds be audible. One goes to either end of the log; the tusks are put upon the ground, the trunk curled over, and next moment the great beam is upborne upon the two pairs of tusks, and the animals begin their march out to the stack. One of them, as by prearranged signal, carefully rests his end on the last log put in position, gives a little trumpet note, and then his brother worker rams home the log into the stack. It seems almost incredible that these intelligent creatures should be so fastidious about their work as to be quite making roads and other works undertaken in famine seasons.

Lord Stanmore, formerly Governor of Ceylon, himself told me he had witnessed such cases. There was a big tank under construction near Kandy, and two hundred elephants were employed. The tuskers carried huge slabs of stone from the quarries to the masons, and the latter prepared beds of mortar for their reception. With infinite care the elephant placed his stone in position, and then stepped back a little with his head on one side to see whether the stone were correctly placed. If not, the elephant would step forward again, knock it with his massive head here, or pull it over with his trunk there, until he was satisfied the stone was well and truly laid. The Burmans, too, hitch elephants to their plows before sowing rice; and a stranger sight you cannot imagine than to see a five-ton monster plowing and splashing through the mud of a flooded field, dragging behind him a tiny implement which is scarcely visible.

This reminds me that these working elephants are nearly all splendid swimmers. I have seen them in the Irrawaddy while they were waiting for logs to come down, swimming for six hours without touching bottom. Occasionally, however,

an exception is found, and an elephant that cannot swim is in perfect terror of the water and will surely drown when driven beyond his depth.

But perhaps the most curious use to which I have ever seen the working elephants of India put is fishing! I once saw twenty-five elephants driven back and forth in a huge jungle lake, so as to stir up the mud on the bottom, and drive to the surface many varieties of fine fish. And therewith, the waiting men seized their prey thus curiously trapped, cut off their heads with bamboo spears, and gathered them into baskets. The elephants themselves enjoyed the sport, and at a hint from their mahouts considerately abstained from blowing under water or splashing. One white official with the party bagged seventy-two pounds of fish.

I may but briefly touch upon the elephants used in tiger hunting. Sometimes a line of them will be driven into the jungle where "Stripes" is supposed to have his habitat, and when he is driven from his lair the waiting sportsmen shoot him from the howdahs of their own elephants. Needless to say a big tusker must be trained for this work, and the native princes of India pay thousands of dollars for such animals.

A tiger-hunting elephant will face the most ferocious tiger, and when he springs will receive him on his tusks with upcurled trunk and so manœuver as to kneel upon the furious creature if possible. The unfortunate thing about working elephants, however, is that they are likely to go crazy without warning. Such an animal will suddenly kill every man within reach, and take to the jungle forthwith. A "rogue" of this kind is the terror of the Indian villager. He will lie hidden all day and come forth at night demolishing houses, and slaughtering their occupants.

It seems strange that in African lands where elephants still march in herds numbering three or four hundred, such magnificent animals should not be put to work as they are in Asia.

MOTHER GOOSE CONTINUED

BY ANNA MARION SMITH



So, children dear, pay heed to me
And hearken what I say:—
'T is always best to stay indoors
When you go out to play.
And when you slide, keep off the ice;
When sailing, stay on shore:—
'T is those who take their pleasure thus
Who live to play some more.

Ye Ballad of Scullion Jack



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BENNETT

Canto I

The Minstrel sings:

The snow lies deep on Castle-knowe;
The hills are shod with ice;
The walls are filled with gnawing rats;
The wainscot squeaks with mice;
And all stands ironed fast indoors;
Who goes out, goeth a-wing;
The ports are double-locked and barred;
There passes not anything.



And men run here, and men run there,
Eke they run up and down,
The footman after the little foot-page,
And the foot-page after the clown.
For the Duke hath lost the King's signet-ring,
Seal of his house and line.

Lonely and drear he sits, bitter with fear
Of punishment most condign.

Yet no man kens who hath taken the ring;
Ill are the castle-folk;
It hath flown away 'twixt the close of day
And the hour when the new day broke.
No man kens who hath taken it,
Nor kens how the deed was done;
Hard-locked was the Duke's bedchamber door,
Enter there might none.
And there beside the chamber door
Stout men-at-arms stood three,
To keep safe guard o'er their sovereign lord.
And who could pass that three?

The Duke hath taken a solemn vow,
A solemn vow vows he:
"Who findeth the ring of my lord, the King,
Rewarded well shall he be!
He shall have my fair young daughter to wife,
And the third of my lands in fee;
And he shall have three hundred crowns;
Lord Seneschal he shall be!"

Canto II

Down 'mid the smoky turnspits,
Clad all in grimy black,
Sitteth a lad of countenance sad;
Men call him *"Scullion Jack."*

He toileth by day for the turnspits,
In garments all tatters and bags,
And sleepeth by night, in wretchedest plight,
Outstretched on a heap of rags.

Up to the Duke's high chamber
This grimy cook's-knave went,
To where, in a chair, in dark despair,
His ill-starred master leant:
"Now, God preserve thee, sire!" he said,
"And keep thee safe and sound!
Give me thy daughter fair to wed,
And the signet shall be found."



"How!" cried the Duke, blood-red with rage,
"Durst thou speak so to me,
Thou beggar churl? I 'll see thee twirl
Upon the gallows-tree!"



"And lose the ring?" said the cook's-knave,
"And eke thine head beside:
Also thy wife, and daughter so fair,—
All for a pinch of pride?

"My birthright stands as good as thine,
Since Adam was my sire;
Thou eatest the victual, 't is true enow,
While the scullion tendeth the fire.
But which of us shall the better be
When both of us lie dead—
I, for the lack of breath to breathe,
Thou, for the lack of a head?

"Shall not men say, an thou hast me hanged,
And the scullion's story is heard,
That a lord of so high a lineage
Should better have kept his word?"

Up spake the Duke's young daughter;
Her name was Ethelind.
She was fair as the fairest daisies
That dance in the summer wind:
"Nay; I will wed the scullion," she said;
"I will be a beggar's wife.
I would rather be sold like a trinket of gold,
Than that thou shouldst forfeit thy life!"

"Then, haste thee, scullion, haste thee;
Unriddle this riddle for me;
For if you fail, by the star-light pale,
It shall go ill with thee!"



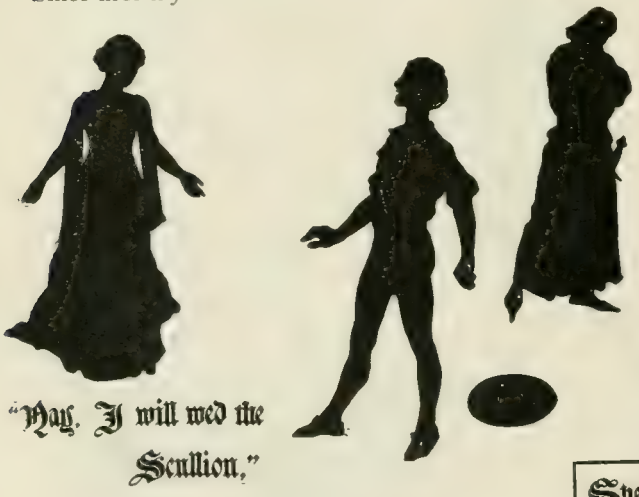
Canto III

The scullion climbs to my lady's bower,
And falleth upon his knee,
Saying, "Lend me a skein of crimson grain,
To unravel this mystery!"

But the tears they race down her wan white face:
How, can she endure
To wed this base-born scullion?
Cries she: "I thee adjure,
By the mother's love who bore thee,
Now tell me, what is thy name?
How can a woman adore thee,
To whom thou bringest but shame?"
"By my mother's love, in sooth," he said,
"I bring thee but little shame.

"My name is Jack o' the Glen-Side;
I am Laird of the Lands of Lea;
My father's name was Adam the Graeme,
Thy father's enemy.
My father's name was Adam the Graeme;
'T was he whom thy father slew;
Yet year on year, as a scullion here,
Have I served for the love of you!

"You are the great Duke's daughter;
I, but a poor outlaw;
Yet, though lands have I few, I have loved thee true
Since first thy face I saw.



"Nay, I will wed the Scullion."

So I shall love thee, ever,
Though short this life shall be."
Then "Never," she cried, "no; never
Shalt thou hang on the gallows-tree!"

She hath gi'en him a skein of the crimson grain;
"My lover, my lover!" she said;
And she hath taken her golden sleeve
And bound it about his head;
And she has done off her finger-ring;
Saying, "Take, now, this golden band,
My lord and my knight, our troth to plight!"
Hath laid it into his hand;



He hath fallen upon his knee.

And he hath kissed her bonny red mou';
He hath kissed her cherry-red cheek;
Said, "We shall be wed ere the week be sped;
Ay, or twa days out o' the week!"

She hath gi'en him a skein o' the crimson grain:
A skein? Nay, two. Ay, three!
He is gone to the Duke's bed-chamber
To unravel the mystery.

Canto IV

He hath taken the skein of the crimson grain,
And hath hanged it upon a chair,
Hath tethered the ring, and left it to swing
Like a sunbeam caught in a snare.
Eke he hath taken some ripe old cheese,
Hath toasted it good and brown;



She hath gi'en him a Skein.

Across the floor, by three, by four,
He smears the hot savory down.
Also, he smeareth the golden ring
With the cheese; it is good and strong.



None here shall abide in the evening-tide:
Departed is the throng.

At the first dull dong of midnight,
As it clangs through the world so still,
From the Duke's dark chamber comes a sound
Like a whisper, thin and shrill.
A sound as of shrill, high laughter,
And a patter of tiny feet!
Oh! the men-at-arms go crossing themselves
A gruesome sight to greet!

They have burst into the chamber.
"How? What?" Was nobody there?
Here is the bread which was under the bed;
Where is the cheese in the chair?
"Lights, lights!" wild cry the watchmen.
"Lights, lights!" There are lights at the door!



Like a line blood-red the crimson thread
Lies stretched on the chamber-floor.

Across the board to the chimney-hoard
Where the soot falls thick and black,
They follow the skein of the crimson grain
That betrayeth the bold thief's track.
Across the board to the chimney-hoard,
Where the flakes of black soot fall,
They follow the skein of crimson grain
To a rat-hole in the wall.



"Where runneth that skein of crimson grain,"
Cries the scullion, *"there ran he.*
Through wall and beam, by cranny and seam.
Now follow him speedily!"

They have ripped the rotten wainscot;
They have torn up the rotting floor;
They have hewn the beams asunder;
They have passed the chamber-door;
They have burst the panels in the wall;
Yet, ever before them, on,
The silken thread of crimson red
Goes where the thief has gone.

It hath passed the lowest guard-room;
It hath passed the dungeon-keep;
And, last of all, the moldering wall
Where the dead in the chapel sleep.
In the chapel old and hoary,
Where the gray monks service sing,
Within the gloom of an ancient tomb
They hear a faint ting-ting!



CANTO V

They wrenched the moldering stones apart
From around the ancient bier,
And there upshone, from the moldering stone,
Full many a jewel clear,
And many a coin of fine red gold,
And trinkets of silver white.
Rare workmanship, reft out of Castle-knowe
By the church rats, in the night.

"The ring!" they cried. For the signet-ring,
With many a jewel more
In a shimmering heap lay glimmering
Upon the dusty floor.
The Duke hath caught up the signet-ring
From out that jewel-mine,
"Give o'er thy claim to my daughter," he says,
"And the rest, Sir Knave, is thine!"

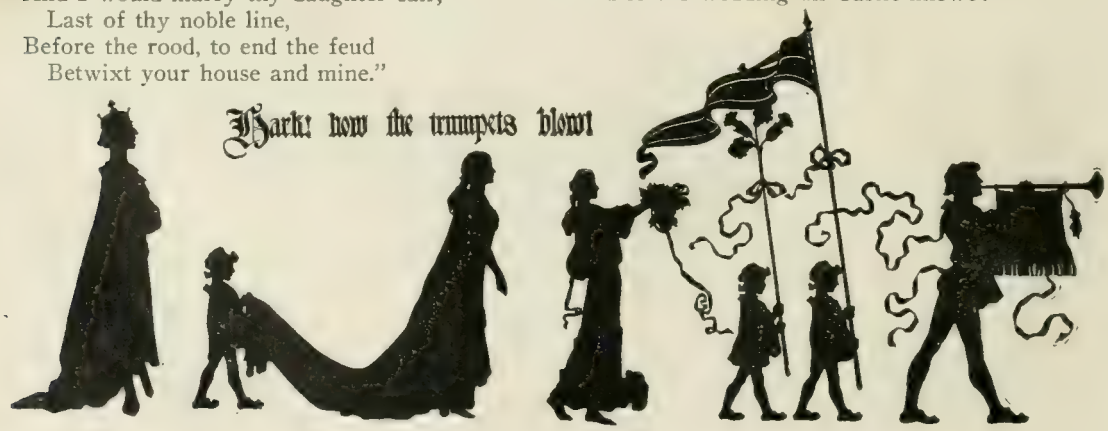
"Nay; I will have none of thy gold, Lord Duke;
Nor will I have aught of thy fee;
I have a hold of my own," he said,
"In the woods of the North Countrie."

"For the sake of St. Gandelyn!" cries the Duke,
"Tell me, knave, what is thy name?"
"Men call me the Laird o' the Lands of Lea;
My father was Adam the Graeme.
And I would marry thy daughter fair,
Last of thy noble line,
Before the rood, to end the feud
Betwixt your house and mine."

The Duke hath laughed, the Duke hath cried;
For life is never so dear
As when one reckons to lose it
But is saved. How the people cheer!



And hear! they are ringing the bells, the bells!
Hark! hark! how the trumpets blow!
Bring cakes and wine! Let the firelight shine
For the wedding on Castle-knowe!



FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

II. "BILLY BOWLEGS"

WATERVLIET ARSENAL, near Troy, N. Y., is one of the places where Uncle Sam keeps his guns and powder, and as I was an ordnance officer, I was on duty at that post when word came to me from Washington that the Indian chief, Billy Bowlegs, had broken out from the Everglades of Florida to go on the war-path, and that Uncle Sam wanted me to stop looking after guns in Watervliet, and to look after them in the South. Saying good-by to my little boy, I told his mother, his grandmother, and my brother Charles to be sure and remind Santa Claus not to forget him on December 25th, and started for the South.

In about eighteen days, traveling by train, stage-coach, steamer, and rowboat, we reached Fort Meyers. Here I met my superior, General Harney, and learned something of the fierce Indian leader, Billy Bowlegs, who kept a large part of Florida in a state of alarm for over a year.

You remember the old chief of the Seminole Indians, Micanopy, and how Osceola sent him to waylay and fight Major Dade and our soldiers in the first real battle of that Seminole war? Micanopy had with him at that time his young grandson, who was about twelve years of age. This boy rode a small Florida pony on that eventful day, and when the battle began he led his pony behind a clump of earth and grass, called a hummock, and stretching the lariat, a slender hair rope, on the ground, the pony understood that he was meant to stand still. Then the boy took his bow and, stringing an arrow ready for use, lay down in the tall, thick prairie-grass near Micanopy. I suppose this boy's real name was Micanopito—for that means the grandson of Micanopy in Spanish—but he began when he was so very young to ride astride big horses, and on top of such large bundles, that it made his legs crooked, and his father, who knew a very little Spanish, nicknamed him Piernas Corvas, meaning bowlegs. When he grew up, Natto Jo, a man who was part Indian and part negro, called him *Guillermitá las piernas corvas,* meaning to say little William Bowlegs; but when Natto Jo came into our camp, and spoke of him by that name, the soldiers asked what it meant and turned it for themselves into Billy Bowlegs.

This chief was thirty-two years old when he first led his warriors into battle. About 350 Seminoles refused to go West when most of the Creek Indians went to live in Indian Territory after Osceola died, and it was these who followed Billy Bowlegs. He was a full-blooded Seminole, a perfect marksman, and his powers of endurance were as remarkable as his ability to appear and disappear in the most unexpected manner. This was possible because he was so well acquainted with the Everglades, and never went very far from that region. The Everglades is the name given to a large, shallow lake in Florida about 160 miles long by sixty miles wide. It contains many islands, some large and small, but all covered with trees. The whole is very marshy and full of the intertwined roots of tree-trunks. Long streamers of moss hang from the trees, and while the Indians in their light canoes could push among the vines and thickets so that no trace or sign of them could be seen by a white man, it was impossible for the soldiers to follow them on horseback or on foot, for the water was up to a man's waist. The Indians hid their women and children in these Everglades, and scouts sent to hunt found no trace of them during a search of weeks and even months.



"BILLY BOWLEGS"

As I listened to so much about Billy Bowlegs, I became very impatient to see him, and it seemed to me that the only thing which Uncle Sam could hope to do was to make peace with him and his warriors. The few Indians I saw seemed shabby enough in their tattered garments, for although each had been given a good blanket, they were untidy savages and always turned their eyes away. I asked sometimes, "Is Billy Bowlegs here?" But he was always somewhere else.

In this last Indian war in Florida, Bowlegs had

more warriors than horses, but in spite of his short, crooked legs he could go on foot through weeds and swamps faster than any other Indian. Once he took 100 of his men on foot from the Everglades sixty miles to Lake Kissimmee to attack one of Uncle Sam's stockades, which was in charge of Captain Clarke. This stockade was made of small logs planted close to each other, deep in the ground, so as to form a fence. Square holes, or "loopholes," were left in this stockade so that the soldiers could push their rifles through.

Once in the early morning, while it was still dark, Captain Clarke thought he heard a noise outside of the stockade. He waked the soldiers at once, but although they looked very carefully, they could not see anybody outside and there was no more noise, but when the sun came up and it was light they saw the Indians all around. It was Billy Bowlegs and his followers. They gave a great war-whoop and rushed upon the stockade from every direction. The soldiers fired through the loopholes in the stockade and after a while the Indians, taking those who had been wounded with them, went about a mile away, where they hid in a large hummock. The soldiers followed and tried for a long time to drive the Indians from the hummock, but at last they gave it up and went back to the stockade. When General Harney heard of this he sent a hundred mounted soldiers to help those in the stockade, but by the time they arrived Billy Bowlegs and his warriors had left the hummock and were safe in the Everglades once more.

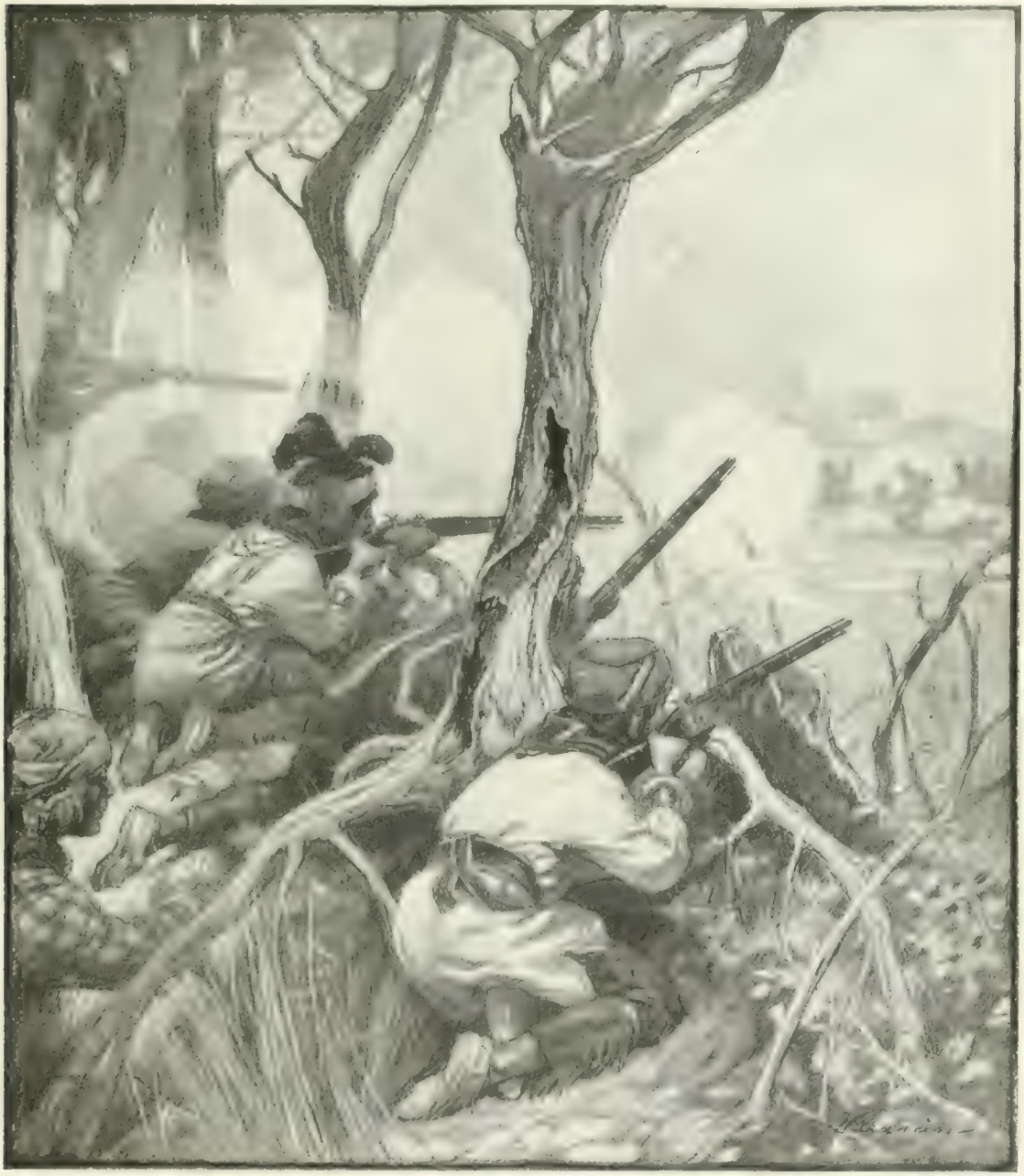
About this time General Harney left Florida and Uncle Sam sent Colonel Loomis to try and overcome Billy Bowlegs. The first thing this officer did was to send many companies of soldiers in different directions toward the Everglades. One party came upon some Indians moving from hummock to hummock. There were men, women, and children, and Billy Bowlegs was leading them. The mounted soldiers rushed upon these Indians and fired, killing some and capturing others, but their leader, Billy Bowlegs, made his escape. When Colonel Loomis heard that some of the children had been wounded, he felt so badly that he made up his mind to try another way to overcome Billy Bowlegs. He sent for me and told me to go into the Indian country and try to have a talk with the chief. Two companies of soldiers went with me and also an Indian woman called Minnie, to guide us, who took her child along. Natto Jo, the half-breed, went too, to speak for us to the Indians in their own language.

Through forests and over prairie lands we went. One day, when we came to a beautiful open glade I rode with Lieutenant Lee some distance ahead of the main body of soldiers. As we were riding I turned to see the soldiers, but they were out of sight. I looked around to speak to my companion and to my astonishment saw the whole company, men, wagons, and horses, marching along in the sky above the horizon to my right. We hastened on expecting soon to come to them, but just as we supposed we had reached them they disappeared. Such a wonderful picture is called a mirage, but so real did it seem that we could hardly believe it was only a reflection of the company, which was still far behind. All the journey the Indian woman had been so like a savage that we thought her most unpleasing, but when we stopped near Lake Okechobee she began to sing cheerily. She washed her face and hands, combed her hair, and dressed herself and her child in respectable and clean clothing, which she had carried in a bundle,—adding many beads and some wild flowers. We could hardly believe her the same person, but when I spoke to Natto Jo of this wonderful change he said in his usual funny English: "He 'll fool you and Natto Jo manana (to-morrow)."

But we had to trust her, so we sent her with messages to Billy Bowlegs and she promised to come back soon with an answer. For a few days we waited near the lake, but she never came and at last we went back as we had come. Yet I am sure that it did good and that she gave my messages to the chief, for while the Indians came out after this from the Everglades to seize supplies, as they could raise no grain during the war in their hiding-places and needed food, and while they attacked small numbers of our soldiers now and then, still, when Johnny Jumper, the son of Osceola's old lieutenant, finally came on a visit from the Indian Territory with some other Indians, he learned from a warrior who had been wounded and captured at Lake Kissimmee, that Billy Bowlegs would like to come and talk about peace, but he did not dare to do so. He was afraid that the white people would pay no attention to his flag of truce and might shoot him. Johnny Jumper was a friend to the white man, and when he heard this he took "Polly," a niece of Billy Bowlegs, with him and went straight into the Everglades to see the chief. They succeeded, and the result was that Colonel Loomis sent out a proclamation, saying that the Florida war was ended, and Billy Bowlegs, with 165 other Indians, went with one of Uncle Sam's army officers to Indian Territory to live. Nearly all the Indians that were left followed the next year.

Except for the chief, Sam Jones, who was too

old to go, and a few of his followers, the Everglades were now empty, but Billy Bowlegs, firm



THE SOLDIERS TRIED FOR A LONG TIME TO DRIVE THE INDIANS FROM THE HUMMOCK

and determined to the last, left his country and passed beyond the Mississippi to join his brother Seminoles in other lands. Yet his soul, undaunted, could not brook this change from the wild and free life of the Everglades, which he had always known, and in less than a year after his arrival in the new land, he died, honored and praised, as always, by his own people.



EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

V. PUTTING ON STOCKINGS

Be careful in the morning,
For you will find, no doubt,
That one or both your stockings
Are surely wrong side out.

It may be you were sleepy,
When on the night before
You pulled them each off backwards,
And left them on the floor.



Take time enough to fix them,
Look well when you begin,
It 's always worth the trouble
To turn the rough side in.

For when you 've put your shoes on
And buttoned them up tight,
It 's vexing to discover
Your stockings are not right.





VI. BEING POLITE

No matter what your wish may be,
It 's easier, you 'll find,
To ask for it politely, and
Be sure to bear in mind,
That questions are more quickly heard
When they begin with one small word.

For if to Mother you should say,
"Give me a piece of bread,"
Or, "Let me go outside and play,"
She 'll surely shake her head;
Nor is it any use to tease,
When you 've forgotten to say please.

And now I hope that when I write
Such little rhymes as these,
They 'll help you to be more polite,
So *please* remember please.
But after you have had your way,
Then "thank you," is the thing to say.



HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

"CHRISTMAS TREE DECORATIONS," INVENTED BY ADELIA BELLE BEARD

"I LIKE popcorn on a Christmas tree," was the sole comment of the boy of the family last year as he gazed rather wistfully at his glittering, glowing tree, overburdened with its tinsel ornaments from the shops, but bearing no popcorn, and showing no hint of the old familiar home-made decorations that meant Christmas to him. It was a severe criticism, and the suggestions I am giving here are in answer to the unconscious appeal of childhood for simpler, more personal, decorations, whose value is doubly enhanced because their manufacture is a part of the thrillingly happy Christmas preparations.



FIG. 1. THE CHRISTMAS TREE WITH HOME-MADE DECORATIONS.

Fig. 1 is the photograph of a Christmas tree whose trimming is entirely home-made. The brilliant colors and shining gilt of the papers used, give a sparkle and life that is most captivating, and the ornaments are so easily made that the children themselves can do much toward decorating a tree in this manner.

At the top of the tree, shining above all other ornaments, is the Christmas star, and this is the way to make it:

From a piece of cardboard cut an oblong with the top and bottom edges five and one quarter inches long and the side edges just five inches long (Fig. 3). Now, exactly in the middle at the top edge make a dot (A, Fig. 3), then on each side edge, one and seven eighths inches from the top edge, make a dot (BB, Fig. 3). On the bottom edge, one inch from each bottom corner, make the dots CC. With the aid of a ruler draw the lines connecting these points, as shown in Fig. 3. This gives a perfect five-pointed star, five inches high. Cut the star out, cover its entire surface with a coat of paste, and lay over it a smooth piece of gilt paper, pressing out the fullness and creases. When the paste is dry, cut away the paper from the edges, and there will remain a gilt star, firm and stiff enough to stand up bravely.

But this is not all. There are to be a number of gold-tipped rays flaming out from the star to represent its spreading light. For these rays select ten broomstraws with two prongs. Trim the prongs off evenly, shorten the stems at the bottom, and spread the prongs apart. Now, cut twenty strips of gold paper half an inch wide and a little over four inches long. Lay one strip down, cover the wrong side with paste, place three broomstraws with their prongs resting on the paste side of the paper, and press another strip of gold paper over the first, inclosing the tips of the straws. This will give gold paper on both sides of the straws. Then, when the paste is dry, cut away the paper, leaving a gold triangle on the tip of each prong of each broomstraw. Fig. 4 shows one triangle cut out. Treat all of your broomstraw rays in this way, then cover with paste the center of the wrong side of the star up to the points, lay two straws in place, the stems crossing, as in Fig. 5, and over the stems press a short strip of white paper like D, Fig. 5, pasting it down securely. Adjust the other rays between the points of the star, and fasten them in place in the same manner.

To hold the star upright make a lighter from a strip of white writing-paper for a stem. Flatten the top of the lighter, cut it off evenly, and paste it on the back of the star between the two lower points, as in Fig. 5. Over the stems of the broomstraws and the end of the lighter paste a white paper lining that will reach part way up each point of the star. This lining should be made before the rays



FIG. 2. THE STAR

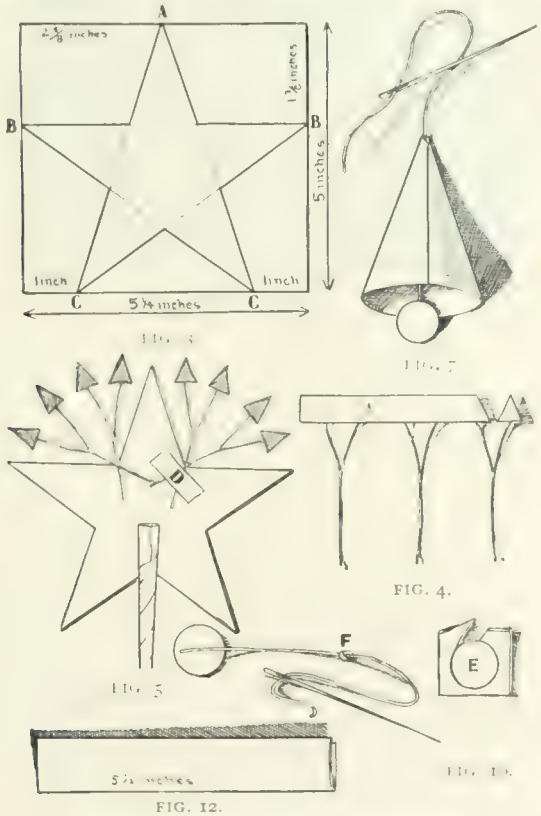


FIG. 3. FIG. 4. FIG. 5. FIG. 7. FIG. 10. FIG. 12.

DETAIL DIAGRAMS OF THE ORNAMENTS.

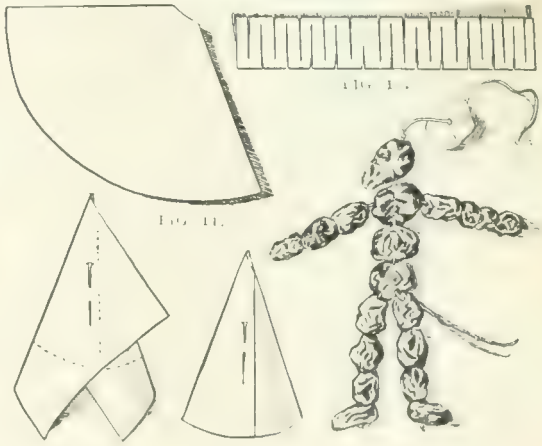


FIG. 1. FIG. 11. FIG. 6. FIG. 8. FIG. 9.

DETAIL DIAGRAMS OF THE ORNAMENTS.

are pasted to the star, by laying the star on white paper, tracing around its edges with a pencil, cutting out the white paper star and then clipping off about one inch of the points. The gold star will look like Fig. 2.

Not the least effective trimmings on the tree are the little Christmas bells that hang by strings from the tips of the branches and dangle alluringly. They are of different sizes, and some are made of gilt, others of colored paper. Fig. 15.

For a bell three and a half inches high (a very good size) cut a strip of paper three and a half inches wide and

seven inches long, curve it into the shape shown in Fig. 6 and pin together. Cut off the point that laps over according to the dotted line, also the point that laps under, leaving a little over half an inch for the final lap. Trim off the bottom points even with the shortest part of the bottom edge, as shown by the curved, dotted line, and you will have Fig. 8. Fig. 8 opened out will give you Fig. 11, which will be the pattern for other bells.

As Fig. 11 lies flat on the table run the paste-brush along one side edge making the coat of paste as wide as the lap is to be, then curve the bell into shape. Make the bottom edges meet evenly and press the paste-covered edge over the other side edge. Hold a finger inside the bell while you do this to keep it from flattening.



FIG. 14. THE SNOW POCKET.

The clapper is made of two round disks of gold paper with the string pasted between them. For the bell we are now making the clapper should be almost one inch in diameter. Fold a piece of gilt paper and cut out the two disks at one time (E, Fig. 10). Cover the wrong side of one disk with paste, lay the end of a string across the middle (Fig. 10), and press the other disk on top. Both sides of the clapper will then be gilt. Hold the clapper up to the bell by the string so that half of the clapper is below the bottom edge of the bell, then, bringing the string close to the point at the top of the bell, run a pin through the string to mark the distance. Where the pin is tie a knot (F, Fig. 10); this is to hold the clapper in its proper position. Thread the end of the string through the eye of a darning-needle and push the needle up through the point of the bell, the knot will keep the string from running up too far (Fig. 7). Allow eight or ten inches of string above the bell so that it may be hung high or low as desired. A bell should never be tied close to a branch, but should hang down far enough to sway with every passing current of air. The long string also adds to the decorative effect.

The snow pocket (Fig. 14) is another pretty ornament and is made with a few snips of the scissors.

Cut a strip of white tissue-paper five and a half inches wide and twenty-two inches long. Fold the paper crosswise through the middle, then fold it again and again, until your folded piece is one inch wide. The folds must always be across the paper from start to finish (Fig. 12). Now, cut slits in the folded paper, first a slit on one side, and then a slit on the other, as in Fig. 13. Let the spaces between the slits be one eighth of an inch wide, and cut each slit to within one eighth of an inch of the edge. When this is done, carefully unfold the paper and spread it out flat, then lift the top edge with one hand, the bottom edge with the other, and gently pull the meshes apart. Gather the top edge into little plaits, and twist them together in a point; gather the bottom edge in the same way and twist that, then carefully pull the snow pocket out, and you will have a long, narrow bag of soft, white meshes. If it flares out too much, crush it together softly with your hand. Make a small, gilt paper star and fasten a narrow strip of white tissue-paper to its top point. Open the bag,



FIG. 15. THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

slip the star inside, and suspend it half way from the top by pasting the end of the paper strip to the top of the bag. Make a loop of tissue-paper, fasten it to the top point of the bag, and then hang the snow pocket on the tree. The gold star gleaming through the frosty meshes is very pretty, but if you have several snow pockets there need not be stars in all.

Jocko, the monkey (Fig. 9), is not made of paper, but of delectable, sugary raisins. He is a funny little fellow, and will delight the children.

Thread a clean, cotton string in a large darning-needle, then select three of your largest raisins for the body and a suitably shaped one for the head. There must be three raisins for each leg, one for each foot, and three for each arm. Tie a knot in the end of your string and, beginning with one foot, string on three raisins for one leg, then the three for the body and, lastly, the one for the head. Tie a knot close to the top at the head and leave a long end to the string. Thread your needle again and string on the

[illegible] the other foot and leg, then run the needle up the [illegible] to the body, and fasten the second string to the first between the two body raisins.



String three raisins for one arm, run the needle through the middle of the top body raisin, where the shoulders should be, then string on the three raisins for the other arm and tie a knot at the end. Jocko is all right now, except that he is very limp. Put stiffening into his joints by running broomstraws through his legs, body, and arms. Use a raisin-stem for the tail, and fasten it on by pushing the largest end into the lowest body raisin. Make the eyes by running a short piece of broomstraw through the head, allowing the ends to stand out a short distance in the place for the eyes. Remember, a monkey's eyes are always close together, and they must be made so in order to look natural.

At this stage Jocko will resemble Fig. 9; but he must have clothes and a hat to give the finish

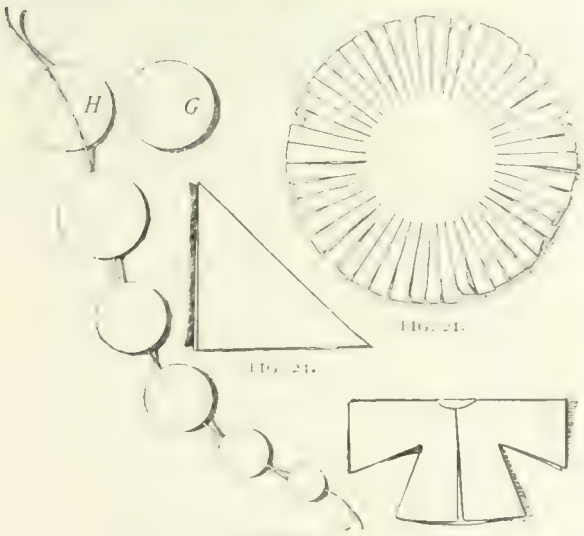


FIG. 21.

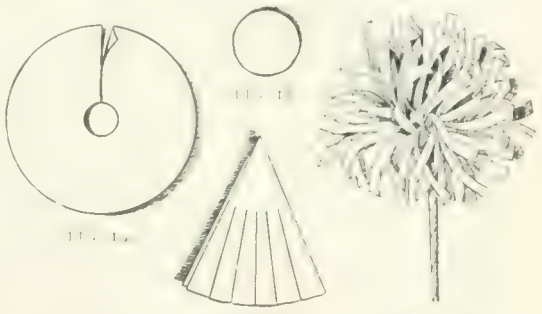
FIG. 20 FIG. 17

DETAIL DIAGRAMS OF THE ORNAMENTS

ing touches and make him look like the monkeys the children are familiar with. Fig. 18 is Jocko's hat, Fig. 17, his coat, and Fig. 19, his little skirt.

Cut all these from bright-colored cambric of a size to fit the monkey. Fold a piece of cambric for the coat, and cut it out as you would for a paper doll, with the fold at the top. The skirt and hat are circular. Cut a round hole in the middle of the skirt for the waist, and slit it down the back. This furnishes the costume.

Now, thread the end of the string from the top of Jocko's head into the darning-needle and run the needle through the middle of the hat (Fig. 9), then push the hat down on



DETAIL DIAGRAMS OF THE ORNAMENTS

his head. Fit the skirt around Jocko's waist, and fasten it at the back with needle and thread; then put on his jacket and fasten that in front. It is unnecessary to say that Jocko is good to eat.

The chrysanthemum ornament is showy and pretty, it is also very quickly made.

Fold through the middle a piece of bright orange tissue-paper, six inches square. This will give you an oblong. Fold again through the middle crosswise, and you will have a smaller square. Bring the two opposite corners of the square together and fold like Fig. 24, then cut off the point curving the edge, as shown by the dotted line. The folded part of the triangle is at the diagonal in Fig. 24, the edges at the bottom. Now cut slits in your triangle like Fig. 23. Open it, and you will have Fig. 21. Make two fringed circles like Fig. 21, lay one on top of the other, pinch the center in a point, twist it, and draw the fringed ends together. Make a writing-paper lamp-lighter for the stem, cover the point of the ornament with paste, insert it in the large end of the lighter, and press together with your fingers until it holds tight. The result will be like Fig. 22. In fastening the chrysanthemum ornament on the tree stand it upright and run a pin through the stem into one of the small branches.

Strings of colored paper disks, looped from branch to branch, take the place of colored glass balls, and add materially to the beauty of the tree. Fig. 20 shows how these strings are made. Red gold, yellow, orange, green, blue, and white, make pretty disks, and show off well on the tree.

Cut your disks perfectly round, a pair for each disk; for they must be the same on both sides (G, H, Fig. 20). You can make the disks on some strings all of one size; on others they may graduate down to quite small ones at the ends. When the disks are cut out lay one down, bottom side up (H, Fig. 20). Cover this with paste, then lay a white cotton string across the disk, directly through

the middle. Allow about six inches of the string to extend beyond the disk, and let each string be one yard long. Before the paste has time to dry, press the mate of the disk (G, Fig. 20) on top of H over the string, taking care to have the edges even. Go through this process with each disk. Paste them on the string half an inch apart, and leave six inches of string at the last end.

Fig. 28 is a dainty, fringed ornament made of colored and gilt paper.

The foundation is a round disk of white writing-paper, two inches in diameter. To this is pasted the ends of a narrow, light blue ribbon, long enough to form a loop by which to hang the ornament. For the rest cut two circles of light pink tissue-paper, six inches in diameter, fringe them on the edges to the depth of one inch, making the fringe quite fine; then paste one circle on one side of the foundation, the other circle on the other side. Now, from your gold paper cut six long, narrow triangles, and cut the wide end into fringe two inches deep (Fig. 25). Paste these tufts of gold fringe at equal distances on the pink circle, making the points meet at the center. Make a smaller, light blue, fringed circle, and a still smaller pink circle. Paste the center of the blue circle over the center of the gold fringe, and the center of the small pink circle over the center of the blue. Cut out a small, eight-pointed, gold star and paste directly in the middle of the pink circle. You can vary this kind of ornament in a number of ways. Fig. 29 shows another made on the same principle.

The crowning glory of every Christmas tree is its candles; and, whether lighted or not, they are always prominently in evidence. Of late years the people have grown wise in the matter of fires,

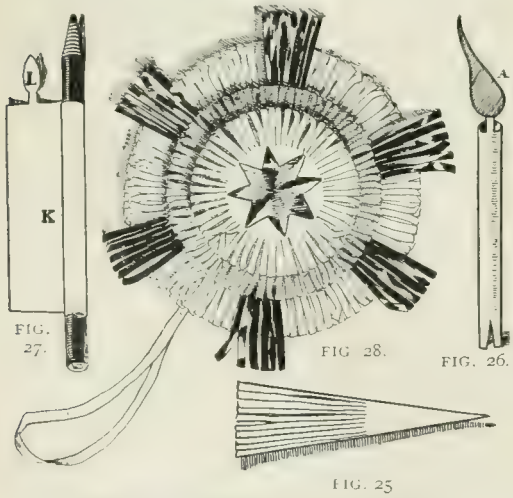


FIG. 27. FIG. 28. FIG. 26.

FIG. 25

DETAIL DIAGRAMS OF THE ORNAMENTS

and many parents refuse to light the Christmas candles on their children's tree because of the great danger of a conflagration.

Fig. 30 shows some paper candles on an evergreen branch, standing upright and burning briskly. The candles may be made of white as well as of colored paper. Make an oblong (K, Fig. 27) four inches long and two and a half inches wide, the wick one quarter of an inch high, and the back of the flame (L) three quarters of an inch long. From orange-colored tissue-paper cut the flame (A, in Fig. 26). This should be a little over half an inch wide at the base and two inches long. Lay the oblong on the table in front of you, take a large-sized pencil, place it on the long edge farthest away from the flame, and roll it on the pencil (Fig. 27) until the opposite edge overlaps the roll, then run the paste-brush along the edge and paste it down. Your candle is now a hollow roll. Slip



FIG. 29. A POINTED ORNAMENT.

the roll off the pencil and cut two slim notches, opposite to each other, in the bottom edge (Fig. 26). Make the notches on some of the candles at the front and back, on others at each side. This is so that the flames may always face outward, though the branches that hold the candles may turn in various directions. Lastly, cover the back of the flame (L, Fig. 27) with paste and stick on the flame, allowing the tip to flare out at one side as though stirred by a current of air (Figs. 26 and 30).



FIG. 30. IMITATION CANDLES.

In placing the candles, stand them up astride the branches by means of the notches at the bottom, turning the right side of the flame always toward the room. The tiniest twigs will hold these paper candles easily, and when the needles of the fir interfere with their adjustment pull off some of the needles and set the candles astride the bare places on the branches.

Finish the tree by throwing over it a web of long, very narrow strips of white and orange-colored tissue-paper. The narrower the strips the better they will look.

It hardly seems necessary to offer a word of caution, but it will do no harm to say that *the flame of gas, candle, or fire, should not come near this paper-decked tree*, though it is scarcely more inflammable than a tree trimmed with tinsel.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



BY JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB

The little boy and the little girl sat at the breakfast table eating oatmeal and milk.

The papa said to the mama: "A Christmas goose is the best thing there is. This year we must have a Christmas goose."

The little girl looked up at the little boy and smiled, and the little boy smiled back.

After breakfast the little girl and the little boy put on their caps and coats and mittens, and started off for the barn-yard.

They met a big, old, fat duck.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" said the little girl.

The big, old, fat duck shook her head.

They met a big, old, fat hen.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" said the little boy.

But the big, old, fat hen shook her head.

They met a big, old, fat guinea-hen.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little boy.

The big, old, fat guinea-hen shook her head.

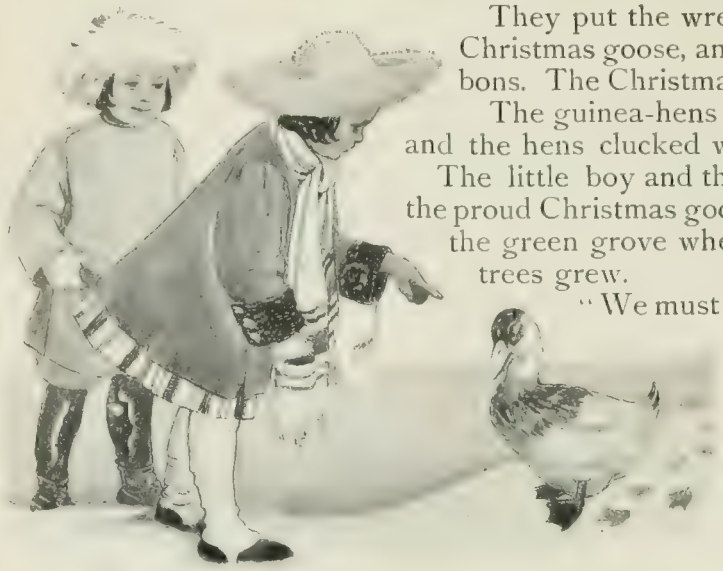
They met a big, old, fat white goose.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl.

And the big, old, fat, white goose nodded her head, and fluffed her feathers, and stepped proudly with her flat, yellow, webbed feet.

"Oh, goody!" shouted the little boy. "We 've found our Christmas goose already!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh! I know something," said the little girl, and she ran to the house, just as fast as she could go. And when she came back she had a lovely little holly wreath, tied with beautiful long red and green ribbons.



"'ARE YOU THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE?' SAID THE LITTLE GIRL.

They put the wreath over the head of the Christmas goose, and each held one of the ribbons. The Christmas goose waddled proudly. The guinea-hens piped, the ducks quacked, and the hens clucked when they saw this sight. The little boy and the little girl led and drove the proud Christmas goose out of the barn-yard to the green grove where all the little Christmas trees grew.

"We must have a Christmas tree for our Christmas goose," said the little girl.

"Yes, yes, Christmas Goose," said the little boy, "you wait right here for us! Don't you muss your holly wreath, and don't you muss your ribbons!"

The proud Christmas goose waddled gently, to show how careful she would be. The little boy and the little girl ran away fast to get the things for the tree.

The little girl brought back some ears of red and yellow corn, and a bunch of wheat and barley heads, and a pocketful of oats.

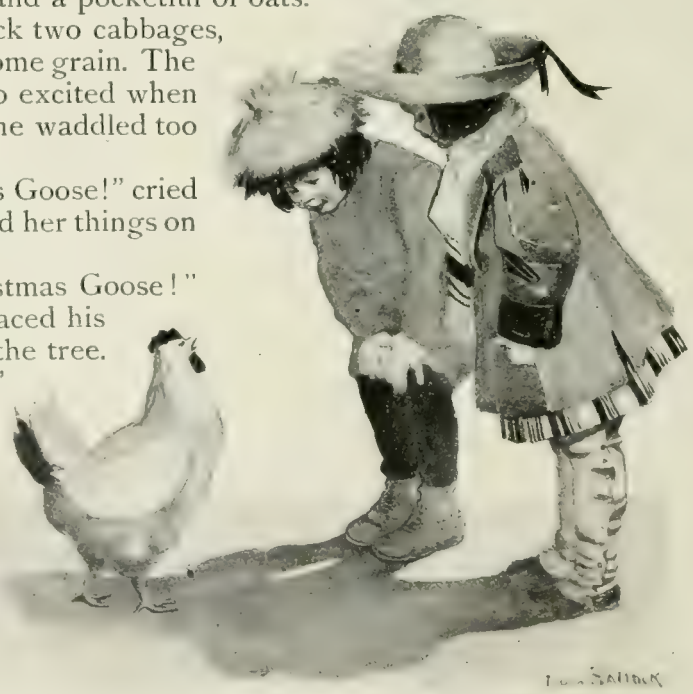
The little boy brought back two cabbages, and a yellow pumpkin, and some grain. The Christmas goose became so excited when she saw those things, that she waddled too fast.

"Wait a minute, Christmas Goose!" cried the little girl, and she fastened her things on the tree.

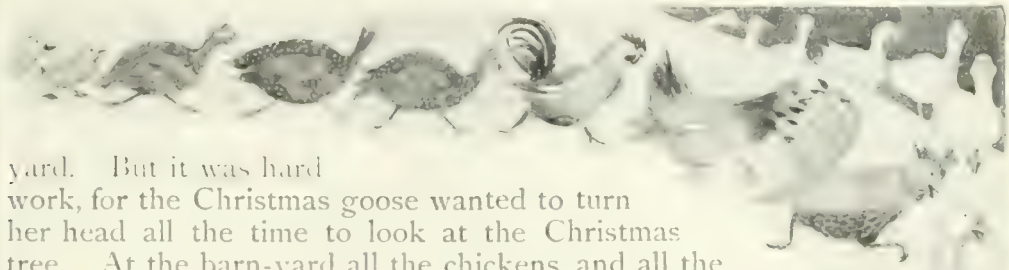
"It is n't quite time, Christmas Goose!" cried the little boy, and he placed his things on the ground near the tree.

"Now, Christmas Goose," said the little girl, "we will go and invite all your friends to come and see our beautiful tree!"

So the little girl picked up her ribbon and the little boy picked up his ribbon, and they led and drove the Christmas goose back to the barn-



"'ARE YOU THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE?' SAID THE LITTLE BOY."



yard. But it was hard work, for the Christmas goose wanted to turn her head all the time to look at the Christmas tree. At the barn-yard all the chickens, and all the ducks, and all the guinea-hens, stood still to admire the fine Christmas goose in her holly wreath and ribbons.

"Oh, Chickens!" said the little boy.

"Oh, Ducks!" said the little girl.

"Oh, Guinea-Hens!" said the little boy.

"Come, see our Christmas tree!" said the little girl.

The chickens clucked, and the ducks quacked, and the guinea-hens piped, and they all spread themselves out in a long row, and ran around, and around, and around after the little girl and the little boy driving their Christmas goose.

The little boy and the little girl scattered corn and wheat and oats all over the ground around the Christmas tree. The chickens and the ducks and the guinea-hens ate, and ate, and ate. The Christmas goose ate, too, but she ate very proudly, and raised her head every few minutes to shake her holly wreath.

The papa and the mama came out to see them.

"Heigh-ho, what 's this?" said the papa.

"Mercy, what 's all this?" said the mama.

"This is the Christmas goose!" shouted the little boy.

"And the Christmas goose's Christmas tree!" said the little girl.

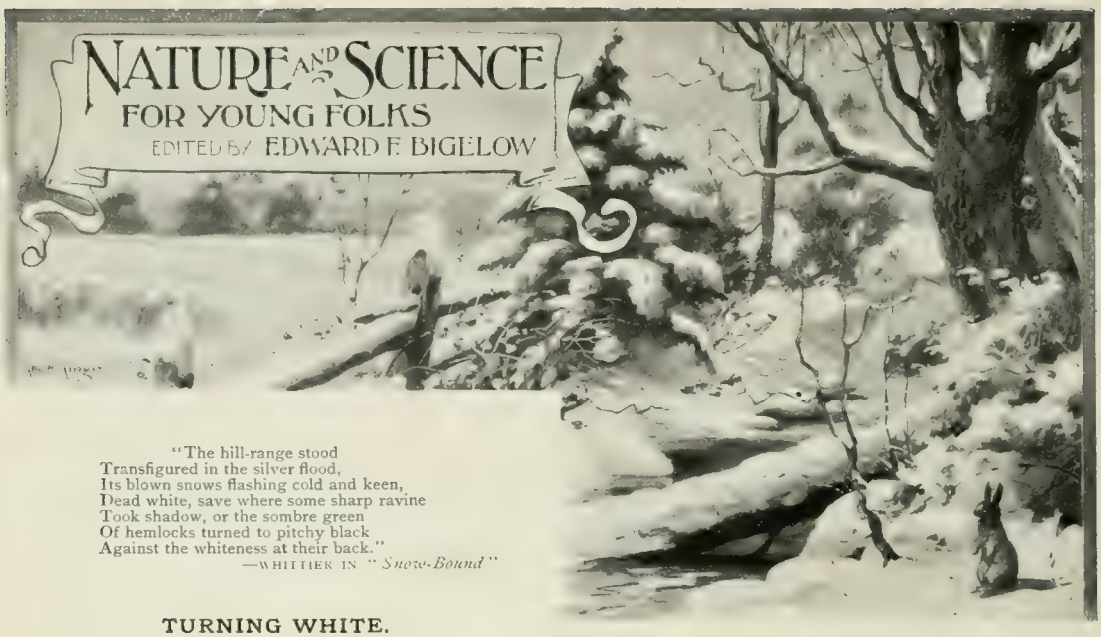
"And the Christmas goose's friends!" said the little boy.

"Yes, and it is quite true, papa," said the little girl. "A Christmas goose *is* the best thing there is! Why, a Christmas goose is just lots of fun!"

"Yes, mama," said the little boy, "a Christmas goose is the best fun of all!"



NATURE AND SCIENCE
FOR YOUNG FOLKS
EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



"The hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back."
—WHITTIER IN "*Snow-Bound*"

TURNING WHITE.

With the first snowfall all nature is whitened. Even the air is "whited," as Emerson has said.

"The whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end."

Many plants, too, are now acting their part in the transformation, for the change is not limited to the world of frost crystals.

Long ago, the goldenrod turned brown, but now its whiteness stands out clear and bright against the weather-beaten fence or the grayish



Summer. Winter.

THE PTARMIGAN TURNS WHITE.

blackness of the stone wall. The hawkweeds, too, have passed from yellow to brown and thence to a wintery whiteness. The fluffy thistle-heads, once so rich a purple, and the milkweed pods, once heavy with their burden of brown seeds overlapping one another like the scales of some great fish, are now tossing aloft their whiteness by the handful.

An apple-tree by the roadside has been embraced by a part of the winter's white flora, for the beautifully plume-like fruit of the clematis is adorning it, while the woody stems have climbed far up among the supporting and protecting branches.

Some fence corners and trees assume a floral whiteness, while others are beautified by crystals, for

"Every pine and fir and hemlock"
Wears "ermine too dear for an earl,"

and the buildings, like those about which Lowell tells us, are "new-roofed with Carrara" (a very white marble).

The brooks soon become fringed with white sculpturing; window-panes, fence rails, even the stones of the city's sidewalks are decorated with dainty lace-work in patterns that only Nature's fancy can evolve.

But more wonderful than all these apparently accidental examples of winter's whiteness are Nature's intentional changes in her efforts to adapt to their surroundings those creatures whose welfare will be enhanced by a resemblance to the generally prevailing character of the season.

Probably the most marked examples of this are afforded by the ptarmigan and the ermine weasel.

The ptarmigan, a member of the grouse family, is in summer mottled with black and a rich fluffy brown, but in winter it becomes pure white.

The snowy owl, and the snow-buntings that come to us from the far north, have whitish plumage that blends harmoniously with the prevailing whiteness of the landscape.

But perhaps the most interesting example of all is the weasel, whose fur in the summer has a peculiarly soft shade of reddish-brown, but in the winter is pure white, except at the tip of the tail. It is probable that this black point is useful to its owner in diverting the attention of a carnivorous bird or of a beast of prey, as the black spot is more readily seen than the white body of the animal. It is said, too, that if the tip is covered with snow the whole weasel becomes clearly



Summer. Winter.

THE VARYING HARE

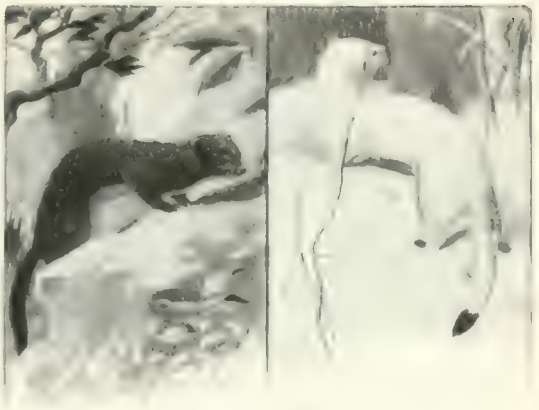
Its name is due to the fact that its color varies according to the season, being *gray or brown in summer*, and *white in winter*, with only a narrow black line of brown [illegible]

visible, and that if the first snowfall is later than usual it is claimed by some naturalists that the color change is delayed accordingly. The turning white takes place when most needed.

The arctic fox is snow-white for all the year in the far north. Farther south, it is bluish-brown in summer, and becomes white in the winter.

In the case of the plants referred to, the tissues themselves are bleached. Animals become white through a change of covering. The actual hair, fur, or feather, does not vary, but is replaced by a new growth. This is well explained, in a description of the varying hare, in "American Animals" (Doubleday, Page & Company) :—

Much has been written on the change of colour of the varying hare and other mammals and birds, but there are few subjects concerning which more mistakes have been made. We read of the change taking place in a single



Summer. Winter.

THE WEASEL

The weasels of the Northern States and Canada turn white at the approach of winter. The end of the tail, however, does not change [illegible] but remains perfectly black [illegible]

night, coincident with the first fall of snow and of the actual blanching of the individual hairs; one statement being quite as erroneous as the other. The change is really very simple. All mammals, in northern climes at least, shed their coat twice a year, acquiring a thicker fur in winter and a thinner one in summer, and in the present species the winter coat is white while the summer one is brown and the individual hairs never alter their colour from the time they appear until they fall out. The change from brown to white occurs in the autumn and for a short time the animal is somewhat "mottled." Then in March, as the weather gets warmer the snow gradually disappears from the woods, the fur of the northern hare, probably by reason of the wearing away of the tips and the shedding of the long hairs, gets more and more mottled with brown, the change in most cases that have come under my notice commencing at the back of the neck, on the feet and the under surface of the body, and in an astonishingly short time the dark summer coat is fairly resumed. Although belated snowstorms must often give them occasion to regret the loss of their winter coats, taking one year and another, the change seems to be wonderfully well timed, and at most they are really no worse off than those other inhabitants of the woods that wear their dark coats throughout the winter.



WHITE SNOW BUNTINGS COME TO US FROM THE FAR NORTH IN WINTER

This makes it seem as if some of our birds had turned white.

A BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS.

One would scarcely think that a baby hippopotamus would show any signs of recognition either of



THE BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS.
"He is now quite a ponderous 'baby'!"

people or of other animals. However, the hippopotamus at the Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden, though he is now quite a ponderous baby, weighing something like a ton and a half, actually gets lonesome when other animals that he is used to seeing are moved away. For a long time Zeekoe (that is his name) had a little elephant about four and a half feet high for his next cage neighbor. Zeekoe used to stand for quite a while admiring the little animal, and when it was moved from his place to a new building that had been erected he would not eat for almost two days. Finally he got over it and his keeper thought he had forgotten the little elephant. However, a few weeks later he, too, was moved into the new building and again saw the little elephant, and he actually grunted with joy, and a hippopotamus's grunt is no laughing matter when one hears it for the first time. There was no mistaking Zeekoe's pleasure. He stood and looked at the little elephant and tried to push the bars of his cage down so that he could get near her.

On another occasion, Zeekoe's keeper was sick for a week. Zeekoe would scarcely allow the assistant keeper to get near him, and ate very sparingly. When the keeper finally came back, Zeekoe saw him from the water in his deep pool where he was and immediately clambered up the wide steps and opened his mouth as if to say, "Hurrah, my old friend is back again!" What a monstrous cheer a hippopotamus could give if he could only talk English and say "hurrah" in truth!

"Zeekoe," by the way, is from the Dutch name for Hippopotamus, and means "Sea Cow"; that might be guessed from its sound. He was named in a children's contest by a little girl, who got a prize of a gold piece.

When Zeekoe was about three years old, another baby hippopotamus was brought into the building where he was kept. This baby was much smaller than Zeekoe, and it is doubtful if Zeekoe could remember of ever having seen his mother or any other hippopotamus. He doubtless thought that he was the only hippopotamus in the world. Why should n't he, when he had seen so many other animals and never one that looked anything like himself? When he got a glimpse of the new animal he made one splash into his pool of water, with a big grunt, and there he stayed for twenty-four hours and refused to come out to get anything to eat. When he did come out, he was just taking a mouthful of bran when he spied the little baby again, and once more he took to the water. It was two or three days before he got accustomed to what appeared to be an interloper.

When Zeekoe was moved from his old home to the new building that was built for him and other hay-eating animals, he had to be coaxed out of



"WHAT A MONSTROUS CHEER A HIPPOPOTAMUS COULD GIVE!"

his cage into a big shipping-box that was made to move him in. The only way he could be gotten

into the box was by not giving him any breakfast and waiting until about noon and then putting a half bushel of bran and a large loaf of bread into the further end of the box where he could see it. Finally, hunger got the best of him and he entered the trap, only to have the back door closed behind him with a bang. When he was taken to his new place, however, there was another game of coaxing him out. He had n't been in the water for about ten hours, and the only thing that got him out of the box—which, by the way, was made open at both ends so that he could walk out the same as he walked in—was by having his keeper turn a hose into the new pool and call him in an inviting way that doubtless tempted him just the same as when one boy in the old swimmin' pool calls out to the other on the bank: "Come in, Billy, the water is fine."

WALTER V. DRAPER

"SEA SILK."

WE are all getting quite used to associating silk with an industrious worm of most unprepossessing appearance; and many of us are even reconciled to a firm belief in certain spiders which spin a beautiful gossamer of daintiest hue and texture, which has been woven, even by the spiders themselves, into caps and other useful things. But what say you and your young folks to an enterprising shell-fish which, in its watery home among corals and flower-like anemones deep down in the Mediterranean, spins a silk just as fine in texture and beautiful to the eye as any one could wish to see?

It would not quite do to call this submarine silk-maker an oyster, for it is not exactly that, though it certainly is first cousin to the pearl bearers; neither may we call it a mussel, despite its strong likeness to one; we shall have to call it, then, by its own name, the one the scientists gave it, "*Pina nobilis*"—common folks do not seem to have christened it at all. Pina is a big shell, some two feet or so in length at times, and very thin and brittle withal, like a piece of delicate china. Now, its natural position is a more or less upright one, and this is a more difficult one to maintain since Pina stands upon its small and pointed end, which, being contrary to all laws of gravity, could scarcely be successfully done at all, did not the shell throw out from its narrow ball a multitude of silken cords, which serve at once as anchor ropes and stays, and hold it gently but firmly, like a ship safely riding at anchor in some sheltering harbor, swaying gently backward and forward with every little eddy or current, but always kept from coming into too violent contact with unfriendly rocks whose hard and ragged edges it could but ill withstand. 'Way back in the days of the mighty Roman Empire, when Italy ruled the world, the Pina furnished its glossy silk to the noblest of the land, for then there was a rule that emperors and kings alone in all the realm might wear robes wrought from the sea silk. In the far south of sunny Italy, the Pina is still dragged from its watery haunts and robbed of its silken root or byssus, as it should be called.

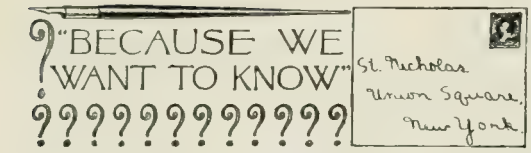
Then these roots, after undergoing a little washing and drying, are sent away to the quaint



FIG. 1.—PINA NOBILIS, THAT PRODUCES SEA SILK.

old town of Taranto, where, mixed with a very little true silk to give extra strength, they are woven into curious caps and socks and gloves, beautiful, bright and soft as one could wish to see. But unfortunately the silk of the Pina is very expensive indeed, and it is only in the enterprising tourist who espies its beauty as he wanders half wonderingly through the fast decaying streets of old Taranto that the poor Italian weaver finds a buyer for his soft, brown, glistening sea silk.

CARYL D. HASKINS.



INTERESTING RESULTS OF REVERSED PHOTOGRAPHIC FILMS.

Christ's College, Blackheath,
London, S. E., England.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am sending two photographs. They were printed separately from the same negative (film) and in the same frame. I want to know how one came to be the wrong way round. The lighter one, according to the position of the chums and garden, is correct. How came the other to be the opposite way round? I shall look for an answer in "Because we want to know," if you will be so kind as to answer this. The wrong one was printed first.

From your interested reader,
Aileen Aveling (age 15 years).

By chance, you have performed an interesting photographic trick that is well known to many amateurs. The picture at the left was printed correctly. The other was from the film with the wrong side in contact with the printing paper. With portraits or landscapes this is not a serious difficulty, but the results are astonishing in a turned film of printed matter, or of a building with a sign on it.



Correct Reversed.

TWO PRINTS FROM ONE PHOTOGRAPH FILM.

Your mirror is always playing this trick, as you may not have noticed. If you imagine your reflection to be yourself turned around and approaching you, then the mirror is deceiving you; for your right will be the left in the mirror and your left the right. Put your right hand on your right shoulder and walk toward the mirror. The hand will be the left of the "person" in the glass.

Hold this page of "Nature and Science" before the mirror and try to read it. Note that the photograph that you printed wrong will then be right, and the right, wrong.

Reversed photographs are less readily printed from a glass negative than from a film.

CIRCLE AROUND THE SUN.

Owego, Tioga County, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: On Wednesday, June 13, I saw a large circle around the sun. Its colors were orange, yellow and blue. It remained unbroken until half past eleven and disappeared entirely at noon. We discovered it at half past ten this morning. Please explain what causes it.

Your interested reader,
Margaret Allen (age 11).

When you were looking at the sun, on June 13, the sunlight was coming to you through a very thin haze that you might not have noticed. This haze is made up of particles of ice, like the simplest snow crystals, sometimes mixed with round drops of water, or ice. The sunlight passes sometimes through, and sometimes around these particles. If you could get a piece of glass perhaps into the shape of a six-sided prism, like the ice crystals, and could hold it vertically and keep turning it around, you would find that after the sunlight passes into such a crystal it comes out in many directions. Now in the layer of haze between you and the sun there was a myriad of such crystals, arranged in all possible positions; and there were enough of them in the vertical position to reflect to your eye the light that formed the circle around the sun. This light had gone into the crystal on one side, and come out through the bottom. It had been refracted twice, and this refraction spread the light out into a band of colors, like a spectrum, and these were the orange, yellow and blue which you saw. If the sun had been lower down, near the horizon, as in the winter time, you might have seen many other circles and parts of circles, forming a halo.—Cleveland Abbe, U. S. Weather Bureau.

QUEER HEART-ARTERY OF AN ANGLEWORM.

Duluth, Minnesota.

Dear St. Nicholas: Have you ever noticed how very interesting an angleworm is? I never had before; but the other day I was swinging with my face to the ground, and one came along. I did n't pay much attention to it at first, but I had nothing else to do so I thought I might as well see what it would do. I noticed that if it was left alone to

crawling at rather a rapid pace, but if I put a piece of twig or piece of grass in front of it, it would draw itself up so that it was short and thick.

After a while I noticed that as it crawled, at every motion of its body in humping up its back to get along, a little fine, red, thread-like thing came right in the middle of its back.

Can you please tell me what makes this, and also how it can go right into the ground without boring its way, as most animals that live in the ground do? But I do not know whether to call it an animal, and if that would make any difference or not.

Your very interested reader,
[illegible] (age 12).

The "little fine, red, thread-like thing" about which your correspondent writes so interestingly is a blood vessel—three quarters artery and one quarter heart. That is to say, there is no true heart; but this long artery, running the length of the body, contracts throughout its length in a sort of wave, very much as the gullet does when one swallows. In short, in the absence of a heart, the artery has to swallow the blood along. There is another blood-vessel of the same sort on the under side, and fine arteries, too small to be seen, which connect the two. The same thing is nicely seen in most of the larger caterpillars.

E. T. Brewster.

It is interesting to watch the manner in which the earthworm pierces the ground and "works its way" in by its pointed yet soft head. The earthworm is an animal, and you are right in thus referring to it.

THE PECULIAR CLAW OF A CRAB.

"Pine Point," Stonington, Connecticut.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am sending you to-day a curiosity which was caught at the "harbor shore," Stonington.

The peculiarity is, that there are two extra "fingers" on the pincers or big claw, thus giving it four "fingers" instead of two, the usual number. This may interest your many readers, as a crab with so many divisions in its big claw is rarely seen.

Yours truly,
Elizabeth Palmer Loper (age 17).

The deformity described and illustrated is very interesting. A precisely similar malformation has been found in lobsters, crayfishes and other related crustacea.

This variation is not particularly rare, though not the commonest variation in the big claws. The points to notice about it are, that it is not a case of duplex claws (doubling of the claw), but of duplex fingers, or to be painfully precise, of two extra (supernumerary) fingers arising from a normal finger.

By the way, there is a good deal of confusion in the use of the word "pincers," "claws," etc. The "big claws" or "pincers" or "forceps" of lobsters, crayfishes and crabs, are really double claws, that is, have two opposable parts. The term "pincer," used for one division of the "forceps," I believe is not correct. At any rate the Century dictionary does not sanction the use of such a word. The smaller division of the claw of the crustacean is called the dactyle or index or "finger"; the larger division being called the propodus, pollex or "thumb."



[illegible] CLAWS.

The two upper parts are extra "fingers." The next lower joint and curved downwards is the regular right finger. The lower projection is the regular right thumb.

The causes of such deformities are somewhat obscure, but seem to be in some way concerned with injuries, and the process of new growth by which these injuries are repaired.—Francis H. Herrick, Adelbert College, Cleveland.

SNAKES IN WINTER.

Nelson, B. C.

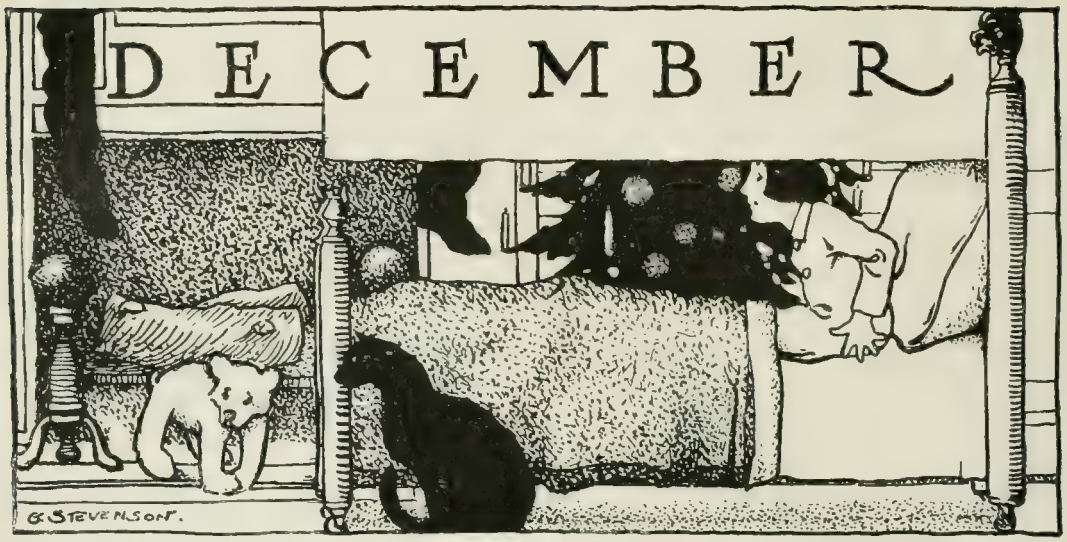
Dear St. Nicholas: Can you tell me what snakes do in winter? Do they freeze, and then thaw out in spring or warm days?

Winnifred Camelli.

Snakes hibernate during cold weather: that is, they burrow well into the ground, beneath the line of frost, and as the cold weather comes on they become stupefied. They do not freeze.—Raymond L. Ditmars.

A considerable number of black snakes and copperheads, which had taken refuge in a deep crevice in the debris of an aboriginal soapstone quarry, were uncovered several years ago during the investigation of the quarry. The snakes when found were apparently almost lifeless, but upon being brought into a warm place soon regained their activity.—Frank Baker, Superintendent, National Zoölogical Park.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"READING." BY GORDON STEVENSON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY GABRIELLE ELLIOT (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

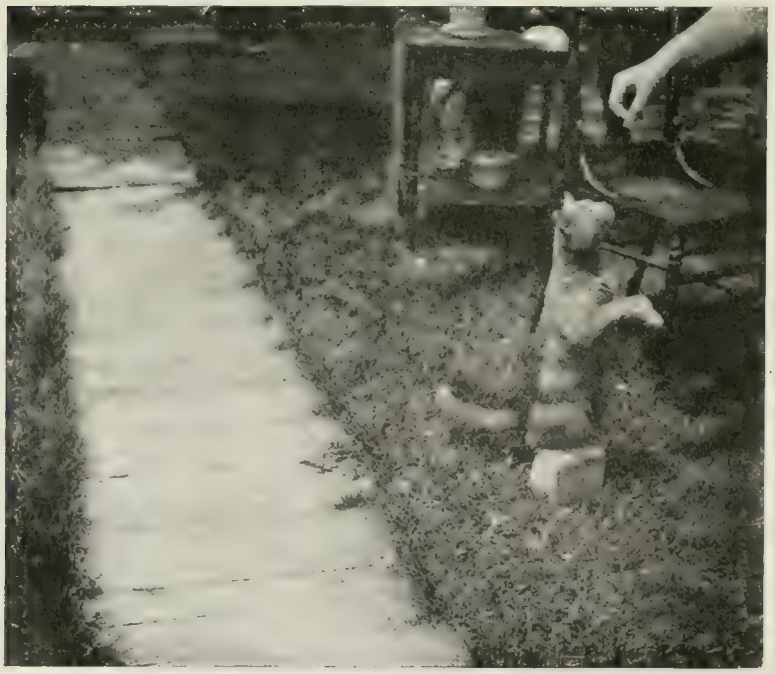
Oh, lingering, pleasant mem'ry of a book I used to know,
Oh, happy, happy mem'ry of the times of long ago,
When with dear, old, worn Hans Andersen propped open on my knee,
I read with eager interest of the little Christmas Tree!

How many times I read it o'er, tho' plunged in deepest woe
By the doleful tribulations Fir Tree had to undergo,
And tho' many bitter tears were shed, still turned most eagerly
To read again the fortunes of the little Christmas Tree!

First in simple forest happiness the little Fir Tree stood
Till one dark day, by ruthless hands, 't was carted from the wood;
Thro' many sad vicissitudes it passed, till in their glee
The children danced at Noël round the little Christmas Tree.

"This is the happiest thing of all," the little Fir Tree thought,
For it had seen their happiness, one glimpse of pleasure caught.
But oh! the scene must change again—and there comes up to me
The picture of you in the snow, poor little Christmas Tree!

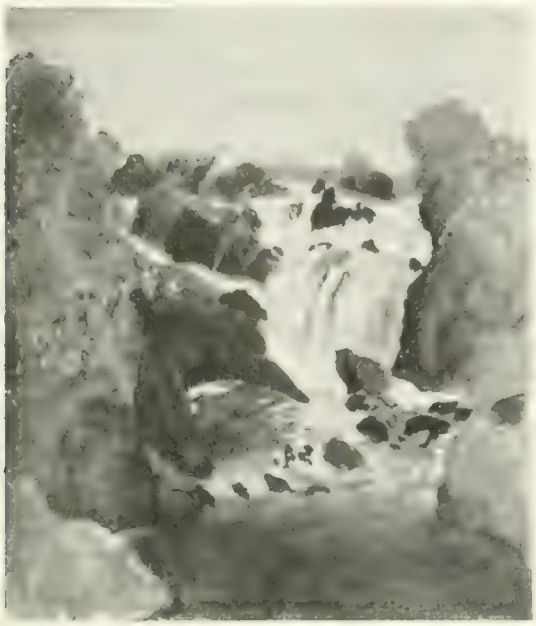
So when along the streets I go at joyous Christmas-tide,
And see the rows of evergreens piled high on either side,
I wonder if in one of them a soul may chance to be
The sad and suffering child-soul of the little Christmas Tree.



"A FIRESIDE FRIEND." BY ETHEL BADGLEY, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

OUR CHRISTMAS PROSE COMPETITION.

"My Favorite Christmas Story" proved, of course, a popular subject for our young prose writers and the selection of prize-winners was a very easy matter. The work was made more difficult than usual through the fact that so many competitors selected the same beautiful old stories to tell and write about and then told and wrote about them so



well. The story of Bethlehem — "the sweetest story ever told" — was, as it must be, first of these, and then followed the "Carol" of Charles Dickens, Hans Christian Andersen's "Match Girl," and that delightful, heartbreaking tale of another "Carol," by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin. How sweet and tender must be the heart of childhood when such stories as these linger so lovingly there, and how blest are those who have been permitted to give us these precious things! Truly their Christmas giving has been of a sort that shall make their names remembered and loved through long, long reaches of time and change.

But we are not permitted to recall any of these stories here. For so numerously and so well were they remembered and retold, that selection from them for prize-winning must have meant injustice to many who were not chosen. We were obliged at last to pass by these dear familiar tales, which all children know, or will know, and to choose, for the most part, from narratives of personal experience which have become favorites through retelling by the fireside. For these are of value, too, because of their new interest to the reader, as well as their old interest to the narrator, and from these tales a selection could be made which seemed more nearly fair. The editor asks that those whose names appear on Roll of Honor No. 1, accept, in the true Christmas spirit, the will for the deed, for had it been possible he would have played the part of Santa Claus, and distributed gold and silver badges to all.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 94.

In each case the awards [illegible] age considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Rispah Britton Goff** (age 15), Elkhorn, Wis.; **Gabrielle Elliot** (age 17), 181 Claremont Ave., New York City, and **Dorothy Gordon King** (age 12), 14 Bowery St., Newport, R. I.

Silver badges, **Miriam Noll** (age 15), 79 Chandler St., Boston, Mass.; **Carolyn Bulley** (age 15), 1819 E. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.; **Alice Ruth Cranch** (age 12), 85th St., near 17th Ave., Bath Beach, L. I., and **Rhena Frances Howe** (age 11), R. F. D. 1, Hampton, Conn.

Prose. Gold badges, **William B. Pressey** (age 13), Ashton, R. I.; **Alison Winslow** (age 14), Shirley, Mass., and **Jean Russell** (age 15), 1614 Stevens Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **Mary Lydia Barrette** (age 9), C/o Major Barrette, Fort Monroe, Va.; **Dorothy Le May** (age 10), 449 Clementina St., San Francisco, Cal., and **Corinne Bailey** (age 15), Shelbyville, Ky.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Gordon Stevenson** (age 15), 6409 Jackson Ave., Chicago, Ill.; **Marjorie T. Caldwell** (age 16), 4814 Chester Ave., W. Phila., Pa., and **Rose Bulteel** (age 14), The Rookery, Dorking, Surrey, Eng.

Silver badges, **Phyllis R. Newby** (age 15), Essex, N. Y.; **Marjorie Le May** (age 7), 449 Clementina St., San Francisco, Cal.; **Miriam Le May** (age 12), 449 Clementina St., San Francisco, Cal., and **Dorothy Starr** (age 13), 6059 Monroe Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Photography. Gold badges, **Ethel Badgley** (age 17), 1303 21st St., Des Moines, Ia.

Silver badges, **Ruth Shaw-Kennedy** (age 16), 3524 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **Elizabeth W. Passano** (age 9), 7 Legrange St., Winchester, Mass.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "The Desert," by **Alice A. Griffin** (age 12), Lonoak, Calif.



"[illegible]" by [illegible]

Second prize, "Spotted Fawn," by **Frances Mary Stevenson** (age 14), Claremont, Calif. Third prize, "The Whole Family," by **George Curtiss Job** (age 15), Kent, Conn. (See letter on page 188.) "Take my Picture," by **Elizabeth Marie Abbott** (age 14), Thrall, Calif.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Elsie Nathan** (age 16),



"THE DESERT." BY ALICE A. GRIFFIN, AGE 12. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

6 Washington Terrace, N. Y.; **Malcolm B. Carroll** (age 11), Bement Ave., W. New Brighton, N. Y., and **Margaret Titchener** (age 11), Cornell Heights, Ithaca, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Louise Wilcox** (age 15), 193 Inwood Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.; **John Flavel Hubbard, Jr.**, 14 Central Ave., Tompkinsville, N. Y., and **Caroline Curtiss Johnson** (age 13), 87 High St., Yonkers, N. Y.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Clarina S. Hanks** (age 15), Care Baring Bros., London, England, and **Ruth Broughton** (age 14), 256 Thatcher Ave., River Forest, Ill.

Silver badges, **Edward Foster** (age 12), St. Joseph, Minn., and **Summerfield Baldwin** (age 10), Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY RISPAH BRITTON GOFF (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

When other trees are brown and bare,
And snow flies through the frosty air
Across the frozen lea,
There is a tree still fresh and green,
Though bleak December's winds blow keen,—
The sturdy Christmas Tree.

Its many little candles, too,
All pink, and green, and red, and blue,
Send forth a fairy light.
Were ever any woodland bowers
Decked by such gaily tinted flowers,
Or blossoms, half so bright?

Each Christmas Eve it bears its fruit
Of balls that bounce, and horns that toot,
On all its slender boughs.
Each branch hangs low with dolls, and drums,
And skates, and sleds, and sugar plums,
And cakes, and candy cows.

Old Santa comes from Christmas land,
With generous heart, and careful hand,
To trim each twig and root;
But then, at last, on Christmas Day,
Old Santa Claus steals quite away,
And children pluck the fruit.

MY FAVORITE CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ALISON WINSLOW (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

My Favorite Christmas story is the story of "The Christ Child." That story is told so often and is known so well that my pen cannot begin to do it justice. I will tell you the story of my first "Christmas."

In January, nineteen hundred, there could be seen on a street in a very poor part of Boston, a poor, thin, white little girl dressed in rags and with soleless shoes on. That little girl was myself.

I suffered with the cold that winter, but barely lived through it. In March I was whiter, thinner, and weaker than ever. On March twentieth, I went to school as usual, not knowing that it would be the last time I would ever go there. But it was, for Miss Winslow came to the school and took me home with her, no longer to be a street waif, but to be her adopted daughter.

I was made happy during that day, and when night came I was taken up-stairs to be put to bed, and I turned to Miss Winslow (mamsie) and said:

"Will you teach me a little prayer? Poor little thing



"SPOTTED FAWN." BY FRANCES MARY STEVENSON, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

as I was, I had been a few times to Sunday-school. I was taught the little prayer beginning "Now I lay me down to sleep."

The next Christmas I always call my first Christmas, for it was the first Christmas that any one had tried to make me happy. That Christmas it seemed as if everyone thought of me, I had so many presents. Among other things, I received a rag doll that I have yet. I love that doll as if she were alive.

Think of the difference in having nothing as I had, and having everything as I have. Of all the things I have I value most the love of mamsie (Miss Winslow). To me she is as a star in a clouded sky, like a sunbeam in the gloom; only the gloom has passed away.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY DOROTHY [illegible] (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge*)

The Christmas tree [illegible] was
With candles red and green,
And little crystal icicles
Could everywhere be seen:
And lovely little colored balls
Of silver and maroon,
Were hanging on the branches there,
But oh, they broke so soon!

And many chains of popcorn white
Were twisted round and round,
And bags of [illegible]
Could everywhere be found.
And many little silver bells
A-tinkling merrily,
As though their mission in life was
To tinkle on that tree.

The candles burned most brilliantly
Upon that happy night;
The crystals shone most beautifully,
Reflecting all the light.
Let 's hope that when next Christmas comes
Our tree will be alight,
And everything as beautiful
As on last Christmas night.

MY FAVORITE CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY JEAN RUSSELL (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge*)

"But last night, again, there shined a star over Bethlehem, and the angels descended from the sky to the earth, and the stars sang together in glory. And the bells—hear them, little Dear-my-soul, how sweetly they



"[illegible]" BY [illegible]

are ringing—the bells bear us the good tidings of great joy this Christmas morning, that our Christ is born, and that with Him He bringeth peace on earth and good-will to men."

The story was over. My father's deep, kind voice stopped, and, baby as I was, I would sit in silence for a while, held by the poetic charm of "The Mouse and the Moonbeam." I can see the picture now: the cold, stormy Sunday afternoons; the big chair drawn up to the fire; and my father, the little book in his hand, with me on his lap.

All summer, the walks in the woods with him were a joy and [illegible] to the [illegible]. I [illegible]



"[illegible]" BY [illegible], AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE, WHO PLAYED THE PHONOGRAPH.)

those winter Sundays when the fire burned so cheerily, and he smiled so sympathetically as he asked —

"Well, Pewee, what shall we read to-day?"

And always I would choose the same little story, its beautiful Christmas spirit filling my childish heart with reverence.

Year after year, and Sunday after Sunday, I heard it; and then came that last year, when it was he who listened, and I who read, my voice breaking as I looked at him and knew that the story of the Cross meant more to him than I could possibly understand, though my heart ached with the look in his sightless eyes.

"Christmas Carol," and "The First Christmas Tree," and all the other beautiful holiday stories will be read, perhaps, when Eugene Field's little tale is forgotten; but to me it will always be inexpressibly dear. For I read it now in memory of those hours of my babyhood, and as I read I hear my father's voice again, and see his face, with its strange light, in the words "Thou shalt walk with me in My Father's Kingdom."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY CAROLYN BUTLER (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

In at the window, in at the door,
How comes the Christmas tree?
Whether by daylight, whether by night,
No one can ever see.

Out through the keyhole, under the door,
The scent spreads everywhere.
With dancing eye and excited gasp,
We whisper: "The tree is there."

A year of waiting—a century 'most,
At last the hour is here.
A voice cries, suddenly: "Children, come";
And we rush to the door with a cheer.

The door flies open, there it stands,
Mysterious, dazzling, bright!
It comes in a day, bringing joy to all,
And is gone again in a night.



CHIEF "RUNNING WATER." BY PHYLLIS R. NEWBY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY RHENA FRANCES HOWE (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Up in the pasture bleak and bare,
It softly swayed in the frosty air;
Lonely it looked there, all alone,
Framed by a background of wood and stone.

Up the rocky path they sped,
Jessie and Joe, Bessie and Ned.
Joe had an ax and Bessie a rope;
Four young people so full of hope.

Soon the graceful tree they spied,
And bore it home with them, in pride.
It was a merry game of horse you see,
With Jessie and Joe harnessed up to the tree.

And Bessie drove each prancing steed,
While Ned, with ax, was taking the lead.
And Baby looked on, with wondering eyes,
As into their house they bore their prize.

And puss, in the rocker, looked on in content;
As she purred and remembered the Christmas she 'd spent.
With popcorn and candy they trimmed up the tree,
And they skipped off to bed in expectant glee.



"RUNNING WATER." BY RACHEL BURBANK, AGE 15

For they knew very well that they 'd done their part,
And they trusted the rest to Santa's kind heart.

MY FAVORITE CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY WILLIAM B. PRESSEY (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

"The Christ Child" by Andrea Hofer Proudfoot is my favorite Christmas story. It tells of how on Christmas Eve, a child, barefoot and dressed in rags, walked along a city street. On both sides of the street were great residences, where bright lights shone through the windows. The child looked in one of these and said to himself: "Surely those little boys and girls who are dancing around that tree will be willing to let me in and play with them." So he knocked at the window. A little girl came to the window. When she saw the ragged child she shook her head and frowned; so the child had to go away. He went on and on. His hands were blue and his feet were numb with the cold. Finally the street became narrower and the houses were mostly crowded cottages of two or three rooms each. From one of these a bright light was shining and it felt so warm to the child that he decided to see if these people would let him in. So he knocked at the door. A mother with her two children sat there. They had no tree laden with presents. A long bare holly branch was the room's only decoration. When the child knocked the little girl in the room said:

"Shall I open the door, mother?"

"Certainly, my child, no one should be out in the cold on Christmas Eve."

So the child came in and sat in the mother's lap. Then the mother rubbed the hands and feet till they were warm. Then she told her children the real Christmas story. How a child had been born who was to die for us and our sins. As she finished the story a bright light filled the room. The children looked in the mother's lap; it was empty. The child had gone but the light remained.

"Children," said the mother, "I believe we have been visited by the Christ-child." And there was joy in the little house.

This story is my favorite Christmas story because it shows the real and the false spirit of Christmas. The spirit of the mother was real because she gave without receiving. The spirit of the little girl in the mansion was false because she received without giving.

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY ALICE RUTH CRANCH (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Out in the forest, bare and cold,
'Midst other trees and bushes old,
There grew a Christmas tree.
Its branches short, its needles green,
Scarce 'mongst the others could be seen;
Its years were only three.

The larger trees said, with a sneer,
"You are too little to be here,
Soon 't will be Christmas Day.
We shall be decked with presents bright,
Tinsel, and candles all alight,
But you, poor thing, will stay."

That Christmas Eve, 't was dark and still,
Old Santa Claus drove down the hill
And 'lighted in a room.
A crippled child on a pallet lay

Who knew no joy on Christmas Day,—
But only pain and gloom.

In that room Santa stood a tree,
The little one it proved to be,
Laden with presents new.
Sunshine had come to that poor child,
The little tree, so meek and mild,
Was glad and happy, too.

MY FAVORITE CHRISTMAS STORY

BY [illegible] (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I was [illegible] when I first heard a grandmother tell what has since been my favorite Christmas story.

It all happened when grandmother was only twenty, during the Civil War. She says she will never forget that Christmas Eve. Her husband and father were in the war and she, her mother and younger brothers were alone except for a few trusted servants. They were looking forward to a sad Christmas, for news had been received that both the absent ones were wounded. Now, sitting by the fire, those at home were completing preparations for the Christmas stockings for the children.

Grandmother remembers that it was just seven o'clock when suddenly they heard a shout and her fifteen year old brother rushed in crying, "The Yankees are coming!"

The two women were terror-stricken, but it was my grandmother who first realized something must be done immediately.

"Go, Harry," she said, "and call the negroes from the quarters"; but even as she spoke the negroes were heard on the back porch, for the shrill call of the bugle had alarmed them.

The house was on an island and the only access to the road was by a bridge which was at the end of the avenue of oaks.

The small children, hearing the excited voices, began crying.

Grandmother, standing by the river of floating ice, thought quickly. If the bridge were only away the enemy could not cross the ice. "John! Sam!" she cried, and two negroes ran up. "Go to the cellar and bring those kerosene and tar barrels."

They hurried to obey her, while others, at her command, brought bales of hay and set them on the bridge.

"Wait!" cried a voice from the darkness, and her cry of "Who 's there!" changed to one of joy, for her husband and father ran across the bridge.

Then, grasping a torch, she threw it in the kerosene barrel, which flamed up catching the straw. Soon the bridge was afire and the soldiers, unable to cross, marched on.

The family then gathered around the fire to hear the story of the loved ones just returned, and of the many dangers they had encountered on their way home to spend Christmas.

I first heard this tale in the room overlooking the bridge which has been rebuilt, and it has always been my favorite Christmas story.



"RUNNING WATER." BY WILLIAM H. MAY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MIRIAM NOLL (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

HUNG with bright icicles, laden with snow,
White heavens above, and white earth below,
Festooned and spangled without human hands,
Outside the window my Christmas tree stands.

Thawed by the warming noon-rays of the sun,
The snowflakes in diamond-drops fall, one by one.
Bare is my tree, but its branches of green
As verdant in winter as summer are seen.

The gift-laden branches of most Christmas trees
Are destined for only a few days to please;
So I think that my tree is far better, don't you?
For *my* Christmas tree lasts the whole year through.



"CHRISTMAS [illegible]." BY [illegible] WATKINS, AGE 14. (BRONZE MEDAL.)

CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY S. R. LENSON (AGE 10).

THE feast is done,
The children run
Up to the Christmas tree,
Where, all ablaze,
Its ruddy rays
The children see with glee.

The day has left,
And all bereft
Of finery and light
The tree, the room,
In darkest gloom,
Stands bare all through the night.



"HEADING." BY MICHAEL KOTSCO, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

MY FAVORITE CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARY LYDIA BARRETTE (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

When my great-grandmother was a girl her father and mother died, so Mr. Moore became her guardian. I mean Mr. Clement C. Moore.

On Christmas Eve, as my great-grandmother and Mr. Moore's daughters and sons were gathered around the fire, Mr. Moore came down and read "The Night Before Christmas" which he had just composed.

This is my favorite Christmas story.

We have a little book of his poems with his autograph in it, which he presented to my great-grandmother.

THE KITTENS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 9).

(*Honor Member.*)

On Tuesday night or Christmas eve,
Miss Kitten will her guests receive.
To spend the hours pleasantly
In dining, and a Christmas tree.
To give them a good time she 'll strive,
And please be sure to come at five.

R. S. V. P.

The guests arrived at five o'clock,
Each one had donned her finest frock.
They went into the dining-room,
All over, holly seemed to bloom.
Before them, lighted brilliantly
Was standing there, a Christmas tree;
All hung with favors, large and small,
Of different kinds for one and all.
And on a table there was spread
Some Catnip tea, and milk, and bread.
And on it also, served with ice,
Was an entrée of dainty mice.
Among the favors some did hold,
A kitten's pretty collar of gold.
Gay ribbons and some balls of string
And candies for them home to bring.
And when bound for their homes they went,
A pleasanter night they ne'er had spent.



"FIRESIDE FRIENDS." BY ELIZABETH W. PASSANO, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE ANGELS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY BESSIE EMERY (AGE 16).

'T is built of good wishes, of kind deeds and kisses,
Of all that we do here below
To more bearable make a life's grave mistake,
Or help one who 's out in the snow.

From a sad, lonesome day make the next one alway
Seem a heaven on earth to some lad
Whose parents are poor, or who 's lost on the moor
Of his penitent thoughts or his bad.

So all that we do and all that we say
To make some life happier be,
Is stored up in Heaven through all the long year
For the Angels a Christmas tree.

A CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MARGARET A. DOLE (AGE 16).

(*Honor Member.*)

Nineteen hundred years ago,
In a forest, deep in snow,
Stood a little fir-tree.
Strengthened by the sun and dew,
Every year more straight it grew.
Once a winter stormed it.

Nearly dead with frost and cold,
Losing strength, no longer bold,
Still it lived, though feebly;
Hearing of the Saviour's birth,
Feeling then, what life is worth,
It struggled on till springtime.

Birds that passed, though on the wing,
Flew to it, their news to bring,
Of the Life far distant.
Other trees by storms were killed,
But this tree by God was willed
To hear the death of Jesus.

Centuries are gone and dead.
Where this fir's green branches spread,
Sprung a stately forest.

Soon a child will happy be
With his presents and his tree,
Unconscious of its story.



"[illegible]" BY MARJORIE [illegible] CALDWELL, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY ELIZABETH EAGE JAMES (AGE 13).

(*Honor Member.*)

THE winter wind shrills through the pane;
The fire burns bright and high;
Outside the sounds of snow and rain
Mingle in one fierce cry.

The stockings hang before the grate
The house is all asleep;
'T is Christmas Eve, at night, and late,
The shadows slink and creep.

'T is then that through each sleeping head
Sweet Christmas visions go,
And in each snowy little bed
A Christmas tree doth grow.

Upon it starry candles sway,
Popcorn and candy, too,
And colored balls and tinsel gay,
And beads of every hue.

Then through the room an odor flows
Through all the gladsome ring;
And through their heads a memory goes
Of pine-trees, in the spring.

MY FAVORITE CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY DOROTHY [illegible] MAY (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MY favorite Christmas story was told to me by one I love. When she was a little girl they lived in the hills among the woods far from any store. They were afraid their Christmas would be a sad one. But they decided to make the best of it and have a tree anyhow.

This lady was the oldest of seven children. She made a rag doll and painted its face with her paints, for the youngest girl. The two boys made stiff wooden legs and nailed flat wooden feet to them. It was the funniest doll ever seen on a Christmas tree, but the little girl was happy.

They decorated the tree with red-berries, stringed popcorn and paper ornaments. The mother made a gray flannel mule for the baby boy and the boys made a sled to which they harnessed the mule. They had home-made cookies and candy. The other girls had paper dolls.

They went with their father to select the tree. There were hundreds of trees to choose from. The other trees must have envied this tree as it stood in the light decked with pretty things. When this lady fixes lovely trees for us she says we can't be happier than the children in the hills.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY AILEEN HYLAND (AGE 14).

(*Honor Member.*)

ONE day a little seedling said:
"I shall a mighty redwood be."
The Master Woodman shook his head;
"No, little one—a Christmas tree."

"And what is that?" the seedling cried;
"Oh, tell what *is* a Christmas tree!"
The Master Woodman but replied:
"My little seedling, wait and see."

The years rolled by, the seedling grew,
And swayed its branches strong and free.
And when the wintry storm winds blew,
'T was chosen for a Christmas tree.

It glowed with stars and tinsel gay,
Its branches, bowed with candy drops,
And bright dressed dolls for children's play,
Toy birds, and beasts, and painted tops.

"And what is this?" the young tree cried;
"Whence came this wondrous fruit I see?



"HEADING." BY [illegible] DOROTHY STALL, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

These toys upon my branches wide?
I know! I *am* a Christmas tree!

"My reign will end *with* Christmas day,
And that you may remember me,
Keep all my stars and bright array
To deck another Christmas tree."

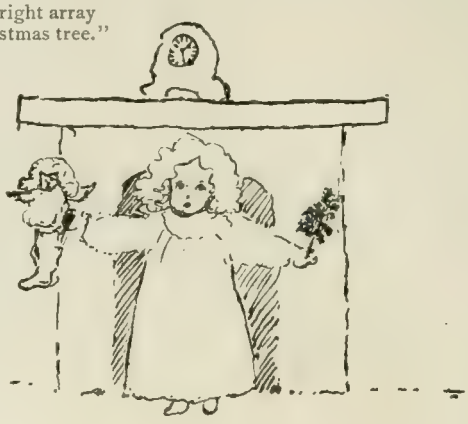
MY FAVORITE CHRISTMAS STORY.

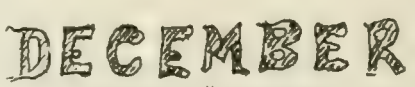
BY RUTH ALLING (AGE 11).

ON Christmas Eve a short time before my ninth birthday, I remember sitting in the family circle about an open fire-place. My stocking was hanging from the mantel beside two others, and we were told to retire at once if we did not wish Santa Claus to pass by the house.

Visions of dolls, toys, and candy were before me and I had a great desire to give dear old SantaClaus a lunch, and asked mother if I could place some cheese and a chocolate éclair near my stocking for him. My brother-in-law laughed and said: "Good for you, Ruth, look out for the old chap and he will be sure not to forget you next year." So I placed an éclair and some cheese on a plate with a note wishing Santa a "Merry Christmas."

Christmas morning I was delighted to find an over-loaded stocking, an empty plate, and this letter, "Thank you, Ruth, that lunch was great," SANTA CLAUS.





"DECEMBER HEADING." BY MARJORIE LE MAY, AGE 7. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY GLADYS C. EDGERLY (AGE 11).
(*Honor Member.*)

THE fleecy snow has clothed the earth
In robes of magic weave;
The pale moon shines upon the scene
And heralds Christmas Eve.

Within the room, a bright fire burns;
Two stockings hang near by;
Upon the pillow two small heads
In peaceful slumber lie.

From out the sky a silver glow
Of moonlight fills the room
Where heavy laden branches now
In wondrous beauty bloom.

A tall and stately evergreen—
Adorned with candles bright—
Dolls, toys, and pretty trinkets, too,
Bears on its boughs to-night.

Drums, trumpets, colored tinsels fine,
They all are hanging there;
And swinging lightly o'er them floats
The Christmas angel fair.

The hearth-fire now is burning low,
The stars fade fast away,
The sun in all his glory comes
To welcome Christmas Day.



"HEADING." BY ROSALIND ELEANOR WEISSBEIN, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

MY FAVORITE CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY BEULAH ELIZABETH AMIDON (AGE 12).

THE fire in the great, open fireplace crackled and danced as the two children sat on their crickets before it, seeing in the flames the scene of revelry being enacted all through merry England on that Christmas Eve.

"Dost remember the last Christmas, sister?" said James, a stout lad of twelve years.

"Aye, brother," answered Patience, "and the sweets our grandmother made. I was but ten then. Remember, too, the little tree with its gay trimmings. Oh, for a sight of old England again!" and the bright blue eyes were dim with tears.

"My lassie *shall* have a sight of old England again," said good Mistress Gray, "e'en if I get banished as did poor Roger Williams, God bless him!" The voice quivered for an instant, and then went on.

"Go thou, James, and cut a young fir, and thou, Patience, tie these colored bits of cloth about those pine-cones."

As she spoke Mistress Gray fastened her heavy shawl over the window that no tell-tale ray of light should escape, if Elder Brewster passed that way.

Then in came James with a wee fir, about three feet high, which he propped up in the middle of the room. Patience tied on the gay pine-cones, and candles cut in half, and her brother found bunches of corn-tassel and added these.

All three stood back to gaze upon their little tree with delight, while James lit the candles; and then they took hold of hands and danced 'round and 'round, singing one of the old English folk-songs.

After the dance, brother and sister seated themselves at the mother's feet and listened to the Christmas tales they had heard at every Yule-tide feast since babyhood.

When the stories came to an end the candles were extinguished, the improvised curtain taken down, and a little later the moon looked in upon the sleeping children, and upon America's first Christmas tree.

PUSSY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY ELSIE HOPE BRUNO (AGE 13).

'T WAS Christmas time and Pussy said,
"I 'll have a Christmas tree,
I 'll to the chimney softly tread,
And Santa Claus I 'll see."

"I 'll ask him for some rats and mice,
And milk and fishes, too;
Oh, I will make the tree so nice,
Yes! that is what I 'll do."

Said Puss: "I 'll ask no other cat
To help me eat the fish;
Oh, won't they wonder what I 'm at,
When they see the empty dish?"

So Pussy stayed till it was dark
And then did softly glide;

He thought it was a splendid lark
To wait by the fireside.

But soon he grew so very tired,
He said: "I 'll go to sleep.
Perhaps I 'll wake up when
required,
At Santa Claus to peep."

But Pussy slept till Christmas Day
And had no mice or rats,
For dear old Santa Claus did say:
"I don't like selfish cats."

MY FAVORITE CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ERMA QUINBY (AGE 15).

ALTHOUGH any book, at any time, which cheers as well as amuses the reader, is well worth while; at Christmas, time of all times when happiness should abound, a story that increases good humor and gaiety is more than welcome.

Such a story is "Mr. Pickwick's Christmas." Dickens has given every incident a humorous or ludicrous cast.

There is not one unpleasant or reserved person in that story of a jolly Christmas gathering in an old English country house. Mr. Pickwick and his friends are the most sociable, kind, and dear old gentlemen ever portrayed.

The conversation between the fat boy, "young twenty stun," and Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick's servant; the adventure of Mr. Winkle on the frozen pond; the manœuvers of the young lady with the black eyes upon Mr. Winkle, will convulse the reader with laughter, and leave him as jovial and merry as the characters in "My Favorite Christmas Story."

CELEBRATION.

(A Belated July Poem).

BY MARGARET BUDD (AGE 14).

(FROM the mother's point of view:)—
"Oh dear—just hear that awful bang—
Do you suppose—was that the bell that rang?
Why *did* I let that boy go out today,
If this suspense keeps up, my hair 'll be gray.

(From the sister's point of view):—
"I know those awful boys will surely play
Some trick on me if I go out today.
Oh! Oh! how can they like that noise!
Oh, dear, I simply hate those horrid boys."

(From the brother's point of view):—
"My! did you hear that giant cracker go?
I tell you what—say, bring those matches, Jo.
I 'm glad I 'm not a girl, afraid of noise,
When July Fourth comes around, we 're glad we 're boys.



"IN FRANCE." BY EDWINA STEAR, AGE 14.

MY FAVORITE CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARY TATE (AGE 10).

THE Christmas story I like the most is a little play, "The Misfit Christmas Puddings." The book begins with a baker in his store the day before Christmas. The door opens and in walks Katrina.

"Father," said Katrina, "can't I give the Widow M'Carty a cake?"

"Why should I give the Widow M'Carty a cake?"

But Katrina kept up the argument and at last he gave in.

"Wrap up those Christmas puddings while you are here," said he.

So she began to wrap them up. There were thirteen. But Katrina forgot to wrap up a cake for the widow. But she wrote on a card: "For the Widow M'Carty from Katrina."

Then she laid it by the puddings, and asked some one to take the cake which she thought she had wrapped up. All the clerks said they would take it, and then she went out. Then one clerk came up and took the pudding nearest the card, but left the card, then another clerk came up and took a pudding, but he left the card, and so on until all the twelve clerks had taken a pudding and all left the card.

The second act is in the hut, where lived the widow, her nine children, their Grandpa and Granny M'Carty.

The widow had twelve people to support and nearly nothing to eat. This was discouraging. That night when everybody was in bed, Bridget did the washing. After a while she heard a loud knock, when she opened the door one of the bakery clerks said:

"The Widow M'Carty from Katrina," and at the same time put in her hand a parcel and went away.

Bridget put the pudding (for that it was) on the ironing-board. Soon another knock and another pudding was handed in, and so on until the twelve of the puddings were handed in by different clerks.

The next morning two of the boys went to sell their papers. Meanwhile, Bridget hid the twelve puddings. When they had eaten all their dinner but the puddings, she told the children to hunt and put what they found at their places. When every one had a pudding the door suddenly opened and in walked Mr. M'Carty, for he really had not been drowned at all; and he had stopped at the bakery and bought the thirteenth pudding.



"RUNNING WATER." RUTH CUTLER, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)



"HEADING." BY RENA T. KELLNER, AGE 17.

ROLL OF HONOR
FOR
DECEMBER

No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitled them to encouragement.

VERSE, 1.

Katharine Putnam
Geneva Anderson
Marguerite Weed
Adelaide Nichols
Lucy Rose Morgenthau
Lois Donovan
E. Vincent Millay
Maude Woodward Fowler
Margaret T. Babcock
Elizabeth Toof
Jessie Freeman Foster
Kathleen C. Betts
Isabella Strathy
Laura Moench
Anna Eveleth Holman
Margaret Houghteling
Margaret Frances Andrews
Gwendolen Franklin
E. B. Kerns
Dorothy Stabler
Doris F. Halman

VERSE, 2.

Phyllis J. Walsh
Margaret E. Cobb
Jeannette Covert
Elizabeth B. Prudden
Pincus Perlman
Ruth Harvey
Ethel Youngs
Bernice Brown
Knowles Entrekin
Dorothy Gardiner
Jessie M. Ellis
Jeanne Demétre
Jennie Thurston
Anita Nathan
R. Luffman
Mabel Smith
Margaret F. Grant
Bessie M. Blanchard
Lillie G. Menary
Harold Darling
Mary Lee Turner
Barbara K. Webber
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.
Marion Robertson
Frances Woodward
Enid Lewis
Mary Frances Colter
Edith S. Wetmore
Mabel Winstone
Dorothy MacPherson
Elizabeth Flournoy
Eleanor Parker
Jacob White
Dora Rabinowitz
Carol Thompson

PROSE, 1.

Ruth M. DeGrange
Caroline Graham
Alice H. Gregg
Louise Lytle Kimball
Kathleen A. Burgess
Katherine K. Davis
Madeleine Dahlgren
Elinor Clark
Margaret Gray Weatherup
Ruth Livingston
Henrietta Heth
Winifred Culp
Isabel A. Oldham
Katharine Thatcher
Beatrice Frye
Margaret McGregor
Adrienne Molesworth
Edna M. C. Krouse
Gertrude L. Amory
Pearl W. Pignol
Edith Dean Fanning
Lorraine Ransom
Gertrude Gladys Drake
Catharine H. Straker
Freda M. Harrison
Gladys M. Adams
Beatrice H. Ryers
Julia S. Ball
Helen Hodges
Janie S. Ball
Elizabeth M. Ruggles
Ruth Sawtell
Blanche Beckwith
Marcia M. Weston
Florence M. Moote
Katheyn B. Redway
Robert R. Mill
Walter R. Osterman

PROSE, 2.

Marie Edith Tyson
Florence Stinchcomb
Marjory Kerr
Charles S. Lerch
W. Frances McNeary
Judith S Finch
Marjory Carrington
Gladys Louise Cox
Eleanor L. Halpin
Helen Marie Kountz
Marguerite Douglass
Velma Jolly
Rosalie Waters
Rebecca Wolfson
Agnes Lee Bryant
Margaret Spahr
Dorothy Buell
Anita G. Lynch
Everett Washington
Isabel Foster
Dorothy Herman
Mary Levering Bolster
John Baldwin Poyntz
Elizabeth Maclay
Hope Lyons
Nina Williams
Frances H. Billings
Ward Reece Buhland
Alice May Flagg
Dorothy W. Haasis
William Jarboe
Mildred Post
Isabel D. Weaver
Jeannette Miller
Florence M. Ward
Susa Evans Hoyt
Helen F. Batchelder
Florence M. Beecher
Helen Page
Helen Santmyer
Charlotte Bockes
Dorothy C. Shaw
Catherine Oglesby
Gertrude Halcro Brown-Nicolson

DRAWING, 1.

Frank Lister
Edward Hubert
Margaret Crahan
Margaret Erskine Nicolson
George C. Papazian
Myron Chester Nutting
William E. Hoy, Jr.
May Belle Pugh
Dorothy Foster
Elna Johnson
Marguerite Wyatt
E. Allena Champlin
Homer Bassett
Nan LaLanne
Marjorie R. Peck
Junius D. Edwards
Stella Benson
Cuthbert W. Haasis
Mabel Gardner
William T. R. Johnson
Rachel Bulley
Margaret Farnesworth
Muriel E. Halstead
Adolf Lancken Miller
Helen May Baker
Margaret Lord
Margaret Sanderson
Mary Aurilla Jones
Mabel Alvarez
Lydia Carolyn Gibson
Webb Mellin Siemens
Dorothy Barnes Loye
Sara L. Gofton
Dorothy L. Dade
Elsa B. Carlton Clark
Perry Blumlein

DRAWING, 2.

L. Eastwood Seibold
J. Charles O'Brien, Jr.
Otto Peichert
Iris Weddell
Betty Lisle
Gene Spencer
Elise Wald
Emma Starr
Richard Cox
Helen C. Otis
Marie Mohr
Flora Sheen
Corrie Blake
Mary Foster
Leola Lorenz
Ida F. Parfitt
Gladys Nolan
B. Ilma Stair
Marjorie Somerscales
Walter Oehrle
Harriet Ide Eager
Dorothy Howland Cheesman
Kate C. Riggs
Hugh A. Cameron
Helen E. Fernald
Muriel L. Fortune
Rosella Ackerman
Marjorie E. Chase
Dorothy Quinby
Bessie B. Styron
Nellie Hagan
William W. Wright
Marion Strausbaugh
Grace T. Slack
Honor Gallsworthy
Jean D. Clowes
Hewig C. Guelich
Sybil Emerson
Lucia E. Halstead
Charles T. Pilote
Mary Louise Peck
Hazel C. Bates
Katherine Curtiss
Dorothy Maitland Falk
Catherine Snell
Dorothy Yaeger
Ethel B. Walker
Ralph Douglas Wheeler
Doris Howland
Mildred L. Prindle
Gladys L. Winner
Louise A. Bateman
Lawrence F. Braine, Jr.
Gerald I. Collins
Elizabeth S. Illsley
Hazel Halstead
Harrison B. McCreary
Charlotte M. Hill
Florence E. Dean
Marjory Bridgman
Dora Somerscales
Hampton Sherer
Agnes W. Rogers
LaVerne G. Abell
Irene Olive Keyes
Marjorie Lachmund
Dorothy Campbell
Lois L. Wright
Arnulf Ueland
Elizabeth Edwards
Stephen Phelps Collier
Agnes I. Prizer
A. Reynolds Eckel
Leonora Howorth
Roger L. Howland
Lucille Brown
Esther A. Gillett
Gertrude LeMay
Elizabeth Gordon
Dorothy G. Stewart

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1.

Christopher Pratt
Glen Brockway
Peggie Weston
Hobart D. Dunlap
Helen W. Myers
Nathaniel Hathaway, Jr.
Margaret Douglas Shufeldt
Josephine Sturgis
Dorothy Wormser
Sherwood Chapman
Herbert Marschutz
Mary O. Emmet
Samuel F. Showalter
Ely Whitehead
Elise Gail

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2.

Eleanor Lenihan
Elmer W. Rietz
Helen K. Gould
Elizabeth S. Billings
Helen Parfitt
Leven C. Allen, Jr.
J. W. H. McKnight
Miriam Thompson
Dorothy A. Dunston

PUZZLES, 1.

Cornelia Chapin
Agnes Mayo
Rose Edith DesAnges
A. Zane Pyles
William Ellis Keysor
E. Adelaide Hahn
Helen Davenport Perry
James A. Lynd
Ethel Naunton Emery
Henry Ware Jones
David K. Ford
Paul Newgarden
Marion F. Hayden
Elinor Foster
Hester Gunning
Dorothy Fox

PUZZLES, 2.

Frances Woodworth Wright
Alida Chanler
Rose Mary Davis
Elsie Overman
Elizabeth L. Clarke
Ruth S. Colman
Corina Ely
Katherine B. Carter

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

We desire to call attention to the fact that certain publishers have so warmly appreciated the League Idea as to borrow it. "Borrow" is not exactly the word, either, because they do not mean to give it up. What they have done is to take it openly, without permission.

Of course they perhaps thought they did n't need permission, and probably did n't want it, anyway, or they would have mentioned the matter. They have simply appropriated, confiscated, assimilated, nabbed, hooked, swiped, stol——no, let us be polite—let us say that they have "annexed" the idea—that is what they have done, just as another nation might annex an island it liked, which was lying handy and unprotected.

To be *very* polite then, they have "annexed" the League idea, and they have been trying to annex some of our members too, for which reason we have been obliged to omit the addresses from chapter reports and from published letters. It is too bad to do this, but when we learn that letters are being sent to League members—some of them in our care—letters containing certain alluring-looking advertising which might attract some of our boys and girls from the original League into what is only an imitation, then we feel that we really must do something to protect not only ourselves and our members, but the morals of those other publishers.

Editor St. Nicholas League, Dear Sir: Enclosed find the picture "Parent Kingbirds Feeding Young." (See page 181.)

I would like to tell you about the nest. It was situated on a fence post between the road and the railway, hardly three feet away from either of them. The mother bird would stay on the nest even while express trains and teams went by. The wind caused by the train was so strong that it nearly blew my camera over.

Very truly yours,
George Curtiss Job.

The Editors of the St. Nicholas, Dear Sirs: You may not know, but I am a Japanese boy, sixteen years old. I came to this country last December to get an American education.

I am very fond of reading English books, so that I spent most leisure hours in reading. This summer I took up the August number of the St. Nicholas and read through it with a deep interest. But the pages in which I was most interested were "St. Nicholas League"

pages, for I thought that these pages were filled with heavy writings of smart American boys and girls. I like smart boys and girls, but I don't think I am very smart yet I am trying to be. Therefore I made up my mind last night to become a member of the League and send my compositions to it hereafter. Of course it is pretty hard work to compose an English verse, as well as prose, for English is not my mother tongue, you know. Still I will do my very best and send my works for the League. So please be so kind as to entitle me a member of the League, and advise me. I remain,

Yours very truly,

[illegible] Iwatsu.



"HEADING." BY HELEN C. DAVIS, AGE 13

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since 1902 and I shall be ever so sorry to have to drop you when I am eighteen, but that is a number of years away. I think you are fine and I read you from cover to cover as soon as you come, and then, of course, I have to wait a whole month for the next number. My favorite stories are "Pinkey Perkins," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," and "Fritzi."

[illegible] sent my "class" had a picnic at [illegible] Springs. We spent the day getting wild flowers, strolling [illegible], and playing outdoor games. The boys and girls had a base-ball game and the girls won.

I live on the "beautiful city that is seated by the sea." Longfellow's birthplace and mansion are both here and I have been all through the mansion. Very interesting things are in them. Among them are the playthings, the carvings, and pictures drawn on the walls, and one sampler with a needle in it just as it was left by one of the girls of the family. There are a great many summer resorts around here and in the summer time the city is crowded almost to overflowing with tourists. We live within a block of Longfellow's playground, Deering Oaks, and we often go down there and play in the same place he did.

I have written before but my letter was not published. I hope it may be, this time.

Your devoted reader,

MARGARET[illegible] M[illegible] (age 14)

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was so surprised and pleased to see my sketch actually published and awarded a silver badge. My badge came the other day, and I have been meaning ever since to write and tell you how delighted I am with it.

I [illegible] a little story called "Why the Sun Has Rays," but I did not have it properly endorsed for I had not read all the rules. And I never heard anything of it.

And so telling you again how pleased I am, I am

Very sincerely,

[illegible] Hayden.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is indeed with great pleasure that I receive my silver badge. I shall always prize it, not only for its own value but as my first encouragement in literary work.

I am sure I shall strive with greater diligence than ever to progress in the League.

Thanking you for the honor you have given me in accepting my first contribution, I remain, Your devoted reader,

[illegible] M[illegible]

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You cannot imagine how happy I was when I found I had won a [illegible], and happier still when I received [illegible] for me, as I knew nothing about it until I was congratulated in the [illegible]. I could not believe it till I saw my own name, printed in black and white, *myself*. Even then it seemed a mystery!

I can never thank you enough for the lovely badge, the great encouragement you have given me and the honor bestowed upon me.

Ever most sincerely and gratefully,

PAULINE M. DAKIN.



"[illegible] HEADING." MARGARET [illegible]

OTHER welcome letters have been received from Doris Beattie Weir, Arthur J. Cramer, Velma Jolly, Margaret B. Wood, Dorothy Thompson, Roland Redmond, Dorothy G. Gibson, Ida B. Littlefield, Carrie Brown, Erma Quimby, Frank A. Lewis, George Louis Sill, Gladys Moore, Sidney B. Duter.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 98.

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 98 will close **December 20** (for foreign members **December 25**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **April.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Life."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Forest Adventure." (Must be true.)

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject "The Bare Brown Fields."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "Study of a Child" (from life), and an **April** Heading or Tail-piece.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the [illegible]*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

AN ACROSTIC.

BY RICHARD WETHERILL NEWMAN (AGE 11).

MERRY merry Christmas, we 're going to have a tree,
Every one is happy as girls and boys should be !
Round and round the table we danced in pure delight
Ready for ST. NICHOLAS and the joys he brings at night.
You ne' er saw us "so anxious for the dawn" to come in sight!
"**C**ome, the things are ready" we hear the Mother call,
"**H**ere we come," all shouted and trooped into the hall,
Right out in the center, the tree resplendent stood,
In its branches presents which looked so very good.
Silver strands adorn it, and lots of dandy food.
Things we wanted badly and things we' ve hoped for long,
Many books and dollies and soldiers tall and strong,
Apples, nuts and raisins, hang in fine array—
Santa Claus was generous upon this Christmas Day.

——, GEORGIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One Sunday, as we were sitting down to dinner, a buzzard flew up on a tree, three mocking-birds were after him and they flew at him, swooped down on his tail, scolding him in the most awful manner. By and by a blackbird came and he did the same as the mocking-birds, and they bumped into him so hard that they nearly knocked him off the tree, but he would raise his wings and balance himself. The blackbird chattered away in blackbird talk, while the mocking-birds talked in mocking-bird talk.

At last the buzzard flew away with the birds still after him. We all laughed to see such a funny sight.

Then he came back again and lighted on the ground. Grandpapa had killed a snake just the day before. The buzzard picked it up and dropped it again, then he flew away, the birds still following him, and that is the last we saw of him.

I am seven years old and can read everything in your pages, though I cannot write, so my mother is writing this letter and I tell her exactly what to say.

I have a little sister, Ruth, who cannot read, but she enjoys the ST. NICHOLAS very much, and oftentimes sits by me while I read to her.

Your little friend,
MIRIAM KETCHUM.

B——, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years as a Christmas present and like you better every year. When all my other gifts are gone I always have you.

I belong to the League and have sent in three contributions. I would like very much to win a prize and intend to keep on trying till I succeed. I liked "The Crimson Sweater" very well and I think that "Tom, Dick and Harriet" is just as good.

I spent a few days up on Lake Ontario fishing not long ago and had a delightful time.

We went out in a motor-boat every morning at eight or nine o'clock and fished till one or two. Then we went ashore, set the table, made the fire, cooked the dinner and then, best of all, ate it.

I do not think many rich and costly meals tasted as good as that simple meal of chicken, eggs, coffee, fish and pie did eaten on a rough board in the best restaurant in the world—Nature's.

Then we went out again and fished till sundown or moonlight, when we came home.

With every wish for success
I remain your loving reader,
CHARLOTTE BABCOCK.

H——, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is just two years ago to-day that I first received ST. NICHOLAS for a birthday present, and as to-day is my fifteenth birthday I thought I would like to write to you.

I have never enjoyed a magazine so much as you, nor looked forward so much to its coming. It does not seem two years since I read my first copy.

As a present, to-day, I received the picture on the March cover framed: that of a little boy and girl on horseback. It certainly adds to the appearance of my room.

I enjoy "Tom, Dick and Harriet" a great deal because it is so natural, bright and comical. Although "A Little Field of Glory" is entirely different, it is very interesting. Wishing you success, I am

Your constant reader,
JEAN GRAY ALLEN.

MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am staying in Mexico now. I arrived on the 5th of May, when a great parade was going on. I have you sent to my American home and from there here, so as not to make any confusion as I am not going to stay here more than two months more. My father and mother gave you to me for a Christmas present this year, so I have not had you very long.

I am going to tell you some things about Mexico. There is a cathedral here more than four hundred years old. It was built by the Spaniards. I go to a Spanish school here to learn Spanish. I can speak quite a good deal now. I was in Chile, South America, for two years and a half and learned to speak it there, but when I came back to the United States again, I forgot it all.

I went, one Sunday, to San Angel, called the California of Mexico, because the fruit is so sweet and the flowers are so pretty. When we got there we went to an inn that many years ago had been a convent, and now one can see the pictures of saints and images.

Well I think I have written quite enough.

I remain your loving reader,
ALFONZO (age 9).

SHIMONOSEKI, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you where my brother and I go bathing in the summer.

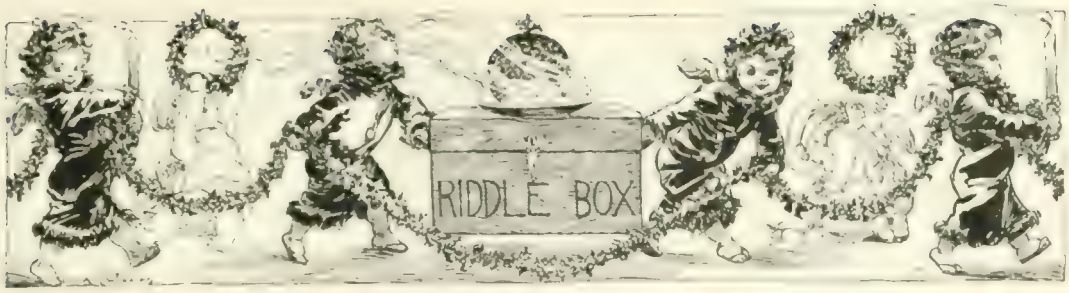
We go down our hill, and get a jinricksha, and ride a little way through the town, and then by rice fields for about a mile or two, until at last we get to a pine grove on the beach, where we go in bathing. This place is called Takahisa.

Sometimes we have picnics there and have good times.

There is only one thing that we don't like and that is this: the soldiers from the barracks come to the beach once in a while with their horses and take them into the water, so we can't go in then.

From your faithful reader,
MARION HILL (age 8).

Other interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Mary Bohlen, Julia Coleman Callahan, Callie Dudley, Leighla Schuster, Walter Yardley Eccott, Elizabeth Gysi, Juliette M. Omohundro, Howard W. Coombs, Alice Burbank, Julia Edey, Eloise Carroll McDowell, Jessie Stewart, Eleanor Wyatt, Elizabeth Keenan, Elizabeth Baker, Mary Alice Tate, Virginia Taylor, Rebeckah Howard, Frances Dameron, Grace M. Gill, Dorothea Nehne, Robert Blake, Adeline Jarvis, M. Louise Matthews, Margaret Osburn, Mary Glover.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

Diagonal. Hieronymus. Cross-words: 1. Heliolatry. 2. Miscellany. 3. Inexplicit. 4. Hierophant. 5. Heliograph. 6. Convenient. 7. Countryman. 8. Patronymic. 9. Tremendous. 10. Gratuitous.

[illegible] Thanksgiving Day. 2. Betake. 3. Exhale. 3. St-able. 4. De-note. 5. Un-kind. 6. Ab-sent. 7. Re-gain. [illegible] Advent. 2. [illegible] 11. Carolina. 12. Beginner. 1. Pharaoh. 2. Staged. 3. Harvard.

Novel Acrostic. Initials, Sir Walter Scott; fourth row, Quentin Durward. Cross-words: 1. Sacque. 2. Illume. 3. Ravens. 4. Wrench. 5. Abatis. 6. Loving. 7. Trance. 8. Eroded. 9. Reduce. 10. Scarab. 11. Crowds. 12. Octant. 13. Terror. 14. Trader.

Illustrated Numerical Enigma.

The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Charade. So-low; solo.—Riddle. D-o-ll.

A November Charade. Pump-kin-pie.

Word-square. 1. Remit. 2. Erode. [illegible] 4. Hide. 5. Terse.

[illegible] Madagascar.

Central Acrostic. Nathaniel Bacon. 1. Sunny. 2. Trash. 3. Catch. 4. Ethel. 5. Heart. 6. Fancy. 7. White. 8. Guest. 9. Valve. 10. Sable. 11. Claim. 12. Niche. 13. Quote. 14. Honey

Diamonds Connected by a Word-square. 1. I. Ilia. 2. Lie. 3. Iliad. 4. Mad. 5. D. II. 1. N. 2. Sad. [illegible] 4. Day. D. III. 1. Idea. 2. Darn. 3. Erin. 4. Anna.

A Martial Double Diagonal. From 1 to 2, Japanese; 3 to 4, Russians. Cross-words: I. Jingowar. 2. Farragut. 3. Japanese. 4. Manassas. 5. McKinley. 6. Flanders. 7. Unionist. 8. Syracuse.

To our Puzzlers: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the September Number were received before September 15th from Caroline C. Johnson—Jennie Melville—Mary Ferguson—Helen Brohl—James A. Lynd—Elsie Nathan—Emmet Russell—Roger D. Wolcott—"Betty and Maury"—Elsie, Lacie and Gillie—Jo and I—W. A. O.—Muriel von Tunzelmann [illegible] Peter and Paul. Elena Ivey. Clara C. Earle. D. W. Hand, Jr., —Helen Morris—Beatrice Frye—"Queenscourt"—"Dad" Danvers.

Answers to Puzzles in the September Number were received before September 15th from Margaret Cobb, 9—Dorothy Gay, 5—Dorothy M. Rogers, 7—Violet W. Hall, [illegible] B. Crosby, [illegible] Rhoda V. Tanner, 2—Edna Meyle, 8—Mary Augusta McCagg, 5—Dorothy Smith, [illegible] Virginia Viall, 4—Frances McIver, 10—Rachel Whidden, 11—Nettie Kreinik, 9—Berry Fleming, 2—Dorothy Gould, 6—Ada May Burt, 11—Carl Guttzeit, 4—Harriet E. Gates, 9—Edward Weiskopf, 9—Everett Dilks, 4—Miriam Ellinwood, 4—Betty Houghton, 2—Emily Tucker, 2—Mabelle Meyer, 7—Dorothy Wood, 4.

So many send answers to one puzzle that for lack of space these cannot be acknowledged.

FRACTIONS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

Take ½ of a tomato, ½ of an artichoke, ½ of an onion, ½ of a radish, and ½ of a cabbage, mix carefully, and another vegetable will be produced.

Edward Lostlek.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The words described are not of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the initial letters, reading upward, and the final letters reading downward, will spell the name of the same Revolutionary hero.

Cross-words: 1. Age. 2. Idea. 3. A pleasure boat. 4. To disconcert. 5. The one that. 6. Woolen thread. 7. A fleet of ships. 8. A freebooter. 9. A musical instrument made of glass or metal. 10. Very small. 11. A time of day. 12. To fish.

Walker E. Swift (League Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of sixty-four letters, and form a quotation from Lowell.

My 14-45-7-27 is the title of the Russian ruler. My 9-40-49-26-55-19 is predicament. My 6-16-54-13-5-25 is soapsuds. My 2-8-1-52-59 is little. My 48-11-56-51 is benevolent. My 12-38-47-21 is disappeared. My 4-24-30-46 is part of the head. My 61-36-17-62 is not any. My 58-41-33-64 is a nickname of Elizabeth. My 34-57-23 is a near relative. My 20-32-37 is a useful fowl. My 39-3-29-31-63 are deep dishes. My 15-50-18-22-43 is to breathe harshly in sleep. My 10-60-44-35 is not so much. My 28-42-53 is a number.

Madelyn Worth (League Member).

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.



I. Upper Diamond: 1. In grab. 2. A golf term. 3. Existence. 4. The close. 5. In grab.

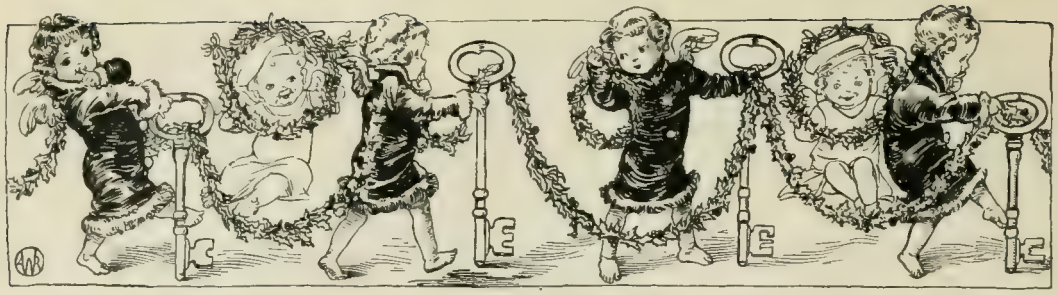
II. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In gay. 2. Also. 3. Immature. 4. A unit. 5. In gay.

III. Central Square: 1. A bird of prey. 2. A famous giant. 3. To gleam. 4. A weapon. 5. Compound ether.

IV. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In tiny. 2. Skill. 3. To discipline. 4. A metal. 5. In tiny.

V. Lower Diamond: 1. In tiny. 2. A common animal. 3. Captured. 4. A number. 5. In tiny.

J. T. and C. T. Schrage.



CHARADE.

My *first* we like to have around,
A pretty pet and small;
My *second* is a letter, and
'T is in the short word "tall."
My *third* is one we love full well
(She does not like this name!)
My *fourth* is what a small boy does
In many a lively game;
My *whole* is seen on rivers large
In many a sunny clime;
'T is but a wooden craft so rude,
Come, guess this little rhyme.

VICTOR HOAG (League Member).

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St Nicholas League Competition.)

1. THE wife of Jason. 2. An important Dorian City. 3. The assumed name of *Kent* in "King Lear." 4. An important country of Africa. 5. A defeated general at Marathon. 6. A letter from the Greek alphabet. 7. A daughter of Tantalus. 8. A country famous in history. 9. The daughter of Cadmus.

The initial letters, spelling downward, will spell an ancient country of Europe.

SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN (age 10).

WORD-SQUARES.

1. A HEAP. 2. Notion. 3. Not so much. 4. A point of the compass.

EMILE REICHMAN (League Member.)

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS.

1. DOUBLY behead and curtail saluted and leave price. 2. Doubly behead and curtail a follower, and leave in this place. 3. Doubly behead and curtail seized by warrant, and leave peace. 4. Doubly behead and curtail that which holds fast, and leave a measure of length. 5. Doubly behead and curtail allotted, and leave a symbol. 6. Doubly behead and curtail earnestly and leave a movable canvas lodge. 7. Doubly behead and curtail untied from anchorage, and leave a heath. 8. Doubly behead and curtail lawless and leave to curve. 9. Doubly behead and curtail agreed, and leave despatched.

When rightly beheaded and curtailed, the initials of the nine remaining words will spell a holiday.

IVA MCFADDEN (League Member).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

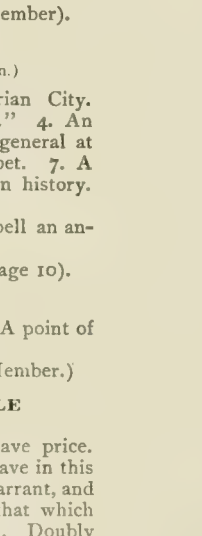
1. TRIPLY behead props, and leave harbors. 2. Triply behead to give notice, and leave a measure of weight. 3. Triply behead answers, and leave small bodies of water. 4. Triply behead more polished, and leave the second of two. 5. Triply behead large, printed notices, and leave a small piece of pasteboard. 6. Triply behead a foreigner, and leave wrath. 7. Triply behead makes believe, and leave protects. 8. Triply behead unitedly, and leave the air. 9. Triply behead violent storms, and leave noxious insects. 10. Triply behead to recall, and leave a lighted coal. 11. Triply behead examples, and leave certain sea birds. 12. Triply behead bankruptcy, and leave decoys.

When the words have been rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a very high mountain peak of North America.

RUTH BROUGHTON.

CONNECTED STARS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



READING ACROSS: I. 1. In crest. 2. Thus. 3. Parents. 4. Winding. 5. Circumference. 6. Prefaces. 7. Long steps. 8. Thus. 9. In crest.

II. 1. In crest. 2. Thus. 3. Most tidy. 4. Hurt. 5. Renowned. 6. Salutes. 7. A fortress. 8. Thus. 9. In crest.

III. 1. In crest. 2. Thus. 3. Outlets of volcanoes. 4. Dreaded. 5. Deserve. 6. One of French or Spanish decent living in Louisiana. 7. Eagerness. 8. Thus. 9. In crest.

Centrals, reading downward, a beloved emblem. From 1 to 2, fatigued; from 3 to 4, mistake; from 1 to 3, a common article; from 4 to 2, to free; from 5 to 6, equipped; from 7 to 8, an ant; from 5 to 7, consumed; from 8 to 6, the nickname of one of Abraham Lincoln's sons; from 9 to 10, a Biblical name; from 11 to 12, made a blunder; from 9 to 11, consumed; from 12 to 10, a lair.

CLARINA S. HANKS.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



EIGHT CANDLES.

"I 'M JUST AS OLD AS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—AND WE'LL GO THROUGH THE 'TEENS TOGETHER, TOO!"

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXV JANUARY, 1908 NO. 3

A DAY'S WORK WITH THE PRESIDENT

BY CHESTER M. CLARK



CAN you imagine being in a position of President of a nation of over 90,000,000 people living on 3,000,000 square miles of land? Can you imagine those people owning thousands of rich mines producing over $1,000,000,000 of mineral wealth a year, great forests giving 35,000,000,000 board feet of timber with which to build, 850 bustling communities with over 5000 people in each—one of them next to the largest in the world—hundreds of millions of acres of farms with corn, wheat, oats, cotton, potatoes, and other crops worth $7,000,000,000 in all—and finally 301,000 miles of railroads and 9000 steam vessels puffing from one end of their possessions to the other? Such a President must indeed have a hard time of it.

He has.

He must see that the laws these people make to govern themselves are carried out. He must take charge of the massive stock of defenders who have been selected and trained to guard the rights of this great nation, and actual charge, too. He must determine, with his main advisers, how this nation shall conduct itself in relation to other great families. He must know everything that other great nations are doing. He must even turn to the members of the nation itself and settle disputes among them. He may not love one of them better than another, for they all look to him for equal interest, all—white, black, red or yellow.

He has a hard time of it. No wonder our wise ancestors provided that we might have a fresh man every four years to fill that position of President of the United States. The strain of presi-

Copyright, 1907, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

dential cares, though not to be seen in his actions or manner, has already deepened the lines in the face of Theodore Roosevelt.

If you ever chance to come to Washington, and are lucky enough to have your Congressman introduce you to the President, you will go away with a determination, a strong determination, to work, to do something, and something worth doing. A few minutes with President Roosevelt are more invigorating than any tonic that was ever prescribed by a doctor.

You may not have slept much the night before, thinking of the privilege you are to have in the morning. But even if you have not, you are keyed up with expectation. You get out your best clothes, and you look in the mirror to see that you are as impressive as possible. Then you rush to meet your Representative, and, all of a tingle, follow him hesitatingly, tremblingly, trying to push one foot ahead of the other by sheer will power, wanting as you never wanted before to go on, still conscious of something in you that unreasonably holds you back.

You arrive at the White House, you don't know how, notice the blue-coated policemen in the grounds, who are watching that everything may be peaceful around the simple, pillared structure that is the home of this head of your country. You hear the faint splashing of water in the White House fountains and are conscious of a few explanatory words from your guide. But not until you are once inside the plain glass doors of the long, low, pier-like annex jutting from the pillars as if to receive at its side the ships of commerce, of state, and of public interest, are you suddenly shaken from your dream by the realization that you are really there.

The pleasant young face of the door-man is greeting your Congressman. People are about—young men in uniform and a few older politicians in tall hats and long coats. At one side, buzzing like bees about a comb of honey, a group of derby-hatted, overcoated, newspaper correspondents, pads in hand, eagerly ply a visitor who has just come out from the door on the left. They are gleaning from him the news which, flashed over a thousand wires, you will read in the big print of the afternoon dailies. You feel that here men are doing things.

In the chairs along the wall is a row of people,—young and old, women and children, nervous, twitching, or with a superior air of calmness, waiting to see the President. With them is another Congressman, for all who meet the Executive in this way, unless they have some specially important business, are introduced to him by their Representative. A boy facing you has a troublesome forelock which he carefully brushes back every time the door-man looks at him. His mother is bothered with a veil which will not stay in place upon her chin. His father finds many invisible particles of dust upon his lapel, which must be brushed off regularly every ten seconds. Over in the corner is a crippled veteran of the Civil War, brass-buttoned and slouch-hatted, expectant yet settled, watching with curious eye the citizens from varied sections of the country, East and West, North and South, here brought together.

Several groups are ushered out from behind that mysterious door, some flushed and smiling, breathing an audible sigh; others impressing upon you that this, of course, is not the first time that they have gazed upon the scene beyond.

A young, dark-haired man tells you that you may now enter, and you push behind your Congressman into a large green and gold room.

You do not see the President immediately—only a long table bordered by comfortable chairs. Here, you think, must have been mapped out world destinies—but you get no farther.

From somewhere there is a rush toward you.

"Ah, I 'm glad to see you, Mr. X!" is the breezy greeting to your Congressman. "And to see you, too!" adds the President, as you are introduced, and your hand for a second is in a cordial vise. It is a joy to receive such a welcome and to recognize the well-known face, so familiar to every American of to-day, young and old, and to watch the hearty smile it wears while the President chats with you for a few minutes as genially as a schoolmate would.

A few minutes only it must be, for the long file of other visitors is waiting in the anteroom; and with another cheery word or two you find yourself once more outside that door, confused but happy. You reach the open air with a good long breath. Yes, you have seen him. And something in you makes you want to walk fast with braced shoulders and stiffened spine.

If you had been allowed the very great privilege of sitting for a day unobserved in a corner beyond that door, to see how the enormous task of running a government is conducted, you would have wondered, when you came out, how you could have worried so about those few brief moments with the man at the head of our national affairs.

By the time you arrived he had already disposed of much business, for the President is an early riser when there are tasks to be accomplished. Promptly at nine he is at his desk, or before if necessary, when Secretary Loeb, big, dark-eyed and cordial, is waiting with the day's

program. He has, perhaps, a list of appointments, or of executive orders, or some memoranda of congressional bills, or recommendations and many letters not of the routine character upon which an official opinion must be had. Curiously enough, the President himself seems in a second to be entirely familiar with the main points of each item of business, or if he is not familiar with a particular proposition, a flash hardly equals the rapidity with which he grasps a situation.



Copyright by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, WILLIAM LOEB, JR.

The secretary is usually seated at the end of the President's desk explaining quietly one after another the questions of various matters of the day's business. The President, however, is rarely in his chair. He paces regularly the circuit of his twenty by thirty room, suggesting, not dictating—for he has no time for dictation—emphasizing a point here with a blunt "Yes, that 's it!" or directing a change of phrase or action when the conclusion must be reached more delicately.

Mr. Roosevelt's head is bent forward as he tours the room, his eyes running the line of the rug-edge, his thumbs hitched in his trousers pockets, and his Prince Albert coat thrust back from a broad, dark-vested chest. He stops a second for a quick glance at the secretary and a gesture often followed by an explosive word of comment; but as suddenly again he resumes his measured pacing.

A prominent member of Congress said that he had never seen a man whose faculty for rapid judgment was so great. "And the more noticeable fact," added this Congressman, "is that his judgment so often hits the mark. President Roosevelt strives always to get at the exact facts, and, these known, he reaches his conclusions with a promptness that must have been perfected only by long training." The enthusiasm of this Congressman may have led him to speak in strong terms, and yet this again would be following to a degree the example of the President. Strength is the keynote of his make-up,—strength and ability

to apply that strength at the most effective time and spot. It is the Anglo-Saxon of the man.

Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York said of President Roosevelt: "In 1200 he would have been a crusader, in 1700 a colonist, in 1800 a pioneer." In 1900, or a few years after, we see where his extraordinary energy has placed him.

It is then that the visitor gets his first glance at the inner executive office, with its massive desk, its dark-green hangings, and a single portrait over the mantel facing the President's seat —Abraham Lincoln. That room was not built when Lincoln filled the executive chair, but you can imagine that back in the main part of the



Copyright by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C., 1907

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT HIS DESK.

In the President's morning hour, from nine to ten, a flying start is gained in the race of the day's work. Perhaps even in this hour special appointments have been made with government officers whom it may not have been convenient to meet at any other time. At ten the big doors from the executive office into the Cabinet room are slid open, often by the President's own hand. Here is a roomful of Congressmen and their friends from home; some of them have urgent business and others, like you, "just want to see the President."

White House much of his spirit survives the nine men who have since lived there. The keen eyes beneath the black brows make a very conscious impression upon you. It is beneath this portrait of Lincoln that the government's executive work is daily conducted. When the President is in his seat the most striking object before him is this painting.

The Cabinet room in which you are received, although larger, is very similar to the President's office, and when the doors are open the two form one long executive chamber. In a corner is a

globe map of the world. On the walls are charts of the Philippines and the West Indies. Near the windows are scattered Congressional Records, in which the official proceedings of the lawmakers up on Capitol Hill are kept on file. And crowning a bookcase weighted with ponderous, well-thumbed volumes labeled "U. S. Statutes at Large," is often a huge bunch of American Beauty roses fresh from the conservatory. Above the mantel, flanked by photographs of torpedo-boats in action, is a framed copy of the simplest and greatest example of American eloquence, Lincoln's Gettysburg speech.

The center of the room, of course, is filled by the long, ten-chaired Cabinet table over which has been plotted for years the course of our national life. It was here that the new Republic of Panama received a very sudden recognition by the United States; that the first effective step was taken toward pure food and drugs; that more recent railroad-rate legislation was set in motion, and many other national enterprises begun, the working out of which, it is safe to say, will affect every person in the country. The Secretaries of the different departments are here seated in the order of the establishment of their departments, beginning near the President's chair with the State and Treasury, and ending with the new department of Commerce and Labor at the far end. The men who gather here on Tuesdays and Fridays of each week (for these, in White House speech, are "Cabinet days") as a whole are remarkably young to shoulder the responsibilities of carrying out the work of a great government.

As most American boys know, the present cabinet consists of Elihu Root, Secretary of State; George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury; William H. Taft, Secretary of War; Charles J. Bonaparte, Attorney General; George von L. Meyer, Postmaster General; Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of the Navy; James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior; James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture; and Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Each of these gentlemen is charged with the conduct of a "Department" or branch of executive work, from the problems of the diplomatic corps and foreign embassies to the guarding of the home trade and manufactures of the United States.

Cabinet meetings are from eleven to one. Before eleven, even on Cabinet days, visitors are received, sometimes enough to fill and empty the room two or three times within an hour.

There will appear, perhaps, a subcommittee of Congress to confer upon some important investigation. A tall, raw-boned Senator from the West, with a long coat, black string tie, black slouch hat, smooth upper lip and white chin-whiskers, peers about from small, black, searching eyes. A Representative, double-chinned and contented, beams over a bright fancy waistcoat at a small, delicately mustached member of the committee. A serious-browed expert completes the party.

The President swings toward them in an instant.

"Glad to see you, Senator!" volleys the inevitable phrase with a vim the convincingness of which you can realize only after having heard Mr. Roosevelt pound it out.

"Good morning, Mr. Brown," is the welcome for the Representative. "Pray sit down."

The President is swallowed in the depths of his cabinet chair, his visitors seated close by. There follows an earnest conference in which such phrases as "We—must—have—the—facts!" emphasized by fist blows in the palm of his hand and given additional force by a sudden heightening in the chair, shows the President's earnestness and frankness. "Good! Good idea!" he will finally conclude. "I hope you 'll see that everything is absolutely accurate."

"By the way, Senator," he may add as they are about to leave. The Senator and the President stroll into the executive office and sit upon the sofa to discuss privately a political situation, the President glancing occasionally outside the long windows at one of his sons playing tennis in the White House grounds.

The door-man at this moment enters with a card and a letter of introduction. "Just some friends of Senator White who want to see the President!" Mr. Roosevelt smiles as he reads the note at a glance. "One moment!" A man and his wife enter by an inner door and receive cordial handshakes. A few brief words and the wife is given a couple of roses from the President's desk. They are gone. The President turns to speak without hesitation at the very point where he left off.

These conferences and visits crowd into the morning hours of every week day, for the "White House rules" inform you that "Senators and Representatives will be received from 10 A.M. to 12 M. excepting Cabinet days," and "Visitors having business with the President will be admitted from 12 to 1 o'clock daily excepting Cabinet days—so far as public business will permit."

It is very often, particularly when Congress is in session, that every minute of these morning hours is devoted to something so important that a man whose duties fill only an ordinary field would require a whole day or even a week to weigh the arguments for and against each measure.

Even at meals Mr. Roosevelt can not free him-



THE WHITE HOUSE, SHOWING THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES (AT THE LEFT) AND THE TENNIS COURTS.

self from his office. It is seldom that there are not at the White House table political friends, foreign representatives, executive officers, or other men with whom the President becomes associated by virtue of his position. It may be that the President takes this occasion to "get acquainted"—to size up a man's principles and his capabilities for a place in the government service. Thus even his lunch time becomes one of the most important hours of the Presidential day.

After luncheon there are either special appointments or a private conference to be held with Mr. Loeb. If Congress be in session, perhaps it is to outline a special Presidential message to the lawmakers. But even outside the few winter months when the Senate and the House of Representatives are convened, there is much to be done in these afternoon hours—many letters to sign, manuscripts to read, or proclamations or appointments to indorse.

"If you have ever watched the President read a manuscript," said a man who is closely associated with the White House, "it will serve as a good lesson to you in time saving. It must be that he is trained to take in at a glance what the average man needs minutes to comprehend. He reads ideas instead of words, whether in a typewritten sheet or in a newspaper."

In this connection it has been asked how the President can find time to keep in touch with the news and opinions of the press all over the country and in foreign lands. He can not, of course, even with his rapid reading of ideas, turn pages and pages of dailies to learn the news. He sees regularly several leading metropolitan papers. Beyond that his newspaper reading is done by clerks. If a certain act or appointment affect a community in Louisiana, a clerk makes himself familiar with the editorial opinions in that community, and reports, if necessary, in very condensed form to Secretary Loeb or to the President.

Mr. Roosevelt has made it a rule to throw off the burden of his routine work every afternoon when possible, whether for tennis in summer, or

at other seasons, for a ride or a long walk over the hills. When a gallop is planned, sometimes it is Mrs. Roosevelt who rides with him, sometimes it is one or two of his children, but nearly always in the party is one of his personal or official friends —a secretary of a department, a foreign ambassador, a special commissioner, or a young and vigorous senator. The President's horses wait for him at one of a number of favorite spots on the border of the city, to which, promptly at four or half-past, a plain, comfortable surrey bears the Chief Executive from the White House.

President Roosevelt's walks are, if imaginable, even more vigorous than his rides. A rainstorm makes very little difference if he is properly equipped. The story is told of a hazardous cliff just outside the city around which the President delights in leading his party. At a very narrow spot on the path lies a sharp turn, where a misstep means a ducking in a creek below. As in a game of "Follow the Leader," Mr. Roosevelt puts the correct foot forward, clings to the crevices in the proper way, a twitch of his body, and he is safely by, smiling at his more timid followers. The President has taught the knack of this turn to several of his close companions, but it is often that a new member of the walking party acknowledges his defeat rather than risk a cold bath.

At the close of his afternoon exercise, which, by the way, Mr. Roosevelt has been able to secure much more regularly than any of his predecessors of recent years, very often a dinner must be given for several official guests. Among them, perhaps, is a cow-boy friend from the West, one of the "Rough Riders," or there may be a delegate from an Indian nation. In any case it is seldom that there is not infused into the gathering some spirit of official duty, something which binds continually the man to the work of the office.

In the evening it may be a special reception, it may be a few officials bent upon personal calls, it may be a musicale to which are invited the members of the diplomatic corps, but it is most likely work that demands the President's attention. He is often confined late at night, alone or with his secretary, planning, dictating, or writing—always working.

There is little in the life of the President to take the place of work, unless it be the worthy accomplishments resulting from work. Of course, through all his day he finds a minute here or there to romp with one of his boys. Then too, upon rare occasions, a week is snatched from the winter season for a hunting trip to the West, or a few days stolen for a mental rest at Pine Knot, Virginia.

Mr. Roosevelt once addressed a thousand undergraduates at a prominent university. He told them in a few terse phrases something which has



READY FOR AN AFTERNOON GALLOP

been a motto of his career: "When you work, work hard; when you play, play hard." The peculiar sharp sound of the "h" when Mr. Roosevelt spoke, showed how much he meant it.

As a rancher, as an assemblyman, as a civil-service commissioner, as an essayist, as a police commissioner, as an historian, as an assistant secretary of the navy, as a biographer, as a colonel of cavalry, as a governor, as a hunter, as a vice-president, and as a President, Mr. Roosevelt, when he has worked, has worked *hard;* when he has played, has played *hard.*

"SLIPPERS," THE WHITE HOUSE CAT

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Doubtless there never was, and never will be, another cat that has had respectful homage paid it by the representatives of so many great and little powers of the world. But such was the experience of "Slippers" in the year of grace 1906.

Slippers was the name of the White House cat. Gray in color, and having six toes, it was this unusual foot-furnishing that earned him his name. Perhaps because of a surplusage of dogs in this generation; perhaps because of an inbred Americanism that makes him assert his independence as a democratic cat even in the White House under a Republican administration, and long to perch upon the back fence with others of his kind; perhaps just because he was a cat—Slippers had a habit of absenting himself from his post for days and weeks at a time. But however long he stayed away, he never failed to turn up just before a big diplomatic dinner. How he knew I cannot tell. No one can. But that he did know is certain. Any one who kept a steady eye on the White House did not need to be told by the newspapers when a state dinner was impending. When he saw Slippers sunning himself on the front steps, that was enough. The cards were out.

Thus came about the historic occasion I hinted at. The dinner was over, and the President, with the wife of a distinguished Ambassador on his arm, led the procession from the state dining-room along the wide corridor to the East Room at the other end of the building, the ambassadors and plenipotentiaries and ministers following, according to their rank in the official world, all chatting happily with their ladies, seeing no cloud on the diplomatic horizon; when all of a sudden the glittering procession came to a halt. There, on the rug, in the exact middle of the corridor, lay Slippers, stretched at full length, and blinking lazily at the fine show which no doubt he thought got up especially to do him honor. The President saw him in time to avoid treading on him, and stopped. His first impulse was to pick Slippers up, but a little shiver of his lady and a half-suppressed exclamation, as he bent over the cat, warned him that she did not like cats, or was afraid, and for a moment he was perplexed. Slippers, perceiving the attention bestowed on him, rolled luxuriously on the rug, purring his delight. No thought of moving out of the path was in *his* mind.

There was but one other thing to do, and the man who found a way to make peace between Russia and Japan, did it quickly. With an amused bow, as if in apology to the Ambassadress, he escorted her around Slippers, and kept on his way toward the East Room. Whereupon the representatives of Great Britain, and of France, of Germany, and Italy, of all the great empires and of the little kingdoms clear down to the last on the long list, followed suit, paying their respects to Slippers quite as effectually as if the war-ships of their nations had thundered out a salute at an expenditure of powder that would have kept a poor man comfortable for a year, and certainly have scared even a White House cat almost to death.

But the honors the fates had in store for Slippers on that memorable night were not yet exhausted. There was a peril lurking in his sudden elevation of which, basking there in the electric light, he little dreamed, but which the President had made out at once. As soon as he had seated his lady, and before even the last of the guests had reached the East Room, he excused himself, went back for Slippers, and carried him to Mrs. Roosevelt that she might pet and admire him. So he was safe from the vengeance of any White House servant. For Slippers had acquired official status, so to speak, and not only in the house, but in the family.

There used to be a story of the President's father, who was a man of rare strength and lovableness of character, telling how one day, going to a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, he found a little kitten some thoughtless boys had worried, and, carefully wrapping it in his handkerchief, put it in his pocket and carried it with him to the meeting and back to his home, where it was safe.

Not long ago, too, Gen. Horace Porter told of how Abraham Lincoln once found three motherless kittens in a tent in General Grant's camp and forthwith took them under his coat, and, in the midst of the crushing cares of that anxious time, saw to it that they were cared for. These little deeds of kindness tell of the tenderness toward the weak and helpless that goes ever with the strength of a great and simple soul.

One does not think any the less of the martyred President for finding him protecting a family of homeless kittens; but, rather, it gives him an added claim upon our affection and esteem.



"WITH AN AMUSED BOW THE PRESIDENT ESCORTED THE AMBASSADRESS AROUND 'SLIPPERS' AND KEPT ON HIS WAY TOWARD THE EAST ROOM

PRINCE PINOOZILUM

BY ARTHUR MACY

Oh, little Prince Pinoozilum was very, very small,
In fact, I can't compare his size with anything at all;
The Princess was his sister, and was smaller far than he,
And the younger prince, his brother, was impossible to see.

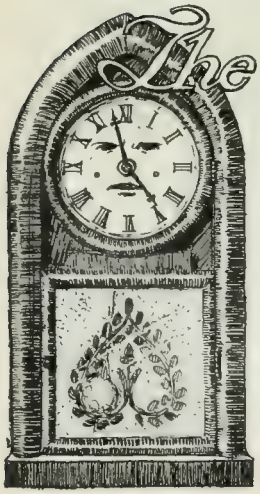
Oh, little Prince Pinoozilum was very, very thin,
His body was no bigger than an ordinary pin;
And so at first they called him "Pin," but when he had become
A little larger, then they thought, and added "oozilum."

His friends did not expect too much, considering his size,
For even larger princes are not always good and wise;
In fact, I 've often heard it said, the more some princes grow,
It 's startling how much worse they get, and how much less they know.

But little Prince Pinoozilum was always very good,
And, really, he behaved as well as anybody could;
At school in all his classes he was always at the head,
While other pupils twice his size were at the foot instead.

And when he grew to be a man, Pinoozilum could speak
Italian, Spanish, German, French, Hungarian, and Greek;
And sums in mathematics he could quickly calculate,
And do them all within his brain, and never use a slate.

So little Prince Pinoozilum, who was so very small,
Should be a good example and a pattern for you all;
And remember, though you 're little, you can still be good and wise,
For your learning and behavior don't depend upon your size.



The CLOCK and the WATCH

BY RAY RUSSELL JEWELL

I am the clock that 's always right
At early morn or latest night.
To count the hours as by they stalk,
I talk—talk—talk—talk.

I 'm the little watch that sister carries,
That is always wrong, and ever varies.
Those scattering seconds past me patter
While I chatter—chatter—chatter—chatter.



HARRY'S ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

[illegible]

Chapter I

ON HOOD'S HILL

Three boys lay at their ease in the shade of the white birches which crown the top of Hood's Hill, that modest elevation on Fox Island at the upper end of Outer Beach, which, with the exception of Mount Emery, is the highest point on the island. From this proud vantage, some twelve feet above the surface of the river, the view was unobstructed for two miles up and down the Hudson. At the foot of the little slope, where coarse grass sprouted from the loose sand, Outer Beach began, shelving abruptly to the lapping waves and shimmering with heat waves. In the neighborhood of Ferry Hill and Coleville, toward the end of the month of June, the sun can be very ardent when it tries; and to-day it was evidently resolved to be as fervent as it could, for, although it still lacked a few minutes of eleven, the heat was intense even out here on the island.

In front of the three boys, and across the river, which dazzled the eyes like a great sheet of metal, Coleville glimmered amid its broad-spreading elms and the buildings of Hammond Academy were visible. Back of them, on the opposite shore and a little farther down-stream, a modest boat-house and landing lay at the margin of the river, and from these a path wound upward until it disappeared into the dim green depths of the grove which spread down the side of the hill. Where the trees ended the red, ivy-draped buildings of Ferry Hill School appeared, crowning the summit of the slope. There was School Hall with its tower, the dormitory, angular and uncompromising, the gymnasium, the little brick Cottage, and the white barns. And, looking carefully, one could see, beyond the dormitory, fence-like erections of gleaming new boards marking the excavations for Kearney Hall, the new dormitory building which was to be rushed to completion for the next school year.

It would have been apparent even to a stranger that to-day was a gala-day, for along the shores for a quarter of a mile up-stream and down, little groups of people were daring sunstroke, while below the Ferry Hill landing, rowboats, canoes, sailing craft, and motor-boats rocked lazily on the sun-smitten surface of the water. Every craft flew either the brown-and-white of Ferry Hill or the vivid cherry-and-black of Hammond. The show boat of the fleet was a gleaming, sixty-foot gasolene yacht, resplendent in white paint and glistening brass, which lay just off the lower end of the island, and which had supplied an interesting subject for conversation to the three boys under the birches.

The yacht was the *Idler* of New York, and on board were the Welches, whose son, "Sid," was a student at Ferry Hill, and who had journeyed up the river for to-day's festivities, and were to remain over for the school graduation. Sid had been in a state of excitement and mental intoxication ever since the yacht had dropped anchor yesterday evening and a flippant little mahogany tender had *chugged* him away from the landing to a dinner on board. At this moment, had you known Sid by sight, you could readily have discerned him under the striped awning, the proudest person aboard. With him were several of his schoolmates, Chase, Cullum, Fernald and Kirby being visible just now. If there was any fly in the ointment of Sid's contentment it was due to the fact that the three boys sprawled under the trees here on Fox Island were not aboard the *Idler* instead. He had begged them to come, almost with tears in his eyes, but in the end had been forced to content himself with a promise to become his guests in the evening. Sid's devotion was about equally divided among the trio, with the odds, if there were any, slightly in favor of the big, broad-shouldered, light-haired youth who lies with closed eyes, beatifically munching a birch twig, and whose name is Dick Somes.

But there are two light-haired youths present, and lest you get them confused I will explain that the other, the boy who is sprawled face downward, chin in hands, he of the well-developed shoulders and chest and hips, sandy hair and nice blue eyes, is Roy Porter. Roy is Dick's senior by one year, although that fact would never be suspected.

The third member of the trio is Tom Eaton, but as he is never called Tom save in banter, perhaps it would be well to introduce him as Chub. Chub, like Roy, is seventeen years old. He is more heavily built than Roy, has hair that just escapes being red, eyes that nearly match the hair, and an ever-present air and expression of good-humor and self-confidence. Strangely enough, each of the three has captained one or more of the Ferry Hill athletic teams during the

school year just closing, and each has won victory. Roy has been captain of the foot-ball eleven and the hockey team as well; Dick has organized a track team and led it to a well-deserved triumph; and Chub, as captain of the base-ball nine, has plucked victory from defeat so recently —to be exact, only yesterday afternoon—that the feat is still the chief topic of conversation about the school. Roy and Chub are first seniors, and will graduate in less than a week. Dick is a second senior and so is due to return again to Ferry Hill in the autumn. Already he is pointed to as the probable school leader to succeed Roy.

Chub rolled over and sat up Turk-fashion, yawning loudly.

"What time is it, anyway?" he asked, with a suggestion of grievance.

"Four minutes past," answered Roy, glancing at his watch and then following his chum's example and sitting up.

"Wonder why it is," Chub complained, "they can never get a boat-race started on time."

"Or a hockey game," added Dick with a chuckle. Roy tossed a twig at him and Dick caught it and transferred it to his mouth.

"Well, I wish they 'd hurry," said Chub. "I 'm roasting. Say, would n't you think those folks over there on the bank would die with the heat?"

"It 'll be a wonder if Harry does n't die," said Roy.

"Why?" Dick asked.

"Because she had an examination this morning, and she 's going to try and get through by a quarter of eleven, and then race back here all the way from the Cove in time to see the finish of the race. And that Silver Cove road is just about the hottest place on earth!"

"She 's silly to try to do that," said Dick, anxiously. "You ought to have told her so, Roy."

"I did. I told her worse than that, but she just laughed at me."

"You and I are losing our authority now that we 're going to leave so soon," said Chub, sadly. "Dick 's the only one she will listen to, nowadays."

Dick smiled. "You fellows ought to know by this time," he said, "that it is n't any use trying to dictate to Harry. If you want her to do anything very much you 'd much better ask it as a favor."

"Your wisdom is something uncanny," replied Chub. "You 'd better cool your head or you 'll have a sunstroke or something. You need n't worry about Harry, though; you can't hurt her."

The others received this in silence. Roy looked up the river toward the starting-point of the race, almost two miles distant. But the glare made it impossible to discern even the little gathering of boats, and he turned away blinking.

"Just think," said Chub presently, "in another week we three fellows will be scattered to the four winds of heaven."

"Now, whose head needs cooling?" asked Dick. "'Four winds of heaven!' My, but you 're poetical!"

"I don't just see how we 're going to manage that," Roy laughed. "How can three fellows be distributed over four winds?"

"Oh, you run away and play," answered Chub, good-naturedly. "You know what I mean."

"It is n't so bad for you fellows," said Dick, mournfully. "You 'll see each other again at college in the fall; but I 'll be here all alone."

"All alone, with half a hundred other chaps," Chub amended smilingly.

"That 's not the same thing," said Dick. "Just when you go and get kind of chummy with some one, why then something comes along and busts it all up."

"Vague but beautiful," murmured Chub. "Why don't you come to college, too, Dick?"

"Me? Thunder, I 'd never pass the exams!"

"Oh, I don't know. They 're not so terrible; Roy expects to get by."

"I 'm not so sure that I do expect it," answered Roy, seriously. "The nearer the time comes to take them the more scared I get."

"That 's just your natural modesty," said Chub. "You 'll get through with flying colors, while I—well, I 'll probably be like the chap whose mother was crowing about him. Some one asked her if her son passed the examinations for college. 'Oh, yes, indeed,' she answered, 'Willie did beautifully. He entered with four conditions, one more than any one else had!'"

"I might be able to get in that way," laughed Dick. "But, say, you chaps, I wish we were n't going to split up so soon."

"So do I," answered Roy. "I 'm really sorry at leaving Ferry Hill. I 've had some bully times here during the last two years."

"Well, I 've only been here six months or so," said Dick; "but I 've had the time of my life. And of course I 've got you fellows to thank for that, you and Harry together. I wish—I wish I was going to see you this summer for a while."

"Well, why not?" asked Chub, eagerly.

"Dad wants me to go over to London and stay with him," answered Dick. "I hate London. But what I 'd like to do is to stay right here and—"

"Where?" asked Chub, innocently. "On Fox Island?"

"Well, somewhere around these diggings," answered Dick. "Why not here—on Fox Island?"



"THREE BOYS LAY AT THEIR EASE IN THE SHADE OF THE WHITE BIRCHES"

"A chap might do worse than spend a time on this old island," said Roy, as he leaned back against the trunk of a birch-tree and smiled contentedly. "It 's a dandy camping place."

"That 's it!" cried Dick.

"What 's it, you old chump?" asked Chub.

"Let 's do that! Let 's camp out here this summer! I 'll beg off from going across, and we 'll have a swell time. What do you say?"

Chub grinned.

"Say, are you in earnest?" he asked.

"Dead earnest!"

"Well, then, let me recommend the water-cure again. If you 'll just hold your overheated brow under the surface for a minute—"

"Look here, though, you fellows," said Roy, suddenly, "why could n't we do it? Not for all summer, of course, but, say, for a month or six weeks. Where are you going, Chub?"

"Me? Same old place, I suppose; Delaware Water Gap. Now, if the folks would only let me, I 'd do it as quick as a flash."

"Well, write and ask them," said Roy. "I 'll do it if you fellows will."

"Do you mean it?" cried Dick, eagerly.

Roy nodded, smilingly.

"Then it 's settled!"

"Not for me it isn't," objected Chub, ruefully. "You don't know my dad. If he gets an idea into his head you can't get it out with a crowbar!"

Well, you ask him, anyway," said Roy.

"That 's right," Dick added with enthusiasm. "And I 'll write across to my dad, to-night. How about you, Roy?"

"Me? Oh, I 'll get permission all right. But, of course, we 'll have to wait until we 've taken our exams, Dick."

"That 's so. How long will that be?"

"About ten days from now."

"Well, that will be all right," said Dick, cheerfully. "I 'll have everything all fixed up by the time you fellows get back, and—"

"You 'll do nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Chub, emphatically. "Why, that 's half the fun. You 'll just wait for us, Dickums. We 'll borrow one of the school tents and some cooking things—"



"'DID WE WIN?' ASKED HARRY." (SEE PAGE 212)

"And blankets."

"And a boat," added Dick. "And we can fish and—and have a high old time."

"You bet," said Chub. "It will beat that old summer hotel all hollow. Me for the simple life!"

"And I tell you what I 'll do," exclaimed Dick. "I 'll get a little old gasolene launch, and we can make trips up the river—"

"Who 's going to run it?" asked Chub, suspiciously.

"I am. It is n't hard. I can learn in a day or two."

"Oh, very well, but it 's me for the interior of our island home while you 're learning, Dickums!"

Dick laughed. "That 's all right," he answered. "You 'll be glad enough to go in it when the time comes."

"Well, maybe," Chub agreed. "If it is n't much worse than the ice-boat I guess I can live through it. How fast—"

"There 's the gun!" cried Roy as a distant boom floated down to them.

"That 's right," said Dick. "We 'd better pile into the canoe and find a place at the finish. Come on!"

Chapter II

The Race with Hammond

They scrambled to their feet, slid down the little slope, and crossed the shelving beach to where Chub's canoe, its crimson sides and gold monogram on the bow, a torment to the eyes in such sunlight, was nosing the sand. Chub and Roy took the paddles, while Dick, who had never been able to master the art of canoeing, settled himself in the middle of the craft, his knees level with his chin, looking like an alert toad. The stern paddle grated through the white sand as the canoe was shoved off, and then, after a stroke or two that sent the bow toward the stream, the craft slid gently down the river. They kept to the shaded shallows near the shore of the island until Victory Cove was passed, and then headed out into the sunlight glare and drifted down toward where the flotilla lay about the finish line. It was no difficult matter to find a good berth since the canoe was slender enough to worm its way in between the anchored boats. On the edge of the path left for the crews they found a sail-boat lying a few yards above the finish, and up to this they paddled until they could lay hold of it.

"We 're under the enemy's flag here," observed Dick, pointing to the cherry-and-black banner flying from the mast.

"We 'll fix that," Roy answered. "Where 's the flag?"

Dick happened to be sitting on it and the cautious way in which he disentangled it from his feet made the others laugh. Chub fastened it to the bow and received a salvo of applause from the occupants of a near-by punt. The punt was only some ten feet long, but it held eight Ferry Hill boys by actual count. Mr. Buckman, one of the instructors, hailed them from the bow of the judges' boat, a few yards distant, and warned them that they were on the course, but they pretended not to hear him.

"Just as though a couple of feet were going to make any difference!" growled Chub, disgustedly. "Buckman is the king pin to-day."

"A nice judge he will make," laughed Dick under his breath. "He will be so excited that he won't have the least idea which boat crosses the line first!"

"I wonder which will," murmured Roy.

"Ours will," replied Chub, stoutly. "I 'll wager you we 've got them beat already."

"I hope so," Roy answered, "but—"

"Whitcomb told me yesterday that he expected to win," said Dick, "and I guess he would n't say that unless he was pretty certain."

"Well, if we win the boat-race it 'll make a clean sweep for the year," said Roy; "foot-ball, hockey, track, base-ball, and rowing. We 've never done that before, and I 'm afraid it 's too much to hope for. You can rest assured that Hammond will do all she knows how to win one event out of the five."

"Yes, but we 've got the crew," Chub replied, untroubledly. "Hammond will have to take it out in trying. You 'll see. They ought to be here pretty soon. Can you see anything, Roy?"

"N-no; at least, I don't think so. Yes, I can, though. There they are, but the sun 's so strong—"

"Hammond 's in the lead!" cried a voice from the sail-boat, where, clustered at the bow, a group of Hammond supporters was looking intently up the river. The one who had spoken, a youth in white flannels who held a pair of field-glasses to his eyes, was visibly excited.

"Pshaw!" muttered Dick, disgustedly.

"Don't you believe it," said Chub. "He can't tell at this distance."

"He 's got glasses," said Roy.

"I don't care if he 's got a twelve-inch telescope! He does n't know which side Hammond has got, and it is n't likely he can tell red oars from brown at this distance. You wait until they get under the cliff up there, out of the sunlight, and then you can see for yourself."

By this time the excitement was beginning to tell on the spectators along the shore and at the finish. Cheers for Ferry Hill and for Hammond floated across the water, and flags began to wave Then, a mile up the stream, the two four-oared

crews suddenly shot their slender craft into the shadowed water and so became plainly visible to hundreds of anxious eyes. The boat having the inner course was leading by fully a length, it seemed, but whether that fortunate boat was Hammond's or Ferry Hill's it was still impossible to tell since the courses had been drawn just before the start, and the result was not known down here at the finish. Behind the two crews came the referee's launch, a white speck on the water.

Now it was possible to see the rise and fall of the oars, and—a groan of disappointment arose from the Ferry Hill supporters. The leading boat was Hammond's; the tips of the oars showed brilliantly red as they were lifted dripping from the water. Cheers for Hammond broke forth anew, and the cherry-and-black flags waved bravely in the hot sunlight.

"Pshaw!" muttered Dick again. But Chub was still undismayed.

"That 's all right," he cried, excitedly. "You wait until they reach the three quarters and then see what will happen. Ed 's letting them wear themselves out. He will catch them before the finish, all right."

But the three quarters flag was swept astern, and still the Hammond crew held the lead; and, moreover, it was plain to all that Ferry Hill's four was rowing raggedly; Warren at three was splashing badly, and there was a perceptible let-up to the boat between strokes. Even Chub looked worried.

"What 's the matter with Billy Warren?" he muttered. "Must think he 's a blooming geyser! Oh, thunder, Hammond 's just walking away from us! Does n't Ed see it? Why does n't he hit it up?"

"Because he can't," answered Roy, quietly. "Our fellows are rowed out; that 's what 's the matter."

"That 's right," said Dick, sorrowfully; "we 're beaten good and hard. Well—"

Such of the launches as had whistles began to make themselves heard, and the cheering, triumphant on one side and defiant on the other, was continuous. The rival crews were scarce a quarter of a mile distant now, coming straight down the middle of the narrow course, with Hammond leading by a full two lengths. In the sterns the coxswains bobbed back and forth as the eight oars dipped into the water and came out dripping yards astern, seemed to hang motionless for an instant, and then dropped again under the sun-flecked surface. Suddenly there was a low cry from Roy.

"They 've hit it up!" shouted Chub. "They 're gaining! Come on, Ferry Hill! You can do it! Row, you beggars, row!"

The rear shell was cutting down the stretch of clear water that had separated the two boats, her four oarsmen working despairingly as the finish line drew nearer and nearer. In and out went the long oars, back and forward bent the white-shirted bodies, and the narrow craft responded. In the stern, little Perry, the tiller lines clutched desperately in his hands, cried encouragement, entreaty, threats. The bow of the Ferry Hill shell lapped the stern of the Hammond boat by a scant foot. But the effort was costing the crew dearly. Warren was swaying limply above his oar as the battling craft swept into the lane of boats, and in the bow Walker was clipping each stroke wofully. For a moment the two boats clung together, Hammond's rudder hidden by Ferry Hill's bow. Then, while whistles shrilled and hoarse voices shouted, a glimmer of open water showed between shell and shell, just a few scant inches, there was a puff of gray smoke over the bow of the judges' boat and a sharp report and the race was over. For an instant more the brown-tipped oars sank and rose in the wake of the rival shell, and then—

"Let her run!" piped Perry, weakly.

And with the last stroke Warren toppled in his seat.

Chub gave vent to a deep sigh, a sigh that expressed at once disappointment and relief.

"Well, I 'm glad it 's over," he said. "It was a hard race to lose, though, fellows." Roy nodded, and Dick said:

"I guess Hammond found it a hard race to win. Look at them."

The Hammond shell was floating broadside to the current a few rods down the stream, and in it only the coxswain and Number Two were taking any interest in affairs. The other occupants were frankly fighting for breath and strength as they leaned forward over their oars. In the Ferry Hill boat Warren and Whitcomb were the worst sufferers, although Walker's white, drawn face showed that he, too, had felt the pace. He and Fernald were paddling the shell toward the referee's launch, which was churning the water at a little distance. Perry called out something to Mr. Cobb, a Ferry Hill instructor, who was on the launch, and a slight commotion ensued. Then the shell drew alongside, was seized and held and Warren's inert form was lifted to the deck

"By Jove!" cried Roy. "I see what 's the matter now. Warren 's done up, fellows!"

The engine-room bell tinkled, and the launch moved cautiously toward the Ferry Hill landing, drawing the shell with it. There was a weak

cheer for Ferry Hill from the Hammond crew, and the four remaining occupants of the rival shell returned the compliment. And then, with much good-natured raillery, the flotilla broke up, the Hammond boats sending back cheers as they made for the farther shore. The crimson canoe shot across to the landing and the three disembarked.

"You fellows lift her out, will you?" asked Chub. "I want to see how Warren is."

He pushed his way through the crowd about the launch until he found himself looking into the white, troubled face of the crew captain.

"Ed, it was a good race," he said cheerfully and earnestly as he seized Whitcomb's hand. "We 're proud of you. Did anything go wrong?"

"Billy," answered the other wearily. "He had a touch of sun at the half mile and had to stop rowing. We had three lengths on them before that." Chub whistled.

"Say, that was tough luck!" he exclaimed. "What did you do?"

"Soaked Billy with water and pulled three oars for about a quarter of a mile. Then he came around and helped out some, but he was n't good for much, poor duffer. He 's down and out now and Cobb says he 'll have to go to bed. They 've sent for the doctor."

"Is he dangerous?"

"No, I guess not. Just a touch of sunstroke. It was frightfully hot up there at the start, and Hammond kept us waiting there in the broiling sun about twenty minutes: something was wrong with one of her slides. Well, I 'm going up. I 'm pretty well played out. Coming?"

"In a minute. I 'll see you in the dormitory. I 'm sorry, Ed."

Whitcomb nodded and joined the throng which was filing up the path. Chub returned to Roy and Dick with his news. When the canoe was on its rack in the boat-house, the three followed the others up the winding path under the close-hanging branches of the beeches and oaks, through the gate in the hedge which marked the school's inner bounds and around the corner of Burgess Hall.

"What time is it?" asked Chub, as they paused with one consent on the dormitory steps.

"Eighteen minutes of twelve," answered Dick, glancing at a very handsome gold watch. "Whew, but I 'm warm! And hungry!"

"Echo," said Chub, fanning his flushed face with his cap. "Let 's sit down here and cool off. What shall we do this afternoon?"

"I was thinking of taking my books somewhere where it 's cool and doing a line or two of study," answered Roy. "Better come along, Chub."

"What, study on a day like this? In all this heat? And have a sunstroke like Billy Warren? Roy, I 'm surprised at you, I really am!"

"That 's all right; but just remember that we 've got exams, in physics and chemistry on Monday. What do you know about that?"

"I don't know nothing about nothing," answered Chub, cheerfully, "and I 'm proud of it. But I tell you what we 'll do, fellows: we 'll go fishing."

"Oh, fishing!" scoffed Roy. "The last time we went, we did n't get a thing but a ducking."

"Then let 's go ducking, and maybe we 'll get a fish," laughed Chub. "Come along, Dick?" Dick shook his head soberly.

"I 'd better not," he said. "I 'm no star like you chaps, and I can't learn a thing in five minutes. I 've got a terror of an exam coming; English, you know. It 'll take me from now until Monday morning to get ready for it, and even then I bet I 'll flunk."

"Well, what do you care?" laughed Chub. "You 're not graduating."

"Thank goodness!" said Dick, so devoutly that the others went into peals of laughter.

"What you want to do," said Dick, when they had sobered down, "is to get those letters written to your dads so they 'll go to the Cove in time for to-night's mail. If you don't they won't get off until Monday."

"That 's so," Chub agreed. "But, say, fellows, there is n't any use in my asking; the folks won't let me stay up here. Dad will tell me I 'm crazy."

"Don't you care," answered Roy. "The truth won't hurt you."

"There 's no harm in asking," urged Dick.

"All right, I 'll do it now. Come on in and help me."

"Wait a minute," said Roy. "Is n't that Harry coming around the gym?"

"Yes," answered Dick. "And she missed the race. Let 's walk over and meet her."

They ran down the steps and followed the curving graveled path which led toward the gymnasium. Approaching them was a girl of fifteen years, a rather slender young lady with a face which, in spite of its irregular features, was undeniably attractive. The tilt of the short nose lent an air of saucy good-humor, the bright blue eyes were frank and pleasing, and the very red hair suggested a temper. And she had a temper, too, did Miss Harriet Emery, a temper which, to quote Roy, was as sharp as her eyes and as short as her nose. That same nose was n't by any means free from freckles, wherein it resembled the rest of the face; but already the sun had

found its way under the brim of the plain sailor hat, and a healthy coat of tan was hiding the freckles.

Harry—for she hated to be called Harriet—was the daughter of the principal, Doctor Emery. As she was an only child she had been perhaps a little bit spoiled; or, at least, that is what her Aunt Harriet Beverly often intimated; and as she had been born and brought up in a boys' school she was not unnaturally somewhat of a tomboy, to the extent of being fonder of boys' games than girls', and of being no mean hand with oar or paddle, bat or racket. But still she was very much of a girl at heart, was Harry, although she would n't have thanked you for saying so.

At the present moment, in spite of the cool white waist and skirt which she wore, she looked far from comfortable. Her low tan shoes were covered with the dust—for Silver Cove was a full mile distant, and there had been no rain for over a fortnight—her face was very red and her hair, usually decently well-behaved, had lost most of its waviness, and was straggling around her flushed face and around her neck in straight, damp strands. She had been hurrying as she had crossed the athletic field, and had turned the corner of the gymnasium, but at sight of the three boys coming to meet her, her pace slackened and an expression of disappointment came into her face.

"Oh, I 'm too late!" she cried. "Did we win the race?"

"No," answered Roy. "Billy Warren had a sunstroke after he 'd rowed half a mile, and Hammond won by just a length."

Harry sank on to a seat under a tree, her face eloquent of sorrow, while the three boys told her the particulars. Finally her face cleared.

"I ran almost half the way," she said, "and I was never so warm in my life. But," she added, philosophically, "I 'm glad now I was too late. I 'm glad I did n't see Hammond win!"

(To be continued.)





No. 1908

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP ..

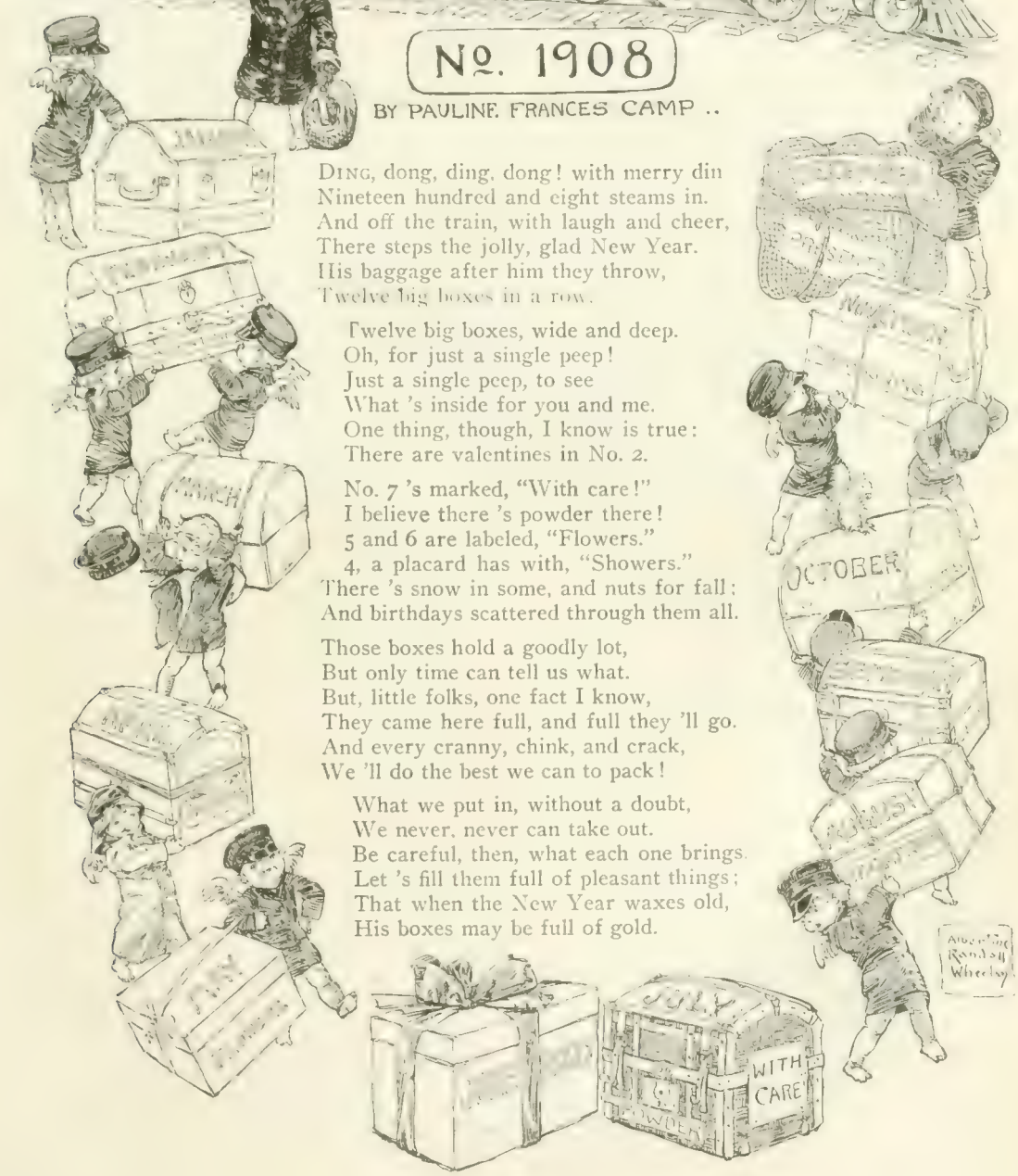
Ding, dong, ding, dong! with merry din
Nineteen hundred and eight steams in.
And off the train, with laugh and cheer,
There steps the jolly, glad New Year.
His baggage after him they throw,
Twelve big boxes in a row.

Twelve big boxes, wide and deep.
Oh, for just a single peep!
Just a single peep, to see
What 's inside for you and me.
One thing, though, I know is true:
There are valentines in No. 2.

No. 7 's marked, "With care!"
I believe there 's powder there!
5 and 6 are labeled, "Flowers."
4, a placard has with, "Showers."
There 's snow in some, and nuts for fall:
And birthdays scattered through them all.

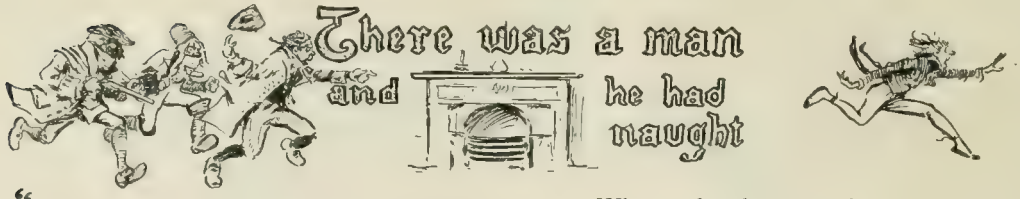
Those boxes hold a goodly lot,
But only time can tell us what.
But, little folks, one fact I know,
They came here full, and full they 'll go.
And every cranny, chink, and crack,
We 'll do the best we can to pack!

What we put in, without a doubt,
We never, never can take out.
Be careful, then, what each one brings.
Let 's fill them full of pleasant things;
That when the New Year waxes old,
His boxes may be full of gold.



MOTHER GOOSE CONTINUED

BY ANNA MARION SMITH



"There was a man and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him
He crept up the chimney top,
And then they thought they had him.
But he got down the other side,
And then they could not find him:
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him."

2 When at last he stopped to rest,
The people gathered round him,
And asked him how it happened they
In such a state had found him.
They set him up against a tree,
And sprinkled him and fanned him;
Then gently led him on to tell
Of what had so unmanned him.



3 "My friends," he said, "no wealth had I,
But robbers came to steal it.
The courage I displayed that day,—.
I never will reveal it.
And now I 've traveled all this way
That I may help you catch them.
And having got the wicked rogues,
That I may soon despatch them,
Oh, well I see why riches make
So many people dizzy,
When taking care of none at all
Can keep a man so busy!"



"There was a fat man of Bombay
Who sat smoking one sunshiny day
When a bird called a snipe
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay."

This very adventurous snipe,
He hurried away with the pipe,
And attempted to smoke,
But it caused him to choke,
And just about finished the snipe.





CHIMPANZEE.

(AS TOLD BY KENT)

BY

HENRY GARDNER HUNTING



I 'M going to write a story about my friend Mr. Tyrrell, and father is going to look it over and correct it. It seems very interesting to me, and I hope you 'll think so, too. At any rate, it is very queer.

He was a very funny man and he nearly always laughed at everything I said, just as if it were funny. But he showed me the "chimpanzee" way to count seconds.

One chimpanzee, two chimpanzee, three chimpanzee—that 's the way, and every count makes a second.

As I said, his name was Mr. Tyrrell, and I never saw him before the morning he stopped to look when I was taking a picture. Father had given me the camera just a little while before, and Mr. Tyrrell seemed to know that it was new and that I did n't know how to "time the exposures," as he calls it. He was a photographer himself, he said, and worked in a place where they make engravings, so he knew all about it.

He had funny red hair—not regular red, but like the fine dust of bricks—and his eyes were red, too, like stone-agate marbles, and as bright as water when he laughed; and his mouth looked as if it was making fun all the time. So the very first time we talked, we got to be friends.

There was n't anything queer about it. Men stop a good many times to talk to boys in the street. It was just because he knew so much, and because he passed our house every morning, that we got acquainted, and nobody would ever have thought it was queer if nothing else had happened.

It was on the very morning when the big fire happened at Sterling's Mills, where my father was manager, that I took the picture of Mr. Tyrrell standing on the corner of the terrace, right on the edge of the hill, so that all the houses and stores and churches of the town, down below, were back of him. If you put your hand over the grass of the lawn in the picture, it looks just as if he were standing on the houses, because you can't see anything else near him.

We had so much trouble trying to get everything right, so that it would be like that—because a man was trimming trees in our yard that day, and got in the way—that he was almost late leaving for work. When I got the exposure made, he said he would have to "run like a white-head" to be on time, and he did, and I watched him all the way down the hill; and, just for fun, I counted, to see how long he had before the whistles blew. It was ten minutes.

The day of the fire was Saturday and no school, and that picture was the last on the film. So I developed it right away and made a print that afternoon and put it away to show to Mr. Tyrrell, Monday; and I was so busy that I did n't hear about the big fire at all till it was out.

Well, on Monday night, when I came home, I found father there. That surprised me very much, for he never comes home till six o'clock, most days. But I found out pretty quick why he was there, for he called me in where he and mother were talking in the library.

"Kent, did you see your friend, Tyrrell, Saturday morning?" he asked me. That surprised me, too, but I told him "Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?" he said, and I said I was sure, because I remembered. He looked worried about something.

"Tyrrell 's been accused of setting the Sterling Mills afire, Kent," he said.

It did n't seem as if it could be true, when he first said it. If father had n't said it, I would n't have believed it, because I knew that Mr. Tyrrell never would do such a thing, and I did n't see how anybody could say he did. He was n't that kind of a man. Someway, you can tell, you know. But then father went on and told me all about it, and this was the way it was:

A man by the name of Hawksly had said that Mr. Tyrrell had burned the mill. Father and some other men did n't like Mr. Hawksly very well. Father said they were afraid Hawksly

was n't square—and I knew he was n't when I heard he 'd said that about Mr. Tyrrell. But they liked Mr. Tyrrell all right, and they did n't believe that what Mr. Hawksly said about him was true. Father said there was trouble between them, Hawksly and Mr. Tyrrell, on account of politics—which means that they were not friends because they did n't both want the same man to be President—and that Hawksly hated Mr. Tyrrell specially because Mr. Tyrrell had helped to keep him from getting some place he wanted, and which father said he was not fit to have.

The Sterling Mills belong to several men. Father is one of them, but another is Mr. Bennington, who owns the largest share. Mr. Bennington, father says, thinks just the same about politics as Mr. Hawksly does, but he never liked Hawksly, and he discharged him from working for him once. Father said that Hawksly might have set the mills afire himself, just for that, and tried to put the blame on Mr. Tyrrell, but he said that would be hard to prove.

That seemed terrible to me. It hardly seemed as if any man could ever do such a thing, and I felt mighty bad, as you always feel when anybody does anything mean to your friends. But I did n't understand at first why father wanted to know if I 'd seen Mr. Tyrrell Saturday morning, so pretty soon he told me. The mills were set on fire some time between half past six and seven o'clock that morning. The man that did it put some gasolene and shavings in the elevator-shaft and set them off, and they burned so quick that they could hardly be stopped before one mill all burned up.

Mr. Hawksly and another man said they saw Mr. Tyrrell near the mills just before seven o'clock, and that they had heard him talk about Mr. Bennington; and father said they made a very bad case against him.

It made me good and mad to hear about that. I knew that Mr. Tyrrell was out there in front of our house just before seven o'clock that morning, and that he had left only about ten minutes before the whistles blew, so he would n't have had time to get anywhere near the mills at seven o'clock. I said so, and then father asked me if I thought I could tell the lawyers all about it and maybe tell the people in court, if Mr. Tyrrell was tried, and I said, of course. And then he got quite excited and told me that if I could, that would help prove an *alibi* for Mr. Tyrrell and might save him. Alibi means proving that he was n't where they said he was.

I worried a lot, and we talked about it so much at home that mother sometimes almost cried about it. Of course, it was quite a while before the trial came. It seemed to me that it would never happen. But the day came at last, as story-writers say. I don't believe I can tell all that happened right from the first, because that would make the story too long; so I 'll just tell what they did with me.

When you go on the stand in court, they put you in a chair up before all the people and almost beside the judge, who sits in front, like the teacher in school. The jury—they are the men who say whether the prisoner is guilty or not of what he 's blamed for—they sit in a sort of box by themselves. They 're kind of like the umpire at a ball game, only there 's twelve of them. And the lawyers, they all sit around a table down below and ask questions and write.

Well, Mr. Ardmore was our lawyer—I mean he was the one who took Mr. Tyrrell's part and was trying to get him free, and when I got into the chair, he spoke to me right away. I guess he thought I 'd be scared, and I was, for everybody looked at me. I saw Mr. Tyrrell, and he smiled and winked at me, and I saw Mr. Hawksly, too, and he looked at me in a mean kind of way that made me know just how mean he could be, and I thought of what he was trying to do to Mr. Tyrrell and I hoped Mr. Tyrrell would get free. And then, all at once, I thought such a lot seemed to depend on me, and everybody looked at me so sort of half as if they expected me to say something, that I don't know what I 'd have done if it had n't been for father. He just smiled at me, sort of easy, as if everything was as it ought to be, and he was n't afraid that I would say anything wrong—and it helped.

The lawyers nearly had a quarrel at the start. "Can such a child understand the nature of an oath?" That 's what father said one of them asked, and he sort of sneered at me. But Mr. Ardmore answered him up sharp, something about children telling the truth. And then the judge said to "administer the oath," as they call it, which means making you promise before God, and everybody right there, that you will tell the truth—and it 's very, very solemn. And then Mr. Ardmore's questions commenced.

I told them all just what I 'd told father and Mr. Ardmore before, and everybody seemed very much interested. It was n't so very hard, that first part. There was one new question, and that was about how I could be sure it was Saturday morning, and I did n't know how to answer that at first, till he made me remember by another question that that was the morning the man was working trimming the trees at our yard. Then he told the judge he would put the man on the stand afterward to prove I was right.

But when Mr. Ardmore finished, the other



"I TOOK MY HANDS AWAY FROM MY FACE AND JUST SAID, 'NOW!'" (SEE PAGE 216)

lawyer commenced to ask questions and that was the hard part. But I told the whole story over again, up to the part about Mr. Tyrrell stopping to talk to me that morning. Then the lawyer asked me how long he talked and why it was so long and all about it, and then—I don't know why, for I had n't thought to say anything about it before—I told about taking Mr. Tyrrell's picture.

Well, I did n't know it was so important, and of course Mr. Tyrrell had n't thought of it, or he would have told Mr. Ardmore. It surprised me so to find out. People stirred and whispered and whispered all over the court-room. Mr. Ardmore jumped up, excited, and father's face lighted up just as it does when he is interested and pleased. But the other lawyer seemed to get more angry at me, and he asked questions so fast I could hardly hear them, and then scarcely gave me a chance to answer.

"You say you took his picture? Why have n't we heard of that before?" he asked.

I started to say I 'd forgotten to tell about it, but I only got as far as "I forgot," when he interrupted and it was something like this:

"Forgot, eh?" he said. "Hmph! Where 's that picture? Is it in court? Has anybody seen it? Do you mean to say the prisoner stood up for you to take a picture of him on that morning, before he went to the mills?"

"He did n't go to the mills," I said, and that made people laugh for some reason.

"What? How do you know?" he asked.

"I watched him go down the hill to town. The mills are over the other way from our house."

"And you took the picture of him as he was going, did you?"

"No, sir. I took it before he went."

"Where is that picture?"

"In my top bureau drawer at home."

Everybody laughed again, and I could n't see any reason then, either, but father and Mr. Ardmore whispered together. Then Mr. Ardmore said something to the judge that I did n't understand, and then father, all at once, nodded to me and turned around and went out.

That sort of frightened me, for I liked to have him there. It sort of helps you to look at your father and see that he thinks you are doing all right, when anybody 's looking on; but the lawyer did not stop.

"How do you know he did n't go to the mills after he got out of your sight?" he asked.

"There was n't time before the whistles blew."

"How do you know?"

"He could n't go to the mills and back in ten minutes."

Then the lawyer almost hollered again. "Ten minutes!" he said. "What do you know about ten minutes? *What* ten minutes?"

"It was only ten minutes," I said, "between the time when he started and the time when the whistles blew."

"How do you know?"

I looked at Mr. Tyrrell. It seemed sort of funny that they should ask me that. I did n't want to tell about the chimpanzee counting, because I thought it would sound so queer in such a place. So I just said:

"I can tell."

They all laughed again, and Mr. Ardmore looked worried and surprised, but the judge would n't let him interrupt now. And the other lawyer just hooted, making fun of the idea that I could tell minutes without a clock or a watch, and it made me so mad I got right up out of my chair and just hollered back at him that I could tell minutes anywhere, without a watch. And then all the people began to clap their hands and laugh, till the judge pounded on his desk and made them stop, though even he himself was smiling.

"So you are a wonderful human clock, are you?" asked the lawyer.

"No, sir, I 'm not," I said, "but I can tell minutes, and I know Mr. Tyrrell was n't gone ten minutes when the whistles blew."

And then suddenly the lawyer stepped forward and spoke sharper than he had at any time before, to the judge. This is something like what he said—Mr. Tyrrell helped me to remember:

"This is all foolishness, your honor," he said, "and we 'll just take occasion, right now, to show how unreliable and untrustworthy a child's testimony is. With your permission, we 'll test what he says so positively he can do. It has a bearing on the case."

I know it was something like that anyway, and it made a lot of trouble at once, Mr. Ardmore saying that such a test was not fair, and the other lawyer insisting. I knew what it meant and I was pretty scared again, but I felt as if maybe I would n't be sorry just to have a chance to show that lawyer I could count ten minutes; and I understood, too, from some things they said, that it was very important. Mr. Ardmore once or twice looked at me as if he was half ready to let me try but afraid to, too; but pretty soon, Mr. Tyrrell winked one of his red eyes at me and then spoke to Mr. Ardmore a minute. And right away Mr. Ardmore stopped objecting.

But the judge settled all the fuss just then, by saying that I might try telling five minutes, and, all in a second, everybody began to take out their watches and look at me and at the watches and at me again, and laugh and whisper while the

lawyers talked. But when I looked at Mr. Tyrrell again, he winked once more and smiled as if he knew I could do it—and then I was n't afraid.

I thought the best way would be to put my head down on my hands so I could n't see the people, for I might forget and count wrong, if I looked at everybody. So, when they were all ready, I just said, "Now," like that, and put my hands over my eyes and commenced to count.

"One chimpanzee, two chimpanzee, three chimpanzee, four chimpanzee." I counted right along, just as I always did, and pretty soon I almost forgot about everybody all around me, and just counted and counted and bent one finger under at the end of every minute, and it was n't nearly so bad as I was afraid it would be.

But five minutes is a long time. I 'm glad they did n't make me count the whole ten, for maybe I could n't have done it. It 's not so hard out of doors, when you 're alone, if you don't get in a hurry, but counting even five minutes in a courtroom, when you know everybody is just waiting to see if you do it right, is hard enough. It was so still that it seemed like Sunday in church, just before the minister begins, and you could hear the noises out in the street. Once I was almost afraid I could n't do it after all, but I kept on because I remembered Mr. Tyrrell. And when the last minute was done, I took my hands away from my face and looked up at Mr. Ardmore and just said, "Now."

And then, all at once—why, you 'd hardly believe it—the people all around just got up out of their seats, and such a noise you never heard in a house. They just yelled, like you do when somebody makes a home run, and they clapped their hands and stamped on the floor; and the judge did n't even try to stop them, for he just laughed and rubbed his handkerchief all over his face and laughed again. So I knew I had counted almost right, anyway. Down in front there was a woman who was crying, and lots of them waved handkerchiefs at me, and I looked over at Mr. Tyrrell and there were tears in his eyes, too. But he put his hands together and shook them at me, just as if he was shaking hands *with* me, and I knew he was glad. And then the court clerk called out that I was within ten seconds of the correct time.

But right in the middle of it, in came father, and with him he had the picture I 'd taken. He 'd been clear home to get it. And when Mr. Ardmore had looked at it, he showed it to the judge and to the rest, and father says this is what he said to the jury:

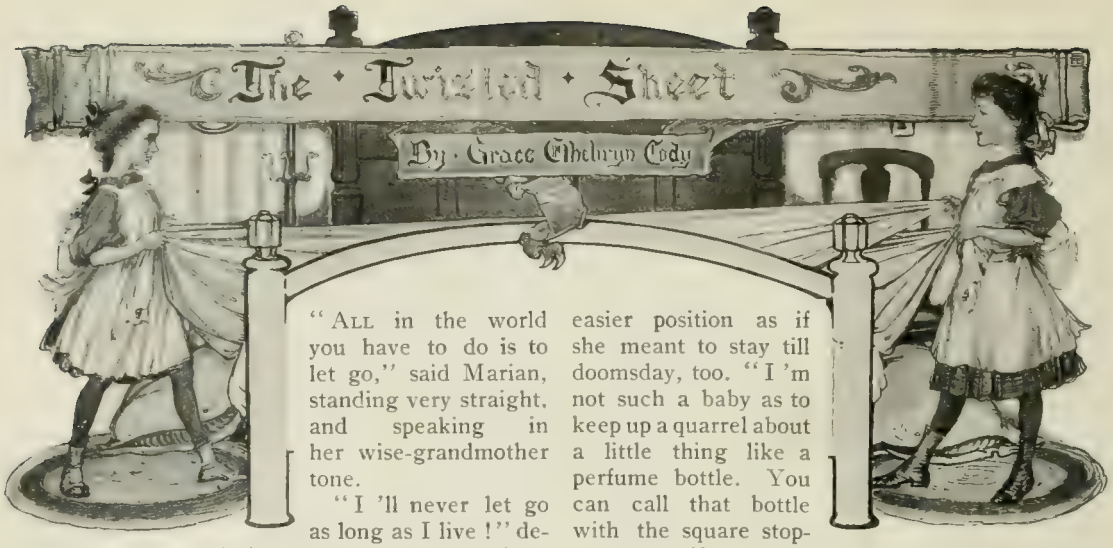
"Gentlemen, my case is before you. The boy's testimony is perfect. He 's proven that he knows what he 's talking about; and now this photograph supports his testimony absolutely. There is the man—the prisoner—in the center of the picture, and it 's a good likeness. And you will notice two other things also—one, that the tree-trimmer's work shows in the branches lying on the lawn, and the other, that the hands of the clock in the Methodist church spire, at the left, point to fourteen minutes to seven. I think that proves this *alibi*."

Then everybody hollered again, and when Mr. Ardmore asked the other lawyer if he wanted to question me any more, he just waved his hand. But the judge said he wanted to know what was my way of counting, and I had to stand up before them all and count another minute out loud, just to show them all that it could be done. At the end, father came right across and picked me up and carried me out, while people stood up and clapped and stamped till you could n't hear anything. I think they were glad for Mr. Tyrrell.

Father did n't say much at first, even when it turned out that the jury made them let Mr. Tyrrell go, and when Mr. Tyrrell himself came up to see me that night and thanked me, just as if he had n't taught me himself to count the chimpanzee way. Father seemed more pleased than I 'd ever seen him, and kept looking at me and looking at me, all the time Mr. Tyrrell was there, but he was just quiet and hardly spoke. But when I went to bed, pretty near tired out, too, and mother made me take some hot stuff or something, because she was afraid I 'd be sick, he came and put his head in my door and smiled at us both, and said:

"You 're a brick, son."





"ALL in the world you have to do is to let go," said Marian, standing very straight, and speaking in her wise-grandmother tone.

"I 'll never let go as long as I live!" declared the blue-eyed girl on the opposite side of the bed, and she clutched the two corners of the sheet with a firmer grip as she said it.

"But the younger one ought to give up," Marian remarked in that superior voice which always started a raging in the breast of her younger sister.

Lucie snapped her lips together. She had been giving up for ten whole years, and Marian had had her own way all that time. There ought to be a change. Marian was only twelve, herself. Besides, if Marian would let go her side of the twisted sheet, it would come right side up, just as it ought to.

"You know, yourself, Marian, the hem of the upper sheet ought to turn over on the top, and it would if you 'd let go," she said at last, trying to be as cool as her sister. "And I 'll tell you one thing: this time I—am—not—going—to—give—up."

Marian laughed softly. "Seems if I 'd heard that before. You were n't going to give up, the time I set the basket of eggs down in the path and ran off because you would n't take hold of the handle the way I told you to, but I notice 't was little Lucie that went back and got them, after all. You might as well let go that sheet, first as last, so that we can make this bed."

"Oh!" Lucie burst out. "If you were n't my sister, I 'd—! You stand there with your braids all smooth and your eyes quiet, and you get me just blazing, and then you 're satisfied! I have n't forgiven you yet about that perfume bottle, Marian Galbraith, and I tell you I won't give up, this time. I won't—if I stay here till doomsday—so there!"

"Mercy me, child!" said Marian, shifting to an easier position as if she meant to stay till doomsday, too. "I 'm not such a baby as to keep up a quarrel about a little thing like a perfume bottle. You can call that bottle with the square stopper yours, if you want to. I told you all the time you could."

"'Call it mine'—it *is* mine! It 's—oh, you can be the meanest! I just hope Uncle Ben will remember, when he comes to-night, which one he gave you, but, whether he does or not, you know as well as I do that the bottle with the square stopper was mine and you never thought of saying it was yours until the one with the round stopper got broken. It is n't the bottle I care about, either, and you know that. I just want you to give up when you 're wrong, and you *never* do!"

"'Sh-sh, Lucie," said Marian reprovingly. "You 'll disturb your sick mother, talking so loud."

Lucie fairly ground her teeth. She was a gentle girl, but Marian's unruffled superiority roused all the wrath there was in her, and, for the last ten days, since their mother had been shut up in the quiet room with the trained nurse on guard, there had been no getting on at all. It came to Lucie now, as never before, that the time had arrived when she should assert her rights; so, after drawing her breath in sharply through her teeth and darting one furious glance at her sister, she shut her lips again, and leaned against the head of the bed.

For ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, they stood there, silent. Occasionally Lucie glared at Marian, meeting always the same cool dark-eyed glance. At last, without a word, Marian, still holding to the corners of the sheet, sat deliberately down on the floor. After a few moments more, Lucie followed her example and sat down too.

Their faces were hidden from each other now,

but both felt the pull of the sheet, and each knew that the will on the other side of the bed was firm. A full hour passed. Then the bedroom door opened and a broad, good-natured face peeped in.

"So that 's where you are—eh?" cried Nora. "I 've been huntin' all over the house. Lunch is ready. Sure, I thought you had this bed made long ago. What 's the matter, annyhow?"

"I don't care for any luncheon, Nora, thank you," Marian responded, with a large amount of dignity, considering that she was seated, Turkish-fashion, on the floor.

"Neither do I," added Lucie, craning her neck to look over the bed at wondering Nora.

"Not care for lunch, when I 've pancakes and maple syrup for you!" Nora exclaimed, advancing into the room.

"This sheet is twisted, and Miss Lucie has an obstinate fit and won't let go so that I can straighten it out," Marian explained with a patient air that maddened Lucie.

"Lucie—obstinate!" came the indignant echo from the other side of the bed. "I guess there 's somebody else obstinate besides Lucie, Nora."

"Well, now, I 'll settle all that for you in one minute," declared the warm-hearted Irish girl, laying hold of the sheet, but she dropped it again suddenly, at sight of the unwonted flash in little Miss Lucie's blue eyes.

"Don't touch that, Nora!" she commanded. "This is between Miss Marian and me."

"Yes, go and leave us, Nora," Marian added, with her mother's own manner. "You may clear the table. We 'll not be down to luncheon."

Bewildered and unwilling, but somehow compelled, Nora turned and went grumbling out of the room. Silence fell again. A long silence. Lucie was seized with an unconquerable desire to peep under the bed and see what Marian might be doing. Cautiously, without loosening her hold on the sheet, she lowered her head and looked. There was Marian doing the same thing at the same instant, and, like a flash, both girls jerked their heads up and sat shaking in silent, exclusive mirth. Not for worlds would either have let the other know that she was laughing. That would have meant death to the dignity of the quarrel, and, above all things, dignity must be maintained.

Again the door opened, and the immovable face of the trained nurse was thrust in. She looked like an advertisement of fine laundry work, with her crisp blue and white stripes, and the snowy apron, cuffs, collar, and cap.

"Little girls," she said, in her stranger's voice, "Nora tells me you won't come to luncheon because you are having some kind of a quarrel. I should think, if you loved your mother, you would try to be good and help her to get well quickly. Don't you know you 'll trouble her if you act like this?"

"You have n't been and told her?" Marian demanded, with a shocked note in her voice.

"N—no; but I shall have to, if you keep this up," said the nurse severely, as she closed the door.

"There, Lucie," Marian remarked, lifting her head to peer over the bed reprovingly. "You see what you 're doing. You may make mother a great deal worse. Why don't you give up?"

But Lucie crouched out of sight and kept silence. Mother did n't know about it, and she certainly could not worry about a thing she did not know. A sense of power was growing within Lucie. She had never resisted Marian so long in all her life, and, as the time went on, the feeling grew stronger and stronger that for once she would hold out. What joy to make Marian give up—just once! Even in her wildest imaginings, she never dreamed of more than once.

The telephone bell rang, long and loud.

"Better answer that, Lucie," Marian suggested genially. "Nora must be down in the laundry, and probably the nurse is busy with mother."

Lucie did not budge, and presently they heard the nurse's voice saying, "Hello!" in a slightly impatient tone. A few minutes later, she pushed open the bedroom door again.

"Little girls," she said, "that was your Uncle Ben calling up, and I told him exactly how you were acting."

"Telltale!" Lucie whispered, letting the word go safely under the bed instead of out into the room where the nurse could hear.

"He 's coming out from town early; he 'll be here by four o'clock, and he said to tell you that he 'd bring a large box of candy for the one that gives up first."

Dead silence was the answer, and after waiting full two minutes, the nurse, in disgust, went back to her patient.

"Don't you want that candy, Lucie?" a low voice asked.

"No, thank you; you 're quite welcome to it." And another hour passed.

"Miss Lucie, dear," came Nora's coaxing voice through the door, "your mother wants you to bring her a glass of water, right away."

Lucie started, and almost let go the sheet, but Marian giggled, and Lucie saw through the trick. Of course the nurse was there to get water for mother. It was just to make Lucie give up.

After that, Nora came and pleaded a long time, in vain. It was after three o'clock, now. Nora had hardly gone away when the door opened

again—sharply this time—and the trained nurse came inside and closed it behind her.

"Little girls," she said, with more sternness than they thought she had any right to use, "I have told your mother how you are behaving."

A sudden involuntary stir on each side of the bed gave notice that this shot had gone home.

"She 's very much worried, and ashamed of you both. She wants this room in nice order for your Uncle Ben when he comes at four o'clock. You may throw her into a high fever, acting so. And she says to tell you that the one that loves her best will give up."

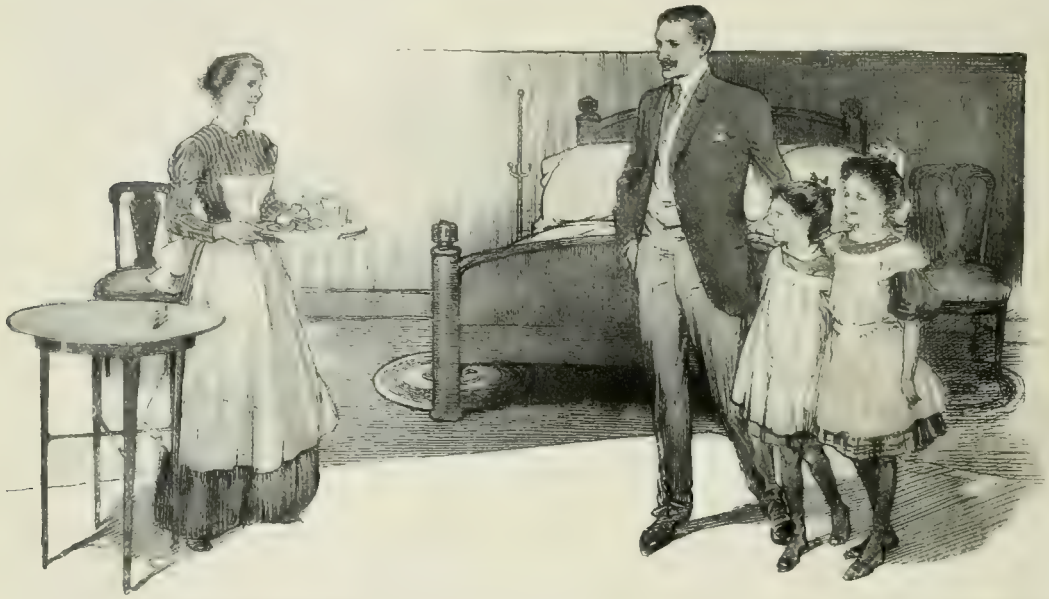
Both girls had risen to their knees and were staring reproachfully at the messenger.

"Shame on you!" said Marian. "To keep up the quarrel when I 'm willing to give up! And troubling mother, too!"

"Shame on yourself, Marian Galbraith! You just take that sheet and fix it the way you wanted it. I *have* given up, I tell you. Here!" Lucie flapped the sheet over, but Marian seized it, and here was presented the amusing spectacle of the two girls with their former positions reversed, each trying now to put on the sheet in the way she did *not* wish it to be.

"I 've given up, and it 's going to be on in your way. You shan't make out that you love mother best," Lucie insisted.

"No, *I 've* given up and the nurse has gone to



"'I SHALL BE PLEASED TO TAKE SOME REFRESHMENTS IF THE YOUNG LADIES HERE WILL JOIN ME,' SAID UNCLE BEN."

"You should n't have told her," Marian reproached. "We never meant to trouble *her*."

"No; you know we did n't, Miss—Nurse!" Lucie echoed, distressed enough to weep.

"I had to tell her," was the stiff reply. "You forced me to."

"Very well," said Marian, coming to her feet suddenly, and letting go the twisted sheet, with a grand air. "You may go back to mother and tell her that Marian gave up."

"No, you may *not!*" cried Lucie, jumping up too, and dropping her hold on the sheet. "I guess I 'm going to give up, myself. You don't love her best, any such thing, and you said, yourself, the younger one ought to give up."

A bell tinkled, and the nurse slipped away in answer, leaving the two girls face to face.

tell mother so," Marian maintained,—and, at last, they both sat down on the floor again, too miserable for words.

The door-bell sounded. That was Uncle Ben's voice. He had come. He would find his bed unmade, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Mother would know about it, and it would throw her into a fever.

"Oh, Marian, hurry! hurry!" cried Lucie, scrambling to her feet in an agony of remorse. "I 'll have the sheet the way I wanted it. You can be the one to give up, but, quick, let 's make this bed!"

And by the time Uncle Ben, big and jolly, came tiptoeing up the stairs to his room, he found two flushed, breathless girls, standing, one on each side of a smooth white bed.

"Hurrah!" he said, under his breath, as he entered. "Somebody gave up. Who was it?"

"It was Marian," Lucie told him, and then, to his dismay, she flung herself across that smooth bed and began to sob as if her heart would break.

"Marian gave up! That 's something new," said Uncle Ben, handing a big box to Marian, and then, laying a gentle hand on Lucie's shoulder, "Look here, pet, don't cry like that. Do you feel so bad about losing the candy?"

"Oh, no—no—*no!* I had to let mother think Marian loved her best. It was the only way—"

"Please take back this candy, Uncle Ben," said Marian, just then. "I—I don't deserve it."

"What 's all this?" asked the mystified uncle, while Lucie sat up on the edge of the bed, too much astonished to cry.

"Why, we would n't either of us let go the sheet until mother sent word that the one that loved her best would give up, and then I was just bound I 'd be that one. So I made Lucie let me give up, but, really, she gave up giving up, just so that mother should n't be worried. Give her the candy."

"No," Lucie faltered.

Uncle Ben was looking at Marian with a pleased smile on his face.

"I tell you, Uncle Ben, I 've been a perfect pig to Lucie," Marian went on. "I pretended the perfume bottle with the square stopper was mine, when I knew all the time it was hers. Please give her the candy."

"Well, well, I think I 'll have to settle this case," Uncle Ben answered, crossing over to the mantel, where he found two china plates. Then, one by one, with the little tongs that lay on top, he lifted out the pieces of candy, putting them first on one plate and then on the other. At the end there was one large chocolate cream left over.

"This plate is for you, Lucie," he said, "because, as Marian says, you did the real giving up —no mistake about that, and I 'm proud of you for it. And this is for you, Marian"—handing out the other plate—"because you refused the candy when you could have had it, and acted on the square with your sister, and I 'm proud of *you* for *that*. And this one"—holding up the huge left-over chocolate—"not to be partial, this one is for me."

He popped it into his mouth, just as the nurse peeped into the open door, with the pretty smile she seemed to wear whenever Uncle Ben came.

"Little girls," she said sweetly, "I told your mother how determined you both were to give up, the minute you got her message, and it made her very happy. She 's feeling quite easy now. She 's dropped asleep."

"And sure," chimed in the voice of Nora, who filled the doorway, with a broad white-covered tray in her hands, as soon as the nurse passed on, "sure, Mr. Ben, I 'm not forgettin' your likin' for a bit of somethin' about afternoon tay-time."

"Come right in, Nora," said Uncle Ben politely. "What have you on that tray? Three tall glasses of milk and a plate of nutcakes! I shall be pleased to take some of these refreshments if the young ladies here will join me."

"We will!" cried Marian joyfully, drawing up a chair, while Lucie wiped her eyes and answered, with a smile:

"We surely will, Uncle Ben! We 're starving."

GUESSING SONG

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE



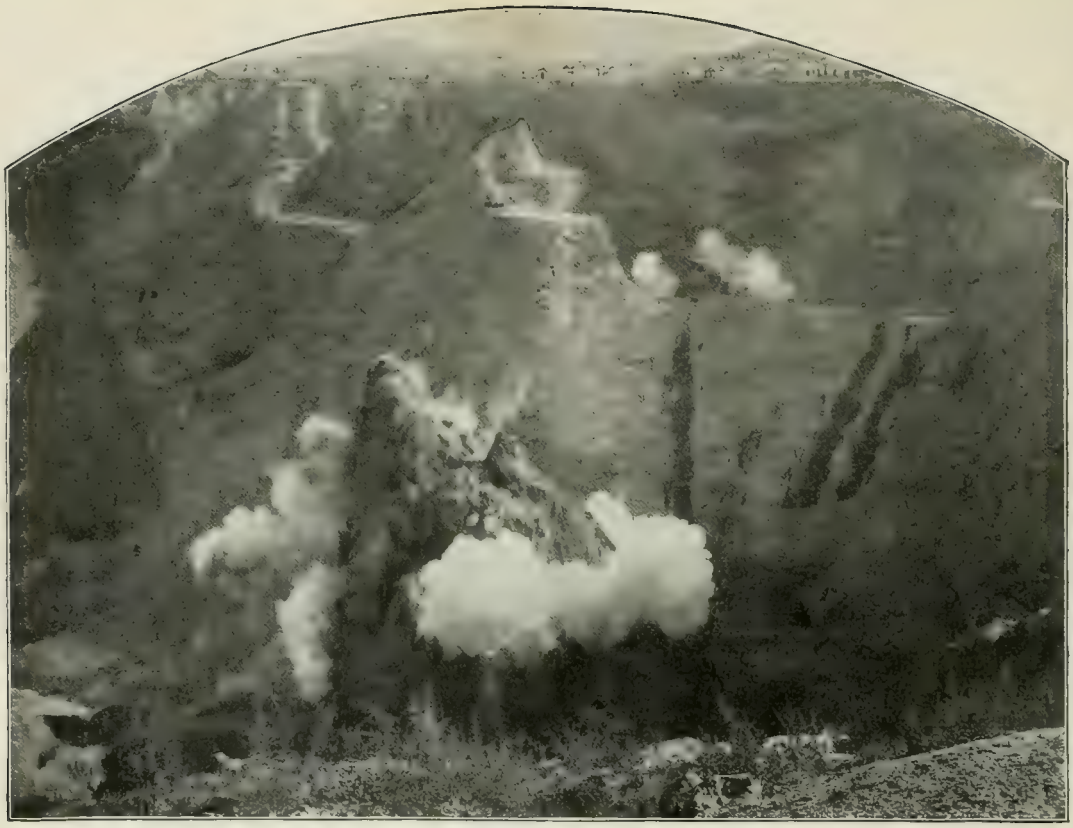
WHICHEVER side the sun may be,
Look on the other side for me.

At midday, when the sun rides high,
A short and shrunken dwarf am I;

Toward evening, as the sun sinks low,
Longer, and longer still, I grow;

But when Night's tent is pitched, I glide
Into the spreading gloom, and hide.





A DYNAMITE BLAST IN A DEEP DIAMOND MINE AT KIMBERLEY.

THE DIAMOND MINES OF KIMBERLEY

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

Is it not strange how Nature distributes her favors? You will never find gold save in the desert, nor costly furs except in the Arctic wastes, where little animals need them most. And as to diamonds—in all ages the most precious commodity on earth—come with me to the arid veldt of Griqualand, and I will show you a humming town of 40,000 inhabitants with big streets stretched like protecting arms around four or five enormous pits. These are the far-famed diamond mines of Kimberley, which have produced, since their incorporation, over *twelve tons' weight* of diamonds, whose estimated value is $500,000,000.

And cast your memory back on the history of this place. Ponder it, and never again say the romance of adventure is ended by modern progress. We need not be very old to remember when news came from South Africa that savages tending their flocks had "pebbles" strung around their necks as charms, which were in reality superb rough diamonds. A British farmer's wife exchanged a silk shirtwaist for one of these, and a week later found she had secured the biggest bargain on record. The stone turned out to be a magnificent diamond of thirty carats and was sold in Paris for $87,000. That was the beginning.

Then old Dutch farmers found their children playing marbles with strange pieces of "glass" which they had picked out of the mud walls of the houses. The secret was soon out, and prospectors, with men of science, flocked from all parts of the world, until there were at one time 15,000 adventurers washing for diamonds up and down the Vaal River.

You have heard of "Tom Tiddler's" ground? Well, something far more valuable than gold and silver was picked up here, for magnificent dia-

monds were found by the thousand, and poor working-men became millionaires in a month. The source of all these diamonds is a most interesting volcanic phenomenon. Right on the African veldt are a number of "pans," or enormous circles of blue ground. They may be covered with other soil, however, since they were pushed up out of the bowels of the earth by volcanic action in bygone ages.

The limits of these circular "pipes" are sharply defined, and geologists have popularly compared them to a kind of "plum-pudding" with superb diamonds for plums and currants! How deep these pipes go we have no means of knowing yet; but in the magic caves of Kimberley they have got down 3000 feet, and every year send up millions of tons of the hard blue rocky earth without apparently diminishing it in any way. And so the world's diamond supply shows no sign at present of diminution.

In the early days, a wild muddle existed on the diamond fields. Men fought and killed each other over claims; and if ever a monopoly did good in restoring order where chaos only existed, it is in the case of the De Beers Corporation. Its head, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, stepped in and bought up one claim after another, and for one of them he paid $55,000,000! The original check hangs in the London offices of the company, and may be seen to this day.

So closely controlled is the output of diamonds,



"BLUE GROUND" SPREAD OVER DUMPING FLOORS

that one mine will be shut down and all supplies stopped when it is decided to put the price up five or ten per cent. You will realize what this means when I tell you that every year prosperous men and women spend $25,000,000 on diamonds alone.



A WAR DANCE GIVEN FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF VISITORS, BY THE WORKERS IN THE DIAMOND MINES.



SORTING GRAVEL FOR DIAMONDS.

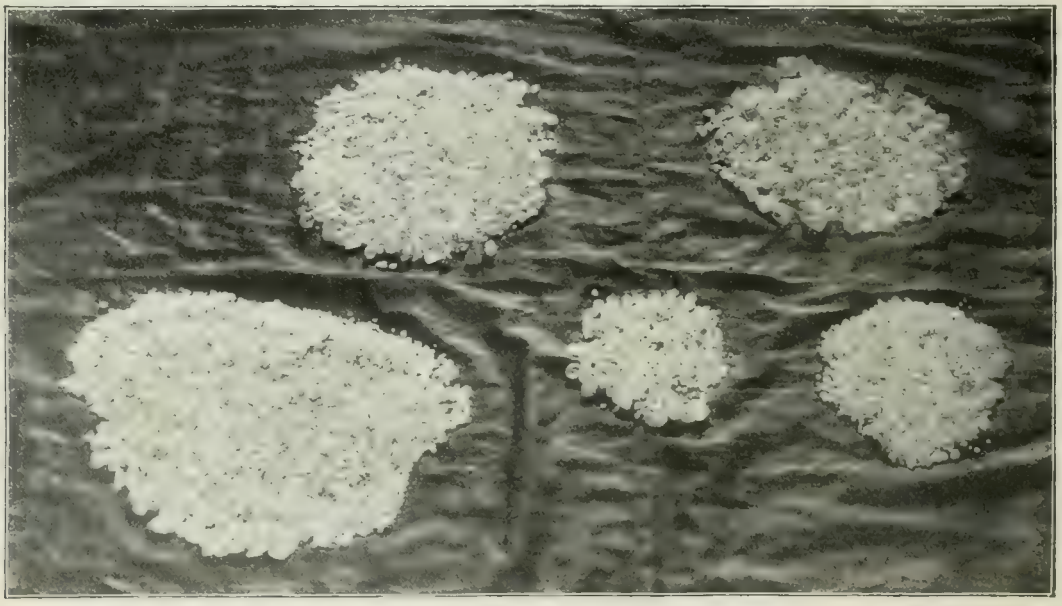
But, you will ask, how are the stones actually won from the blue ground in the perpendicular "pipes"?

Let us descend in the cage with these savage-looking Kafirs. By the way, 20,000 of them are engaged in the mines, and they are practically prisoners during the whole of their term of service—three, six, or nine months. They live in great compounds walled and roofed with wire netting which prevents them from throwing diamonds in cans or bits of paper over to confederates outside.

Down we go into the bowels of the earth, to behold subterranean streets in a cavern more magical than any you ever read of in the Arabian Nights. Muffled sounds of blasting come to our ears. Thousands of tons of dynamite are used every year to dislodge the rocky earth which enfolds the diamonds so jealously in tight embrace. And once, a whole train-load exploded by impact, through two trains having come together, and the gold city of Johannesburg was wiped out.

After each explosion in these underground streets, which are lit with electric arcs, great quantities of the precious "blue" are dislodged. These are loaded into little trolleys and run quickly to the elevators; they emerge at the surface and are run to the dumping grounds. I should tell you that so hard is the soil that it has to be spread out in what looks like tennis-courts for many months until the action of wind, rain, and sun have made it amenable to treatment by the pulverizing and washing machines, which will pass over garnets, olivines and other gems found associated with the diamond, and arrest only the most precious of all stones on grease-lined tables.

The soil that remains is carefully sorted by the Kafirs on special tables under the supervision of white men. Despite this, however, smuggling goes on at the rate of nearly $5,000,000 a year,



A PART OF THE DAY'S "TAKE." FIVE HEAPS OF MAGNIFICENT STONES.

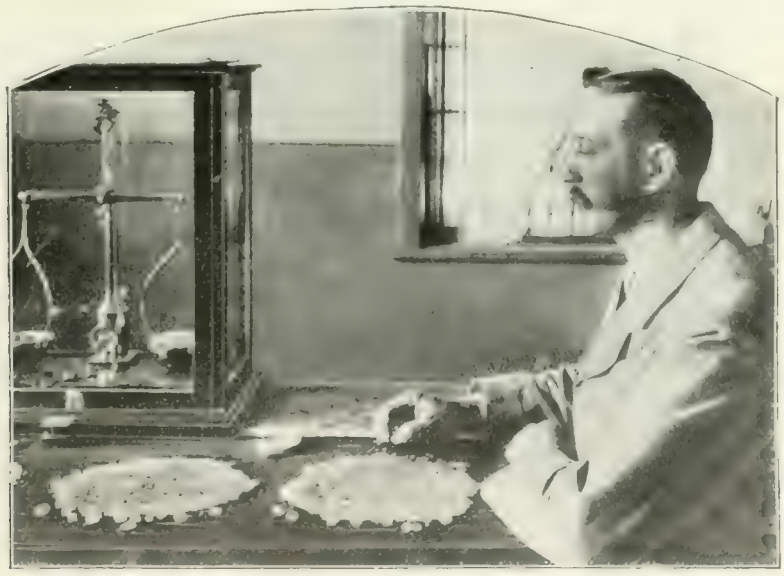


SORTING AND SEARCHING TABLES

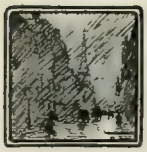
and all stones so stolen are actually bought back by the De Beers Corporation, so anxious are they to control the diamond trade of the world. Their monopoly bids fair to be cut into, however, by the new diamond diggings recently found in the Transvaal.

One of these claims known as the Premier recently turned up the most monstrous diamond the world ever saw. It is called the "Cullinan," after the chairman of the company, and is bigger than a man's fist. Moreover, it is of transparent purity; and already the colossal sum of $2,000,000 has been offered for it by an international syndicate. Meanwhile the world's greatest chemists, well knowing the constituents of the diamond, have been trying to make precious stones in their laboratories, and the great French scientists M. Berthelot and M. Moissan have actually produced diamonds and rubies—small enough, yet absolutely real—in their crucibles.

You might think this means an end to mining for diamonds, with its romance and adventure, and the vast riches involved in it. Not so, however; for diamonds and rubies chemically produced are more than one thousand times dearer than the natural gem. So we need not fear that the diamond will lose its rarity and costliness during our life-time. They are likely, indeed, to last, at any rate, for hundreds of years.



AN EXPERT WEIGHING AND SORTING THE DAY'S "TAKE"



KATE'S CALENDAR



BY MARGARET JOHNSON

"WE 'LL make a New Year Calendar,
Each one of us," I said:
"See, here are yellow circles bright,
And purple, gray, and red.
A yellow one each pleasant day
We 'll fix above the date,—"
"Oh, that will be just beautiful!"
Cried little Kate.

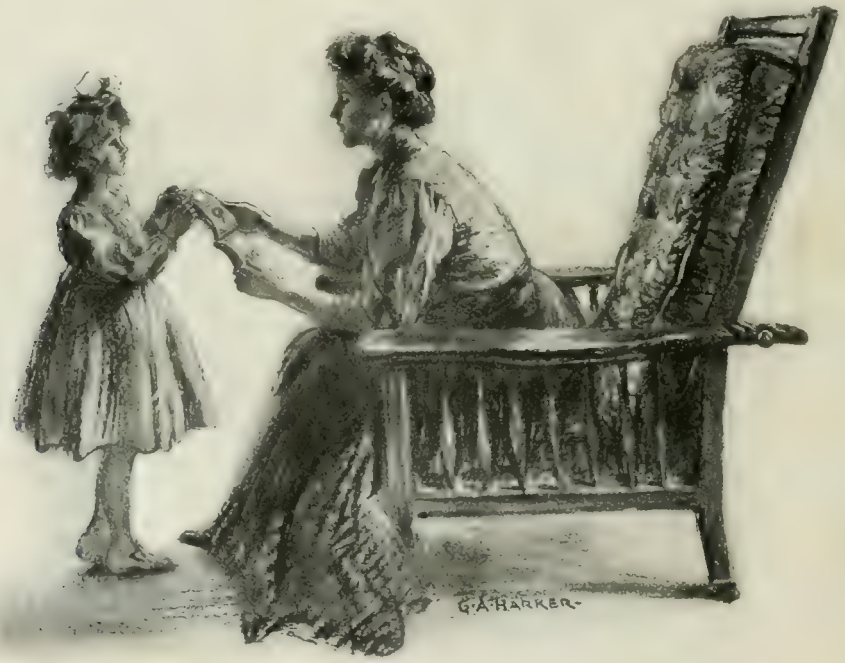
"For dull and disagreeable days
Here is a purple ring;
And gray for dreary rain, and red
For winds that rudely sing.
And when the month is done, we 'll count—"
She really could not wait;
"And see how many pleasant days!"
Laughed little Kate.

All gray and lowering was the sky,
The rain persistent poured,
And on the roofs like thunder beat,
And in the gutters roared.
Not once the sunshine glimmered through,
Nor did the storm abate;
"Oh, what a lovely rainy day!"
Said little Kate.

The wind came howling from the north,
With neither stop nor stay;
It blew the sleet into our eyes,
And caught our breath away.
We struggled down the blustering street,
And through the swinging gate:
"Oh, what a splendid windy day!"
Cried little Kate.

And when the month was done, her book
She brought me with delight;
On every single page there shone
A yellow circle bright!
"Those were for *pleasant* days!" I cried,
And kissed her curly pate.
"Why, they *were* pleasant, every one!"
Said little Kate.

Now, Sweetheart, will I take henceforth
Your Calendar for mine!
For whether skies be dark or bright,
Your sun will always shine.
The wind may blow, the rain may fall,—
She laughs at any fate,
And all the days are pleasant days
For little Kate!





NEW YEAR'S EVE IN MID-OCEAN.



IN THE "SKY PARLOR" (SEE PAGE 234.)

THE GENTLE INTERFERENCE OF BAB

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan," "Fritzi," etc.

Chapter I

AT BROOK ACRES

Bab raised her head from the sofa pillow, dabbed her swollen eyes with her sodden ball of a handkerchief, sniffed her very red nose, and looked at the clock. The hands of that relentless little timepiece pointed to twenty-five minutes of nine. Mademoiselle was never known to be late, and there was not a line of the French lesson translated. But who cared for French when one had wept oneself to a pulp with homesickness?

If there had only been some one to confide in, or somebody in whose arms to cuddle and cry it all out—a sofa pillow, after all, only absorbs tears and gives no real consolation—beside, Bab was not used to crying and that made it seem harder, she had always talked out all her woes with her mother, or father, or the girls, and they were usually *so* sympathetic! At this last thought Bab sniffed harder than ever.

To be sure there was Aunt Millicent; but, somehow, Bab could n't imagine cozying a teary cheek on the lacy, beribboned front of Aunt Millicent's lovely morning gown; and, besides, she seemed so young and girlish. Oh, for mother's trim little shirt-waisted shoulder! There was Uncle Edgar, but he was always rushing off to business, or for a spin in his new motor-car. Oh, to have Daddy-Doctor's strong arms about her! Then there was Cousin Jean, her twin cousin, who was born upon the same day. Why, they had written stiff little letters to each other ever since they were old enough to wag a pencil. But oh, for Patty, or Anna, or Dulce, or even Cissy, "the Vain," with whom Bab had quarreled every day of her life! Oh, dear, dear, dear! How should she ever tell them at home that, before the first week was up, she, happy, interfering Bab, was crying her eyes out to be at home again, when she had coaxed so to come?

Yes, that had been a fatal day—the day Aunt Millicent's letter came asking that she, Bab Howard, might spend six months at Brook Acres and share Jean's lessons! "These cousins should know each other," Aunt Millicent had prettily written, and also that she was afraid Jean, as an only child, might grow selfish. Surely, with four

other girls to comfort their hearts Bab's father and mother could spare her one.

Bab had listened breathlessly to the reading of Aunt Millicent's letter. It was like a promise of fairyland.

"*Please,* Daddy-Doctor," she gasped, "I never, in my whole life, was farther than Weldon, and that 's just ten miles, and a snippy place when you get there! But to think of my seeing the really and truly ocean, and New York, and Cousin Jean, and Brook Acres! Do say I may go!"

Dr. Howard shook his head doubtingly.

"Motherling, please, motherling," coaxed Bab. "Think of my having lessons with Jean's splendid teachers, and studying music and practising on a real *grand!*" and she cast a look of disdain at the battered old square piano that stood so patiently against the wall.

But Bab's mother also shook her head.

"It is n't the going, Bab," she said, patting Bab's shoulder comfortingly. "It 's the contrast between life there and here, that daddy and I fear."

"Oh, you dearest dear!" and now Bab's arms were around her mother. "You don't think I 'd be such a silly as ever to think anything so lovely as this dear, old, simple, precious home, do you? Why, have n't we, you and father and us girls, had the jolliest times here together?"

"That 's just it," broke in her father, "we don't want those jolly times over. Even if you do interfere—"

"Daddy, I don't interfere, not really. The girls just think so," cried Bab.

"Well, you will admit, Babbie," he laughed, "that your little nose has a way of poking itself into other people's affairs—"

"It 's a kind poking, after all, Daddy," interrupted her mother, cuddling Bab's rosy cheek upon her shoulder. "It 's just the kindest little nose in the world."

"But it *does* poke," insisted Cissy.

"To begin again," calmly went on their father, being used to interruption; "if you came back after living in Uncle Edgar's lovely home and found our little brown house dull and commonplace, why, the game would n't be worth the candle. Jean Linsey is an heiress, while Babette Howard is the fifth daughter of a poor country doctor."

Here Bab transferred her strangling embrace from mother to father, protesting she would rather be Bab Howard than anybody in the whole wide world, and that she 'd never—never—no, *never* leave them.

But she did; and here she was in her beautiful room, after less than a week at Brook Acres, crying her eyes out and wishing with all her heart for home.

"Mercy me!" and Bab's eyes chanced upon that wretched clock again; it was within ten minutes of the hour. "I have n't a word of my translation, and my eyes are swollen half shut; but Aunt Millicent will be sure to send for me. What can I do? I can't tell her I 'm homesick, when she 's been so lovely to me; and I can't tell her I did n't get my lesson. I just can't!"

She sprang up and went to the window. Before her lay the south shore of Staten Island, all a-bloom that May day with the misty white of apple and cherry blossom and the hazy pink of the peach, while away beyond the lovely stretch of velvety green of the salt marsh was the azure of the ocean set with gleaming sails.

"Oh," thought Bab rebelliously, "it 's just too lovely to be cooped up in the house, or to be sad, or homesick, or anything but to just go right out in it and be happy!"

Then, without another thought, out of the window climbed Bab to the roof of the wide veranda that encircled three sides of the big house. Here, on the east side, the veranda was inclosed by an iron lattice, through which an old wistaria wound its mighty arms in and out, every slender branch hung now with a purple fringe of blossoms and tasseled with delicate green. Fearlessly Bab set her toes in the strong iron lattice and, careful only not to crush the swaying blossoms all about her, let herself down to the ground.

"Hi, hi, hi, miss!" called a thin, high voice. "My word, you might have had a nasty fall!"

Bab looked up in dismay from the red scraped palms she had been examining to find staring at her from the drive a little, wizened old man, in whose twinkling gray eyes were mingled admiration and reproof.

"Please, please!" she faltered, not knowing just what to say, for she felt one could n't very well apologize to a servant for one's conduct, and yet—and yet—for since Bab had looked into those twinkling gray eyes she felt sure young ladies of almost thirteen did n't usually climb down trellises—not, at least, at Brook Acres. So, blushing very red, she blurted out: "Oh, please! I don't think I 'll ever try that again, and I 'd rather Aunt Millicent, that is Mrs. Linsey, did n't know. I 'll tell mother, of course," she added with a little touch of dignity.

"Aye, aye, aye," said the little old man, his face twitching into a jolly smile. "I don't belong here. I 'm from over at Durley. I would n't be sayin' to anybody, unless Miss Kate, and well I know she climbed every tree on Durley place

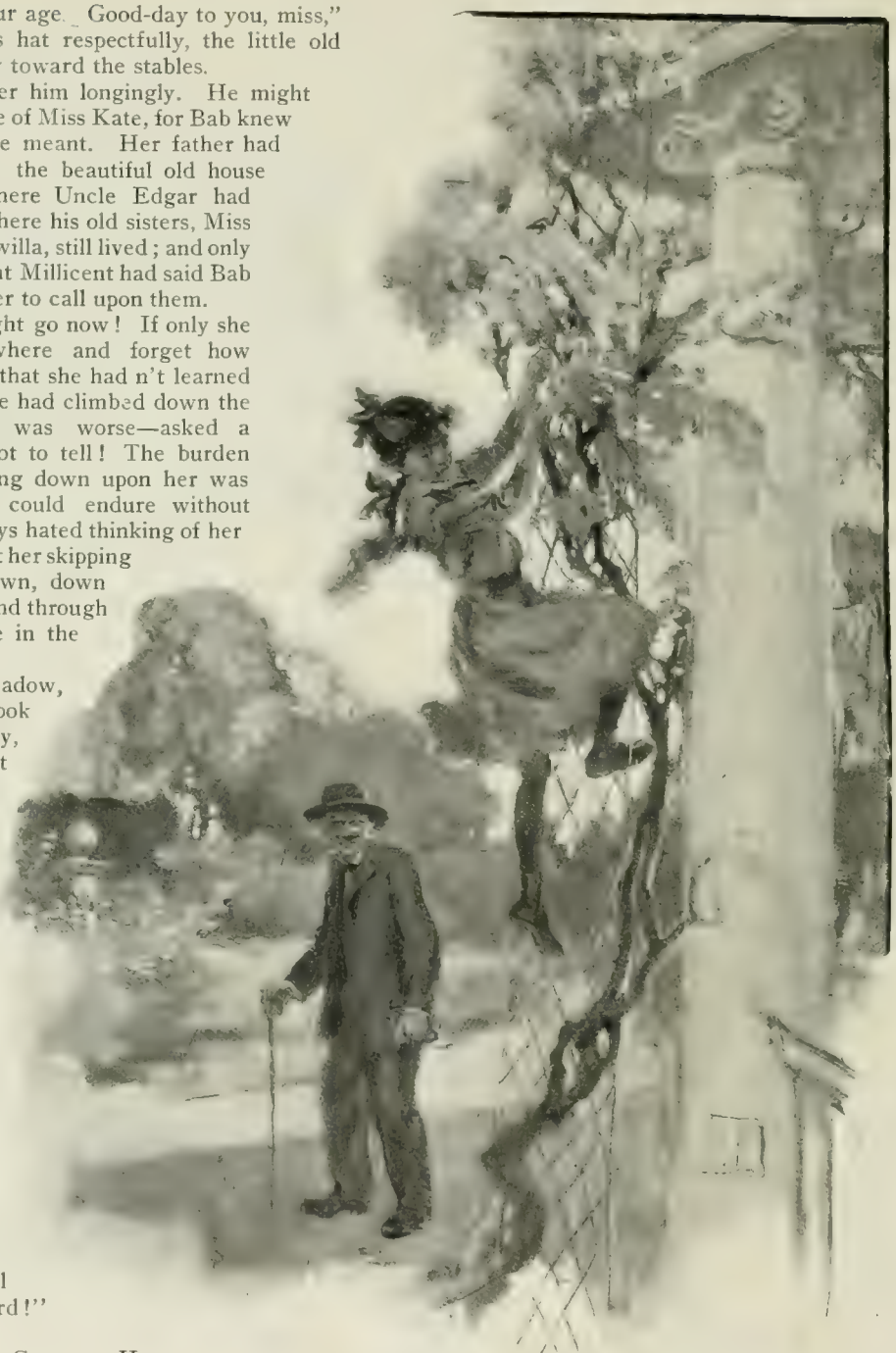
when she was your age. Good-day to you, miss," and, touching his hat respectfully, the little old man walked away toward the stables.

Bab looked after him longingly. He might have told her more of Miss Kate, for Bab knew at once whom he meant. Her father had often told her of the beautiful old house called Durley where Uncle Edgar had been born, and where his old sisters, Miss Kate, and Miss Twilla, still lived; and only the other day Aunt Millicent had said Bab must be taken over to call upon them.

If only she might go now! If only she might go somewhere and forget how ashamed she was that she had n't learned her lesson, that she had climbed down the trellis and—this was worse—asked a strange servant not to tell! The burden of her sins rushing down upon her was more than Bab could endure without action—Bab always hated thinking of her sins—so away went her skipping feet across the lawn, down the garden path, and through the swinging gate in the high box hedge.

Beyond lay a meadow, through it a brook gurgled merrily, and just across it was a steep hill upon the top of which was a wood, all misty gray, and green, and palest pink.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Bab. "Oh, I just know there are wild flowers up there, and in the summer there will be berries! I must go! I just *must!* It 's such a dear day and —and I can tell Aunt Millicent, and repent with all my might afterward!"



"FEARLESSLY BAB LET HERSELF DOWN TO THE GROUND."

CHAPTER II

THE TROTTS

ON the very tiptop of Hessian Hill lay a beautiful, broad, grassy space, broken only by mossy rocks and crumbling lichen-grown stumps. It was so closely hedged in upon three sides by stately oaks and beeches, trailing branched dogwood—now drifts of snowy bloom—and straggling blackberry bushes, that it was very difficult

to find the one path to it. Upon the fourth side of this open space ran a low stone wall, from which the hill fell away steeply to the meadow. Beyond lay the blooming orchards, the salt marsh, and the sea, while to the east, among its tall maples, stood Brook Acres.

This open space was the "sky parlor" of the Trotts, and you would have had to visit it very early, or very late, not to have found there a member of the Trott family, or at least some of their cherished possessions. It might be only a bit of sewing, a ragged book, or a tattered doll—though it was only Hitty who still condescended to dolls—but something was sure to be found at any hour in the sky parlor to remind you that the careless, go-as-you-please Trotts had been there and were soon to return.

This sunny May morning had brought them out early. Christie, Maze, and Joan were there, Seth and Bart had come and gone, while Nell and Hitty were due at any moment.

"I don't seem to get it, some way," mused Christie, gazing pensively with her head on one side from the blurred, muddy-water-color upon her easel to the lovely scene that lay stretched out before her. "I worked over those peach-trees till my brain is woolly, and they don't look any more like peach-trees in the distance than I look like a plum-pudding."

"And that," gasped Maze, dropping her work to come for a peep, "is what you have spent three blessed, precious days over and would n't let us see! And you said you were going to call it a 'May-day Dream'! Why, it 's a dreadful nightmare!"

"I know it," groaned Christie, for once subdued.

"Call that a cloud?" inquired Maze, scornfully. "It looks like a feather-bed in a dirty gray cover. You 'd far better help Joan and me, Christie Trott, than waste your time basely libeling our blessed isle."

"It 's just like you, Maze; discourage me all you can," began Christie hotly; but again her eyes fell on her picture and anger gave place to despair. "Oh, dear, art 's just as hard as everything else! It 's all the fault of that wretched book, 'Painting Made Easy in Twenty Lessons.' Bah! I 'd like to thump the old thing; and to think I spent fifty whole cents for it."

"Yes, and two dollars and a quarter, every last cent of my hat money, for water-colors!" sputtered Maze. "Don't forget that!"

"I 'm so likely to, with you throwing it up at me every ten minutes," grumbled Christie. "The next time I 'll borrow of Joan."

Joan's busy hands had never stopped during this discussion. Deftly she set in the purple, yellow, and white violets, the waxen bloodroot, Dutchman's-breeches, and delicate ferns, among the moss in the little rush baskets, using a big rock for a table. Upon one side of her were piled high the freshly-plaited baskets, and on the other, each plant with its roots set in a bit of damp moss, were all the early spring wild flowers.

Joan paused only to throw Christie a kiss from her grubby little fingers.

"I 'll lend you anything I 've got, Christie, if you 'll only come and help. It must be long after nine o'clock, and the boys said they wanted to start by ten."

"I don't see why Nell can't help a little," yawned Christie. "Maze is as slow as molasses in January when it comes to work."

"I 'm not," protested Maze. "It 's just that I don't know how to make the baskets look right. I 'll put up all your paints, and wash your brushes, and do every old thing, Christie, if you 'll help Joan out, and let her touch up mine a bit."

"Poor old Maze, they do look rather bob-tailed," laughed Joan catching up one of the despised baskets. "Just wait until I tuck in a fern or two, dangle a vine, perk up the posies and breathe on it! That 's the trouble, Maze, you don't know how to breathe the artistic breath. Behold!" She puffed out her pink cheeks and blew and then held the basket aloft for inspection.

"Oh! Oh! *Oh!*" As that third exclamation reached them the girls turned with a startled cry. A flounder, a flop, followed by a shriek, and there at their feet, in an ignominious heap, lay a girl upon whom not one of them had ever set eyes.

"Are—are you killed?" cried Maze, flying to the strange girl's side.

"Not a bit of it," gasped the girl. "I 'm—I 'm just sort of astonished! But it does n't seem quite friendly to set such a trap at your front door."

"Oh, that 's to keep burglars out," giggled Christie; "but I don't see how you ever found the path. Let us help you up, and you shall have the seat of honor. I suppose you thought this was just a nice old mossy log with two old red calico cushions on it, but allow me to inform you, this is the famous peacock throne, upholstered with emeralds and rubies!"

"Oh, joy!" cried the girl, scrambling to her feet. "That 's just the way my sisters and I pretend. You see," she went on, seating herself upon the peacock throne and pushing back her tousled curls from her pretty freckled face, "I 'm Babette Howard, but everybody calls me just

Bab, and I 'm visiting my cousin Jean Linsey at Brook Acres, and—and, well, there are five of us girls at home, and we have just dandy times." And then, girl-like, she poured out the whole story. "And so, you see," ended Bab, now quite out of breath, "after having such a perfectly heavenly time at home—I—I got homesick and—and—cried, and did n't get my French lesson, and so this morning I ran away."

"Oh!" gasped all the girls.

"Yes, but just to hunt wild flowers. Of course, I 'm going back; but when I heard voices, girls' voices, it did sound so good I hunted till I found the path—and you did look so comfy and dear, I just longed to speak to you, but I really was going away when you," and she smiled up at Joan, "held up that lovely basket, and I said 'oh!' before I meant to, and just then I caught my foot in that loop of grape-vines and came down ker-flop. I do hope you will forgive me!"

"Forgive you! Why, we 'd never have forgiven you if you had n't let us see you," cried impulsive Maze. "And don't you ever dare get homesick again—you come and see us!"

"If—if you care to," added Joan, with a pretty blush. "I don't wonder you have been homesick, if there are five of you at home. We know how it is, there is such a lot of us, only we are not all brothers and sisters. This is Christie and this Maze Trott, and there is Nell, she is the oldest, Hitty is the youngest, and there is Bart Trott, but Seth, he 's *my* brother."

"And this is St. Joan; her last name is Stuart," broke in Christie, putting a loving arm around her cousin.

"Hush, hush, Christie!" begged Joan. "I 'm not a bit good; but we do have such dear times, and we 'd love to have you with us."

"Whoo-ee! Whoo-ee!" came a gay voice ringing through the wood. "Whoo-ee!"

"It 's Nell," exclaimed Maze. "Whoo-ee!"

"Oh, girls," cried Nell, coming dashing up the little path through the underbrush, "here 's the jolliest letter from mother, and she 's coming back to New York for the rest of the season, and I don't believe she 's going out with the company next—"

At that instant Nell espied a strange girl seated upon the peacock throne.

CHAPTER III

IN THE SKY PARLOR

BAB sat on the peacock throne and stared with round, astonished eyes at the girl who had come so unexpectedly crashing through the bushes.

She was, without doubt, Bab thought, the prettiest girl she 'd ever seen, and she wondered what Cissy, the Vain, so proud of her auburn locks and brown eyes, would say, if she could see Nell Trott's golden hair, violet eyes and rose-leaf skin.

But, dear me, Bab had little time for wondering, for Maze had rushed at Nell and was telling Bab's whole story!

Nell listened, silently nodding, now and then shedding a brilliant smile Bab's way, and when the story was finished dropped beside Bab on the peacock throne and put an arm around her just as Patty might have done.

"You poor, dear child," she said tenderly. "You could n't have happened on a family who would have understood how you felt better than the Trotts, and we 'll adopt you here and now."

"Hurrah!" cried Maze and Christie, while Joan nodded and bobbed, as she bit off stems and went on tucking violets and dangling vines as if life depended upon it.

"It 's just dear of you," gulped Bab, her head dropping on Nell's shoulder, "but you must n't imagine we girls get on like turtle-doves."

"Mercy me!" broke in Christie, "don't *we* know; you just ought to hear us. We all fight, but Joan, and she don't know how."

"Well, I think I 'd look fine quarreling with you girls," cried Joan, goaded to a reply. "You don't know what they did for me," she went on, turning toward Bab. "We are orphans, Sethie and I, and these blessed Trotts just coaxed and coaxed Aunt Sallie to take us, though she did n't know how she could with so many—"

"Oh, nonsense!" interrupted Christie. "Mother was dying to have you."

"And would have us," persisted Joan, "and they took us in as if we were real brother and sister, and we were only third cousins. I can never tell you—" Here Joan's voice broke, but Christie and Maze both had their arms about her, while Nell threw her a kiss and said:

"Mother always declares Joan's bump of gratitude is over-developed. But, say, girls," she suddenly demanded, "don't you want to hear mother's letter?"

"Of course we do," exclaimed Joan, her fingers flying faster than ever.

"Why, anybody would think we did n't care a penny," cried Maze, settling herself against a rock to rest. "Do fire away, Nell."

"Very well," said Nell, spreading the pages out on her knee. "No, no, sit still." This last to Bab, who had half arisen. "You are adopted now."

"DEAREST DADDY AND BABIES ALL: For you will always be babies to me, every mother's son and daughter of you, and Daddy is the biggest baby of all. I 've got such wonderful news for you, I 'm just bubbling over. You

see, I have been horribly homesick lately, wondering if somebody always heard Hitty's prayers, and kissed her bruises, and dressed her dollies—poor little motherless dear—and whether Maze had grown less slangy; and Christie less quick-tempered in the roughs and tumbles of sisterhood; and if my Bart were doing his own sums, or if Sethie still persists in doing them for him—but now for news. I had been very homesick, and last night my heart was full of tears, and one or two insisted upon trickling down my nose, as I sat before my mirror making-up for *Mrs. Jenkins;* and the season seemed years long, and New York and my beloved ones as far off as Jupiter. Letty was just straightening my wig and settling my cap, when Miss Vance, the leading woman, stopped at the door of my dressing-room and said: 'Well, Sallie, I don't suppose it will grieve you to know Kepler has made a change, and we go back to New York next week for the rest of the season.'

"'What, what?' I cried, springing up and catching her by the arm.

"'You old dear,' she laughed, though I 'm sure there were tears in her eyes. I know they were running down my cheeks—Letty had to do half my make-up over; but she has a baby herself in New York, and so understood.

"'You dear old Sallie,' said Miss Vance, 'I told Kepler I spoke for the pleasure of telling you. Yes, you 'll be with those babies of yours six whole weeks before you expected to see them.'

"Oh, if this was to be the last trip—just think of being home on Thanksgiving Day and at Christmas, and on Bart's and Joan's birthday, and kissing Hitty every blessed morning, my precious littlest baby, and of helping Daddy with the hens and his pickles, and Drusie with the cooking and the sewing—just to *think* of such bliss! But, anyway, I 'm *coming home*, and I was glad I had the part of a rollicking old lady with two grandchildren to adore, and if I did n't squander affection on little Eddie and the property baby! I was so glad, and, darlings, mother is coming home to you all with a heart overflowing with love. So make the little home bright with cheery faces.

"Your owniest lovingest wife and mother,

"SALLIE TROTT."

"Oh, she 's just a lovely, lovely mother!" sighed Bab.

"Is n't she, though?" exclaimed Maze, wiping her eyes on a bit of moss she happened to have in her hand; "and you should just see her on the stage."

"Stage?" inquired Bab, hesitatingly; she had n't understood at all some parts of the letter.

"Why, yes," exclaimed Nell, proudly, "our mother is Marta Hubbard, the actress. Have n't you ever heard of her?"

"Marta Hubbard?" exclaimed Bab, blankly. "Why, I thought she was Mrs. Trott!"

"Well, how would Sallie Trott look on a billboard?" inquired Christie, laughingly. "Of course she is Mrs. Trott, wife of Cassius D. Trott, and mother of all us children, when she 's home; but when she is on the stage she is Marta Hubbard, and she always plays old ladies' parts."

Bab thought hard for a moment. Then reluctantly admitted: "I guess—I guess I never heard of her."

"No, I suppose not," retorted Maze, a bit toploftily. "You see, you live in a little town; mother, of course, would n't be playing there."

"Girls," cried Nell, suddenly, "do you know that when I was passing the barn the boys were hitching up the Rabbit? Seth said they had some errands over at Durley, but to tell you to be sure and be ready when they came as they were going to be awfully late, anyway. I forgot all about it till this minute, and, look, Joan is n't nearly done."

"Hitching up *'the rabbit'?"* asked bewildered Bab.

"Why, yes," laughed Nell. "The Rabbit, or otherwise our mettlesome steed."

"Come on, all of you. You, too, Bab; you 'll have to help," went on Nell gaily.

With the work reduced to a system, hands flew, but not so fast as tongues. Bab learned how Seth and Joan, longing to help Aunt Sallie, had started the "basket industry," as Christie called it, the year before. Joan weaving and filling the baskets, while Seth and Bart supplied the wild flowers and found buyers. At first the Trott girls had been wild with enthusiasm, and the work had been easy, but, as Christie observed, the Trott habit was strong upon them all.

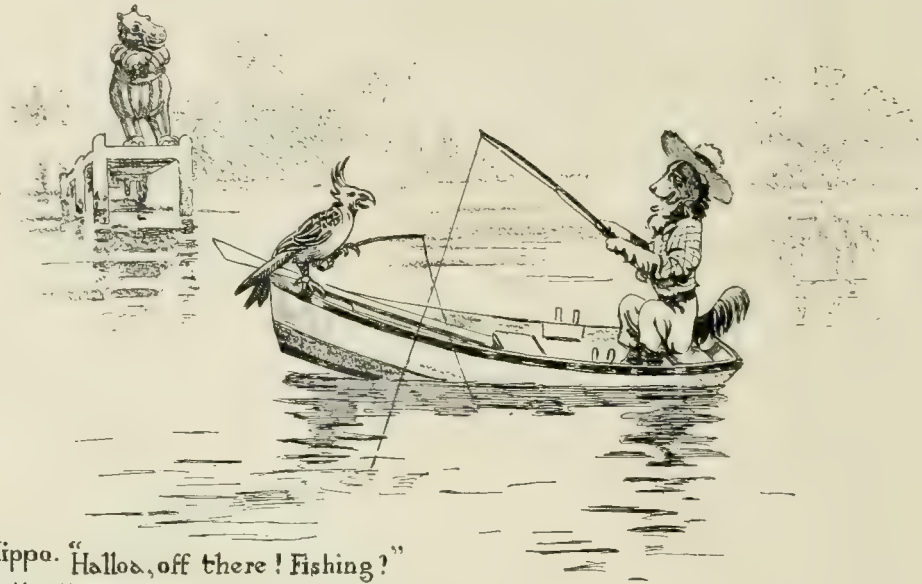
"None of us, but Bart and Hitty, are like mother, we all take after father—we 're not businesslike. So it 's only Bart who has stuck to the basket industry," explained Nell. "Of course, we are just dying to help mother, and we 've started lots of things. First Nell was going to be a singer—"

"But now she is going to be an author, and calls herself 'Dixie Dixon,'" broke in Maze. "And Christie was going to be a dressmaker, and poet, and a trained nurse—but for the present she has decided to be an artist. Here, Joan, is the last basket, and I think I hear the boys."



Fishing in Jungleville.

Drawn by I.W.Taber.



Hippo. "Halloa, off there! Fishing!"
Poll. "No, picking strawberries. Ha-ha!"



Poll. "My! We've both got a bite!"



Hippo. "Picking Strawberries,-eh?"



Poll. "Let go Rover I'm all tangled up."

Rover "You deserve to be. You talk too much."

THREE YEARS BEHIND THE GUNS

THE TRUE CHRONICLES OF A "DIDDY-BOX"

BY "L. G. T."

Chapter V

YOKOHAMA—THE SALVATION ARMY—COALING SHIP—TO-MORROW

It was on a Sunday morning in early November that we cast anchor in beautiful Tokio Bay, so written of by traveler, and sketched by artist, that it was like a familiar scene. The white sails of the mackerel fleet speckled the water like polka-dots on a blue necktie. Fuji-yama stood a majestic background to the whole picture, while from the American consulate Old Glory floated with a majesty and beauty I never before recognized in his brilliant folds. It was a sight that brought my heart to my throat, for I felt—words can never tell that feeling, but it comes to every one the first time he finds himself in an alien land.

But a sampan, with six half-nude figures all standing sculling with long oars, was bringing our mail, and I fancied their stroke on the smooth water was playing a song my grandmother used to sing as she worked among the flowers in her conservatory at home:

> Good news from home, good news for me,
> Has come across the deep, blue sea,
> From friends that I have left in tears,
> From friends that I 'll not see for years.

I improvised, and, hastening to the deck, received my letters, while the old song sung itself out:

> For now the joyful hour has come,
> That I have heard good news from home.

* * * * * * * *

When we left Hawaii, every last mother's son of us was in the fourth conduct class; but after we had fought out the fire the captain wiped off the slate and put us all in the first class. This was a most unusual thing to do, for ship conduct is rated in classes. These are:

A Star Class: That means anything you ask for; but you have to grow wings before you can get into it.

First Class entitles you to draw all your pay every month, and to enjoy all the shore-leave your watch is entitled to.

The Second Class draw half-pay, and are restricted to the ship for twenty-two days.

The Third Class get shore-leave only every forty-five days and draw one third their pay.

The Fourth Class means on the ship for three months with only one quarter of your pay, which barely covers mess money and tobacco. Every man on ship must go ashore at least once in three months.

When you have served your time in the fourth class, you do not jump to the first, but, by slow degrees, back through the intervening classes; thus, if ever you get back to Class One, you will have spent 157 days in accomplishing it.

Arriving on the third (a date with an odd number) gave the starboard watch first leave. That meant me, too, and three whole days on terra firma!



BICYCLING IN YOKOHAMA.

Landed at the English hataba. Walking up the steps and through the custom-house yard unquestioned, we found rickshaws as numerous as boats in the bay; and need I note we each got into one? Hastening to the exchange, we doubled our coin, and proceeded without delay to "do" Japan. The first day we stuck to the baby carts, or jinrikishas, completely surrendering ourselves to the little, brown, two-legged human horses.

We wandered all over Yokohama and into the only part of the town that has escaped European influence. The sights one sees here have been so often and so well described that I may omit them; but after my first day ashore, with head aching from the incessant rasping ting-a-ling they call music, I sought the barracks of the Salvation Army. And right here is a fine place for me to write my first eulogy.

At home I had often heard that the Salvation Army was doing good work, but I had never so much as given it a thought. The branch here comes from England, and the lassies wear a gray uniform, which, coupled with their quiet, winsome manner, gives them something of the appearance of an order of nuns. There is neither drum, tambourine, nor gospel hymns at the barracks; just

nice, clean, warm dormitories with "comfy" white beds, where, for a reasonable remuneration, one may secure a decent lodging. For this every man in the navy should take off his hat. Next morning, as we came out, there were our rickshaws of the previous day, each runner claiming his own. We kept them for a while, but it seemed so inhuman for those toy men to be trundling great, husky Americans about that we dismissed them, and hired bicycles. I wish I were a writer. I would begin a book to-day and call it "Wheeling Through Japan"; there would be nothing original in the title, but the cover-plate would at least be unique, just a man dressed in sailor uniform on a wheel. I have seen it.

Our seventy-two hours up, we were back betimes, and the port watch went on shore.

It is so cold that the mustering uniform calls for pea-jackets. The change from the Islands here was very marked; but I think the boys of the Pacific Coast are standing the weather better than those from Nebraska, who have been cradled in snowdrifts. In the bay, as on shore, it seems to be one continual play-day. The cheapness of laundering, and the facilities for bringing and taking, have made wash-day on shipboard a thing of the past; while the dirtiest job we ever had to perform, coaling, has become the very poetry of the sea, in which the prosy Jackies take no part. Alongside come bulky lighters with their black freight; in the sampans follow men and women, all in blue and white, with their heads turbaned. They form themselves into a living chain, extending from the lighters to the bunker chutes. The men shovel the coal into pretty grass baskets, that look as though they were woven for the holding of spring blossoms. Each basket will contain about a shovelful. When filled, a woman picks it up, tosses it to the next, who in turn tosses it up and on, their arms moving in perfect rhythm to the song they chant; and so quickly do they perform the task, it seems like magic. I stood in admiration watching them, thinking how very sweet sounded their song, for it is unaccompanied by the samisen, when Lieutenant Sturdy roused me from my reverie by asking how much of the wigwag I knew. When I answered that I did not know, he proceeded to find out; and when it proved to be only seven letters, he set me to learn the other nineteen. The result? With a red flag bearing a white square in its center on sunny days, or with the colors reversed on cloudy, I can communicate as far as the flag can be seen with any United States man-of-war's-man, just as simply as I used to hold up two fingers—signaling across the school-room that I wanted a comrade to meet me after school and go swimming with me.

Just as the port watch was returning from its seventy-two hours' leave, two of our guns were fired. I asked Andy why they saluted the port on return, and not us? He pointed toward the Bund and at the signal on the Homoka lightship, and told me they had sighted an American mail, and that it was up to us to proclaim it to all Americans in Yokohama.

"Another mail!" It made me so happy that I walked to the rail and began whistling, "Two Little Girls in Blue"; but before I had finished the second line, the officer-of-the-deck came up and told me that the boatswain could do all the whistling that was required on the ship, and that my services could be dispensed with.



THE REAR-ADMIRAL.
(SEE PAGE 241.)

Whew! It was the first moment I had ever felt like whistling since that day I went to attend a battle of roses in Santa Cruz; saw, for the first time, a ship for battle,—fell in love with her, ran away, giving up everything in the world to go with her. There had been so much to learn I had not noticed that no one whistled, and I asked Andy why he had not, in the slang of the ship, "put me wise." He answered with old Mac's recipe, which was ungrammatical but not untrue: "Don't never do nothing that you want to do. What 's comfortable on board ship is agin orders."

There is a sequel to my whistle. When silenced, I merely stood looking into the bay. The officer could not stand that, so he asked:

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing?"

"No, sir."

"Nothing at all?"

"No, sir."

"Work all done?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bright work shined?"

"Yes, sir."

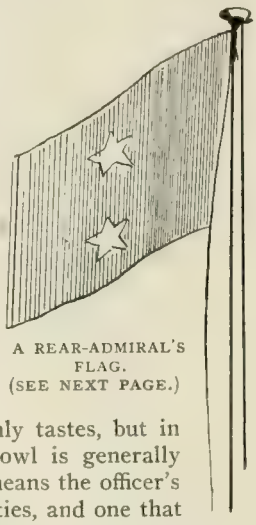
"Well, well, well, this is a sad state of affairs: a man-o'-war's-man with nothing to do. Count the sails on the bay, and, when you get through, come and report to me how many there are."

Grumbling under my breath, I stood looking over the hammock netting. Finally I saw the mail-boat coming; I caught the rhythm of the

oars and applied it to my turbulent spirits, and just as the sampan came alongside, I walked, deferentially, up to the officer-of-the-deck, saluted him, and said:

"There are seven thousand and eleven, sir."

He could not question the statement—for neither he, nor any other man living, could any more count those sails than he could count the stars in the Milky Way.



A REAR-ADMIRAL'S FLAG.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Familiar as the picture has become, it always amuses me each noon to see the officer-of-the-deck officially "fed." The ship's cook, in a white blouse, carrying a bowl of soup in one hand, and a plate with a sample of meat in the other, comes on deck and presents it to him; sometimes he only tastes, but in the colder climate the bowl is generally drained. This is by no means the officer's dinner, but one of his duties, and one that I don't envy him; he must each day know that the soup and meat are up to the standard,

The great, beautiful, landlocked Yedo Bay, with its magnificent fortifications right in the channel, seemed as secure a harbor as one could well imagine; but when we steamed twelve miles south and saw no sign of a dry-dock, but turning landward made straight for the bluffs, I felt that a catastrophe was imminent. However, to my astonished delight, the cliff opened and we rode into Yokosuka Bay, an inlet from Yedo. It is not only landlocked, but it is cliffbound, surrounded and hemmed in by mountains that slope back from the water, forming an ideal amphitheater, with an area of more than seven thousand acres surrounding the bay. Here are the shipyards, arsenals, and magazines of Japan's navy. The bay is dotted all about with islands, every one of which that commands a fire is equipped with an up-to-date battery; the others with magazines or barracks. Inside the bay, we were met by a messenger who directed us to an empty magazine that was at our disposal.

Anchoring about a mile out from the docks—there are three of them, magnificent stone affairs—we unloaded all of our ammunition, packing it on lighters and towing it to safety. The Japs have been very generous indeed, in giving us the right to do this, for should a jar set off our explosives during repairs, it would be good-by to their docks, and death to many a sailor.

The Japanese sailor is by far the largest type of their countrymen I have seen. Their uniform is identical with that of the English navy, the only difference being the lettering on the cap-bands.

The excess of work over play here has threatened to "make Jack a dull boy."

Here are temples, shrines, and banners, intermingled with war paraphernalia; but the most interesting sight to me is a Chinese battle-ship that was sunk by the Japs in the battle of the Yalu, in Korea Bay. This splendid naval battle has gone down into history; but it will not be told that the *Ching Yuen*, which was sunk with others, has been raised and brought here as a souvenir of what can be done in five hours' fighting. I have been all through her. Inside she was painted white, and the walls of the torpedo room, where sixty Chinese were killed by a Japanese shell, is a ghastly record of a glorious victory. But it is its exterior that first attracts: still in its war-paint, a sort of bluish drab, or drabbish blue, every hole, scratch, or dent, put there by the victors, has been outlined with a broad streak of white paint.

We have been here in the dry-dock for two weeks, and to-day are as spick-and-span as on the morning we sailed away from San Francisco. To-morrow we go back to anchor in Yokohama Harbor, and there will be nothing there, neither Jap, French, German, English, nor of any other nation, that can hold a candle alongside of us,—white as the snow on Fuji-yama, with colors flying from our stern, the pennant streaming from the main truck, and the union jack on our bow—it never flies at sea, and in port only when everything is shipshape. Surely, never went a bride more radiantly to meet her spouse at the altar than we are going to meet our rear-admiral. As soon as we are anchored, the band from the *Baltimore* will come to us, and with it, new life. Colors, even, will take on new formality. In the morning the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" will accompany the breaking of the flag, while at sunset it will be "Hail, Columbia."

. . . . . .

CHAPTER VI

SNOW—THE *BALTIMORE*—A REAR-ADMIRAL—NEW YEAR'S DAY

ALL night long, unceasingly, in feathery flakes the snow had fallen. At daybreak I should have thought the magic of the night had transplanted us to the Arctic, only there was the outline of Fuji-yama, the sacred mountain. It seemed as if the old volcano had had a snowy eruption, for the white of his crest had run down over his sides,

even to the water's edge; while on the shore not a red tile remained. The steps of the hatabas and the roofs of our turrets were alike upholstered in ermine. From sky to sea it was one great, undulating drift of snow. Specks of emerald breaking through were the dwarf pines, while streaks of crimson and gold showed temples and towers.

The crisp air is invigorating; but the shoveling of snow from the decks has a tendency to take the poetry out of things, and I am bothered about the poor Japs who live on the water. How is a handful of charcoal burning in a tea-cup going to keep them from freezing to death?

. . . . . .

"When music, heavenly maid, was young," she took no more joy into early Greece than the brass band that came with other belongings of a flagship to us from the *Baltimore*. It plays twice a day, and in the evening it is a full orchestra, to whose strains we while away the dog-watch in waltz, hornpipe, or cake-walk, as the tune invites.

Last Thursday, November 28, was Thanksgiving; we had turkey on board, and behaved like the Americans that we are.

Yesterday, the *Baltimore* signaled to us for permission to get under way. Granted. The boatswain piped, "A-l-l h-a-n-d-s on deck, to cheer ship!" From the captain and the bandmaster, down we came. The Jackies on both ships stood on the rails or went into the rigging. From the maintruck of the *Baltimore* streamed a "homeward-bounder." It is a pennant two hundred and fifty feet long. At its tip a bladder is attached to keep it afloat when it dips to the sea. The homeward-bounder has its superstitions too sacred to write; but it is the talisman that will carry the ship through wind and storm, until "Safe, safe, at last, the harbor passed," she will anchor in San Francisco Bay.

I do not quite retain the picture; for "Auld Lang Syne" from the quarter-deck sounded so startlingly new to me that everything else became subdued to my wondering where and when I had ever heard it before. But my memory could muster nothing but my first night in a little white alcove, where I cried myself to sleep after mother had left me at Tyler Hall; and when the last note of the blessed song climbed the masts, and the *Baltimore* rode alongside, the band struck up "Home, Sweet Home." It was a signal for every man on the *Baltimore*. Their cheering drowned every other sound, while, from excess of joy, they swung their caps and threw them overboard. It was said that the bay was blue with them. I do not know. There was a mist came in just then, that made everything uncertain, except that the men of the *Baltimore* were going home, while we are anchored here for three long, long years.

. . . . . .

The rear-admiral came on board the *Coptic*, and this morning an escort met him at the Grand Hotel, and brought him to the ship. Of course, every one was dressed in his best, the band was on the spar-deck, the officers awaited him at the starboard gangway, the sailors stood attention, the marines presented arms.

As the ship's launch touched the gangway, the boatswain piped side, six Jackies fell in, forming an aisle at the top, and as the Admiral stepped into it the whistle was answered by two rolls of the drum—the last rattle of which mingled with the flare of trumpets, that lustily played "Hail to the Chief." The Commander-in-Chief saluted the ship. The captain and flag-lieutenant stepped forward to greet him, escorting him aft to his quarters, while a rear-admiral's salute (thirteen guns) silenced the music of the band. While the salute



SHOVELING SNOW FROM THE TURRET ROOF

was firing, the pennant was hauled down and the flag run up. A rear-admiral's flag is a blue field with two white stars upon it. An admiral's flag is the only flag that ever floats at night; for at sea, or in port, through all kinds of weather, so long as we carry an admiral, that flag will proclaim it. At night, and at sea, it will be not much larger than a cigar box; but it will bear two stars, and all the glory that goes with them.

. . . . . .

Andy tells me that although the captain has lost his pennant, none of his glory has gone with it: he is still the grand mogul of the ship. The rear-admiral has command only of the fleet, and will

probably give instructions to our captain in writing, as formally as he will to any other ship in the squadron.

Until to-day, I have honestly believed that the only being in America (off the stage) who could outshine a man-of-war's captain, with his cocked hat, gold lace, and epaulets, was the captain of the marines; but the vision of a rear-admiral pales them all. In all his glory, I can liken him to nothing but a gold-plated Knight Templar.

For six months we have worn U.S.F.S. *Olympia* on our hatbands, but this will be the first night we have slept on a real, full-fledged, completely equipped *flag-ship*.

From ancient custom the captain is still called the "Skipper"; the doctor is called "Microbes"; the carpenter "Chips"; the chaplain, "Sky-pilot," etc., and because the admiral has nothing to do with our ship he is nick-named "the Passenger."

A conscientious fulfilment of duty seems to be the life-aim of every officer of the navy. For illustration I will report our doctor. Our crew is so provokingly healthy that, for want of other practice, he has been vaccinating us all the way from San Francisco. It has become a regular routine; he keeps at a fellow until it *takes*. I cannot say how many times I have been slashed; but, just as many as it is, that many times have I thoroughly washed it off with alcohol, and saved myself from the discomfort of a sore arm.



THE *BALTIMORE* HOMEWARD BOUND—AND FLYING THE HOMEWARD PENNANT.

"The compliments of the season," seems to be tabooed on shipboard, for not a "Merry Christmas" did I hear; but there was a good dinner, and a free gangway. I celebrated by going to a wrestling match. I can't forget those flabby human frogs. I wonder whence comes their strength.

Ever since Columbus sailed the seas, there has existed a custom of ringing sixteen bells at the mid-watch on New Year's eve—eight are tolled for the departing, eight rung for the coming year. But the powers that rule have ordained that it shall be a misdemeanor to ring more than eight bells; nevertheless, there is not a man living who has been on ship at the birth of a New Year who has not counted sixteen strokes, but it is our only demonstration, and "Nobody says nothing to nobody," as Andy puts it.

Japan's New Year, however, follows close in our wake, and they certainly make up for any lack of enthusiasm on our part. Everybody gets up at "the hour of the tiger,"—four bells—2 A.M.,—dresses in his richest raiment, and goes forth to greet the dawn. Gifts are exchanged, everybody says to everybody else something that translates into, "Good luck for ten thousand years."

A foot of snow on the ground does not interfere with out-of-door fairs, and it is wonderful what a dazzling background the snow makes for the thousands of lanterns and torches that come out in the night.

My leave was for forty-eight hours; I was back on time, and saw the officer-of-the-deck check my name off the liberty list with O.T.C.S.—"On time, clean and sober."

We start for Nagasaki to-morrow.



FUJIYAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN

A WINTER CONTRIBUTOR

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

If you 'd make a cheerful jingle,
To make the young blood tingle,
With a merry sense of wintry, glintry glee,
I don't know any writer,
Who can make a jingle brighter,
Or who is loved as boys and girls love me.

I can sing in any measure,
Long or short, as suits your pleasure,
And I always speak of lightsome, brightsome joys.
Though 't is I who tell you so,
My jingles have a "go,"
That takes whole loads of laughing girls and boys.

My jingles are heard yearly,
And that they are loved dearly,
The faces of my listeners will tell;
For they brighten, and eyes glisten
As, with a smile, they listen
To the ringling and the jingling, gay

SLEIGH BELL.



A CURE FOR THE BLUES

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

THE sky is gray and eerie,
The earth is gray and still,
The trees are leafless, dreary,
And the air is nipping chill;
In the garden dead leaves only,
Since the flowers went away,—
And I 'm lonely, lonely, lonely
On this dull New Year's Day!

I thought I saw a motion
From the corner of my eye:
Was it but a sudden notion
Or did something white slip by?
What is this upon my coat sleeve?
What is this upon my fur,
Now here, now gone? I wonder
If the fairies are astir.



Here 's another on my mitten,
And another on my bag;
Now my forehead 's gently smitten
By a touch as light as "tag";
One has melted in my dimple,
Two are tangled in my hair;—
Why, the reason 's very simple,—
They are thronging everywhere.

They are dancing, drifting, swinging,
They are diving from the sky,
Here a million downward winging,
Here a million romping by.
All a fairyland of fairies
Loosed upon our world below,—
And I was lonely, only
Just a little while ago!

DOGGEREL

Did anybody ever see
  Such darling dogs as these?
Their names were all made up by me,—
  Do try to guess them, please!

They 're funny names, but they express
  Dog nature very well.
Try once, and see if you can guess,—
  And if you can't, I 'll tell.

Ah, yes, I *knew* that you would say
  Fido, and Gyp, and Spot,
Rover, and Carlo, Towser, Tray,—
  But, anyway, they 're not!

They 're Dogstar, Dogberry, Dogfish,
  Dogwood, Dogwatch, Dogrose;
Nobody, I am sure, could wish
  More *doggy* names than those!



A BIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY

It was Christmas morning, and very, very cold. Every few minutes a trainman came through the car, watching carefully a dial-faced thermometer, and stooping to turn screws of the heating apparatus, in persistent attempts to keep the pointing finger at seventy degrees.



"AT THAT INSTANT THE MAN SAUNTERED IN TO RESUME HIS SEAT."

Despite the discomfort of close air, which was none too warm at best, the passengers in the main wore joyous faces, and did n't seem to consider the numerous packages and bundles an annoyance.

From a wayside station, which looked as if it had never been neighbor to any house where human beings lived, a poor little girl entered and dropped into a seat, where an overcoat told that its owner was probably in the smoking-car. The child did not notice this, and in her ignorance of travel, it would have made no difference if she had. She might have been eight or ten years old, but that air of self-reliance was hers, which poverty's child often acquires very young; yet there was nothing forward or "bold" in her appearance. Her dress was of the scantiest: a thin cotton gown, barely concealing the lack of suitable underwear, a little worn shoulder-shawl, and a battered straw hat.

When the conductor appeared, the hand which presented her half-fare ticket was red with cold; but the small person lifted to him a wonderfully frank face, and confidingly informed him that she was going to Grandma's for Christmas, and that the package she clutched in her other hand contained cookies for Grandma.

The conductor smiled down at her; a pitying smile it was, as he thought of his own well fed, well clothed children, with whom he expected to eat a late Christmas dinner when his run was over. The smile lingered on his face as he passed to the next seat, and saw that its occupants had heard the child's words.

Two women sat in the seat; strangers to each other, and as unlike as two persons made on the same general principles could be. One was tall, dignified, young, wrapped in costly furs, everything about her showing the person who had never lacked money or leisure. The other, stout, jolly, elderly, comfortable—a kindly and well-to-do woman. The two had traveled miles and miles, side by side, with not a word passed between them.

Now, both sat with eyes fixed on the forlorn bit of humanity in front of them. Suddenly, the younger woman opened her traveling-bag, and took from it a soft, gray scarf shawl. It was at least two yards long, and half as wide. Folding it together, she touched the little waif, saying in a low tone: "Stand up, my dear." The child obeyed, wonderingly, and this woman in the costly furs placed the folded shawl around the small shoulders, crossed it in front and bringing the ends to the back, pinned them securely.

"It is yours to keep," she whispered. "A Christmas present." Then, turning to the woman

at her side, she said, apologetically, "I really did not need it myself." There was a blink of tears in her eyes.

"Well, now," the older woman exclaimed in admiration, "you just set me to thinking! I 'm really ashamed that I did n't think of doing something myself. Here, I 've got two pairs of mittens for my grandson—just about her size—in my bag; and he can't wear out more than one pair this winter. Besides, I can knit another. It 's nothing at all to knit mittens." She was busily undrawing the strings of an enormous silk bag, but her glasses were blurred, and her fingers were clumsy with haste.

"What 's your name, little girl? Katie? Well, hold out your hands, Katie. My! Are n't they a good fit! There 's another Christmas present to keep. And here 's a frosted cake. Just eat it, right now, Katie. Your Grandma won't need it, with all those you 've got in your bundle."

The child again obeyed. She did not say, "Thank you"—possibly she did n't know how, but she seemed to glow all over, and her eyes returned thanks even if her timid lips did not.

"I 'm proud to know you, my dear," the roly-poly, comfortable woman said now to the young lady—for she had been saying to herself all the while, "You 're the right sort, I can see that."

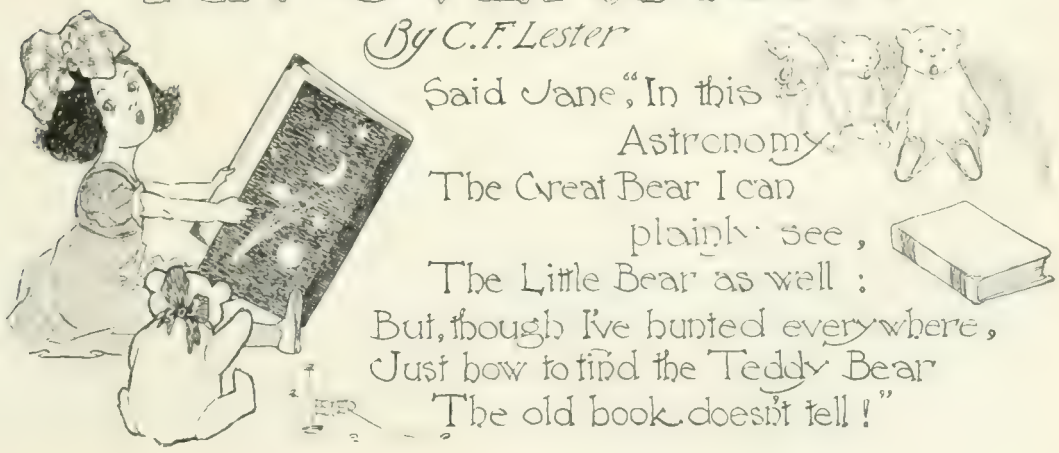
"And I am proud to know you," the other responded, almost shyly offering her hand, which was quickly buried in a big, warm grasp. "We all long to be of service at Christmas time, you know."

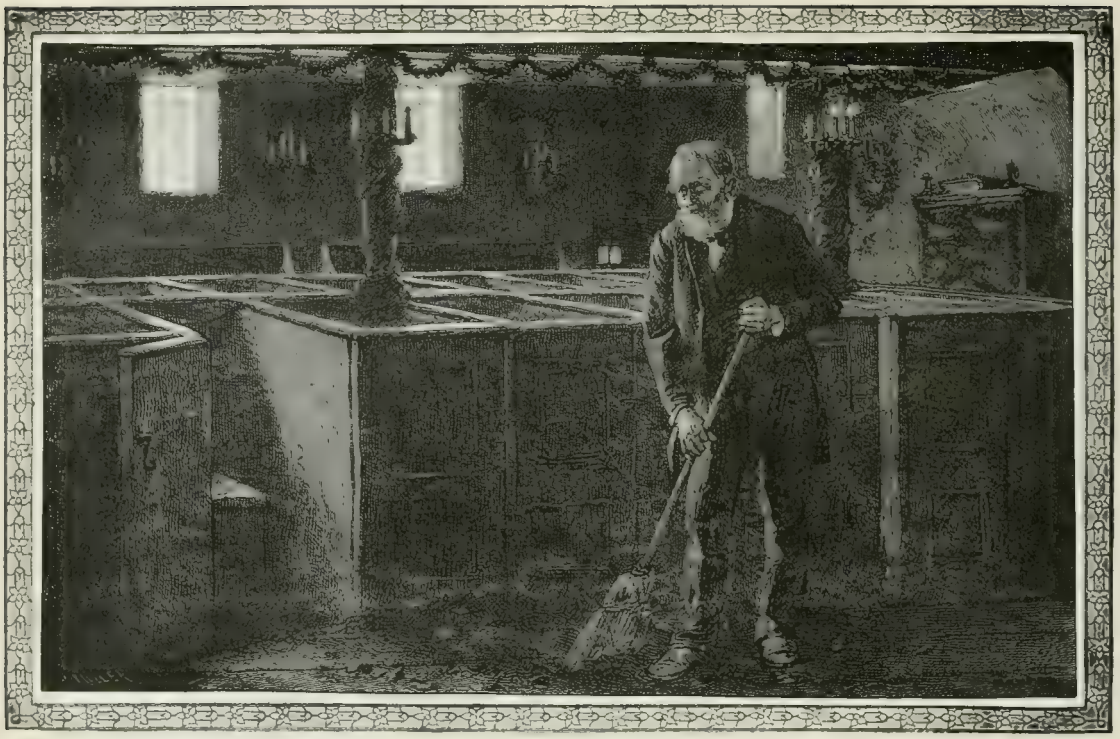
At that instant, the man of the overcoat sauntered in to resume his seat; gave a low whistle of surprise at the happy little traveler next the window; glanced at the two women, and comprehended the situation. His right hand made a quick dive into his trouser's pocket, as if to get some money; in another instant he withdrew it and reached up to the rack overhead and lifted down a large paper bundle. Taking the bundle across the aisle to an empty seat he opened it and took out a smaller package from among many others. Untying this package he brought to light a flaxen-haired doll dressed in the latest style and resplendent in a large picture hat. This he placed in the little girl's arms, saying, "From my little daughter who would rather you should have it." Then he lifted his hat courteously to the women, took his overcoat on his arm, and strode off to find a seat elsewhere. Rich little Katie!

Passengers near were buried in newspapers. The little episodes were almost unnoticed; but we all know that the Christmas spirit has never vanished from the earth since the time when the angels announced the birth of the Holy Child.

AN OVERSIGHT

By C. F. Lester



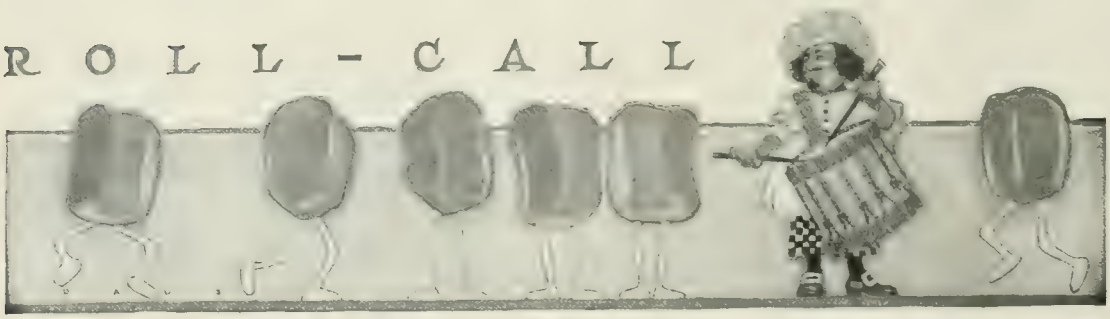


THE SEXTON'S CHRISTMAS

BY ARNOLD FOSTER

"I SUPPOSE I *am* old," the Sexton said,
As he thoughtfully shook his hoary head.
"But somehow or other I 've always found
Whenever the Christmas time comes 'round,
And Christmas greetings are said and sung,
I can't help feeling that I am young.

"And now it 's Christmas, and so to-night
The children will come with faces bright;
They 'll sing their carols, and laugh with glee
At their Christmas gifts on the Christmas tree;
And the Christmas spirit and Christmas cheer
Will keep me young for another year."



FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

III. PASCAUL



THE Yuma Indians of Colorado live on the banks of the Colorado or Red River, which is very long and flows between high banks. In the Mohave country it passes through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, a gorge quite as broad and as deep as the famous Yosemite Valley of California. After leaving the Grand Canyon, the red waters of the river flow through the most barren country of our land. Sometimes there is not one drop of rain for as much as three years, and the vast region is like the Desert of Sahara except right along the river banks.

The officers and soldiers at Uncle Sam's army post, which is called Fort Yuma, have made ditches from the river, and by watering the land it has become a real garden. They raise vegetables and have planted rows of trees which grow well, for the soil is rich when it is watered, but dry as a bone when left alone. There are wonderful magnolia trees here, high, with broad branches, the pure white blossoms looking like so many doves among the green leaves. The century plant and palmettos stand guard along the roadways within the stockade, and hedges of cacti form impassable barriers. Prickly pears and figs grow in abundance, and everything is green and beautiful, but only because here water has been brought to land which was once called the American desert.

The Indians knew long before Uncle Sam's soldiers came that water makes a wonderful difference in this country, so they clung to the river, never moving far away from its banks, and for this reason are called Yumas, meaning "Sons of the River."

When the tribe was large they cultivated the land along its banks, pine woods sheltered them, and they kept all green while the river gave moisture to their land, so that things grew, which gave them food and support.

Later, the tribe became small, for so many had been killed in battle, and then they were very, very poor. The men, it is true, needed little clothing, but what they had was in rags. They were tall, large, fine-looking men, but their hair was rough and coarse, unkempt, and falling loosely over their shoulders. Some of the girls were good-looking, wearing fresh cotton skirts and many strings of beads, silver ornaments, and thin shawls which they drew over their faces as the Mexican women do when they are spoken to. They pride themselves upon their fine beaded moccasins also.

I first met these Indians when President Grant sent me to see what could be done to make them more comfortable. When I reached Fort Yuma it was hard to believe that the country was such a desert as I had been told it was, for the fort was in reality an oasis. On my way to the place where I was to meet the Indians I passed through a Yuma village and saw women trying to cook over small sage-bush fires, using broken pots and kettles for boiling some poor vegetables. Children were playing on the high banks which overhung the river. Some had bows and arrows, some slings with which they were shooting pebbles as far as they could into the river below them. Their hair fell down like a pony's mane, floating over their backs and half covering their shoulders. They were without clothing, but I heard their ringing voices, and they seemed as happy as other children. When I left the village I went by boat to the camp of the chief. It was like a poor gipsy camp, an irregular bivouac under some scrubby trees. A great many Indians, both men and women, had rowed over with us to join the Council, and it was a strangely mixed assembly. They clapped their hands and gave an Indian whoop as Captain Wilkinson and I sat down upon three-legged stools made of pieces of plank a foot square.

The chief, Pascaul, was about eighty years old. He was very tall and thin, his dirty, tattered, cotton shirt was open in front, exposing the bones of his chest. He wore no leggings, but some old moccasins on his feet guarded them from the thorny bushes. His gray hair was put back from his high forehead and reached to his shoulders. He received us with the dignity of a king, holding himself as straight as an arrow without a bend in neck or body, then sat upon a bench lower than ours. The interpreter, a merchant of the village, who had acted as Indian agent for Pascaul, knelt near me, and all the Indians clustered

around, while a dozen or more Mexicans and Americans took positions where they could see and hear.

Perhaps because of my own rank and because I was a messenger from the President, this old chief seemed somewhat humbled as he sat upon that low, rough bench and began the story of his life. He began, as Indians always do, with compliments, saying that it was kind of me to come and see such a poor Yuma chief, and that he heard very good things of President Grant, for the Indian agent said he was a true friend to his poor Indians.

"But I was not always poor," he said, and then went on with his story. He was born on the banks of the big, red river, but far from this place. When he became a young man he learned to shoot with a long, tough bow, and had plenty of arrows in his belt. His father was killed on the Gila in a battle with the Tontos, and he was made war chief and "head chief" of the Yumas in his place. At that time the Yumas held all the land from Colorado to the great sea west and on this side north to the great bend of the Colorado River. East, it reached as far as the Tonto country.

Then the white people came and fought with the Mexicans under Santa Anna, the man with one leg, and took California and the Yuma country on both sides of the Colorado River. At this time the Yumas and the Mohaves were one nation. All planted fields together and had enough food, but some soldiers and "white teachers" quarreled with the Yuma Indians. Suddenly the Indians were surprised by white soldiers, who came upon them under a very fierce and terrible captain.*

Pascaul got his warriors together and fought very hard. They drove the white men back many times, but the great captain had great guns and powder and balls, and the Indians had only spears and bows and arrows.



PASCAUL VISITS SAN FRANCISCO.

Twenty-five years later I met this great captain of whom Pascaul spoke. He fought the Yuma nation and defeated them more than once in 1848.

*Captain Heintzelman, later general in the Civil War.

He told me that the right way to deal with the savage Indians was to fight them, fight them, fight them, till they gave up. Then they would always be good, peaceable Indians. He said that the Yuma Indians were often gigantic in size and could beat the soldiers skirmishing. They ran behind rocks, logs, or knolls, and sometimes even came out boldly to face the regulars, but they had only bows and arrows, knives and spears, while we had cannon and muskets. This may be one way to get the country, but I can not think it the right or the best way. At any rate, Pascaul's warriors were killed and many more wounded and carried away prisoners by the great captain.

Then the young chief's heart was broken, and he gave up the fight. The captain talked well, but after this the Yuma Indians grew poorer and poorer. Although they made ditches and tried to raise corn and vegetables and trade with soldiers, white men, and Mexicans, still they remained poor and sick.

Now, the *old* chief had come to implore help for his children. He begged me to ask the President to give money for a big ditch to bring water to make the poor land better, and for more good land for the Yumas. Then, if they would let the *bad* Mexicans and white men alone and work on their own land, he hoped the tribe would rise up again and be strong and happy.

The old chief was greatly loved by his people. I saw one little fellow about five years old run to him and look up in his face. The old Indian smiled upon the boy and ordered a woman near the shore to give him a piece of bread. The chief guessed the meaning of my questioning look and told me the little fellow's name, "Juanote."

Fourteen years after this Council, Pascaul came to see me in San Francisco. He was one of the oldest Indians I have ever seen, about ninety-four years of age, but, if anything, brighter than when I visited him in Arizona. With him came a young Indian who spoke English and acted as his aide and interpreter, and this Indian was the boy Juanote. The aged chief had taken this long journey to ask me once more to help his children, the Yuma Indians. They did not want to be sent to live with the Mohave tribe, for these Indians, he said, did not like the Yumas and would not treat them well. After he had spoken for his people, who were always nearest his heart, he enjoyed looking at the new surroundings. Although he was nearly one hundred years old he had never seen a large city before. How happy and childlike he was about it all. To walk in the streets, leaning on the strong arm of Juanote, who was as curious and observing as he; to watch the crowds of people and the many new and strange things; but above all to ride up and down the hills on the cable cars.

He stood straight and tall before me as he said good-by and started back by coast steamer. Then he went up the Colorado in a smaller boat, finally landing in safety on the east bank of his beloved Red River.

Without Christian teaching, without reading a book, only once visiting a large town, this dignified hero studied the wants of his people, fought their battles, behaved nobly under defeat, and was too noble ever to be completely crushed, though he lived for many years in neglect and extreme poverty. May this great son of the river, Pascaul, find his reward in the better land!

FOR SPELLERS

BY TUDOR JENKS

When "ei" and "ie" both spell "ee,"
How can we tell which it shall be?
Here 's a rule you may *believe*
That never, never will *deceive*,
And all such troubles will *relieve*—
A simpler rule you can't *conceive*.
It is not made of many *pieces*,
To puzzle daughters, sons, or *nieces*,
Yet with it all the trouble ceases;
"*After C an E apply;*
After other letters I."
Thus a general in a *siege*
Writes a letter to his *liege;*
Or an army holds the *field*,
And will never deign to *yield*.
While a warrior holds a *shield*
Or has strength his arms to *wield*.
Two exceptions we must note,
Which all scholars learn by rote;
"*Leisure*" is the first of these,
For the second we have "*Seize*."

Now you know the simple rule.
Learn it quick, and off to school!

The HAPPYCHAPS

VERSES BY CAROLYN WELLS
PICTURES BY HARRISON CADY



I



OLD Woodchopper Chip was brave and strong,
Old Woodchopper Chip was good;
And he always whistled a gay little song,
And merrily smiled as he strode along
Through the Adirondack wood.
And whenever he 'd stop,
And go "chippity-chop,"
Before you knew it a tree would drop!
Elm and maple and beech and ash,
Under his ax would fall down, *crash!*
The chips would fly
'Most up to the sky,
Old Woodchopper Chip was so strong and spry.

One day he thought 't would be a good joke
To chop down the old "Centennial Oak."
Now, that tree, as Chip had been frequently told,
Was several more than a hundred years old;
'Way back in the days of the Revolution,
'T was an old time-honored institution.
It rose so high, and it spread so wide,
'T was easily king of the countryside.



"THEY HEARD THE SOUND OF BURSTING BOMBS."

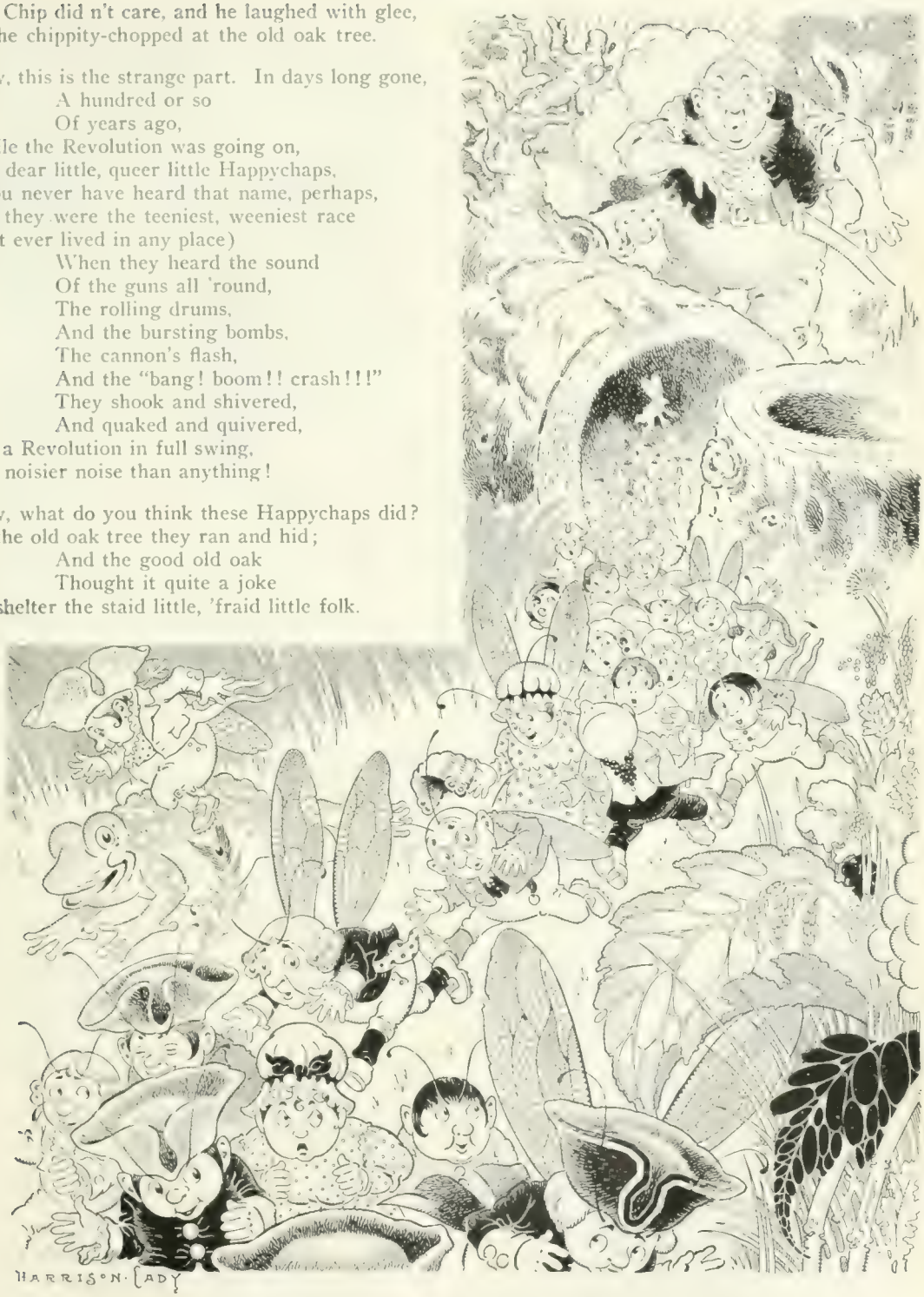


"THEY SLEPT AND SLEPT IN THE OLD HOLLOW OAK."

But Chip did n't care, and he laughed with glee,
As he chippity-chopped at the old oak tree.

Now, this is the strange part. In days long gone,
A hundred or so
Of years ago,
While the Revolution was going on,
The dear little, queer little Happychaps,
(You never have heard that name, perhaps,
But they were the teeniest, weeniest race
That ever lived in any place)
When they heard the sound
Of the guns all 'round,
The rolling drums,
And the bursting bombs,
The cannon's flash,
And the "bang! boom!! crash!!!"
They shook and shivered,
And quaked and quivered,
For a Revolution in full swing,
Is a noisier noise than anything!

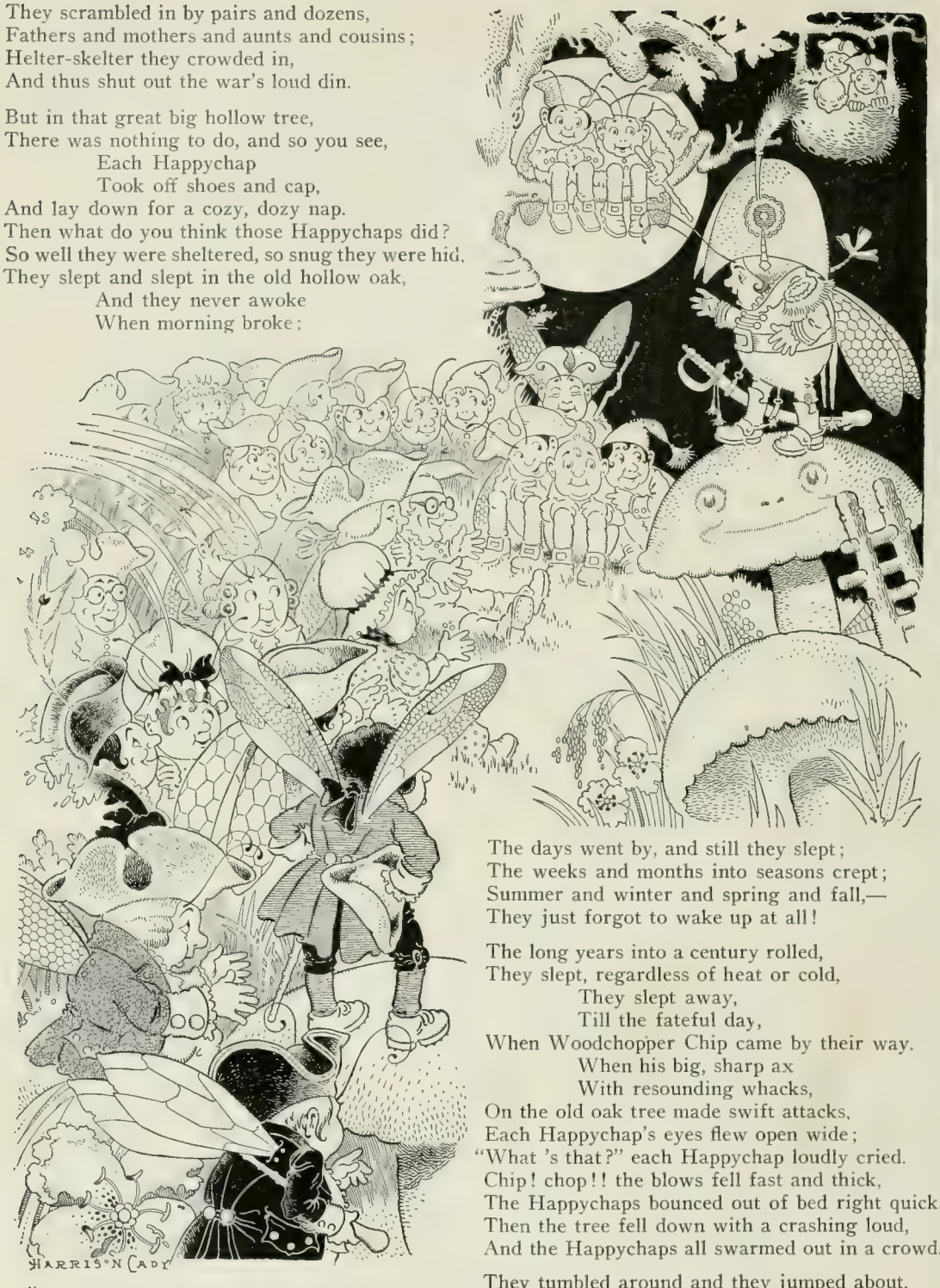
Now, what do you think these Happychaps did?
To the old oak tree they ran and hid;
And the good old oak
Thought it quite a joke
To shelter the staid little, 'fraid little folk.



"THEN THE TREE FELL DOWN WITH A CRASHING LOUD,
AND THE HAPPYCHAPS ALL SWARMED OUT IN A CROWD."

They scrambled in by pairs and dozens,
Fathers and mothers and aunts and cousins;
Helter-skelter they crowded in,
And thus shut out the war's loud din.

But in that great big hollow tree,
There was nothing to do, and so you see,
Each Happychap
Took off shoes and cap,
And lay down for a cozy, dozy nap.
Then what do you think those Happychaps did?
So well they were sheltered, so snug they were hid,
They slept and slept in the old hollow oak,
And they never awoke
When morning broke;



"THEN GENERAL HAPPYCHAP SPOKE UP LOUD,
AND MADE A SPEECH TO THE LISTENING CROWD."

The days went by, and still they slept;
The weeks and months into seasons crept;
Summer and winter and spring and fall,—
They just forgot to wake up at all!

The long years into a century rolled,
They slept, regardless of heat or cold,
They slept away,
Till the fateful day,
When Woodchopper Chip came by their way.
When his big, sharp ax
With resounding whacks,
On the old oak tree made swift attacks,
Each Happychap's eyes flew open wide;
"What 's that?" each Happychap loudly cried.
Chip! chop!! the blows fell fast and thick,
The Happychaps bounced out of bed right quick.
Then the tree fell down with a crashing loud,
And the Happychaps all swarmed out in a crowd.

They tumbled around and they jumped about,
Beyond all doubt

They were glad to be out!
They sang and they danced,



GENERAL HAPPYCHAP MEETS SIR HORACE HOPTOAD

They capered and pranced,
They frolicked,
And rollicked,
And all seemed entranced
To see once more the shining sun,
And they thought another day had begun!

Professor Happychap, old and wise,
Tweaked his nose and blinked his eyes;
He listened for boom of cannon or gun,
And hearing none,
He cried, "What fun!
That noisy old war is certainly over,
And now, my friends, we can live in clover!"

Then General Happychap spoke up loud,
And made a speech to the listening crowd.
"Dear fellow Happychaps," he began,
"It seems to me,
That it would be
A thoroughly wise and enjoyable plan
To invite all the Happychaps, far and near,
To come and hold a reunion here.



THE HAPPYCHAPS VISIT THE TAILOR CRICKET.

Our present raiment, as you may see,
Rather worn and faded seems to be,
So I propose
That we get new clothes,
And I hope you 'll all agree."

As the General waited for their reply,
Sir Horace Hoptoad came hopping by;
His costume was gorgeous and gay and grand,



GENERAL HAPPYCHAP IS MEASURED FOR A SUIT OF CLOTHES

With a smile quite bland,
He held out his hand;
To General Happychap, bowing low,
He said, "I 'm glad to see you, but oh!
Who are you, sir, and why are you here?
And these people near,
With their garments queer,
I have n't seen such for many a year!"

"Well, well!" said the General, "you don't say!
Are these things not the style to-day?
Then show us the way
To a tailor, I pray,
And we 'll gladly purchase some new array."
Then by Sir Horace Hoptoad led,
To Cricket, the Tailor, the Happychaps fled.
He measured them carefully, one by one,
And promised their garments by set of sun.
All sorts of uniforms, all sorts of suits,
Sashes, surtouts,
Bonnets and boots,
Tailor Cricket declared he would have them done.

The Happychaps then in great elation
Began to make plans for the celebration;
They planned most wonderful, marvelous things,
As big as a circus with three or four rings!
And the story of that, they announce to their friends,
Will surely be seen
In next month's magazine;
But just here, dear reader, this first chapter ends.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

TENTH PAPER "BUTTER-DISH TOYS"

INVENTED BY ADELIA BELLE BEARD

HAVE you ever noticed how much like boats the wooden dishes are that come from the grocer's filled with butter or lard? With the addition of a paper sail one of these dishes can be made into a real boat that will float on the water and carry little doll passengers

While the wooden dish is in itself a complete little craft, like a real boat, to make it water-tight and seaworthy, the seams must be "calked" and the bottom "tarred." The "calking" is paper



FIG. 1. A FLEET OF BUTTER-DISH BOATS.

and the "tar" candle wax. Figure 2 shows where to calk. Cut strips of not too stiff wrapping-paper about one and a half inches wide and paste them across the two bottom ends and down the side edges (Fig. 2). Use good paste, not glue, for the heat of the candle wax when poured over will melt the glue and detach the paper calking.

Melt a piece of wax or adamantine candle in shallow saucepan until it becomes a clear liquid. Do not use it scalding hot, but take it off the fire and cool for a few moments, then dip the wooden dish down in the wax several times to "tar" the bottom. Lift it out and, with a spoon, pour the wax on the sides and ends of the dish, filling up the cracks where the wood laps at the ends, and entirely covering the calking. The object is to make a complete wax coating over the outside of the boat so that the water can not penetrate

through the thin wood or leak through the cracks. The photograph (Fig. 6) shows the water-tight boat floating in a dish of water.

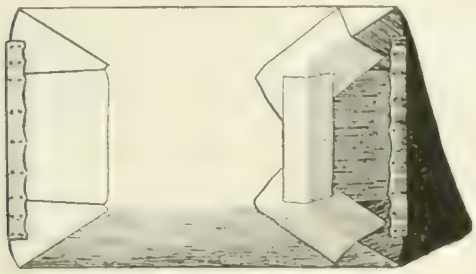


FIG. 2. CALKING THE BOTTOM.

Choose a slender stick six or seven inches long for the mast. It will depend upon the size of the boat how high you should have the mast, but it must not be so high as to make the boat top-heavy. From a sheet of unruled writing-paper cut the sail (Fig. 3) and make it high enough for the peak (A, Fig. 3), to reach almost to the top of the mast, and the bottom long enough to extend two inches over the stern of the boat. The bottom edge of the sail must just escape the top edge of the boat. Cover the flap on the upright edge of the sail with paste, lay the mast down along the dotted line (Fig. 3), fold the flap over, inclosing the mast, and paste down flat (Fig. 4). Use a buttonhole-twist spool to hold your mast upright. Wrap a strip of paper around the bottom of the mast, cover the outside of the paper roll with glue, and push it down into the hole in the spool. This will keep it steady.

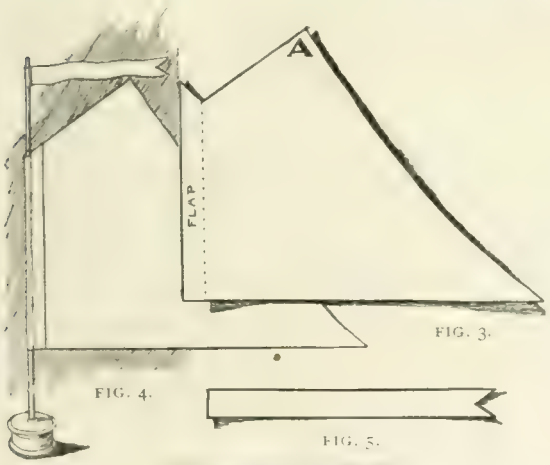


FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

THE SAIL AND PENNANT.

Without the paper roll the mast will be too slender for the spool to hold (Fig. 4).

Make the pennant of colored tissue-paper (Fig. 5). Cut a narrow strip of paper, half an inch wide or less, notch one end, and paste the other end to the top of the mast (Fig. 4). Cover the bottom of the spool with glue and stand it in the middle, as near the forward end of the boat as possible. When the glue is dry the boat will be ready to sail. You can make a whole fleet of these little boats in a short time (see Fig. 1) and they will serve to amuse the children again and again.

The train of little gravel cars (Fig. 7) will not only please the small children but will charm both boys and girls who are old enough to understand something of mechanics, for it is an almost perfect model of the trains used in carrying gravel and earth where land improvement requires the filling in of hollows. It was the shape of the gravel cars that suggested using the

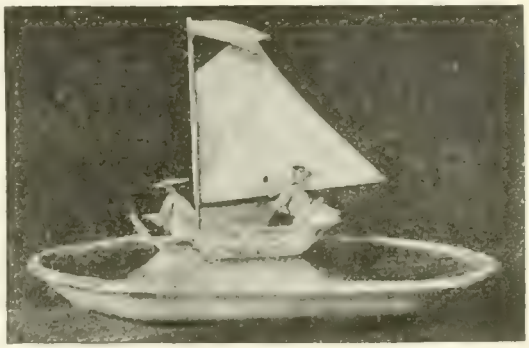


FIG. 6.

wooden dishes for a miniature train. Not only do the cars look like the real cars but they will carry sand, sawdust, or anything else the children please, and dump it just as the real cars do, for each car is so balanced that it will tip and let its load slide out as the earth or gravel slides from the gravel car. Figure 10 shows an empty car. Figure 15 shows the train with the first car dumping its load of sawdust.

Select butter-dishes of one size for the gravel train, which may consist of three, four, or, perhaps, five cars; a longer train would be difficult to manage. For each car you must make a "truck," which holds the wheels and carries the car. Use strong pasteboard for the truck, but first cut a pattern of smooth paper like Figure 8. The truck must, of course, fit its car, and the size of the truck will depend upon the size of the car, but in any case the length of the floor of the truck, from B to B (Fig. 8), must be the same as the length of the dish measured across the top from edge to edge, and the width of the floor of the truck from B to C (Fig. 8) must be the same as the width of the bottom of the dish. The ends,

D, D, should extend two and a half inches beyond the floor, and the sides, E, E, which form the axle-guards, should be one and one eighth inches deep from the dotted line to the straight edge (Fig. 8).



FIG. 7. A TRAIN OF CARS.

Draw the oblong for the floor of the truck first, add the sides and ends, and then cut the pattern out. On one of the sides, E, draw the scallops as in Figure 8, which will give three axle-guards, one directly in the middle and one at each end. Now fold the pattern lengthwise through the middle, edge to edge, and, following the lines you have just drawn, cut out the scallops on both sides at once. This will make them directly opposite one another. While the pattern is folded make the cuts for the couplings in the ends (F, F, Fig. 8). You will see from Figure 9 that F and F are not cut completely out nor bent either up or down, but are left extending directly out from the floor of the truck.

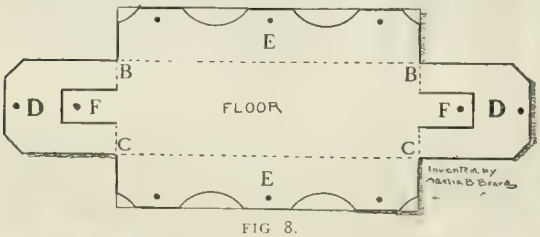


FIG 8.

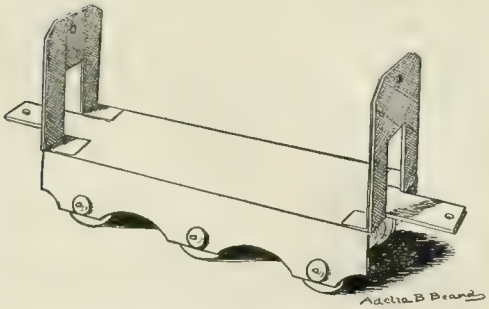


FIG. 9. THE TRUCK.

Make dots on your pattern where you see them in Figure 8. There is a dot at the edge of each end-piece and three dots on each side-piece, one in the middle of each axle-guard. These last dots show where the axles for the wheels are to be placed. There is also a dot on each coupling, F and F.

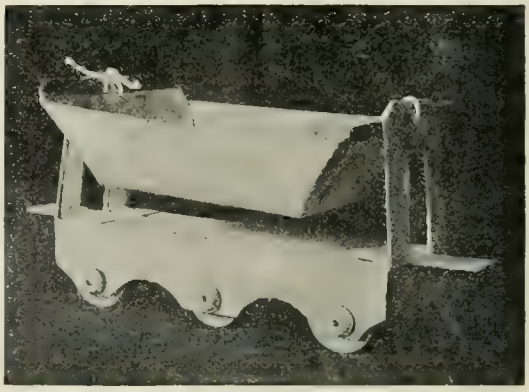


FIG. 10. THE CAR.

Open your pattern and lay it flat on the pasteboard, then with a pencil trace around the edges, fold back the ends and trace around the couplings. Mark the dots by puncturing through them with a pin, pushing the point into the pasteboard beneath.

Remove the pattern, cut out the little truck along the outlines, and with a sharp knife cut along the three sides of the couplings (F, F). On the upper side of the truck draw straight lines corresponding to the dotted lines that separate the sides E and E from the floor of the truck. On the underside draw the lines separating the

uprights from the truck floor, like the dotted lines in Figure 8. Score these lines that you

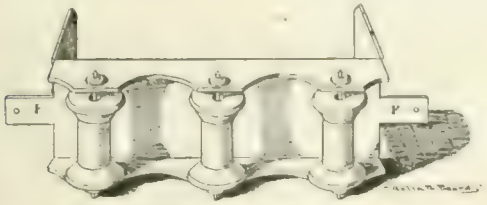


FIG. 11. SHOWING THE RUNNING-GEAR.

have just drawn by running the blade of your knife very lightly along their whole length. Take care in scoring the ends not to cross the coupling. Puncture small holes through all the dots with your scissors, and bend the ends of the truck up and the sides down (Fig. 9).

To strengthen the ends, which are now uprights, make four braces of cardboard that will bend sharply without breaking. Cut the cardboard in strips about three inches long and half an inch wide. Bend each strip a little over half an inch from the end (Fig. 12), and glue it to one side of the upright with the short part of the brace resting on the floor of the truck, as shown in Figure 9. The uprights must stand at right angles to the floor of the truck. Now select three rather large, empty spools, all of a size, three good wooden toothpicks and half a dozen small button molds. The spools are for wheels, the toothpicks for axles, and the button molds for hubs. Push one of the toothpicks through the hole in the first axle-guard, slide a spool on one on each end of the toothpick, pushing them close against the axle-guards, where they must stick fast. The axle must remain stationary while the wheel revolves on it. Fig. 11 shows the truck turned on its side. The spools should not be large enough to touch the sides of the truck, but should turn easily.

When the wheels are in place the little truck is ready for its car. With the sharp point of your scissors carefully bore a hole in each end of one of the wooden butter-dishes. Place the holes near the top and exactly in the middle (Fig. 13). Now, through the hole in one of the uprights of

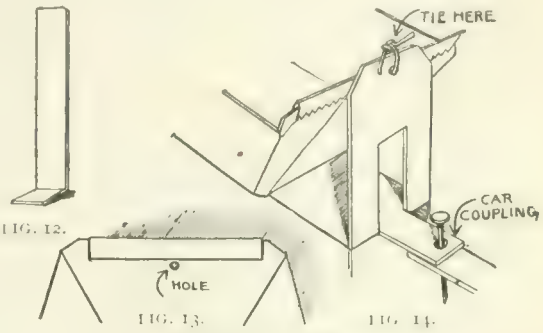


FIG. 12. FIG. 13. FIG. 14.

DETAILS OF THE CAR

the truck and then through the hole in one end of the car thread a soft cotton string and tie in a hard knot. In doing this do not draw the end of the car too close to the upright. Let the string form a loop from which the car will hang loosely (Fig. 14). Tie the other end of the car to the other upright in the same manner. This



FIG. 15. A TRAIN OF DUMP-CARS.

it, and push the toothpick through the opposite hole on the other side. Put a little glue over the toothpick where it extends at either end beyond the axle-guards, brush glue on the bottom of two button molds and slide the button molds, suspends the car over the floor of the truck and allows it to swing easily and to turn over far enough to dump its load.

When you have made another car couple it to the first by a short wire-nail (Fig. 14).



EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

GETTING DRESSED

Here 's a foot and here 's a shoe,
  See that they agree.
If both are right or both are left
  They 'll fit quite easily;

But if the little foot is left,
  You 'll tug with all your might
And never get to breakfast, if
  The little shoe is right.

GRACE FOR A CHILD AT BREAKFAST

At the table, ere we sit,
We must never Grace omit;
But, for all the good things here,
Thank our Heavenly Father dear.
So, a little child, I pray,
When we work or when we play,
Blessings on this day begun
For ourselves and every one:
  Amen.





UMBRELLAS AND RUBBERS

Umbrellas and rubbers
You never forget,
Whenever it 's raining
Or snowy or wet;

But if it should clear up,
While you are away,
Please bring them back home
For the next rainy day.

WHISPERING IN SCHOOL

"Do not whisper" is a rule
You will find in every school,
And the reason here is given
In a rhyme:
For children all will chatter
About any little matter—
And there 'd be a dreadful clatter,
All the time!



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



POLLY CALLING HER BUNNIES.

THE BUNNIES THAT WERE AFRAID

BY KATHRYN ROMER KIP

ONCE upon a time there were two little white bunnies, who lived in a little house all by themselves. They were called Whitey and Snowball. One morning they went out to take a walk.

"Oh, Whitey!" said Snowball, "did you see the moon last night? It looked so big and so close that I just know it will set fire to the world some day!"

"Oo-oo-oo!" said Whitey. "No, I did n't see that, but I did see a big black cloud in the sky, and when it begins to rain out of that cloud, I am sure there will be a big flood and we 'll all be drowned!"

And both Bunnies were so afraid that they ran and hid.

These Bunnies belonged to a little girl named Polly.

That morning Polly called to them and said: "Good morning, Bunnies! I must go to market to-day."

"Well," said Whitey, "be very careful! You can't tell what might happen to you on the road!"

"*I 'm* not afraid!" said Polly.

"Not of the great dar-r-r-k woods?" said Snowball.

"Not a bit!" said Polly.

"But what shall *we* do?" said little Whitey. "Something might happen to us while you are gone!"

"Fasten the door if you are afraid!" said Polly, with a toss of her head. "I 'm off." And she was gone.

All day long the two Bunnies stayed in the house, with the door fastened. But a little while after Polly went away two kitten friends of Snowball's came to make a call. Their names were Coaly Black and Tiger Grey. So Snowball went out in the back yard to see them. Snowball told the little kittens all about Polly, and he asked them if they were afraid of wolves. Coaly Black said he was afraid of them, but Tiger Grey said he was not afraid because his name was Tiger and that would scare the wolf away.

After a while the kittens said: "Snowball, you must go back to the house because Whitey will be lonesome. Good-by." So the kittens went away and Snowball went back to the house to Whitey.

In the afternoon, "Tap, tap, tap," came a knock.

"Oh! what is that?" said Whitey. "What shall we do?" And again came the "Tap, tap, tap."

"Peep out, and see who it is," whispered Snowball. So Whitey peeped out,

without making a bit of noise, and—there stood Polly, with a basket on her arm. In she came, saying:

"What do you think I 've brought home to-day,
Here in my basket all hidden away?
Something you never can guess!"

"Oh!" said Whitey, "what can it be? Is it nice? Oh, I 'm sure it 's something dreadful, that will bite!"

And Snowball shook so he could hardly talk at all!

"Why!" said Polly, "why should I bring you something dreadful? Do you think it is a wolf, Whitey?"

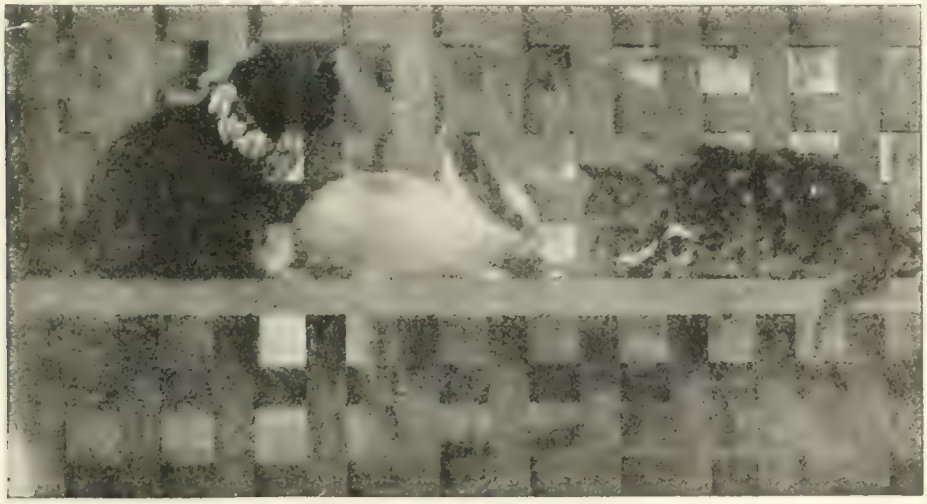
"I th-think it 's a w-wolf!" stammered Whitey.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Polly. "How could a wolf get into my basket?" And she opened her basket and showed it was full of strawberries. "We 'll have these for supper," she laughed, "and don't worry about a wolf, little Bunnies."

Next morning Polly said again, "I must go to market to-day."

"Well," said the Bunnies, "be very careful,—there might be a wolf in the woods!"

"Yes," laughed Polly, "I 'll be careful. I 'll go so softly that a wolf could n't hear me with his big ears, nor see me with his big eyes!" and off she went.



COALY BLACK AND TIGER GREY VISITING SNOWBALL.

The two Bunnies ran to fasten the door.

"Do you suppose there *is* a wolf in the woods?" said Snowball.

"I guess so," said Whitey. "And he would look at us with his big eyes, and hear us with his big ears,—let 's keep very still!"

So they kept very still all day,—only peeped out once in a while to see if they could see the wolf.

In the afternoon came a sound, "Tap, tap, tap," at the door.

"Suppose it should be the wolf!" said Snowball. "Peep out of the door, Whitey, and look up and down the road, and see if you can see him!"

"Oh, I 'm so afraid!" whispered Whitey, but she peeped out without making a bit of noise, and saw—Polly!—with a great big bundle on her shoulder. In she came, saying:

"What do you think I 've brought home to-day,
Here in my bundle all hidden away?
Something you never can guess!"

"Oh, oh!" said Snowball. "What a big, big bundle! I 'm sure it 's the wolf! I can see his ears!" And Whitey began to cry.

"Nonsense!" said Polly. "The wolf is gray, and big, big, big! I could n't carry one! I 've brought you some nice new carrots for you to eat."

Next morning Polly said again, "I must go to market to-day. But don't worry about a wolf. If there was a wolf, he could n't get through the door." And off she went.

All day long the two Bunnies waited and waited. In the afternoon came a sound, "Tap, tap, tap," at the door.

"I know it is the wolf!" said Snowball. "I can hear him. Do peep out and see!"

"I 'm too frightened," said Whitey. "Let 's *both* look!"

So they both crept softly,—just a step—and a step—and a step—and peeped out—and saw—Polly! with a rope in her hand. In she came, saying:

"What do you think I 've brought home to-day,
Fast to this rope and led all the way?
Something you never can guess!"

"The wolf!" cried Whitey. "And he will look at us with his great big eyes, and hear us with his—"

"Oh, you silly Bunny!" said Polly. "Come here and look in the yard. It is a nice red cow, who will give us all the warm milk we can drink."

So they all had a drink of milk.

Next morning again Polly had to go to market. And all day long the Bunnies watched for her to come back. It grew late and she did not come. It began to grow dark, and still she did not come.

"Oh, look!" said Snowball. "What is that over there in the woods? Is that the wolf?"

"I don't know," said Whitey. "I 'm sure the wolf has eaten Polly."

"Oh, yes!" said Snowball. "With his great big eyes he looks at you, with his great big ears he listens for you, with his great big voice he growls at you, and with his great big teeth—"

Just then, "Tap, tap, tap," came at the door.

"Oh, let 's hide!" said Whitey.

But just then the door burst open and in walked—Polly! She had her basket on her arm. And she said to her bunnies:

"What do you think I 've brought home to-day,
Here in my basket all hidden away?
Something you never can guess!"

And she just lifted up the lid and took out a beautiful china plate, and said:

"Now, my dear little Bunnies, here is something for you to drink your milk out



WHITEY AND SNOWBALL WAITING FOR POLLY TO COME HOME

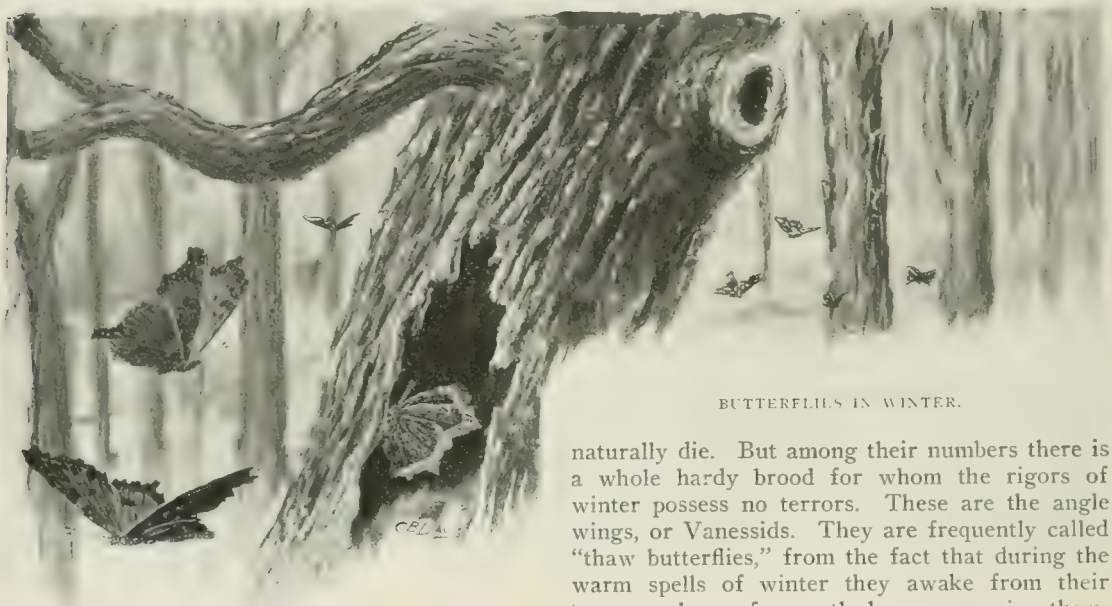
of, and you won't have to use your old rusty tin plate after this." Then she looked at Snowball and Whitey and laughed, and took them up in her arms and petted them and said: "You must never, never be afraid of the wolf any more!"



POLLY'S BUNNIES DRINKING MILK OUT OF THEIR NEW DISH

Nature and Science for Young Folks

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



BUTTERFLIES IN WINTER.

A BUTTERFLY hunt in mid-winter! Hundreds of the *Antiopa* have been found hanging in a single crevice between the boards of a shed, falling to the earth like bark scales when dislodged. They are found beneath loose clapboards and shingles, and the crannies in the hay-barracks beneath the conical roof are a favorite haunt for their hibernation. I have seen a small brood of them sunning themselves around an opening in such a barrack-mow; and once, in tearing away a slab of bark from an old stump, two or three of this same "yellow edge" tribe fell out upon the snow, like so many inanimate scales of bark.

Any one of these angle-wing butterflies may be kept in domestication through the winter months, becoming very tame and familiar, and forming a pretty feature of the conservatory, or even the window-garden. —"Sharp Eyes," by WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

WINTER BUTTERFLIES

COMING in one day from a walk in a heavy snow-storm I dropped upon the evening table some triangular brownish bits that looked at first sight like flakes of dried bark.

"What are those—chips?"

"No. Butterflies."

Such a reply with a foot of snow on the ground and great probability of a foot more before morning, was accepted as a pleasantry and not to be taken seriously. The idea of catching butterflies in a snow-storm seemed too "fishy" for serious consideration.

On the approach of winter most of the butterflies, those delicate little creatures of fair weather, naturally die. But among their numbers there is a whole hardy brood for whom the rigors of winter possess no terrors. These are the angle wings, or Vanessids. They are frequently called "thaw butterflies," from the fact that during the warm spells of winter they awake from their torpor and may frequently be seen sunning themselves near their place of hibernation or, if the weather is mild and pleasant, flitting lightly about in the open places.

These insects pass the winter both as chrysalis and as mature butterflies. Normally, they remain in the chrysalis form only about two weeks; but it is probable that the severe cold overtakes some before they are fully developed, which may account for some of them hibernating as chrysalis.



DORMANT MOURNING-CLOAK BUTTERFLIES ON THE SNOW.

The ones most commonly seen are, probably, the "yellow edge" (*Vanessa antiopa*), and that gaudy uniformed little fellow with the scarlet shoulder-straps—the red admiral (*Vanessa atalanta*).



VARIOUS ANGLE WINGS AND VANESSIDS THAT FREQUENTLY HIBERNATE IN THE NORTH STATE.

They fly about on occasional warm days, even in mid-winter, and in early spring.

There is an interesting little bit of popular superstition relating to the chrysalis of one of the commas, one of this rugged family. This chrysalis is called the hop-merchant, and it is believed by the pickers to indicate whether the price of the hop will be good or bad, according to whether the markings on its back are silver or gold.

When the first chill days of winter come upon these butterflies they hide away in hollow stumps, under loose pieces of bark, under the weather-boarding of barns, or in the crevices under the crude roof that tops the hayrick. Here, with their wings folded over their backs, they sink into their winter sleep to await the quickening warmth of spring. In these rough, jagged-edged scales, as they seem now, we scarce can recognize those bits of brilliant color that flit so lightly among the blossoms of the sun-swept meadows of summer. We realize, now, with Thoreau, how true it is "we cannot see anything until we are possessed of the idea of it, and take it into our heads."

In his winter garb, the chances are that you will look many times directly at one of these little fellows tucked away for his winter nap, and think him but a sliver of the material on which he may be resting. When he is awake he is fairly able to take care of himself and flit away from impending danger. But when he is asleep this airy little fellow is utterly helpless, and Mother Nature has seen to it that he shall still have the proper amount of protection. To this end she endows him with what is called "protective coloration."

In any of your winter walks should you chance upon one of these little fellows, take him home very carefully so as not to hurt him. In the warmth of the winter garden, or the conservatory, he will be active. Put some sweetened water where he can easily get at it, and he will become quite tame and prove a jolly little companion till the doors and windows flung wide to the soft breezes of spring again give him back to the meadow.

CLEM B. DAVIS,
New York City.

A ROOT THAT RESEMBLES A DUCK

MR. J. M. HODGSON, while gunning on the banks of the Saluda River, near Highlands, North Carolina, saw this strange object floating in the water, and, thinking it was a duck that he had shot, he rowed to it to find that it was only a root. Decay has somewhat spoiled the beauty of the body, but the form has not otherwise been changed. The



THE DUCK WOOD

accompanying photograph made by Professor D. L. Earnest shows the root's resemblance to a duck to be really remarkable.

BIRDS WITH WING-CLAWS

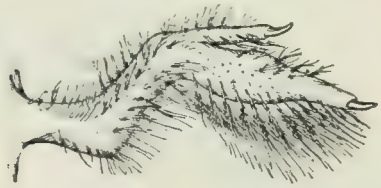
THE HOACTZINS

THE birds shown in our illustration are interesting for the traces they show of the far-away period when winged creatures were less unlike



THE HOACTZINS—BIRDS THAT HAVE WING-CLAWS.

other classes of animals than to-day, both in form and habits. The hoactzins, found in South America, are not very distant cousins of the fossil *Archaeopteryx,* the "toothed bird." For a time, the young birds of this species are armed on each wing with two very distinct hooks, which they use freely, like claws or fingers.



OUTLINE OF ONE OF THE CLAWS.
The young birds use these like claws or fingers

The adult bird shows no trace of these claws, but the nestlings, soon after hatching, crawl about, holding and hooking to surrounding objects by both bill and wings, and scrambling on all fours if disturbed, plainly showing a tendency to employ the wings, much as fingered or clawed fore limbs are made use of by other animals.

The wattled ploon is another bird with a spur on each wing, which is used in fighting, and the habit that swans exhibit in striking with the wings is well known, probably a legacy from some very un-bird-like ancestor.



THE WATTLED PLOON.
Uses the spurs on its wings for fighting.

A sketch in detail of the wing of the young hoactzin is shown on this page.

A. H. BALDWIN.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SNOW IMAGES

HEREWITH are illustrations from photographs of snow sculpture made by the residents of Andreasburg, Germany, where each winter prizes are offered by the village authorities for the finest and most original designs in snow modeling. The



LITTLE WHITE RIDING-HOOD AND A WHITE WOLF.
Both made of snow.

pictures were taken of designs which have been made within the last three years, including some snow models completed three years ago and some year before last.

DAY ALLEN WILLEY.





THE TROLLEY CAR—NOT WELL ATTENDED AT THIS HOUR



A SNOW GIRL FEEDING GOATS ON THE SNOW



MAIN BUILDING.
"Full" and covered with pigeons

THE LARGEST PIGEON FARM

THE accompanying illustrations of the large pigeon "farm" near Los Angeles are from photographs taken by the Editor of "Nature and Science."

There are now more than 100,000 birds at the "farm." Five years ago there were 15,000; so you see it has increased more than sixfold in five years. The ranch consists of eight acres of sandy, gravelly ground in the bed of the Los Angeles River. There are six large buildings. The main building is 30 by 60 feet, and 20 feet high. The exterior and interior are covered with mating boxes, those on the outside standing in tiers of ten. In all there are nearly 6000 nests in this one building. These are so arranged as to be easily accessible from aisles, and they are thoroughly cleaned and fumigated once a year.

Young birds or squabs are marketed when about four weeks old. They bring from two to three dollars a dozen. About 1000 dozen a month are sold, bringing a gross income in excess of $30,000 a year. The birds are fed thrice daily and consume seventy bushels of wheat every day. In breeding the birds, Mr. Johnson has taken pains to cull out the birds with dark or colored plumage, so that most of the birds are white or nearly so. As they circle above, they appear from a little distance like snowflakes.



MANNER OF KEEPING PIGEON BOXES AROUND THE YARD.



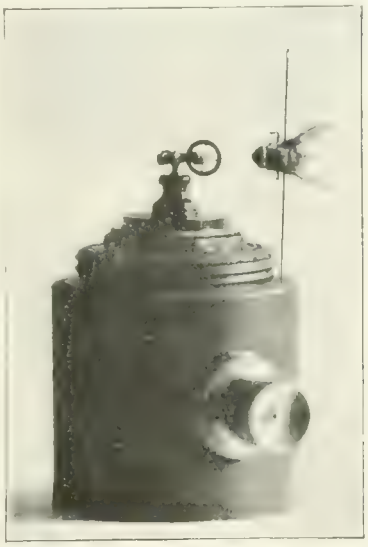
PIGEONS DRINKING AT THE RIVER AND RESTING ON THE BANK

TWO VERY SMALL ENGINES

T. H. Robinson, a watch specialist of Toronto, several months ago made an engine about the size of an ordinary thimble. The success of this induced him to try to make one much smaller. It is shown in the second illustration herewith on top of a block of ebony, on which a cap of the same wood may be screwed for safety in carrying. (You will notice the screw threads for this purpose.) Inside the ebony jacket is a hollow brass space similar to a boiler and connecting with the engine through the hollow base of the engine.



THE LOST ENGINE MADE BY MR. ROBINSON.



THE ENGINE "TINY TIM"

At the side you will see a projecting metal screw cap connecting with the brass inside the ebony. This has a metal cover to keep out dust particles and is shown with this cap on in the cut. In action this cap comes off and a tube screws in there thus connecting with steam boiler or a compressed air receptacle.

If steam is used the engine has to be thoroughly cleaned out before putting away or it would rust. For this reason the inventor uses instead, clean, compressed air, which is dry and much more convenient.

The illustration shows that the engine, named "Tiny Tim," is smaller than a house fly, which was placed at the right for the comparison. The stroke of the piston is one thirty-second of an inch. It is believed to be the smallest engine ever made, and, perhaps, also the smallest working model of any machine.

THE FAMOUS "TOOMBS OAK"

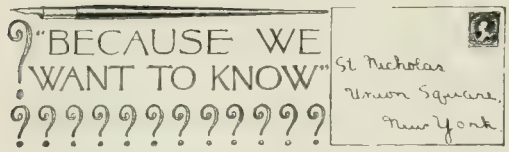
Robert Toombs as a man, was not only a prominent politician in Georgia, United States senator and leader in the movement to dissolve the Union, but as a boy he showed some of the qualities that made him so conspicuous in after life. He was persevering and determined, and when he thought he was right, nothing could prevent him from doing his best to accomplish his object. But he was not always right. The Faculty would not allow him to deliver the speech that he had prepared for Commencement, but at his request the audience followed him to the shade of this oak tree, to hear a speaker even then eloquent, and one destined to be prominent in the history of both State and Nation. And the beautiful ivy-covered tall stump of tree in the photograph gets its name of The Toombs Oak because under it he accomplished his purpose, in spite of the proper punishment that the University Faculty had imposed for his disobedience and his persistence in having his own way.

Aside from its historical associations, the stump and ivy are of interest to every nature student as



STUMP OF THE FAMOUS "ROBERT TOOMBS OAK"

a remarkable example of profuse and extensive growth of a climbing vine. Who knows of an equally good or better example of ivy decoration?



FISH IN "SPRING" PONDS

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard that there are fish in ponds that have no inlet but are supplied by springs. If this is so, how do the fish get there?

Yours sincerely,
GRANT FLOWSMITH.

The presence of fish in ponds that have no inlets may be accounted for in various ways; *e.g.*:

1. The fish may have come in by the outlet.

2. The ponds may at one time have been submerged, and when the waters receded some fish remained in the ponds. This occurs in thousands of places every year along the western rivers.

3. The ponds may have been intentionally stocked with fish, or they may have received the catch of a passing youthful angler.

4. There may be underground communication with a stream or lake. H. M. S.

"QUEER HUMPS" ON A LEAF

DORCHESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been spending two weeks in Jackson, New Hampshire, and it is such a beautiful place! The leaf I am sending you with the queer humps on it is like a great many we saw there on different trees, some on wild cherry and some on other trees. I suppose they must be the work of some insect, but how can they form such large "nests" out of the leaf, without drawing the rest of it out of shape, and what kind of a creature does it?

DOROTHY BALDWIN.

The insect is the gall-fly. It places its egg within the tissues of the leaf and this "irritates"



THE WITCH-HAZEL CONE GALLS.

They are of a beautiful color that the photograph, of course, does not show

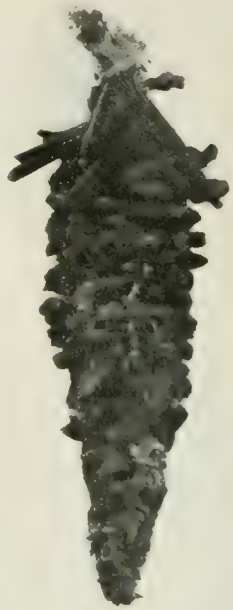
the leaf, causing a peculiar growth not natural to the tree or leaf except at such times as when affected by the "sting" of the insect.

IT LIVES IN A HOUSE OF TINY KINDLING WOOD

ORLANDO, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you under separate cover a cocoon and will be glad to have you tell me what it is. We found it hanging to a cherry-tree by just a thread. I have been greatly interested in this part of the magazine, and thought I stood as good a chance as any one to have my question answered.

Your devoted reader,
BERTA L. BRANCH.



THE COCOON-NEST COVERED WITH TINY BITS OF WOOD.

The cocoon is the nest of the larva of the bag-worm moths. The building is a silken sac within which the little animal lives. When the caterpillar wishes to move from one place to another it pushes forth the front end of its body and creeps along carrying its house with it. This reminds one of the similar houses and method of traveling of the caddis-worms of the brooks and ponds.

LOBSTERS AS PETS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know what fish lobsters eat. We had some lobsters, but they would n't eat cunners. We had them chained with a string around their claws. One lobster ate a little bit of the cunners. Our lobsters were kept in a hollow in the rock about two feet deep. When high tide fresh water came in. We have named the four lobsters: Mrs. String Bean, Cucumber, Strawberry Nose, and Horseradish.

Your true reader,
G. GORDON URQUHART (age 10).

Hungry lobsters in their natural state seldom refuse fish of any kind, whether dead or alive. The favorite bait with fishermen is fresh or stale herring, but even shark-meat is used at a pinch. Lobsters also eat small crabs, sea-urchins, and mussels. Indeed, there are few forms of marine life suitable for food which they refuse.

Lobsters sometimes capture fish alive, striking them with the smaller of their two great claws, which, for this reason, fishermen call the "quick" or "fish" claw; but they will live for a long time, especially when confined, without taking any food.

If you tether the lobster by the large claws, you will find that, like the muskrat, he will go off some fine morning, leaving only his legs in the trap. For this animal has the remarkable power of "shooting a claw," or amputating its limbs, and, what is still more wonderful, of growing new ones from the stumps left behind. Better

secure your lobsters in a floating wooden box, covered to keep out the light, with holes to admit of free passage of water, and anchor it by means of a stone and cord to the bottom.

PROF. FRANCIS H. HERRICK.

THE STORAGE OF DEAD ANTS

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I [illegible] brick barn. This crack extended into the wall about two inches. Below it was a large ant-hill. This crevice I [illegible] took a stick and scraped the contents into my hand to examine it. There were scores of dead ants. I waited a week or so and cleaned out the hole again and there were as many as the first time. I did the same two or three times with the same result, but one day I discovered some ants carrying up the dead and putting them in the hole. This interested me so I visited them often.

Your loving reader,

DUNCAN MCGREGOR (age 12).

Duncan McGregor has evidently made a very interesting observation in regard to the cemetery for dead ants in the crack in the side of the brick barn. I am not familiar with a recorded observation of similar character, but I have no doubt of the correctness of his observations. The bodies of dead ants are removed from the nests by the living ants, but the selection of such a specific place is rather novel.—L. O. HOWARD, Chief of Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C.

LUNA, THE MOON, AND LUNACY

EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you tell me why it is a bad thing for one to sleep all night in the moonlight? I have heard that after so doing, the head and face are often swollen, and that sometimes the brain is affected. Is this true? If so, why is it? I shall be so much obliged if you will tell me. Then, another thing: the word *lunacy* comes from *luna*, the moon; does n't it? Is that because being too long in the moonlight, or sleeping in it, sometimes makes people crazy? Or was the word so derived because of some such superstition? I am always

Your interested reader,

[illegible] MYERS.

Replying to your question as to the connection between luna and lunacy, I will say frankly that no well informed alienist of the present day attributes any special influence to the moon, either in the production or aggravation of mental disease. The notion is, however, one which prevailed quite extensively in olden time. I can conceive of only one possible effect that the bright light of the full moon might have, and that is, it might aggravate the insomnia which is so common among extremely nervous and maniacal patients. This, however, is simply an effect upon a single symptom of mental disease, and not upon the disease except, perhaps, indirectly. That the moon has a [illegible] effect upon lunatics is an exploded theory, like many others relating to insane people.—HENRY S. NOBLE, M.D., Superintendent, Connecticut Hospital for the Insane, Middletown, Conn.

A FISH-HAWK NEST IN A DEAD TREE

[illegible]

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have seen so many answers in your magazine, I would like to ask you if you could tell me, does a fish-hawk build in a dead tree, or does it kill the tree after it gets there by the dead salt-water fish it brings? I mean by this, does it build in a dead tree or does it kill the tree afterward? I shall be very much obliged to you if you will publish this or else send me word.

Truly yours,

MARY STARR.



A FISH-HAWK'S NEST IN A DEAD TREE

[illegible] the dead limb at top of the tree at the right.

The fish-hawk seems to prefer a dead tree or shrub if it can find one, for it likes a site easy of access and open, as is shown by its selecting such curious places as a telephone pole or top of a chimney for its nesting site. However, it cannot always find dead trees, and, as a matter of fact, it often uses live ones. Repairing the same nest year after year, the tree, if alive, usually appears to be languishing or dying, and it is generally believed that the fish and other material which the birds drop prove too "rich" in phosphates for the tree, and so it is killed.—HERBERT K. JOB.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS:

NATURE and Science especially desires to obtain:

Photographs of crawfish chimneys.

Photographs of ice, snow, and frost formations (especially ice fringes bordering brooks and frost formations on grasses and weeds).

Photographs of nature classes out of doors in winter showing what was studied, accompanied by a letter telling how it was done.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING." BY GORDON STEVENSON, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE time of good resolves is here—
What new ones can our minds evolve?
Suppose, my dear, that we this year
Resolve to *keep* each good resolve.

Perhaps if we really made that resolve, and seriously meant to keep it, we might think out our resolutions a little more carefully and utter them a little less recklessly. It is so easy to say on New Year's morning, "Now, this year I 'm going to do a lot of things and *be* a lot of things that I have never done or been before. I 'm going to work hard and be kind to everybody and save all my money and never get out of temper (except when I pound my finger with a hammer, and then only for about a minute). And I 'm going to win all the League prizes and perhaps write and draw for the big magazines and earn a great deal and buy a great many presents for my parents and friends." Those are all good resolves, and some of us go on piling them one on top of the other, like that, until we have a perfect arch of fine intentions, a genuine "bow of promise." Only, like every other beautiful rainbow it is so likely to fade out by nightfall and be forgotten. Our good resolves, if they are to stand, must be made of stronger stuff than mere pretty promises—prismatic combinations of sunlight and morning mist that fade and vanish and are forgotten. An arch of noble resolves is the finest foundation for character, but each stone in it must be placed with care and thought, and the whole held in place by that keystone mentioned in the rhyme above, the "resolve to *keep* each good resolve" and so hold the structure firmly in place until it becomes settled and cemented and ready to build upon in the years to come.



"AFTER THE STORM." BY ARLEIGH W. KENDALL, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

Suppose this year, instead of piling up a flimsy structure of a great many good things we intend to do—suppose, instead of this, we each of us make one real good resolve—something easy to begin with—something that won't strain us too much to keep (that is, of course, if there *is any* good resolve that *won't* strain us)—suppose, instead of deciding to save all the money and to win all the prizes in the world and to become perfect cherubs in the matter of temper, that we resolve to be a little, just a little, more careful in the matter of our League contributions. Just that little resolve, if it is really kept will help a good deal in the matter of temper and prizes, and perhaps in money-saving, in the long run. You see, if a poem, or a story, or a picture, or a puzzle, or a puzzle answer,

[illegible] are sent in without [illegible] thing like the author's name, or age, or address, or parent's indorsement happens to be left off, it does n't matter how good the contribution is, there is no chance for a silver or a gold badge, or the cash prize; and then the editor perhaps loses his temper, and, by and by, the contributor loses *his* temper, and everybody gets cross and unhappy over just a bit of carelessness which one small resolve—one tiny little resolve well kept—would have avoided. Here

[illegible]

What an amount of sorrow and trouble that resolve [illegible]

PRIZE WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 95

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Alice M. MacRae** (age 14), Wolfville, Nova Scotia; **Grace Conner** (age 15), 15 Weaver St., Auburn, Me., and **Carol Thompson** (age 11), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Marjorie S. Harrington** (age 15), Box 2, Andover, N. J., and **Rose Norton** (age 14), 3 Cherry St., Ansonia, Conn.



Prose. Cash prize, **Ida C. Kline** (age 13), Bovina, Miss.

Gold badges, **Alice B. Gantt** (age 14), Sumnerville, S. C., and **Helen Hodgman** (age 15), 314 E. 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Henrietta Lambdin** (age 13), Box 204, Barnesville, Ga., and **Rachel Talbott** (age 14), Warren, Pa.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Gordon Stevenson** (age 15), 6409 Jackson Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gold badges, **E. Allena Champlin** (age 15), 151 Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y., and **Iris Weddell** (age 14), 80 N. Lincoln St., Hinsdale, Ill.

Silver badges, **Natalie Dalton Johnson** (age 14), 376 Bradford Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.; **Muriel Minter** (age 9), [illegible], and **Margaret Armstrong** (age 15), National Bank Building, Phœnix, Ariz.

Photography. Gold badges, **Carlton W. Kendall** (age 12), 1210 Jackson St., Oakland, Cal., and **Alice Wangenheim** (age 11), 900 Juniper St., San Diego, Cal.

Silver badges, **Nellie Hagan** (age 15), 108 Scammel St., Marietta, O., and **Robert L. Rankin** (age 16), 109 Cookman Ave., Ocean Grove, N. J.



Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Brown Bear," by **J. Donald McCutcheon** [illegible], 150 Harvard Rd., Thornburg, Pa. Second prize, "Wild Fawn," by **William O. Gibson** (age 13), Suite and Wardlow Block, Winnipeg, Can. Third prize, "A Deer," by **Kathleen Denniston** (age 13), School Lane, Germantown, Pa. Fourth prize, "Wild Ducks," by **Frances D. Whittemore** (age 15), 29 Locust St., Everett, Mass.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Edward J. Kingsbury** (age 14), 85 Winter St., Keene, N. H., and **Edward Horr** (age 13), 2106 E. 93d St., Cleveland, O.

Silver badges, **Cassius M. Clay, Jr.** (age 12), Paris, Ky., and **Hester Gunning** (age 12), 238 North Main St., Fall River, Mass.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Muriel von Tunzelmann** (age 15), Ripple Vale Cottage, (near) Dover, England; **Beatrice Frye** (age 16), 5232 Coliseum St., New Orleans, La., and **Elena Ivey** (age 12), 366 East St., Talladega, Ala.

Silver badges, **Emmet Russell** (age 14), 3240 Brooklyn Ave., Kansas City, Mo.; **Roger D. Wolcott** (age 15), Highland Park, Ill., and **D. W. Hand, Jr.** (age 10), Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

THE STORM WINDS

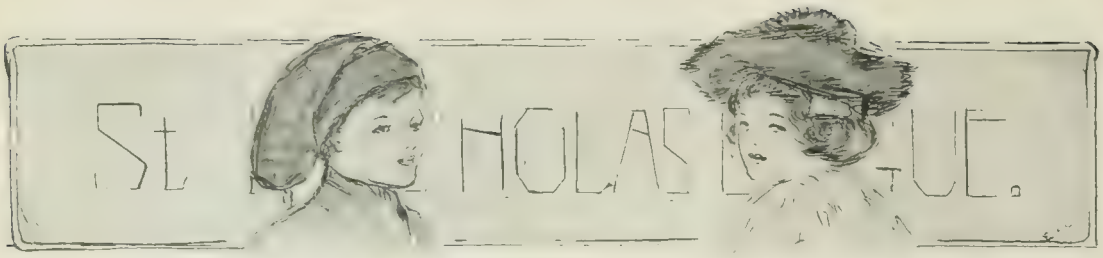
BY [illegible] (age 15)

(*Gold Badge*)

Over the meadows the storm winds fly
  Singing ever a stormy lay.
On to the forest where shadows lie
'Neath the sweet pine branches that toss and sway,
  Toss and sway,
  And join the winds in their boisterous play.

Down the valleys the storm winds glide
  Hailing the river with noisy call;
Under the bridge where the waters hide
  To the bay where the waters rise and fall,
  Rise and fall,
  Where the ships are riding, strong and tall.

The mother sits in her woodland cot
  And thinks of a ship on the restless bay,
Hushing her baby who slumbers not
  And kneels at the window to watch and pray,
  Watch and pray,
  For one on the waters so far away.



"A HEADING." BY E. ALTENA CHAMBLIN, AGE 15. (GOLD LADGE.)

LOST IN A STORM

BY IDA C. KLINE (AGE 13)

(Cash Prize.)

DURING the Civil War, in the siege of Vicksburg, Confederate soldiers were stationed all around the city. Provisions were scarce, and people in the country came to the lines and received them from the commissary-general.

Grandfather lived a long way from Vicksburg, and when going after food, it would sometimes be midnight when he reached home. One day he was detained later than usual, and hearing distant thunder, he put spurs to his horse, "Prince," and rode away at a gallop. Darkness soon overtook him, and he put on his heavy overcoat, for black clouds were quickly gathering and blotting out the stars. The roads seemed deserted, and on each side tall trees, hung with southern moss, formed a sort or archway, and Grandfather could discern nothing, except when flashes of lightning showed him the way.

The thunder came in deep, reverberating rolls, and it began raining, slowly at first, but soon in torrents. Suddenly there came a loud clap, with an instantaneous flash of lightning and a grinding noise. Prince reared violently, then dashed forward in a sweeping gallop. On he went, and Grandfather soon had to let him go, for he had lost control over him.

Prince suddenly turned into the woods, and Grandfather was nearly pulled out of the saddle, for he galloped under trees and through briers and over ditches. But he gradually slowed up and stopped. Grandfather was lost and did n't know which way to go. Peering through the darkness, he saw a light, and he guided Prince in that direction. They soon came to a small clearing in the woods, protected overhead by thickly-interlaced branches and moss. Here a small fire was burning. On the other side lay a soldier in blue uniform, apparently asleep.

"Awake, friend, and let me share your bed and fire," Grandfather called out.

The man jumped up quickly and said: "Who calls?"

"'T is a traveler, who is lost and begs your hospitality."

"I am in the same plight as you, Johnny-Reb," said the soldier, noticing a Confederate flag tied to Prince's saddle, now hanging limp and wet. "Welcome!" and their hands met in a cordial clasp.

Grandfather dismounted, and after seeing to Prince's comfort, sat down by the fire to dry his drenched clothes. His host offered him for lunch some cheese and bread, which Grandfather gratefully accepted. Then, between puffs of smoke, they engaged in a friendly conversation.

The storm was soon lulled to rest, everything grew quiet, and the two men fell asleep under army blankets, leaving the stars to keep vigil o'er North and South alike.

When morning dawned they parted at the cross-roads, one seeking his comrades in blue, the other his home on the Mississippi.



"BROWN BEAR." BY J. DONALD MCCLELLON, AGE 13. (FIRST DEGREE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE SNOW-STORM

BY ALICE MACRAE (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge.)

THE wild flakes fly, and the wild wind sings
A song of a whirling, drifting storm:
Swift come the flakes, and each one clings
To another feathery, frosty form.
Whirling dizzily,
Weaving busily,
Spotless shrouds for the earth to wear;
In a frenzied crowd,
From the leaden cloud,
Over the landscape bleak and bare.

Louder and fiercer the wild wind calls,
And he shakes the storm clouds noisily.
Faster and faster the white snow falls,
Till the pathless waste is a storm-tossed sea.
Sifting — drifting —
Ever uplifting
Blinding clouds to the air again;
Only to fall once more
On the up-billowed floor,
Mountain and valley, and hillside and plain.

Wild wind and wild snow
Beat at the window,



[illegible]

But by our hearth-fire we are [illegible]
Flames leap up rosily,
[illegible]
By our bright hearth-fire we challenge the storm!

LOST IN A STORM

BY HELEN [illegible] (Age 15)

(Gold Badge)

No one in our family has ever been lost in a storm to my knowledge, so I will have to go to a neighbor for my story.

It was a bitter cold night. It was in December and the snow was falling steadily. Inside the house all was warm and cozy as the family sat around the fire. Prince, the dog, a pretty black spaniel, lay curled up on the rug. No one would know, from the inside, that a storm was raging without, except by the whistling of the wind as it whirled the snow round and round and swept like a hurricane about the house.

Suddenly, Prince pricked up his ears. There was a scratching at the door. The mother went to the door, followed by Prince, and there on the mat lay two lost puppies, half-starved and frozen. They begged piteously to be let in. The mother stooped and picked them up. They were homely little things, with shaggy, yellow hair; but their eyes were big and brown, and looked wistfully at the open fire.

The mute appeal was answered and soon they were drinking warm milk by the fire. Poor little foundlings! They had plainly been abused, for there were marks and bruises on their bodies. One, in fact, seemed dying.

After a warm supper, and the washing of their wounds, they were made comfortable in a corner of the kitchen. But aid had come too late for one little lost puppy, for the next morning saw him cold and dead in the box. The other was much better, however, and jumped and licked the lady's hand as she came to feed him.

He is still living, and is taking Prince's place, for dear old Prince died of a good old age. The puppy's name is Peter, and he is still as homely as ever, but his big, brown eyes look much more happily out upon the world.



"[illegible]" BY [illegible] (AGE [illegible])

[illegible]

LOST IN THE STORM

[illegible]

I 've lost a little Teddy bear,
That 's very dear to me,
And when and where I lost him
Is more than I can see.

He once was of a snowy white,
But now he 's almost gray;
It 's very hard to keep him clean,
Because he loves to play

He 's lost his squeak, alas! alas!
He squeaked it out I fear;
You see he 's getting pretty old,
I 've had him 'most a year.

Oh, relatives, both great and small,
If him you chance to see,
Think of a childless parent, please,
And bring him back to me.

A STORY OF A STORM

BY ALICE GANTT [illegible]

(Gold Badge)

I DON'T think there ever was a worse storm than the one that swept over Magnolia Beach in the year 1893. It was just about dusk and my cousin's family were all eating supper. There were a good many houses on the beach, and in all were my relations. No one thought as they were eating supper what was going to happen. The wind was roaring and every minute the waves would rise until they got up to the houses, and then, the whole beach was nothing but water, and all of a



[illegible]

PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY)



"A HEADING." BY IRIS WEDDELL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

sudden my cousin's house was just picked up while they were eating supper and swept out.

My uncle's house was the next to go, the family went up to the second story, and all of the family went out to sea together; the mother and father holding hands. My cousin said he knew his house would go next, because it was just next door.

He saw his stable going, and as it passed his house he jumped on the roof of it. He said it would either go out to sea or it would be washed up on the seashore, and fortunately it was washed up on the seashore, and he was saved. Four of my cousins jumped out of one of the upstairs windows, hoping to hold on to one or two trees which were just above the water, for everything was covered with water. They just got out in time to see the house going. The waves were just washing up against them. Then one of the girls was washed away, then another, and the third girl said: "I have just got to go, I can't bear to see my two sisters going."

Then her cousin said: "Anne, hold on; think of your mother at home; think how sad it will be for her to have three of her children gone. So you hold on and don't give up."

It was awfully hard for her not to go, but as she thought of her mother, she said she would not go.



"AFTER THE STORM." BY NELLIE HAGAN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Fortunately, soon after this, the storm went down and they were saved. There were only five people left on the whole beach after the storm was over.

THE STORM

MARJORIE S. HARRINGTON (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

A SILENCE lies upon the woods,
The birds have stilled their singing;
But Bob-White's call comes cheerily
Across the meadow ringing.

The gentle breeze has died away
And not a leaflet flutters,
The clouds are darkening in the south,
The distant thunder mutters.

The clouds each minute darker grow,
The lightning brightly flashes,
All nature seems to hold its breath,
As on the tempest dashes.

A sweep, a swirl, the wind and rain
Together onward twirling,
Have burst upon the waiting earth
And sent the dust a-whirling.

Then, when the shower has cleared away,
The sun is almost setting,
The earth lies green and fresh once more,
The better for its wetting.

THE SNOW STORM

BY ROSE NORTON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

Snowflakes swiftly falling
Softly in the night,
Spreading fields and meadows
With a carpet white.

Filling up the hollows,
Loading down the trees,
Ever drifting, falling,
Busy as the bees.

Snowflakes on the gateposts,
Snowflakes in the air,
Snowflakes on the fences,
Snowflakes everywhere.

See the happy children
In the morning light,
Thinking of the coasting,
Shouting with delight.

Pretty little snowflakes
Sparkling and bright,
Teach us to be like you,
Good and pure and white.



"A HEADING"

BY NATALIE DALTON JOHNSON, AGE 14

LOST IN A STORM

BY HENRIETTA TAMLIN (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)



MANY years ago my aunt, who was living in middle Georgia, was invited to go with a young man cousin into a neighboring county to spend the Christmas holidays.

The day on which they had planned to start was stormy, but they felt unwilling to delay their departure. At times the rain and mist were so dense that they could hardly see the road, which in fair weather would have been winding like a ribbon over the hills and valleys before them.

Late in the afternoon they reached the banks of the Flint River, which, instead of the usually sluggish stream, was a raging torrent of rushing water, made so by the heavy rains.

In those days there were few bridges and the horses, conveyances, and people were carried across the river on flatboats, propelled by the ferryman, with a long pole. He insisted that he could carry the travelers safely across. With my aunt sitting in the buggy, her cousin led the horse on the boat and stood by the animal's head, holding the bridle while the ferryman pushed off from the bank. As they neared the center of the stream, the current was so strong that in his efforts to guide the boat, the ferryman fell overboard, carrying his pole with him. He was compelled to swim to the shore for safety, leaving his passengers to the mercy of the swollen river.

Imagine their feelings when they found themselves alone and powerless in the approaching darkness. All night long my aunt crouched in the buggy, while her companion stood like a sentinel by the horse's head. They hardly dared to hope to ever see another day. Fortunately the weather was mild, as it often is during Christmas in the South.

Just as dawn was approaching the boat struck and settled firmly against a small island. Their joy knew no bounds, when they were able to drive safely on dry land.

A quick fire and the lunch, which happily they had with them, soon warmed and cheered them both.

They waited all day for the river to subside. Toward evening the water on the side in the direction they were traveling, was sufficiently shallow for them to drive to the shore.

Although delayed twenty-four hours, they reached their destination in time to take part in the Christmas festivities and enjoyed them none the less for their adventure.

THE SNOW-STORM

BY RACHEL [illegible], AGE 12

A FIERCE wind whistled through the trees,
The clouds were dark and low,
The little birds were left to freeze
In cold and drifting snow.

The ground was robed in fleecy white,
The snow fell thick and fast;



(SILVER BADGE)

Then—, there was stillness in the night:
The storm had ceased at last!

AS TOLD BY THE FRENCH DOLL

BY RACHEL TALCOTT (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

I AM a talking doll, and I came all the way from France. I am called "indestructible," which is a very good thing as my mother has a baby sister who loves to get hold of me and play very roughly with me.

One day she came in and put my hat and coat on me to take me for a walk.

After the walk we went out in the yard and played for a while, and then auntie's nurse called her and she ran to the house, leaving me alone on the ground.

Pretty soon I saw a funny, white, feathery thing fall to the earth and another fell into my hand, but when I tried to examine it, it disappeared.

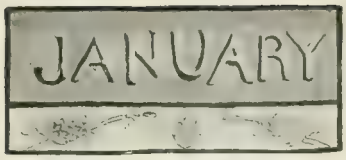
Soon the air was filled with funny white objects and I began to feel cold.

I got very, very cold, but I closed my eyes and soon forgot my troubles in sleep.

When I woke up I looked around and could see nothing but white in all directions. I got very much frightened and wondered where I was.

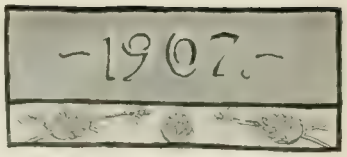
After a while I heard the sound of footsteps, but they passed over me.

I guess I could n't be seen or the person (I think it was James, the coachman) would have stopped and picked me up to bring me back to my mother, in the house.





"A UPLIFTED HEAVEN."



BY DOROTHY STARR, AGE 13

I lay there for a long time until again I heard footsteps.

How I did hope that they would notice me! Yet, how could they, for I was completely covered up.

The footsteps came nearer and nearer and then something pressed the gleaming whiteness and the foot stepped on me and made me cry "Mama!" The foot was redrawn but the person did not go on. The next thing I knew I saw a little red-mittened hand digging through the snow, and the sweet voice of my mama was saying how glad she was to find me, and how it was a bad auntie to let me get lost in that cold snow.

So it was snow I was lost in. Well, it is much more comfortable to spend a night in a nice warm bed than in the cold snow, and my mother saw to it that it never again happened, although being indestructible, I was not physically injured by the storm.

STORM-WINDS

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

WINDS that are singing your song in the tempest to-night,
Ye who have traversed the star-spaces, empty and waste,
Out from the caverns agloom with the midnight of time,
Caves that were fraught with the early beginning of things.

Out from the caves ye have fled on your mission to night —
What do ye care for the puppet, the whimsical toy,
Proud of his brain and his soul and the works of his hands?

What do ye care for his towers, his books, and his towns,
Ye who were born when the world was flung out into space,
Ye who are singing your song on the tempest to-night!

Here in my study, with firelight caressing my books,
Here have I smiled at the old superstitions of men,
Restlessly craving assurance I never can gain,
Seeking the Answer, yet knowing it hopeless to ask.
Sudden my musings are shattered, the primitive soul,
Bursting the bond of the centuries, shrieks to the wind.
"Show me the Force that is driving you swift on your way,
Crying the message that vainly I strive to translate!"

Oh, to fling open the window, and into the night
Leap, and, upheld with you, follow you out of the world,
Knowing the things that ye know, yet that never ye speak,
Knowing the problem is solvable *somewhere*, and then
Laying me down with you where ye are silent at last.

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM

BY RUTH LIVINGSTON (AGE 9)

A posy in a garden stood,
Its head all bended low;
Its leaves each had a little hood
Of newly-fallen snow.



"AFTER THE STORM." BY MADELEINE DAHLGREN, AGE 14.

"My work is o'er," the posy said,
"My winter sleep is near.
The flowers, every one have fled
And I alone am here.

"Dear Snowflake, cover me at last
And call your comrades here,
Then warm and snug through winter's blast,
No cold or storms I'll fear."

The snowflakes softly on her lit,
They 'd heard the blossom's plea.
A cover white the fairies knit,
Of leaves not one to see.

The trees were sentinels in white,
No moment did they miss;
They guarded Sleeping-Beauties bright
Waiting Prince Spring's first kiss.

LOST IN THE STORM

BY SARAH TOBIN (AGE 13)

My father was born in Russia in the little village of Koratz, in 1803. He lived there until he was a sturdy boy of fourteen. Then troubles began to come into the family. His father had lost his position, and all the money he had saved was dwindling to a mere nothing. As these troubles grew worse they decided to move to a different village.

A wind blowing in strong, icy blasts, and a cloudy sky, marked the day of their departure. My father, whose name was David, drove the sleigh which contained his mother and little sister. His father drove the one which contained his household goods. Their road lay through a small wood, and their journey could be accomplished in one day, if nothing hindered them.



"A HEADING," BY MARGARET ARMSTRONG, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

They drove on for about two hours, when it began to snow very lightly. But soon to their dismay it began to snow harder, and they made the greatest possible haste, but the horses could not go very fast in this terrible storm. At last they stopped from sheer exhaustion. David and his father then began to construct a hut of brambles, which were lying near by. They then placed his mother and sister (well wrapped in furs) in it. They then made a small fire, and divided some food between them. Fortunately no wild animals ventured near them. So they passed the night in this shelter, hoping for to-morrow to come.

When the morrow dawned, all the roads were covered up for miles, and they were really lost in the wilderness. David gathered the driest pieces of wood, and started the fire. He then gave out some food from his slender stock of provisions. With the food and fire, they were comforted, and prayed that the day would bring them help.

A searching party had been sent out to rescue snow-bound travelers. David noticed them in the distance, and shouted himself hoarse. They came quickly toward him. Soon they were in the sleigh, and following their rescuers. In a few hours they were in the village, where they were attended with the best of care.

Very often my father tells me how he was lost in the storm, and I never get tired of hearing it.

THE LIFE-SAVERS' WORK IN A STORM

BY MARY YEULA WESTCOTT (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

Bravely they dash through the blinding gale,
By the frothing waves' loud roar;
Watching for ships which the angry sea
Shall drive to the rocky shore.

A sudden shock on the storm-swept coast—
And a bulk looms up in the night—
The crew's distress, an inverted flag;
An answering signal light.

A hurry of feet and the surfmen bold,
Launch boats in the open deep;
Their lives to peril but others to save
From an endless watery sleep.

And through the night though the waves run wild
And laugh in the wildest glee,
They launch their boats in the teeth of the blast
And dare the whitening sea.

THE SNOW-STORM'S MESSAGE

BY ELIZABETH TOOL (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

As snowflakes cover the frozen streams
And dry, brown leaves of the year that is gone,
Oblivion falls on the pages of Time,
Effacing the records, one by one.

Yet winter's frozen hillsides bear
Awakened April's dewy bowers;
Purposes sown by noble lives
Blossom like shining, starry flowers.

From silent shrines of Manitou,
The bluebird's joyful carols ring,
And o'er the sleeping poets bloom
The first anemones of spring.

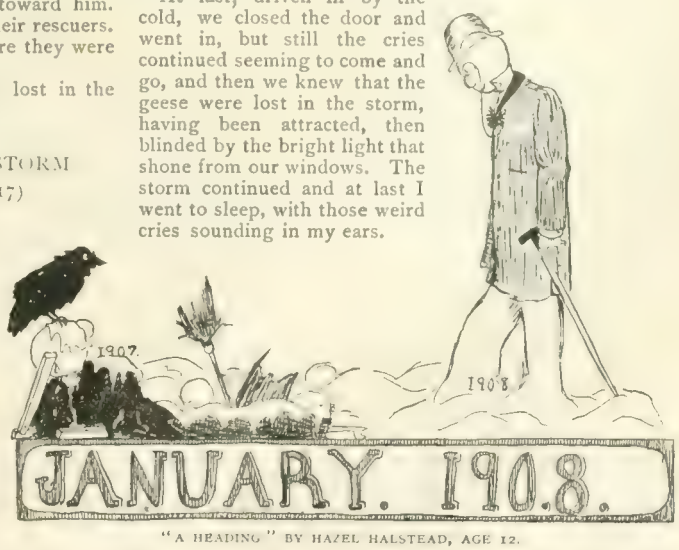
"LOST IN THE STORM"

BY JUDITH S. FINCH (AGE 15)

It was a cold, piercing fall night, a stiff north wind was blowing, accompanied by driving rain and sleet. We all sat around a roaring open fire, listening to the howling of the wind as we talked and popped corn, and thought how good it was to have a shelter on such a stormy, cold night. After a while we children began to nod, when all of a sudden there came a sound above the howling of the wind, a sound that caused every sleepy eye to open, every heart to throb. It was the cry of wild geese. If there is a sound that gives one a weird feeling, a longing to be away to some unknown place, it is the cry of wild geese, when they are on the wing, and especially is it so at night, and so it was on that particular night.

All of one impulse we went to the door and, opening it, we seemed to hear the cries right above us, and, listening, there came a new note intermingled: notes of distress, that I had never heard before.

At last, driven in by the cold, we closed the door and went in, but still the cries continued seeming to come and go, and then we knew that the geese were lost in the storm, having been attracted, then blinded by the bright light that shone from our windows. The storm continued and at last I went to sleep, with those weird cries sounding in my ears.



"A HEADING" BY HAZEL HALSTEAD, AGE 12.



"A HEADING" BY MURIEL MINTER, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

In the morning when I awoke the storm was over, the wind howled no more about the house. As I went out into the yard, rejoicing in the bracing air, I almost stumbled over some object, and to my wonder, surprise, and a mixture of other feelings, I saw before me a wild goose, all stiff and draggled. Instead of a feeling of delight at my discovery, I felt rather like sitting right down and crying. More than likely it had been wounded, and unable to keep up with its companions, was beaten down by the storm and there it lay, once so beautiful, free, and wild, now lost and beaten to earth by the cruel storm.

THE SNOW STORM

BY GLADYS CECELIA EDGERLY (AGE 11)

(*Honor Member*)

THE dull clouds, massed in somber gray,
Now hover dark and low:
And hastening on the coming storm,
The chilling ice-winds blow

Like winged creatures in the air
The pretty snowflakes fly,
Fulfilling in the wintry blast
Their mission from the sky.

They heap with pearls the lowly vale,
They robe the hills in white;
And, banked against the forest edge,
They rise in thrones of light.

With sheets of purest crystal rare
They beautify the scene;
And countless diamonds glitter there
As in a silver sheen.

On Nature's breast their cloak they lay;
They still the brooklet's flow;
While now the grim old mountain tops
Are crested o'er with snow.



"A HEADING" BY FRANCES ANKER, AGE 13.

LOST IN A STORM

BY GRACE L. CRAPO (AGE 14)

WHILE walking along the beach on his way homeward, one day in the latter part of January, 1907, my grandfather, happening to glance across the Salem River, saw far out in the river a small rowboat with a single occupant.

The snow was falling in blinding sheets and the wind howled furiously. The occupant of the boat was trying his utmost to keep it from capsizing.

My grandfather on seeing the man's danger ran home, which was not far away. Telling my uncle as briefly as possible what had happened, and to go after some of the men from the cottages nearby, he ran back to the shore.

This, of course, was done much quicker than can be related.

On returning he saw the little boat strike against the ice, throwing its occupant out into the water. Then it turned completely over.

Grasping a piece of ice as he fell, the man clung to it although it threatened to break any minute.

Although older than some of the men who had gathered on the beach, my grandfather was smaller and lighter in weight. Taking a ladder from near by, he laid it across the ice, and, risking his own life the while, he worked his way out, and in this way got near enough to throw a rope to the man, who, taking it in his benumbed hands, clung to it with all his strength.

Pulling the man toward him, my grandfather succeeded in pulling him to the ladder, and with the help of many willing hands, landed him safely on the beach.

After being taken to the nearest house and carefully cared for, he was soon able to tell that he was a workman on a New York barge and had intended to row over to Salem, but was driven toward the Marblehead shore. He did not think the storm was very severe when he had started.

He was soon able to return to New York.

Grandfather was none the worse for his adventure, other than having a heavy cold.

THE VIOLET IN THE SNOW-STORM

BY ELIZABETH RUTH LAMBDIN (AGE 10)

A LITTLE violet forgot one day
That the winter winds were blowing.
So out it came from its cozy nest
And found the weather snowing.

"Oh, what shall I do?" it softly said,
And tried in vain to hide its head;
Each leaf held out a tiny arm
And tried to keep it snug and warm.

The snow and sleet heard what was said,
And made for it an icy bed.
I found it there like a picture sweet,
In its purple beauty beneath my feet.

LOST IN A STORM

BY ELSIE PORTER TROUT (AGE 12)

A DARK and stormy night in October, my mother was in our library with my father, when she heard cries of distress, which seemed to come from the ocean (we live one block from the Atlantic Ocean). Just then our coachman came in from the stable and called my father, telling him a ship had run on shore and that the men were crying for help. My father told him to jump on his bicycle and go as quickly as possible to the Life Saving Station, which is about a little over a mile away from our house. My father went as quickly as possible down to the beach with his lantern and signaled to the men out on the ship.

Very soon the life savers came with their apparatus and fired over to the ship until one of the lines caught and was

made fast, and soon the breeches-buoy went out after the men. There were only four on board, as it was a coal barge.

All the men were brought up to our kitchen, and my mother had to hunt up dry clothes for all of them.

How grateful they all were, and how glad my mother was that she had heard their cries and had given the alarm in time to save them all.

A STORM AT THE SEASHORE

BY LAURENCE R. SIEGFRIED (AGE 15)

THE waves roll in, and, with a fearful noise,
Break, in great froth and foam, upon the beach.
Black clouds scud past, hard driven by the blast,
Which ramps and roars o'er all, and drives the ships
Far out to sea, despite the sailors' toils.
The thunder roars, the forkéd lightning's flash
Quivers from cloud to cloud, from cloud to earth,
Rending the firmament, it seems, in twain.
The angry sea, torn by the wind and rain,
Tosses its waves toward heaven, and strives to break
The wonted boundaries 'twixt sea and sky,
And, failing, wreaks its wrath upon the beach.
The winds, in their wild rush, catch up the foam
And hurl it through the air, as if to mix
Its bubbles with the rain, and send both back
Up to the clouds again. The storm rolls on
In all its awful might, until, at length,
The downpour ceases, and the lightning's flash
Comes from the distance, and the thunder's growl
Grows faint and far away. The clouds are gone,
And now the sun appears; but still the waves
Are angry, and pound in upon the beach
And thus continue far into the night.



"HEADING" BY PERCY BLUEMLEIN, AGE 16

LOST IN A STORM

BY JEAN MORRIS (AGE 14)

FOUR years ago my mother, my sister, and I lived in Switzerland. One bright morning we started on a sleigh-ride, going up the "Bernina Pass."

The road of the Pass was just large enough for the sleigh; on one side was the precipice, on the other the steep mountain. When we arrived at the top, it began to snow; luckily there was a "Hospice," where we went for shelter.

There we learned that a few days before a sleigh had been lost in a storm and gone over the precipice. We were afraid that the same fate would overtake us; but as the day was waning we had to return.

After we had gone alittle way the storm became terrible, the flakes came whirling down so thickly we could not see each other, and as the sled was open we became soaked.

Our poor coachman had to stand at the horses' heads for if they had made one false step we would have gone over the precipice.

After many narrow escapes we at last arrived safely at the bottom.

In her excitement mother lost her purse, but it was returned to her by a poor snow sweeper who had found it. This was only one example of the honesty of the Swiss.

LOST IN A STORM

BY RUSSELL WOOD (AGE 14)

ONE day my father, my brother, and I got up early to go fishing. We went in a twenty-five foot launch, which we owned.

It was a little foggy when we started out, but we thought as the wind was blowing quite fresh it would soon blow the fog away, the wind being in the southwest.

We headed toward Mishaum Point from Palmers Island, reaching there in an hour and a quarter, with the wind blowing dead against us.

We had but a little bait, but expected to go ashore and dig some more when we had fished out our supply.

We dropped anchor near a large rock called Pawn Rock, and were catching tautog quite fast until our supply of bait gave out.

While we were fishing we noticed that instead of blowing away, the fog came in thicker, but we thought that we would go ashore and dig some more bait, then go out and fish a little while longer.

We started to go ashore and suddenly found we were running onto a sand bar and that the fog was closing pretty thick around us.

We then gave up trying to get any more bait, but steered, as we thought, toward home. It was merely a guess, as we soon found ourselves running onto a very rocky shore, just escaping striking a large rock. We soon made this out to be Salters Point.

While rounding the point, on looking back we noticed that the rowboat was drifting away from us. We found that the rope with which the rowboat was tied had broken.

After regaining the rowboat, we steered for the fog-horn, which we just begun to hear blowing at Dumpling Light.

From there we steered for the mouth of the harbor, but before reaching there our engine stopped running, much to our dismay. We found that one cylinder would not work, so we had to be contented with running half speed the rest of the way home.

From the mouth of the harbor we reached the mooring without further incident. After locking up the boat we went ashore, thinking we had had enough of the fog, and enough mishaps for that day.

NOTICE

Secretaries of Chapters are requested to give number of Chapter when notifying the League of new members in their organizations.

Also to give the full name and individual address of each member.



"A HEADING." BY HILDE VON THIELMANN, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No 2 A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention.

VERSE, 1

Dorothy Cory Stott
Aileen Hyland
Jean Russell
Donald W. Matheson
Agnes Miall
Harry L. Janeway
Elizabeth C. Beall
Alice Brabant
Gladys M. Adams
Lucile Delight Woodling
Erma Quinby
Arthur J. Kramer
Jean Dallett
Benjamin Grosbayn
Susan Warren Wilbur
Katharine de Kay
Frances Woodward
Elizabeth Page James
Mary Frances Colter
Doris F. Halman
Doris Kent
Eleanor S. Halsey
Margaret Elizabeth Allen
Dorothy Lucas
May Bowers
Constance P. Gill
Virginia Coyne
Adelaide Nichols
Phyllis Tomlinson
Ruth W. Seymour
Katherine Donovan
Kate Frances Scott
Eleanor Johnson

VERSE, 2

Ruth Havenner Darden
Marjorie Aborn
Carolyn Bulley
Madeline Kenward
Maude Woodward Fowler
Thoda S. Cockroft
Catharine D. Brown
Joseph Bickel
Norma Heinz
Ruth H. Allerton
Mildred Bent
Lucia Beebe
Kitty Brown
Freda M. Harrison
Ethel B. Youngs
Annie L. Hillyer
Eunice G. Hussey
Velma Jolly
Lois Donovan
Marjorie May Harrison
Eleanor E. Bingham
Dorothy Barnes Loye
Helen Virginia Frey
Robert F. Milde
Beatrice H. Cook
Eleanor Sickles
Helen Wilson
Frances Coutts
Edward Francis Casey
Grace Angela Richmond
Mary Grabill
Ruth M. Peters
Walter H. Boyer
Thomas Nolan
Lillie G. Menary
Dorothy Smith
Agnes Gray
Dorothy Arnold
Doris Campbell
Morris Burdsall
Ruth L. Lapham
Helen Palmer
Louisa Pharo
Elizabeth Hugh Zachry
Irma A. Hill
Madeleine Bunzel
Natalie Lombard Brush
Frances Hyland

PROSE, 1

Gertrude Hearn
Therese Born
Jane H. Kasmire
Jeannie Read Sampson
William Francis M'Neary
Jessie Sutherland Pound
Frances Wolff Levy
Margaret Price
Emma L. Harrison
R. Wolfson
Mary Cass Canfield
Gretchen M. Gaffga
Harold Kell
Ida F. Parfitt
Arthur G. Burt
Pauline Wheeler
Eleanor Steward Cooper
Arthur Howell Napier
Olafia Ruth Thordarson

PROSE, 2

Leonie Nathan
Warren Karner
Madeline Morgan
Jessie Morris
Marie Demêtre
Albert Martini
Rosalie Waters
Blanche Beckwith
Eleanor Mead
Delia E. Arnestein
Isabel D. Weaver
Kenneth Duncan
Margaret Montgomery
Frances Cabot
Ward Reece Buhland
Madge A. Dunnell
Emma Downer
Marcellite Watson
Caroline Nichols
Dora Rabinnovitz
Nina Battle Bell
Katherine Peyton
Ruth S. Coleman
Douglas Bement
Elmer I. Ransom

DRAWING, 1

Stasito A. Zoy
Gertrude Halcro Brown Nicolson
Margaret Erskine Nicolson
Dory Guy
Lois Wright
Nannie R. Hull
Marjorie E. Chase
Stuart B. White
L. Eastwood Seibold
Katharine L. Havens
Dorothy Howland Cheesman
Homer Benton Bassett
Dorothy Douglas
Sybil Emerson
Betty Lisle
Arthur Law
Gerald L. Kaufman
Muriel W. Hannah
Elma Joffrion
J. Ward Lockwood
Agnes Nicholson
F. Askew
Vera Hill
Marjorie Benson
Decie Merwin
Theodora Troendle
Beryl Morse
Helen Underwood
Ruth Cutler
Vera Marie Demens
Margaret Osborne
Olive Garrison
Dorothy Campbell
Hazel C. Bates
Louise Alexandra Robinson
Agnes I. Prizer
Genevieve Allen
H. J. Burden
J. Lakin Baldridge
Ruth Colburn

DRAWING, 2

Dorothy Hiller
Rachel Bulley
Mary Taft Atwater
Mabel Alvarez
Bessie B. Styron
Dorothy Adams
Junius D. Edwards
Joan Spencer-Smith
Winifred C. Hamilton
Dorothy Foster
B. Ilma Stair
Stanly C. Low
Lucia E. Halstead
Joan Clowes
Hedurg C. Guelich
Elizabeth Schwarz
Elizabeth Eckel
Alice Hirst
Isabella M. Holt
Jessica Baylis
Ruth Harvey Reboul
Helen Seymour
Catharine Van Wyck
Maria Bullitt
Paul Ogilvie
Marshall Cutler
Dorothy Cannon
Isabel B. Sherer
Elizabeth Gregory
Rachel Field
Dorothy Wormser
Elizabeth Evans
Edward S. Marples
Dorothy L. Dade
Miriam Arthur Story
Elsie Wald
Margaret Foster
Charlotte Jadwin
Gladys Bryant
Phyllis M. Field
Charlotte A. Garrett
Leven Cooper Allen, Jr.
Betty Herring
Dorothy Hamilton
Ruth Adams
Gladys Nolan
Dorothy Taylor
Dupre Agnew
Helen J. Coates
Corrie Blake
Hazel Lang
Dora Somerscales
Helen G. Anderson
Dorothy Drake
Elizabeth W. Miner
Susanne Howe
Vera Steele
Dorothy Malevinsky
Dorothy Birdseye
Elizabeth Dewing
Constance McCalmont
Doris Davidson
Marion Halkett
Sidney Pfeifer
Ruth C. Brockington
Honor Gallsworthy
Myron Chester Nutting

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

George Curtiss Job
Ward Van Alstyne
Granville A. Perkins
Cornelia N. Walker
Katharine Finch
Alfred C. Redfield
Frederick R. Bailey
Stoddart Smith
Josephine Sturgis
Charles P. Crutchett

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Eleanor Williams
Barbara Brown
Thomas B. Wallace
Cornelius B. Ely
Malcolm G. Allison
Catherine Head
George A. Plummer
Dorothy G. Gibson
E. Miriam Thompson
Lucy Rose Morgenthau
Louise Hopkins
Chrystine J. Wagner
Mary C. Brown
Isabel Coolidge
Mary Hunter
Mildred Curtis
Helen F. Price
Robert B. Carney
Dixie Virginia Lambert
Ely Whitehead
Fred V. Wetherill
Margaret Rhodes
Carl H. Nye
Ruth Knowles
Kenward Zucker
Vimont C. Welch
Louise Fitz
Gertrude E. Burwell
Helen M. Anderson
Virginia Smith
Edward Carroll Callahan
Mary D. Buttemer
Howard S. Rappleye
Margaret A. Dole
Marjorie M. Blatchford
Katherine Ancker
Pauline Mervy Buell
Carola von Thielmann
Helen Parfitt

PUZZLES, 1

Mary Camacho
Alida Chanler
Elizabeth Wight
Phoebe S. Lambe
Marion F. Hayden
E. Adelaide Hahn
Louise McAllister
Dorothy Sage
Julia Dorsey Musser
Summerfield Baldwin, 3d
Edward Foster
Lucretia Garfield
Bruce T. Simonds
Eugene Chasetow
Eleanor L. Halpin
Corinne Reinheimer
Elizabeth C. Walker
Margaret H. Gill
Florence Mallett
Marie H. Preble
Elisabeth Maclay
Enid Foote
Maud Mallett
Sarah Barclay
Walter C. Strickland
Mary J. Schieffelin

PUZZLES, 2

Helen D. Perry
Elizabeth King
Elisabeth Symmes
Alfred W. Pond
Louise N. Ackerman
Gladys Rubey
Dorothy Coleman

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old and have composed this poem. Papa and mama gave me ST. NICHOLAS for a Christmas present and I love it very much. Hoping to see my poem published, I am

Yours respectfully,

ETHEL B. MOHRSTADT.

OF all the books I 've read or heard,
ST. NICHOLAS is the best,
For in that book I love to look
When I am going to rest.

Its poems, stories, and its work,
And all its pictures, too,
Are greatest pleasures of my life,
To read them through and through.

When I am hot and tired,
And don't know what to do,
I take ST. NICHOLAS in my hand,
And read to brother, too.

ST. NICHOLAS is the book for me,
I'll always love it well;
I'll show it to my other friends,
And I'll it always tell

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though the joy and the happy feeling of success that comes with the [illegible] gold badges is all so new to me, I suppose it is an old, old story to you. However I must tell you that another little girl is enlisted among your proud and loving admirers.

Very thankfully yours,
[illegible] PAGE JAMES

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is very beautiful here. St. Blasien (Germany) is almost wholly surrounded by fir-trees. Our last winter was very severe. My brother and I each had a pair of skees, and we had fine fun with them. We took long walks then, even though the snow often came up to our knees. But now we take much longer walks.

Well, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I really think I must stop, so hoping you will always be as popular as now, I remain,

Your reader,
MINNA LEWINSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Saturday morning we were to start for the beach at seven o'clock. The day was sunny and bright. We first had to go on a train, then on a steamer, which took us to Catalina Island.

When we arrived at the beach I wanted to go in the glass-bottom boat. Mother went with me. We saw the Marine Gardens. Going back we went on the upper deck and I saw fourteen mountain goats and an eagle. I went in bathing which I enjoyed very much. In the afternoon we went to Moonstone Beach where we gathered moonstones. The next day we went to a large dairy where there were about a hundred cows. A hen and her twelve little chickens were scratching for worms in one corner of the yard. A large black cat with big green eyes came creeping slowly along the fence and was anxiously watching the hen and chickens. But the mother's quick eyes spied him. "Children, children," cried the hen, "follow me."

Two little chickens were fighting for a worm. As they did not follow the others, the mother went back and gave them each half of the worm; then she told them to hurry.

The cat was creeping behind them ready to jump at any minute. The little chickens had to run to keep up with their mother. In a few minutes they were all in their coop. The cat was very angry, he stayed around the coop and kept saying, "Wait till next time." But the hen never took her chickens next door.

HARRIET BRUBAKER (AGE 11).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am afraid that it is a long time since I wrote to you, but I hope you will excuse me, and accept this letter. We are staying here for our summer vacation; we nearly always come here. Alnmouth is a very pretty fishing village; there are lovely sands and rocks, and jolly cycle rides and drives.

We are about twenty miles from Bamborough, which I have no doubt is known to many "St. Nick" readers as the possessor of a very fine, historic old castle, and the burial-place of Grace Darling.

Four miles from here is Boumer. The old Alnmouth ferry-man often tells me stories of the smugglers with whom it used to be infested. It is very quiet now, however. I want to ask the girls of the St. Nick's best chapter if they will receive me as a "corresponding member," and enroll me on their list. I would love to belong to a chapter, but I can't get any English girls to get one up. I once belonged to Chapter 809, but it is now disbanded, and most of its members are at boarding-school. I would write every fortnight to them, and join anything they get up, or send things for their sales, etc. Will the secretary please write me about it? I should be ever so much obliged if she would do so. I have all the numbers of "St. Nick" from January, 1904, to now. I always wear my badge during the week.

I remain your reader,
MARY B. ELLIS (AGE 14)

OTHER welcome letters have been received from Margery Aiken, Randolph Harris, Margaret Ramsay, Isabel D. Blum, Violet Dodgson, Turner Ballard, Margaret Blair, Mrs. A. B. Moor, Carol Thompson, Lucile Phillips, Juliette M. Omohundro, Robert Wade Speir, Jr., Carmencita VanGorder, Douglas F. Smith, Elsie J. Wilson, Katharine W. Mason, Elizabeth Geraldine Henderson, A. S. Hamilton, Helen Loos, Bertha M. Reed, Virginia Coyne, Catharine Van Wyck, Gaynor Maddox, Jennie Hunt, Grace D. Cook, Philip Sherman, Florence Reeve, Elizabeth Burt, Avis Gertrude Little, Donald Bearnard, Laura Shore, Nettie Kreinik, Dorothy B. Leake, Kathleen C. Betts, Louise Fitz, Allen B. Miller, Auguste Chouteau, Gladys Wade, Nan Pierson, Ruth M. Brown, Leslie P. Dodge, Charles E. Mansfield, Dixie Virginia Lambert, Kathryn Cox, Marjorie May Harrison, Edith R. Stahl, Florence M. Beecher, Margaret Riley, Henry B. Dillard, Chris Pratt, Frank Wilburn, Margaret E. Howard, Malcolm B. Carroll, Frances Smith, Margaret Ann Carey, Juanita Gray, Knowles Entrikin, Otto Peichert, Maude Mansfield, Mary Petersen, Marjorie and Dora Somerscales, Ann Forstall, Alice Brabant, Dorothea Jensen, Philip Flonner, Herbert M. Davidson, Bessie Little, Alison L. Strathy.



"WINTER." BY ALICE MARY MILLER, AGE 13.

SNOWSTORM

Outside, the snow is falling fast upon a dreary world,
And as it against my window pane, the tiny flakes are hurled
The trees are [illegible] with their weight of white and fluffy [illegible]
And decorated are the spikes and turrets of the town.
Out yonder 'neath that burdened tree, the cattle meekly stand,
And there a little girl and boy go trudging hand in hand.

The storm goes on and all without is covered with the snow;
But in my room the firelight casts a warm and cheerful glow.
With book in hand, I sit and read about so many things:
Of "Pinkey Perkins: just a boy," "Fritzi," whose violin sings,
Of "Tom, and Dick, and Harriet," who plan and do it all,—
They 're all found in ST. NICHOLAS—*that's* read by great and small.

DOROTHY GRACE GAGE (AGE 13).

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 99

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 99 will close **January 20** (for foreign members **January 25**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **May**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Flowers."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Flower Legend."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Garden I Know."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "Study of Flowers" (from life), and a **May** Heading or Tail-piece.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

HERE is a pleasant letter from a ST. NICHOLAS reader who is traveling abroad. It was written from Berlin and mentions a great military review, last September, when a young girl from our American Republic saw the Emperor of Germany and others of the Prussian Royal Family:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a long time, but have never sent anything or written to you before. We sailed from Montreal and had a lovely trip over, and when we were passing between Labrador and Newfoundland we saw several icebergs. The day before we landed we saw from one side of the ship Ireland and from the other the Isle of Man. At Plymouth we waited for a North German Lloyd steamer to Bremen.

September 2d was the battle of Sedan, a quite noted battle between France and Germany, and that is the day the Kaiser reviews his troops. There was a splendid parade and we saw the Kaiser, the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess, and Prince Eitel Friederich.

From your interested reader,

ELEANOR HOFFMANN.

THIS interesting letter from Wisconsin tells of an Indian camp in that State, and some of the strange sights and customs witnessed there:

——, WISCONSIN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This last summer we were at State Line, Wis., where there are many Indian camps. We went to the cemetery of the Chippawa Indians and saw many graves. They do not cover the graves with grass as we do, but instead they build a little house over them. In some of the newer graves we saw inside of one of the little houses, a jar of maple sugar, and in another was tobacco and matches, and also in still another we saw a can of blueberries, so the dead Indians would have something to eat on their way to the "Happy Hunting Grounds." Whenever an Indian dies the family moves out of the house in which he died. We saw many empty houses in which Indians had died.

We tried to get some moccasins and baskets at the camp, but as the Indians were not in need of money they would sell nothing.

Your reader,

DOROTHY WATKINS (age 13½).

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that this is the day of the automobile, it is good to know that there are plenty of girls and boys who prefer that "real *live* machine" and faithful friend, the horse. Read this cheery letter, for instance, from a girl who loves her ponies:

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading the letters in your "Letter-Box" and like them very much, especially when they mention horses and ponies.

I have three ponies, a Shetland, bronco, and cob. I like the cob the best as she is the handsomest. I ride here in New York City every day on the bridle-path or in the ring.

I have entered my cob, whose name is Polly, in a horse show.

My brother rides with me. We have great sport.

Yours truly,

E. HARTSHORNE (age 14).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister takes you and likes you very much, and so do I. She has just drawn a picture for the League and is going to send it to-morrow.

I am nine years old, and I am a great, great granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, who wrote the "Star Spangled Banner."

Your friend,

MARY EAGER LLOYD.

NO doubt Francis Scott Key would be quite as proud of his great, great granddaughters, if he could see them, as they justly are of their famous ancestor—the author of our National hymn.

WE thank an appreciative English reader for this cordial letter—and the thousands of ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls who love pets will "take off their hats" to a family which "used to keep three hundred pigeons and sixteen cats at one time!"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mother has just started taking in ST. NICHOLAS for me, my two sisters and my brother. I should so much like a League leaflet and badge.

I like the magazine very much. My favorite story is "Fritzi." I am very interested in American children, and love reading about them.

My father used to keep three hundred pigeons, and my sister had sixteen cats at one time; I am very fond of animals and read all the printed letters about them.

Your very interested reader,

ELSIE BRUNO

THIS home-y letter from a Pennsylvania girl makes us very proud. Read it and you will understand why.

GLEN SUMMIT SPRINGS, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just been reading your September number, and have seen my sister's name in the Letter-Box. I was surprised and did not think it could have been my sister's name till I saw it was from Wilkes-Barre (our winter home).

She is in Europe now and having a beautiful time. I am going down to New York to meet Elizabeth and I am excited about going. I shall get my sister to tell me some of her experiences so that I can write to you again. Mother has taken the ST. NICHOLAS for twenty years for us children. The ST. NICHOLAS has passed down from six Athertons and at last has landed at me, at least I think so. Elizabeth and I always have a quarrel when the ST. NICHOLAS comes about who shall read it first.

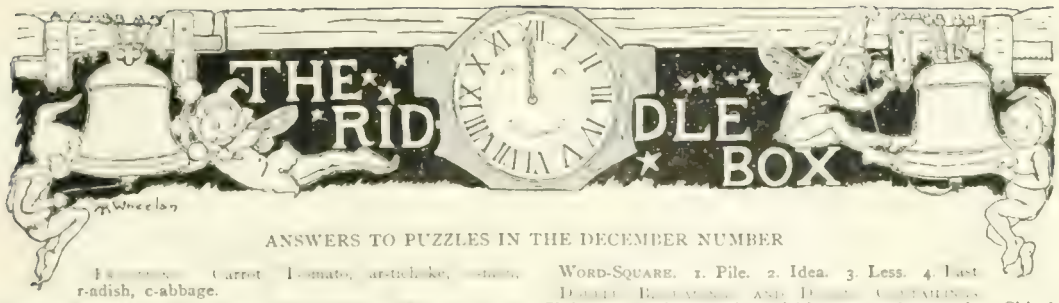
She is fourteen, and I hope by next summer she will think she is too old to read the ST. NICHOLAS, but I know she won't.

Believe me your interested reader,

ELEANOR R. ATHERTON (age 11).

WE hope you and your sister can "agree to compromise," dear Eleanor, and also that she will *not* think herself "too old to read ST. NICHOLAS," when she is fourteen. There are thousands of girls and boys of that age who are just beginning to read the magazine. And there are thousands of grown-folk, too, who declare that they will never be too old to read it.

OTHER interesting letters have been received from Elizabeth W. Passano, Gordon Allport, Gwendolyn Parker, Beulah F. Pack, Marion Bradt, Julia Phillips, Arthur Rosenthal, Marion Struss and Helen Raphael.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

[illegible] Carrot, tomato, artichoke, [illegible] r-adish, c-abbage.

[illegible] Initials and finals, Anthony Wayne. Cross-words: 1. Ire. 2. Nation. 3. Yacht. 4. Wash. 5. Why. 6. Vary. 7. Navy. 8. Outlaw. 9. Harmonica. 10. Tiny. 11. Noun. 12. Angle.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA:

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

[illegible] I. 1. B. 2. Ice. 3. Be[illegible]. 4. Ind. 5. O. II. 1. Y. 2. Ire. 3. Young. 4. One. 5. O. III. 1. Eagle. 2. Atlas. 3. Ghost. 4. Lance. 5. Ester. IV. 1. I. 2. Art. 3. Tram. 4. Tin. 5. N. V. 1. T. 2. Cat. 3. Taken. 4. Ten. 5. N.

CHARADE. Cat-a-ma-ran.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Macedonia. 1. Medea. 2. Argos. 3. Caius. 4. Egypt. 5. Datis. 6. Omega. 7. Niobe. 8. Italy. 9. Agave.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Pile. 2. Idea. 3. Less. 4. Last.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS. Christmas. 1. Ac-cost-ed. 2. Ad-here-nt. 3. Ar-rest-ed. 4. Cl-inch-er. 5. As-sign-ed. 6. In-tent-ly. 7. Un-moor-ed. 8. An-arch-ic. 9. As-sent-ed.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Popocatepetl. 1. Sup-ports. 2. Ann-ounce. 3. Res-ponds. 4. Smo-other. 5. Pla-cards. 6. Str-anger. 7. Pre-tends. 8. Tog-ether. 9. Tem-pests. 10. Rem-ember. 11. Pat-terns. 12. Fai-lures.

CONNECTED STARS. I. 1. C. 2. So. 3. Fathers. 4. Spiral. 5. Girth. 6. Proems. 7. Strides. 8. So. 9. S. II. 1. S. 2. So. 3. Neatest. 4. Harmed. 5. Famed. 6. Greets. 7. Citadel. 8. So. 9. S. III. 1. S. 2. So. 3. Craters. 4. Feared. 5. Merit. 6. Creole. 7. Ardency. 8. So. 9. E. Centrals, Christmas Tree. From 1 to 2, tired; 3 to 4, error; 1 to 3, the; 4 to 2, rid; 5 to 6, arm-l.; 7 to 8, emmet.; 8 to 7, ate; 9 to 6, Tal.; 9 to 11, Aaron; 11 to 12, erred; 9 to 11, ate; 12 to 10, den.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Edna Meyle—Helen L. Patch—Jo and I—Eugenie A. Steiner—Betty and Maury—Elsie Nathan—"Jolly Juniors"—Elena Ivey—Malcolm B. Carroll—G. S. and H. L. Monroe—Randolph Monroe—Tremaine Parsons—W. H. B. Allen, Jr.—"Queenscourt."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 15th, from Cornelia Crittenden, 7—Berry Fleming, 7—Mary Culgan, 3—Dorothy Fox, 3—Elisabeth Wiley, 1—Neil Gilmour, 1—Elizabeth Brooks, 1—Alice H. Farnsworth, 1—Eleanor Chase, 5.

DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE

[illegible]

1. To blight. 2. More tardy. 3. To expiate. 4. Dispatches. 5. Ringlet.

INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. Consumed. 2. A measure. 3. Extremity.

ANSELL L. PERRIN (League Member).

DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the diagonals, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower left-hand letter, will spell the name of a general in the Revolutionary War.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A sea robber. 2. Rough and uneven. 3. To despise. 4. An alloy of copper and tin. 5. To come in sight. 6. To disfigure.

IRMA A. HILL (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

MY primals and finals each name a great country. Each of the cross-words contain seven letters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Immortal. 2. Pertaining to nebulæ. 3. Of low birth. 4. A glossy silk. 5. Zealous. 6. To molest. 7. A member of a senate. 8. A province in northern Africa. 9. To establish. 10. A kind of pudding. 11. The title of a Turkish state official. 12. To make sharp.

When these have been rightly guessed, take the fourth and fifth letters from the third cross-word; the third and fourth letters from the sixth word, the third and sixth letters from the seventh word; the fifth and sixth letters from the eighth word; the sixth letter from the ninth word; the fifth letter from the tenth word, and the fifth and sixth letters from the eleventh word. These letters may be so arranged as to form a large city in each of the countries named by the primals and finals.

EDWARD J. KINGSBURY.

ENDLESS CHAIN

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. To form the second word, take the last two letters of the first word; to form the third, take the last two letters of the second, and so on.

1. A couple. 2. A hard substance. 3. Solely. 4. A musical instrument. 5. True. 6. Besides. 7. To fly aloft. 8. A host of soldiers. 9. A legend. 10. To melt. 11. Filled with dread. 12. Rim.

FRANKLIN SPIER (age 10).

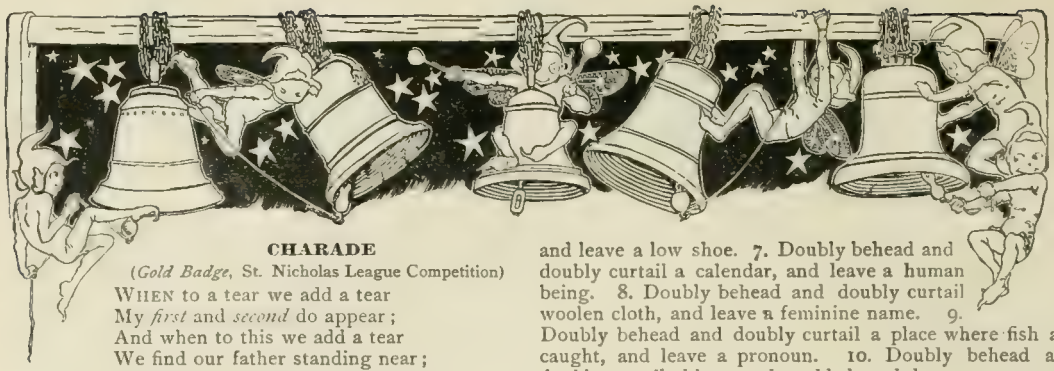
NOVEL ACROSTIC

7 12 .
13 2 .
5 9
11 10
. 6
1 . 8
4 3

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Precious stones. 2. A name in the East Indies for ardent spirits. 3. A misty object in the heavens. 4. Extreme. 5. Soda ash. 6. Was carried. 7. Joining.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 13 spell the name of a famous American who was born in the month named by the initials; the finals name a winter sport.

ALIDA CHANLER (League Member).



CHARADE

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

WHEN to a tear we add a tear
My *first* and *second* do appear;
And when to this we add a tear
We find our father standing near;
To all my *whole* means very clear.

EDWARD HORR.

GREEK NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of seventy-three letters and form a quotation from Wordsworth.

My 15-39-72-5 is a military stronghold. My 52-34-41-22-1 is a conflict. My 59-18-57-48 is to taunt. My 69-28-7-16-35-63 is a number. My 8-67-37-46 is a nocturnal insect. My 6-70-26-60-24 is a Spartan serf. My 10-43-38-4-32-13 is the greatest city of Greece. My 31-20-64-50-65-47-33-40-73 was its highest judicial court. My 55-2-25-56-58-29 were the ruling class in Sparta. My 35-57-30-53-17-68 is what Miltiades was at Marathon. My 16-19-27-11-34-62-71-44 was the hero of Thermopylæ. My 66-51-20-45-34-21-40-49-54 was a quality he displayed on that occasion. My 25-67-4-60-14-57-23 was the district in which Thebes was located, My 49-36-3-61-29-21-42-12-11-9-44 was a great Athenian orator.

M. S. S.

LETTER PUZZLE

ARRANGE the following sixteen letters so as to make four words which shall form a word-square.

E D D D D D O O O O O O R R S S

WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. To slight. 2. Part of a tea-kettle. 3. Employed. 4. Couches.

II. 1. A form of medicine. 2. Thought. 3. Thin. 4. A narrow roadway.

ALAN B. MILLER (age 8).

ADDITIONS

1. Add N to a many-seeded fruit, rearrange, and make foundation. 2. Add B and U to kind, rearrange, and make vigorous. 3. Add E and U to a weathercock, rearrange, and make a fine street. 4. Add R and U to tidy, rearrange, and make the universe. 5. Add H and R to observe, rearrange, and make a royal seat.

The initials of the new words will spell the surname of a famous general.

EDITH K. WHITE (League Member).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1. DOUBLY behead and doubly curtail an oppressive influence, and leave a young bear. 2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail sticks to, and leave a pronoun. 3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail optical illusions, and leave a tattered fragment. 4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a quick glance, and leave a little demon. 5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a malady, and leave a large body of water. 6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail repletion, and leave a low shoe. 7. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a calendar, and leave a human being. 8. Doubly behead and doubly curtail woolen cloth, and leave a feminine name. 9. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a place where fish are caught, and leave a pronoun. 10. Doubly behead and doubly curtail things to be added, and leave a cave. 11. Doubly behead and doubly curtail stiff, and leave part of a circle. 12. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a pungent pepper, and leave a Japanese coin.

When the above words have been rightly beheaded and curtailed, the initials of the remaining words will spell a winter holiday.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, JR.

HISTORIC DATES

1 . . 3
. . . .
. . . .
4 . . 2

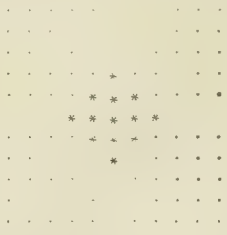
WHEN the following dates have been rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonals from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, each give a date famous in American history.

1. The year of Lincoln's inauguration. 2. The year of the first Continental Congress. 3. The year previous to the Philadelphia Centennial. 4. The year of the beginning of the Mexican War.

KATHARINE KIRK (League Member).

SQUARES CONNECTED BY A DIAMOND

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A bill of exchange. 2. To allude. 3. In a blaze. 4. Certain graceful plants. 5. A lock of hair.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A raft. 2. A cup-like spoon. 3. A kind of theater in ancient Greece. 4. Singly. 5. A. dogma.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In ridicule. 2. Placed. 3. To put off. 4. A beverage. 5. In ridicule.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A wood or grove. 2. A Turkish corporation. 3. A kind of rampart. 4. A quick, sharp blow. 5. Large receptacles for water.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Ire. 2. Courage. 3. A very small measure of weight. 4. To dispossess. 5. Tears.

HESTER GUNNING.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



"SECRETS."

DRAWN FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY GEORGE T. TOBIN.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXV FEBRUARY, 1908 NO. 4

DOROTHY IN SWITZERLAND

BY DESHLER WELCH

WHEN Dorothy left America to live with her parents in Switzerland, she believed that the new home was to be among tremendous mountains covered with snow and ice.

To be sure, the Alpine chain fills nearly every part of Switzerland, yet there are many valleys where there are little farms and pretty houses full of peace and sunshine; where the golden meadows are strewn with red poppies, and in the springtime the apple-trees are white with blossoms and the air is perfumed by the scent of roses. There are almost as many of these beautiful valleys as there are mountains, and they are dotted with chalets which the homes of the peasants are called. They are altogether different looking from the country houses in America. They have very large roofs that extend over the sides like portico coverings, and so are very carefully protected from the rain and snow. In places, where they are close up to the mountain side, many of the roofs are held down by big rocks, or logs, so they will not be easily carried away by avalanches.

When Dorothy arrived in Switzerland, she was very much interested in these little Swiss houses because they were just like the toy one that had a music-box in it on the mantelpiece in her own American home. Somehow or other she had always thought of it only as a toy, and not as the model of a real building where people lived. She had also seen on boxes of chocolate bright colored pictures of Swiss boys and girls in picturesque costumes, and spotted cows with very large bells on their necks; so, when she first gazed upon a little Swiss boy with a red feather in his cap, leading a procession of cows whose horns were garlanded with ribbons and gentian, it seemed perfectly familiar to her, although she was quite surprised to see them moving around like real things in a moving picture show!

The house that Dorothy went to live in was a very beautiful chalet in the midst of a lovely garden, and everything she saw around her, as she looked down from the window which opened on a spacious gallery, was green and bright as in the summer-time. But when she raised her eyes and looked a little further off she beheld a great mountain that seemed to extend into the heavens, covered with a mantle of snow glistening in a gold and pink light, reflected by the morning sun. What she gazed upon was one of the marvelous visions of the world—the majestic Jungfrau, perhaps the most beautiful mountain in Europe. It ever afterward reminded Dorothy of a queen in an ermine robe, accompanied by her attendants, the "Mönch," and the "Eiger," one on either side, and it was not very long before this remarkable panorama became as familiar to Dorothy as the street she used to look upon in America.

It was some time before this that her parents, while on a visit to Interlaken, saw a patch of land at the very foot of the Jungfrau, and said: "There let us build our home!" But it was not until nine years afterward that they moved into it. Across the front, cut deep in the wood of the house, after the manner of the people, are these words: "Built in the year 1899 as a heritage for Dorothy, whom may God bless and cherish."

It is of the building of this house, of the pur-

Copyright, 1908, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

chase of the land, and of the quaint customs of the people that I wish to tell. For more than a century the peasants from all the surrounding mountains knew the old name and owner of this



DOROTHY'S HOME IN SWITZERLAND.

bit of meadow. Now, to plant and construct a house among people who are not your people is not very easy to accomplish. In the first place, there was much to be considered: where the eaves were to drop, the points of the compass, and where the winds of March would strike, and where the June breeze would blow. Then there was the closet room to be arranged for, so that the linen could be kept nicely, as all the Swiss housewives kept theirs; and space for the big-posted bed with Swiss carvings, and a comfortable corner for the old family chairs. And so that they could have a grand view from the windows, the house was built with its back to the people, the hotels, and the kursaal of the village, and the face of it looked upon the towering vastness of the Jungfrau.

But then it was not so easy after all to buy the land upon which to build the home. You cannot walk into the old cabbage garden of a Swiss peasant and say you will have so and so! There are manners and prejudices to be observed, for "geld," or gold, is not everything to them. In the first place, the invariable answer is, "Let us see about it next week!" so loth are these good people to part with their belongings no matter how tempting the offer. When the location was finally decided the Americans found that for the little half acre, needed to build their home, four different people must be argued and bargained with. When bits of land descend to the children of the peasantry, instead of being divided into certain parcels the children all own it together, and, if there are twelve of them, in order to purchase so much as a foot, you must encounter the stubbornness of each of the whole family. Even then the Americans were not given any deed or a scrap of paper to show that the land was bought. It was simply written down, and the village notary with his big spectacles, old snuff-box, and green umbrella, rubbed his nose and smacked his lips over a glass of wine, and said it was done. It took the whole summer to secure a title to the land, and then, when the four owners agreed, the eldest brother led the way, and all were dressed in their best holiday garb. Then came another week of measuring. The village surveyor puttered around the little patch for seven days hunting angles. He squinted through a little brass barrel, his "winkel spiegel," at a red flag,



DOROTHY AND HER PETS.

and between changing the flag every minute and going to the other corner to squint—for he had no boy to move the flag along—it all seemed very confusing. But the solemnest time of all was

when the four corners were decided on, and the three brothers broke a stone at each stake and placed the half on either side, down deep where they could be found, and fitted together if necessary, to show there had been no tampering with the markings.

It was all extremely interesting to the young American family, nevertheless, and the building of their home was a source of delight, for the work was all so quaint and so curious!

Dorothy watched every stick that helped put it together. She loved the smell of the pine logs and of the door and window casements that had been joined at a mill twenty miles away, whose wheels were turned by the pea-green glacier water that came down from the mountains. The woodwork had been sent over by the toy-like Swiss railway all "checked," just as they do with cows and calves, and even old Fritz himself who came with them. But the checks were little colored paper labels and to this day some of these can be found on different pieces of wood. Now, you must not think it is the same kind of pine wood you buy from an American lumberman! It has a peculiar quality and a wonderful charm: it is running full of juices that preserve it and are healthful to breathe, when you are under its covering, and as years go on the wood changes color —maroon, chestnut, mahogany, and finally it becomes almost black.

Dorothy was interested in every swing of the ax and swish of saw as the house grew and grew. It was curious to watch the struggling preciseness of the peasant carpenter in his blue blouse, who was doing everything in the exact way his ancestors did it. At length all was done, and not many days elapsed before the heaps of rubbish were taken away from around it, and beds of sweet peas were growing along the verandas, and the apple blossoms were in bloom near the gate.



THE JUNGFRAU, AS SEEN FROM INTERLAKEN

It was indeed wonderful to look out of Dorothy's window. It was very large and square, nearly twice as large as an ordinary window, and had been set in a gilt picture-frame with one sheet of glass. When she looked at it the scene presented to her eyes was like unto a magnificent painting. In the autumn she saw the peasants begin to come down from the mountains with their cattle. They had been away upon the high flat pasturing-lands below the snow-line, lazily watching their cows through the long summer days. They were very queerly dressed in funny swallow-tailed coats of gray with the buttons set half-way up the back. They were dumpy and

homely, but their eyes were beautiful—almost ox-like. These peasants are brought up among their cows; they have practically lived with them from their babyhood, playing with the calves, and their eyes have all the largeness, and softness, and coloring of the cows' eyes. Dorothy watched the harvesting of the hay four times a year. They had no wheat, nor corn, nor timothy. The grass is green and keeps so until it is cut. Yet as you look at the great sweeps of it in the valley and on the mountain sides you will see that it is full of clover, and white daisies, and blue forget-me-nots, and the cows love to eat them. No wonder their milk is so sweet!

When it comes time to cut the grass the fields are dotted with the red petticoats of the women, and you see these little dots running far up the hills. These are the days when Dorothy's picture-window is almost like a great kaleidoscope in the changing colors of the harvesting—and away above the fields the glistening snow is covered with a light like a crown of gold.

For a long time Dorothy had no playmates. She had tried to form a friendship with a little Swiss girl, but they had been brought up so differently that they could not find much to talk about, and when they found it neither could speak the language of the other! Finally she learned a great deal of French and the Swiss-German



COASTING, UP ON THE MOUNTAIN, IN THE AFTERNOON OF THE SAME DAY.

dialect, and then she found it easier to understand the simple folk around her. One day a peasant came to the chalet with a very scrawny dog under his arm which he wanted to sell, and Dorothy's papa, who was rather a humorous gentleman, said that the pup was smart and intelligent, and that possibly in time his poor little body and thin hair might grow to be really handsome, and so he bought it, much to Dorothy's delight.

One day Dorothy's papa, whom she called "Daddy," and her mother, whom she called "Mumsey," started to walk up a great hill called "the Schynige Platte," which Dorothy could see from her picture-window. When she asked permission to go Daddy said that she was too young, and she, in turn, was equally surprised to learn that her grandmama was not to make the journey because *she* was too old!

"Think of that, Grandmama!" exclaimed Dorothy. "I 'm too young, and you 're too old! I suppose one must be exactly ripe!"

But the most remarkable experience Dorothy had, the latter part of her first summer in Switzerland, was to romp among the red poppies in the soft, warm morning, and then to put on her winter clothing, even to her mittens, and go up on a high mountain in the afternoon, where she coasted with her sled on the deep snow. She also shouted with delight when "Daddy" and "Mumsey" slid



READY FOR A ROMP AMONG THE POPPIES ON A SUMMER MORNING.



DOROTHY IN SWISS COSTUME.

down a long declivity and buried themselves in a huge drift. It all seemed such a strange thing to do on a *summer* day!

When the autumn came there was a cow-fair held in Interlaken, and all the farmers' wives in the Canton of Berne seemed to be there. Switzerland is divided into districts called "Cantons," and each canton has a costume of its own. Dorothy went to the fair in a costume like that of the little girls of the Bernese Oberland, as you will see her in the picture. She wore a beautiful "Spitzenhaube," or lace bonnet with shimmering wings like a butterfly, a black velvet waist with silver ornaments, and a red silk skirt. The apron and big starched sleeves were as white as the snow on the mountain tops.

HOW A BALLOON IS SENT UP

SHOWN BY A SET OF PHOTOGRAPHS "TAKEN ON THE SPOT."



UNROLLING THE BAG OF THE GREAT BALLOON.



STRETCHING THE FABRIC OUTWARD FROM THE VALVE-HOLE IN THE CENTER.



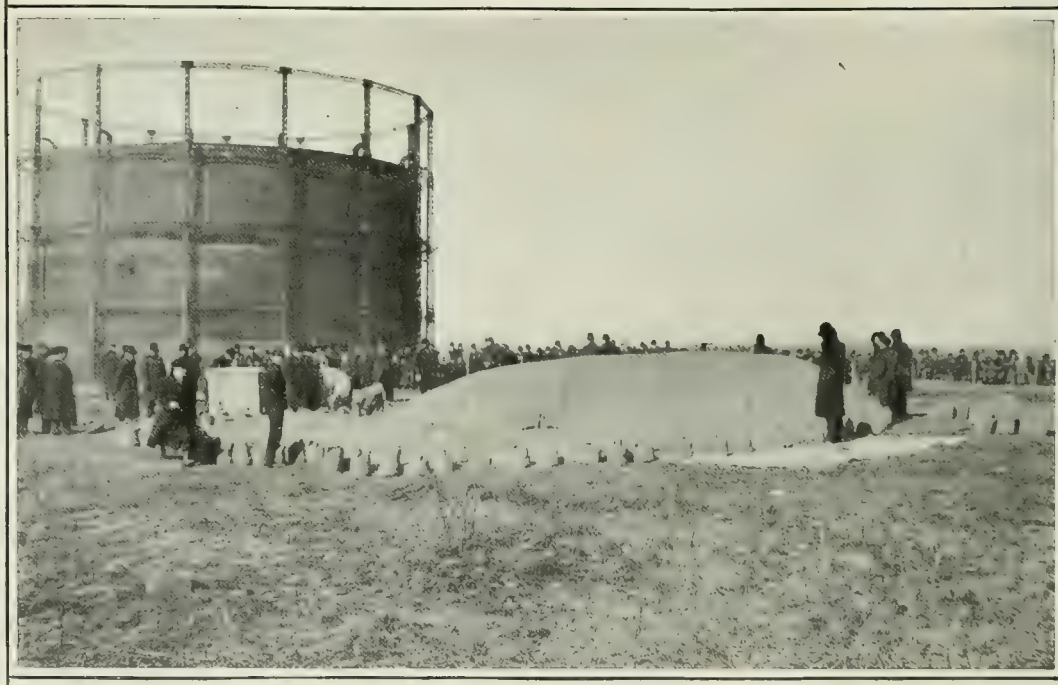
WAITING FOR THE BALLOON TO CLEAR THE HOUSE. THE AERONAUT CARRIES HIS BAG OF SAND IN HIS HAND, AND HAS HIS FEET PROTECTED BY LEATHER BOOTS.



SEEING THE BALLOON IS STABLE ON THE EARTH.



STRETCHING THE NETTING OVER THE BIG BAG. THE GAS TO FILL THE BALLOON IS TO BE FED FROM THE GAS-RESERVOIR NEAR BY.



AS THE BALLOON BEGINS TO FILL, SAND-BAGS ARE PLACED ALL AROUND AT THE EDGE OF THE CORDAGE



THE GAS IS FILLING THE BALLOON SLOWLY. THE VALVE IS SHOWN NEAR THE TOP.



AS THE BAG FILLS, MEN WALK AROUND THE BALLOON, HELPING TO KEEP IT
[illegible]



UNLESS THE CORDAGE IS KEPT TAUT BY THE SAND-BAGS ALL THE TIME THE BALLOON IS FILLING, THE SLACK ROPES WILL ALLOW IT TO BE BLOWN ABOUT BY THE WIND.



THE BALLOON AS HERE SHOWN, IS ABOUT HALF FILLED.



IT DOES NOT LOOK LIKE A BALLOON—WILL BE FILLED IN HALF AN HOUR.



THE MEN PULL IN THE CABLE AS THE BALLOON, BREAKING TO ATTACH THE BASKET.



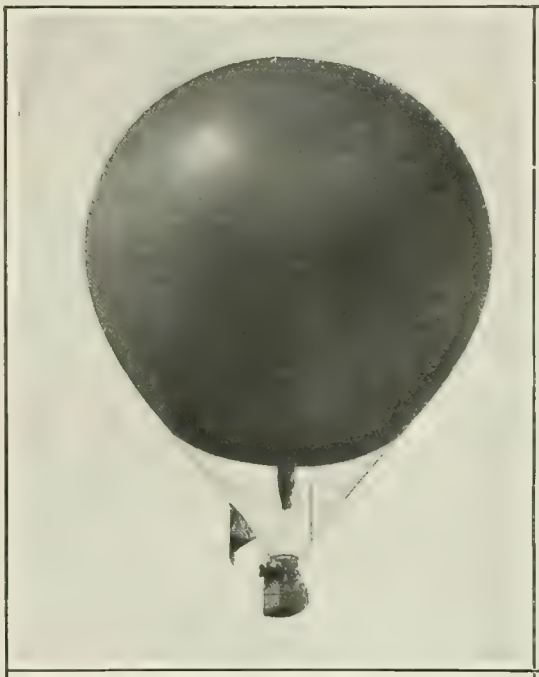
STILL PULLING IN THE CORDAGE TO NARROW IT DOWN TO THE BASKET. THIS PICTURE GIVES A GOOD VIEW OF THE FILLING-PIPE OF THE BALLOON THROUGH WHICH THE GAS IS POURING INTO IT.



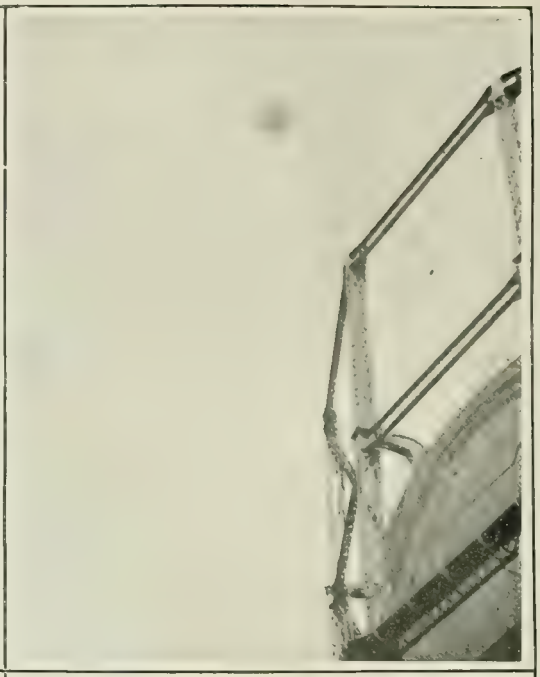
WHEN THE BALLOON IS FULL OF GAS, THE SAND-BAGS ARE SHIFTED TO THE LEADERS AND PULLED IN TO THE BASKET SHOWN IN THE CENTER.



ALL ABOARD, AND OFF!



STILL GOING UP—UP—UP!



A FEW MINUTES LATER.

COMING DOWN.



ALMOST DOWN!



"HERE SHE COMES!"

FORD'S TRIP ON A RUNAWAY BALLOON

BY C. H. CLAUDY

The military authorities at Fort Henry were to send up a balloon. Balloons have often played an important part in warfare, and all armies do some work with them in order to be prepared should occasion arise. As inflating and flying a big balloon is both an interesting and an unaccustomed sight to most people, it was not strange that the entire population, seemingly, of the neighboring town of Gilsburg, should turn out to see it.

Among the most interested was Ford Chester, the bright seventeen-year-old son of Major Ford Chester, of Fort Henry. As the son of an officer, the sentry at the gate in the little wire fence which inclosed the balloon field had no thought of stopping Ford, although the general public was strictly excluded, in order that the crowd might not interfere with the operations. The field was the top of a little hill, near the gas-works, and when Ford arrived the ground was half-covered with the canvas casing, the big yellow bag lying flat and inert upon it, with men dragging the cordage netting across it. Ford asked and received permission to examine the valve. "But take off your shoes first," the officer in charge told him. Off came the shoes, and, in stocking feet, Ford walked on the balloon to the valve, and noted the two little wooden doors, semicircular, held shut with strong rubber cords, and to be opened by a pull on a cord which ran through the balloon to end in the car. The shoes had to be taken off lest a nail puncture the balloon.

Seeing his interest, the expert, who had come all the way from New York to send up the balloon, explained to Ford about the valve cord and the ripping cord. "You see," he said, "the valve cord, when pulled, opens the valve and lets gas out of the top of the balloon,—as much or as little as you want. Here," and he pointed to a long strip sewed in the side of the balloon, "is the ripping strip, and to the end of this is attached another cord. When you want to come down in a hurry or when down and you want the gas to escape quickly, you pull the ripping cord, and it tears out this strip and the balloon empties instantly and drops. The strip can be easily replaced and so it does not injure the balloon."

"What would happen if you ripped the balloon in mid-air?" asked Ford.

"I don't know for sure," smiled the expert, "because I have never tried it, but the result would probably be a dead aëronaut! The balloon would collapse and the aëronaut would get a tumble!"

While they were talking the netting had been adjusted, and the signal given to the gas works. A small engine was started and pumped the gas into the bag at the rate of thirty thousand cubic feet an hour, which would inflate the balloon in about seventy-five minutes. As it filled up the netting, men walked about in a circle, shifting the many forty-pound bags of sand from one mesh to another, thus "letting out" the containing netting and allowing the gas-bag within it room to "grow," without giving it enough leeway to enable it to break away in a strong gust of wind.

Ford was everywhere, watching this process, questioning the expert, reading the little anemometer to see how fast the wind was blowing, examining the wickerwork car with its portable instruments, its anchor, the long drag-rope, the life-preservers, intended for use should a descent be made in water, the case of maps, the lunch-basket, the camera, the barograph (a recording barometer which registers on paper the various elevations), the bags of sand ballast, and all the thousand and one little things which make a balloon-car a sort of small department store of scientific junk all packed helter-skelter in very little space. And you can be sure Ford was very outspoken in his desire to go, too, and that only the knowledge that the car would hold but two,—the expert pilot and the officer who was to make the ascent,—prevented Ford from pestering some one for permission to go along.

The anemometer registered twenty miles an hour, and as the balloon passed the half-way stage of filling, it began to sway, at first gently and then more violently, from side to side. Often it would lift half a dozen of the heavy sand-bags from the earth, as the netting grew taut, and hold them swaying in the air until some one came and unhooked them, to rehook them lower in the netting.

In spite of the brisk wind, it was a warm day, and Ford sat down in the shade of the balloon, and so, close to it. The balloon swayed over toward him several times, once so far that the cordage swept his face. This was a little too close to be comfortable, and Ford was about to move, when something happened! It does not often occur, but it does sometimes—a sudden gust of wind so strong as to shift the whole balloon, bags and all—and this occurred just as several

bags were being unhooked for shifting. This particular sudden gust came just at the wrong time, and the balloon, gathering force with its momentum, tore from most of the remaining sand-bags and swept along the ground, right on top of Ford. He did the natural thing, but, unfortunately, the most unwise thing, and put out his hands to protect his face. The next thing he knew, he was struggling in the cordage, hopelessly entangled. It was a moment of wild excitement—Ford was picked up and swept along with the big bag, and had his hands full to keep a turn of the cord from strangling him, and when that was undone, and he looked about him, he realized why he had felt no bumping along the ground as the balloon carried him along. The balloon had gone up in the air and he was with it!

As he looked down, and saw the earth apparently falling away from him, while he remained stationary with the balloon—for so it appears to the aëronaut—he had a moment of intense, paralyzing fear; the fear of the unknown and unexpected. This was succeeded by a scare of an entirely different sort—suppose those slender cords should break and he should drop? Ford looked above him. There, huge and shadowy, and smelling most evilly of escaping gas, was the balloon, while trailing ends of broken netting floated off into the air and flapped idly, and a few half-spilled bags of sand, remaining hooked, canted the whole to one side. There was seemingly but a gentle breeze, but Ford knew it was blowing hard. He and the balloon were going with the wind and at nearly the same speed.

Half a dozen meshes of cord were about his arms, two were under his armpits and one knee was caught. The other was free. It may be overstating it to say that Ford was heroic or unusually brave, but it seems only right to credit him and his soldierly training for the way he kept his head. His first act was to secure the free leg in the netting, nearest the mouth or neck of the balloon, in order to make the balloon hang straighter. The gas would escape but slowly from the open neck, Ford knew, and all too rapidly if the neck were canted. Ford had no wish for an unexpected and too sudden descent. He could no longer hear the shouts which had followed his sudden flight skyward, nor see any single face in the crowd which was rapidly dwarfing in size as the big bag rose higher and higher, and sailed faster and faster with the swifter wind which blows always harder above the earth than on it.

Having hooked the free leg, he freed, with difficulty, one arm, and hooked that in the netting again, nearer the neck. By thus hooking and unhooking himself he managed to crawl along the netting and so balance the weight of the remaining sand-bags; when he finally settled himself the neck pointed straight down. The gas smelled badly but there was too much fresh air for it to do any harm, and Ford was thankful enough to secure a breathing spell and prevent the balloon from dropping too quickly.

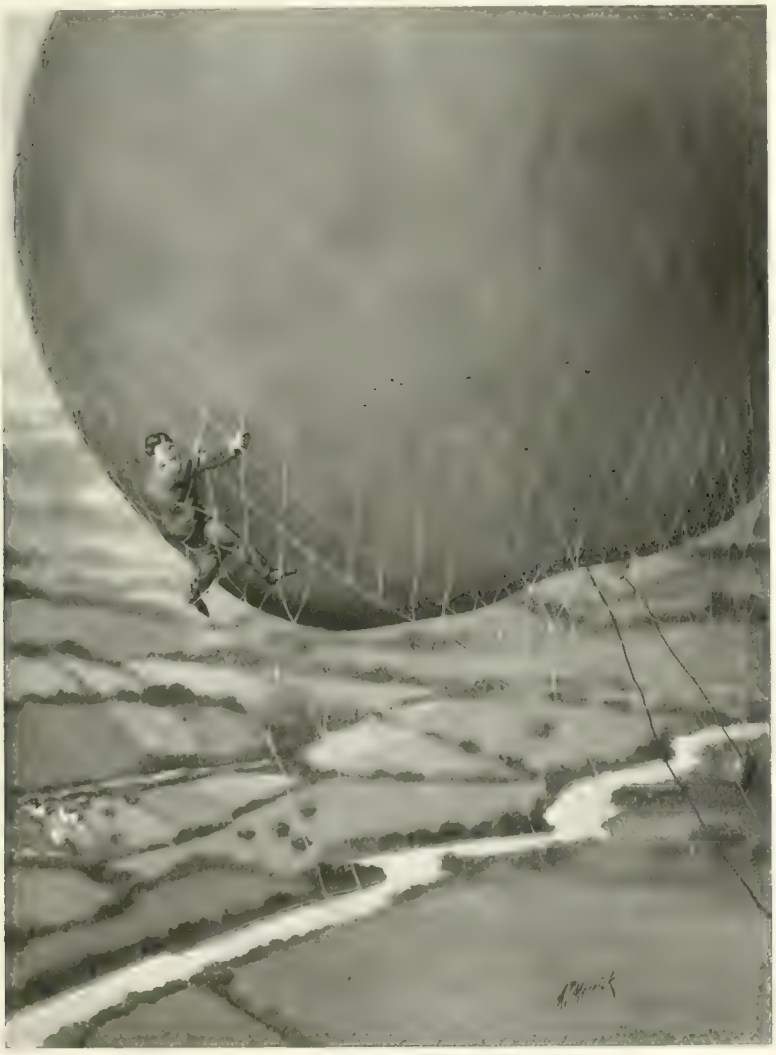
He looked down. Even people who have a fear of looking from a height seldom have it in a balloon. The top of a tower is a part of the earth; is connected to it and shows the height the spectator has attained. The balloon is independent—part of the earth but not of it—and, except by the comparative size of the familiar objects in the panorama spread out beneath, it gives no indication of its height. Ford was not dizzy. He could see the speck which was the fort, the slightly larger patch which was the town, and a tiny silver ribbon which was his own broad Ohio River, now dwarfed to a brook. He heard a sound, a shrill, tiny sound, as clear and distinct as though made in the balloon except for its smallness—a locomotive whistle. He remembered reading in his physics that sound travels to a great height unobstructed by buildings or other obstacles; he felt vaguely comforted by that little sound.

Gradually, however, the novelty faded, the fear of immediate danger died away, and for a time, in a half-scared, nervous way, Ford enjoyed himself! He was having a unique experience, he did n't believe the cordage would give way, and he was sure, from the way he had hooked himself in the netting, that he could hold on indefinitely. And none of the other fellows would ever have a tale like this to tell!

"That is," he reflected, soberly, "supposing I ever get back to earth to tell it!"

One of the things you can't be sure of in a balloon which is high in the air is whether you are going up or coming down, unless the motion be marked or long continued. Aëronauts have a little instrument, by which up or down motion is indicated, and which works by the variations in air pressure between a little chamber in the instrument and the outside air. But this and the other instruments were all in the car which had been left behind on the earth. Ford had no air-chambers except his ears, and when these commenced to sing, he knew he was very high and going higher. All of Ford's slight stock of balloon knowledge was from a tale of Poe's, some of Jules Verne's stories, and what he had picked up from the men as they worked about the big bag. Besides this, he had studied physics and knew a little of the conditions in which he found himself.

And so when he looked to the right and left and saw the earth a great *concave* bowl beneath him—the horizon seemingly on a level with his eyes, and the earth below so far, so very far away, he knew he must be very high indeed; for that is an optical illusion which does not come at ordinary altitudes. The landscape was now mist-blurred and indistinct, a blue-gray color, and there were no more sounds. Ford suddenly realized that he was chilled through and through with cold.



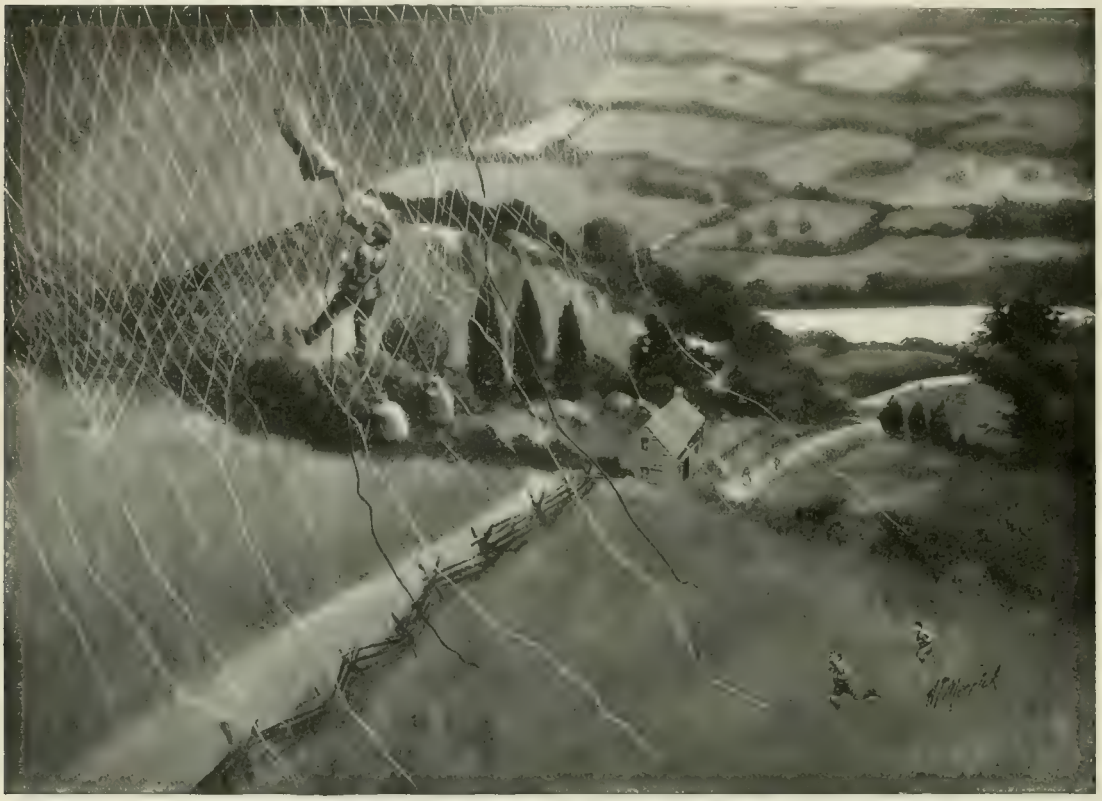
"AS HE LOOKED DOWN, HE SAW THE EARTH APPARENTLY FALLING AWAY FROM HIM

The balloon hung still and silent above him—the cordage no longer flapped—everything was still as death. The balloon had passed from the current of air to a level where the air was still. It was so high because the lifting power which was to have carried two men, a car, some ballast, and many things in the car, now exerted itself only on one boy and the netting. So it went up and up and up until the air was rare enough to balance the weight—and there it hung.

Ford experienced a bad cramp in one leg and shifted his position to ease it. So absorbed had he been he had not moved for many minutes. The balloon wabbled violently as he changed his position, and sank suddenly, which Ford realized by the familiar sinking in his stomach which comes in a dropping elevator. It was but for a moment—as a cork in water, pushed beneath the surface, bobs back again. The balloon's equilibrium was disturbed by his movement, but soon established itself again. He had caught sight of the other side of the neck of the balloon, however, and what he had seen had given him an idea. The idea was to find and pull the valve cord and so let himself down to earth. He soon saw—not one, but two cords—one hanging from the neck of the balloon, the other coming through a rubber-closed hole in the envelop itself. One was red, and the other was brown. Ford knew what they were—the ripping cord and the valve cord. One controlled the valve at the top of the balloon, which would let him down easily if he worked it right,—the other controlled the piece in the balloon which was the ripping piece, and to pull which meant certain destruction. Ford knew all this—what he did n't know was—which was which! He could not afford to pull the *wrong one*.

"Why, oh, *why*," he thought to himself, "did n't I ask that man which was the ripping and which the valve cord?" "Suppose,"—and he spoke this aloud,—"I pull the *wrong one?*" His voice sounded thin, and small, and weak—and yet the sound seemed to fill all space, and he seemed to hear it long after it was gone. It was the only sound in the space in which he hung.

Ford thought it over carefully. If the gas escaped slowly, as it was doing in that quiet air, he might hang there for days, until he perished from cold or starvation, or fell to the earth from sheer weakness. If he pulled the valve cord, he might be home in time for supper. The thought made him smile—supper and the earth seemed so far away—so much a part of some past life, so little in common with balloons, and great heights, and difficult problems such as he had to solve. If he pulled the ripping cord—!



"FORD PULLED THE VALVE CORD AGAIN, AND YET AGAIN."

The question was, which? Ford thought over everything that had been said to him, everything he had seen. But he could not remember any particulars regarding the cords. His only indication was color. "It seems as if the red cord should be the danger cord," he thought, "and the danger cord would be the ripping cord." And with this slender foundation, he did the courageous thing: he shifted his weight until he could grasp the brown cord. I can't tell you, and I doubt if Ford could, what thoughts surged through his mind as he pulled in the slack of it—certain destruction looking him hard in the face from one side—the possibility of safety on the other. Then he pulled the brown cord very gently. It resisted him. "If it was the *ripping* cord," mused Ford, "the resistance would be gradual, for the bag would give a little. If it is the *valve* cord, I must pull against a stiff resistance until I am pulling harder than the rubber valve springs,—then the valves will open quickly."

Ford took a long breath, looked steadily at the balloon, and pulled the brown cord once, hard, immediately letting it go again. A distinct snap from above told him of two little doors that had opened and snapped shut again.

Then the cord was pulled again, slowly and a little at a time. For some time Ford could see no result, but at last he noticed that the bag above him flapped in the wind and seemed less full. At the same time he noticed the mist over the earth was gone and that he could distinguish objects again. Hurriedly he let go the cord, thus closing the valve. Then a long, long period of waiting with things on earth growing gradually clearer and plainer, which told him he was getting

nearer. At the same time he drifted down into the wind and made progress again, which he could tell by seeing the earth beneath drift gently past, changing the picture slowly and quietly. At last he could note tiny figures beneath him, and once again he heard the sound of a locomotive. Nearer and nearer he drew toward the earth, until he was but a couple of hundred feet above it. Then a gust of wind tossed him high in the air again, only to throw him down, this time to within fifty feet of the earth. As it rebounded Ford pulled the valve cord again, and yet again. The balloon drove restlessly over some trees—below him a long line of running men and boys formed an earthly tail to this kite. Down came the big bag once more, completely down this time, and Ford hit the earth with a crash. Just as the bag was bounding up for another flight, Ford felt strong arms grasp him, felt others grip the cordage. He had just strength enough to point out the ripping cord and say "Pull that red rope" when he fainted.

When he recovered, which he did speedily, much mortified to find that a small bump on his head had "knocked him out," he had much to explain to a circle of wide-eyed farmers. They had pulled the ripping cord and all that was left of the balloon with its wicked bounding and lifting power was silk and net—the gas had gone. Ford and the balloon were shipped sixty-two miles home by rail, a telegram having apprised the home folks of his safety, and Ford himself arrived late in the evening, pale and shaky, but greeted as a hero.

"The next time I go," he said, "I shall go of my own free will; and the ripping cord and the valve cord shall be labeled in big, plain letters!"



THE GENTLE INTERFERENCE OF BAB

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan," "Fritzi," etc.

Chapter IV

A CONFIDENCE

It was a gay, care-free Bab that waved good-by from the top of the hill to the Trotts, who sat perched upon the stone wall of the sky parlor.

In her pleasant hour with the girls, the coming of Seth and Bart, the careful packing of the baskets into the wabbly old barouche, the one vehicle of the Trotts, the petting of the Rabbit, a queer little cream-colored beastie, with the meekest disposition, but with such long ears and such a whisp of a tail, it was difficult to decide if he looked the more like a horse, or like a donkey, Bab had quite forgotten her homesickness—the squabble between Christie and Maze seemed forgotten.

So, as she sped down the hill toward Brook Acres, turning again and again to call "Good-by, good-by," in answer to the happy chorus of "Come again, Bab; come soon again," that reached her fainter and fainter from the sky parlor, her merry feet danced to the rhythm of her heart, and it was only when she had crossed the brook and before her stretched the high green wall of clipped box that Bab's spirits suddenly lagged, and the burden of her sins once more rolled back upon her.

It was strange how different the affair looked on this side of the gate. Her heart was heavy now with the sense that she had been rude in the face of Aunt Millicent's kindly hospitality. She very well knew that daddy-doctor and the little mother would be ashamed of her when they heard what she had done.

Bab lingered, clattering the latch and digging her toe thoughtfully into the garden walk. The question was, supposing a gentlewoman had been rude, what would she do to right matters? And so intent was she upon the solution of this problem that she did not see Jean, who sat in the summer-house only a few feet away, until she called to her coldly:

"Mother wants to speak to you, Bab, in the library."

For a moment Bab—with the girlish friendliness of the Trotts still ringing in her ears—resented, in every atom, Jean's voice and manner. No girl had ever spoken to her in just that haughty, frosty way before; but, as the quick reply sprang to her lips, Bab saw Jean was sitting all huddled up on the bench, looking as miserable as possible, and that she had been crying.

"What 's the matter, Jean, are you ill?" she asked, running across the grass to her cousin. But Jean shook her head and said again: "Mother wants you."

"I 'm sure you are ill—or—or, something," protested Bab. "And—and you have been crying. I hope it was n't about me. I 'm awfully sorry—"

"About you?" exclaimed Jean, starting up. "About you? Why should I be crying about you?"

Bab, too surprised and distressed to speak, turned away and walked across the grass.

No one heard Bab as she entered the side door and now walked sedately enough up the hall to the library. She had made up her mind during that swift run she would tell Aunt Millicent how badly she had behaved, and how sorry she was, and then she should ask to be sent home at once, yes, the very next day. Reaching the library door she knocked softly, and, in answer to Aunt Millicent's "Come in," opened the door and entered.

Mrs. Linsey was seated in a big wicker chair by the window, and standing in front of her was a wonderful old lady whom Bab had never seen before.

The old lady was very large, and she wore a short dark skirt, high leather boots, and a black reefer-like coat, and her white hair, worn short, turned in a soft roll upon her collar. Her hat was a soft felt, turned up on one side and caught with a gold buckle, and she carried a stout little riding-whip. Her face was shrewd, but kind and jolly, and her black eyes twinkled as they turned upon Bab, who now stood meekly at the door; though one felt those eyes might flash with anger if there arose a just occasion.

"Well, well," said the old lady in a deep voice, but so full of rich music you loved to hear it.

"Here 's our little runaway! Come and tell us all about it."

"Why, Bab! Where in the world have you been?" exclaimed Aunt Millicent, a bit earnestly. "We 've been looking for you everywhere. Come, meet Miss Linsey, dear."

"Aunt Kate, Aunt Kate," corrected the old lady, when Bab's slender little hand was swallowed up in her big one. "I must be Aunt Kate to Robert Howard's little girl. I loved your father dearly when he was a boy, my child. Although Jean is my only real niece, I have many make-believes, and I 'd especially like to be Aunty to a little girl who knows enough to run away from lessons on a day like this, and to get out to breathe the fresh air and skip in the sunshine. How did you get out? I hope you climbed down the trellis."

"I—I did," gasped Bab, blushing to the tips of her ears. "Did—did the little old man tell you?"

"No, no," chuckled Miss Linsey. "I 've seen no little old man; but I was an active little girl myself once, with kinks in my toes, and quirks in my heels, as every little girl should have, and I did n't sit in a stuffy room reading French on such a morning as this. I declare, Millicent, that room was like a furnace when I came in, and there was Jean perched in a stiff backed chair—" Evidently Miss Linsey had forgotten Bab, whose hand she still held, until Aunt Millicent's soft exclamation checked her, when she added meekly enough, "To be sure, to be sure. My wits go wool-gathering these days. I told you, Millicent, the loss of that diamond brooch just has got on my nerves. If only Twilla—" again a soft exclamation, and Aunt Kate, checking herself, coughing and chuckling, shook her head until her wide hat bobbed above her jolly old face.

"Well, anyhow," she went on, "I want you to send these two girls over to Durley to-morrow. It will be good for us to get this thing out of our minds for a little while. And such a day as you shall have, my dear; such a day!" and she nodded so merrily that Bab found herself bobbing as merrily back. "Now, before I go, tell me, runaway, where did you go? I hope to the top of the hill—but, tell me, was it?"

"Yes, and—and, Miss Linsey," Bab hesitated, then out it came: "Aunt Kate, I mean—and I went to the sky parlor."

"The sky parlor," ruminated Miss Linsey, as if she were groping back through the years. "No, no, I don't remember the sky parlor."

"It belongs to Christie and Joan—and all the Trotts, you know."

"Trotts!" cried Aunt Millicent.

"To be sure," chuckled Aunt Kate. "Children, normal children, don't wait for introductions and pedigrees. It 's just the Trotts."

"And, oh," went on Bab, "they 're perfectly lovely; and I had such a beautiful time! They asked me to come again soon. But," for once again the memory of her homesickness, her sins, and Jean's coldness, rushed upon her, "but I guess I 'll go home, Aunty Millicent."



"STANDING BEFORE HER WAS A WONDERFUL OLD LADY WHOM BAB HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE"

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Miss Linsey, patting Bab's shoulder encouragingly. "You 're just what we need here. Now, I 'm off. No, no, Millicent, I won't hear to your calling the carriage, and, as for the motor-car, I 'd as soon think of risking my old bones in a balloon. No, no, I 'll walk, as I came. I need it. I 've been worrying myself to death over Ella. But the thing will turn up; it 's got to. Send the girls tomorrow." And with a hearty handshake for Bab, and a kindly pat on her young sister-in-law's shoulder, Miss Linsey departed, leaving Bab alone with Aunt Millicent.

The library seemed lonely and strangely quiet after the door closed upon the sturdy old figure.

Bab's glance wandered out of the window across the lawn to the drive, where she could see Miss Linsey sturdily walking along, switching her short skirts with her riding-whip, looking cheerily about her as if she loved the out-of-doors. At her heels trotted two beautiful collies.

Then suddenly Bab knew Aunt Millicent was looking at her wistfully.

"Sit down here, dear," and Aunt Millicent drew Bab down up to the arm of her chair. "Tell me about when you were a little, wee girl. I suppose you had the gayest times, you five girls together? Your father was my big, big brother, you know, when I was a little girl, and I just worshiped him. My heart was almost broken when he went out West. I was just a bride then, and I 've only seen him three times since. Are you great friends with your father and mother?"

"Why, of course, Aunty," laughed Bab. How pretty and young and girlish Aunt Millicent seemed when you were perched so near to her, and how dainty and beautiful was everything about her. "We just tell daddy-doctor and motherling everything, especially mother. We always say, all we girls, that she 's our best chum, though daddy is a darling. Daddy says some day he just expects to find her smothered with girls' arms. She does have five pairs of them about her at once, sometimes; but he is only funning."

"How lovely," sighed Aunt Millicent.

"Then when we go to bed she always comes to tuck us in and say good night, and in the mornings she always comes to wake us with a kiss and say: 'Up, Lucy, up; Mary was up at six,' she always says that."

"I have put Jean to bed but a very few times," said Aunt Millicent, "and I have never dressed her in my life. Her nurses always did that."

"Oh!" gasped Bab.

"You think you would n't have liked that? You would rather have had your mother? Maybe Jean would have, too."

"I should think she would!" said Bab.



"'I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL DO IT,' SAID BAB, 'BUT I *CAN* HELP, AND I WILL.'"

"Poor Jean knows her father even less than her mother," sighed Aunt Millicent. She sat very still for a bit, and then asked with a little tremble on her voice:

"Bab, if your mother had n't been with you as yours has been—if she had n't understood that if she really wanted the tenderest love of her little

girl she must begin in that first cozy time—do you think you could learn, if she tried very hard to teach you, learn to love her dearly?"

Then Bab turned and took Aunt Millicent's face between her hands, and looked right into the gray eyes with her own blue ones, bright with love and longing to help.

"Aunt Millicent," she said. "Aunt Millicent, you mean Jean and you! And your heart is just aching to get close, close to Jean, as mother's is to us, and you want me to help. Is n't that it? Oh, I 'm sure that 's what you mean!"

Aunt Millicent nodded, and her gray eyes filled with tears.

"Then," said Bab, "I 'm not going home, Aunty. I don't know how I 'll do it, I don't know at all—but I *can* help, and I will."

"Dearest," said Aunt Millicent, holding her close, "I 'm sure you can, and now you must go and get ready for luncheon."

The door had closed behind Bab, and Aunt Millicent had dried her tears, and was smiling to herself as if already a wee bit comforted, when suddenly she exclaimed:

"Dear me, and I never said a word to the child about running away!"

Chapter V

Bab and Jean

Bab straightened out her pink skirts, crossed her feet in their dainty patent leathers, and leaned back luxuriously in the victoria, enjoying to the full the elegance of the occasion.

To be sure she had driven with her father ever since she had been big enough to hold on to the seat, but it is one thing to go bobbing along in a country doctor's simple old buggy, and quite another to roll away in a shining carriage drawn by two proudly stepping horses with harness that glitters and jangles with silver, and with two men in livery upon the box. Then, too, it is so different, if, instead of being wedged in with a sister or two beside a very big father, you are driving along in state with a girl of your own age. Especially if you are dressed in your best bib and tucker.

Even quiet, pale Jean seemed drawn into a little of the sunshine of Bab's joy. To Jean's great relief, Bab seemed to have forgotten all about their spat of the day before, and had been the real, merry Bab Howard for the first time since she came to Brook Acres.

Jean had opened her brown eyes wide when Bab had that morning insisted upon having the door opened between their rooms and had laughingly dismissed Mrs. Linsey's maid who had come to help them dress, but she had opened them wider when Bab ran to lean over the banister to call gaily:

"Aunt Millicent,—Aunty,—Jean and I are n't going to let Celeste tie a bow or button a button. We want you! We just know you can make us look perfectly dandy! Come on, Aunty! Please."

When Mrs. Linsey came flying up the stairs, flushed and laughing, it seemed to Jean she had never seen her mother look so lovely.

"Now, shoo away, chickies, to the Aunties," said Mrs. Linsey when the girls were quite ready. "You look like the little twin roses you are. I wish my white rose had a little bit more color in her cheeks," she added, pinching Jean's cheek lovingly as they went out on the veranda.

"Oh, Jean," exclaimed Bab as the carriage turned into the Serpentine. "You can see the top of the hill from here. See, there is the sky parlor!"

"The sky parlor?" asked Jean, listlessly. "What in the world is a sky parlor?"

"Why, it 's where the Trotts almost live, Christie says," explained Bab, craning her neck for a better view of the hill. "I just wonder if the girls are there now, and if they see us."

"Did you get acquainted with them yesterday?" asked Jean as they drove along.

"Why, yes," replied Bab, and then flushing she laid her hand impulsively upon Jean's. "I—I was n't a bit nice yesterday. I—I—was homesick, and cried, when I should have gotten my lesson, and then—I climbed down the trellis."

Jean started.

"I know now it was n't nice," Bab hesitated. "I asked the little old man from Durley, who was passing, not to tell on me—I was sorry about that, too, afterward—and then I was n't nice to you, when I—I came back. You see, nobody ever spoke to me that way before—we girls just fought things out, but all the time we loved each other hard—but I should n't have gotten mad, and I was awfully sorry afterward. I hope you 'll forgive me, Cousin Jean."

All through this long speech Jean had looked straight at the kind little hand that rested on hers, but when Bab stopped, half frightened by the silence, she looked up with a slow smile and said:

"I 'm so glad you spoke, Bab. It 's so hard for me to say things out of my heart. I 've never known other girls, as you have, but I was so ashamed, afterward, of the way I spoke to you. It is you who must forgive."

"There, then," exclaimed Bab, with a rapturous hug. "That 's all settled; but, oh, Jean, do you know the Trotts? Of all the fascinating creatures and the jolliest and the—oh—*everything!*"

"I never spoke to any of them," said Jean, "but I 've seen them often, as we pass their house going to Durley."

Durley had stood on Durley Hill for over a hundred years, and was a delightful old house, with big chimneys and many windows, and wreathed with ivy from foundation to its highest gable.

The drive wound a long way among the forest trees, before you came to the stone steps that led to the upper terrace and the great front door.

"We 'll get out here, Decker," said Jean. "Aunt Kate is sure to be in the rose garden."

Bab felt as if she were in a dream as she sprang from the carriage and stood at the foot of the flight of stone steps.

"It does n't seem a bit real, Jean," whispered Bab, as if she were afraid of breaking the spell. "It 's so sort of enchanted, and lovely, and dear. If we climb all those delightful, uncanny steps will we find a sleeping beauty at the top?"

"We 'll more likely find a much awake Aunty digging in the garden," laughed Jean. "They say Aunt Twilla was a great beauty once, but she 's just a dear old lady with a shaking head now."

Chapter VI

DURLEY

"Hurrah!" cried Bab, breathlessly. "Oh, Jean, it 's perfectly jolly up here." Bab had started up the lion steps sedately enough, but the "skippiness" of her spry feet sent her scampering to the tiptoppest step to look back at Jean. "Hurry up, Jean. You can see miles and miles."

"Heyday, heyday!" came a deep voice from among the bushes that grew on every side, and then slowly rose into sight Aunt Kate from where she had been digging among her roses. "So here 's my new niece, as sturdy and fresh as a new rose shoot. I 'm too grubby to shake hands with you, my dear; but I 'm very glad to see you." Before Bab could reply Miss Linsey had caught sight of Jean still painfully mounting, and a frown darkened her jolly face.

"Jim," she called sharply, "go down there and help Miss Jean up the steps. Poor little white-faced child," she muttered, leaning on the balustrade to look down.

"Oh, let me help," cried Bab, flying down the steps again. "I 'm so ashamed I forgot. Here, Jean, take my arm."

From the tail of her eye Bab had already seen Jim, as he bent over his spade. She knew at once he was the little, wizened old man she had asked to keep her secret, and her cheeks flushed deeply as he came down the stairs.

"Shall I carry you up the lion steps, Miss Jean? You did n't use to mind old Jim," he said, touching his hat to both the girls and grinning a bit at Bab's hot cheeks.

"No—no, thank you, Jim," panted Jean. "I 'm just a little out of breath, that 's all."

"Yes, and you 've no business to be out of breath," grumbled Aunt Kate. "How much have you practised this morning, and how many lessons did you get before you came?"

"But, Aunt Kate—Oh, please, Aunty, don't scold me—not to-day!" begged Jean.

"Well, well, dear, I won't," said Aunt Kate, turning to Bab with: "Come, see Sister Twilla."

"Your Aunt Twilla," she went on in her deep voice, "has been as happy as a bird since she knew you were coming. I 'm glad, too, for she 's been very sad lately, poor dear. She had Lida up at six, giving the cats their baths, and tying on their ribbons; she has ordered enough luncheon for half a dozen little girls, and all the delicious, indigestible things we loved when we were children. She was perfectly scandalized when I put on my gardening togs, she 's all dressed up, the dear, sitting in her drawing-room to receive you. My, my, just so it was when we were girls. I, the tomboy, strong and well and out in the open, and Twilla prim, and dainty, and sweet—Twilla always was sweet, in spite of her fussiness. There, there, Carlo, Nero, to heel, to heel!" This last was to the two beautiful dogs Bab had seen with her that first day, and that now came bounding to meet their mistress as she entered the house. At her bidding the collies fell in directly behind her, and trodded sedately side by side down the hall.

Bab's glance just would go flying in spite of her determination to be proper. But it was all so new to her, the beautiful old hall with its great stone fireplace at one end, where even now a wood fire smoldered; the polished floor; the rugs that glowed like jewels; the tall old clock, that tick-tocked, tick-tocked in the stately stillness; the quaint old portraits, the man in armor—and yet the delightful shabbiness about it all, as if it had been lived in and loved, until it was here that the spirit of home had its abode.

"Oh!" sighed Bab within her happy self. "If daddy-doctor, and motherling, and the rest were only here!"

But Bab only had time for a tempting glimpse, as Miss Linsey and Jean were already mounting the stair.

"Mary, Lida," called a quavering voice, "have you seen anything of my key?"

Aunt Kate threw open the door.

"Oh, Katie! Please don't let the dogs in,

don't!" wailed the voice excitedly. "Come in quick, sister, the Duchess is sunning her kittens."

"Back, Carlo! Back, Nero! Come in, girls, and shut the door," laughed Aunt Kate.

"Dear child! Dear Jean! How are you?" a lovely little old lady in a pearl-gray gown, with a bit of a lace cap on her pretty white hair, who was sitting by the sunny window, opened wide her arms to Jean.

"This is Cousin Bab, Aunt Twilla," said Jean.

"Dear child, how like your father you are, to be sure. Robert Howard was a great favorite of Sister Kate's and mine," cooed Miss Twilla, giving Bab a mite of a hand that sparkled with jewels. "I do hope you 'll like old ladies, and cats, and dogs, and horses, and roses, for that is all that 's left of Durley. Kate, dear, I 've lost my key."

Miss Twilla was frantically hunting through her pockets, shaking her skirts and the numerous little silk shawls that hung about her.

"Is n't this the key?" asked Bab, seeing a glitter under the corner of the rug at Miss Twilla's feet.

"Oh, child, to be sure, to be sure," cried Miss Twilla, clutching it joyfully. "I remember I did tuck it under that rug. Yes, do sit down, dear, and play with Duchess and her kittens. Are n't they beauties?"

"Oh, I never saw anything like them in my life," cried Bab, dropping down on the rug where the beautiful Persian cat cuddled her babies.

"Well, that 's the way to sister's heart," laughed Aunt Kate. "I 'll be back in a few minutes, and then you little girls can go with me to see my pets."

But when Aunt Kate returned, Jean thought she 'd rather stay and read to Aunt Twilla, so it was only Bab who hopped along by vigorous old Miss Linsey's side out into the sunshine.

At the first blast of the little silver whistle Miss Linsey always wore at her belt, not only Carlo and Nero came, but old Jim, hat in hand, and with that jolly twinkling smile that Bab was learning to love.

"Jim, I want you to show Miss Bab the puppies and the horses, and I think we 'll take her into our secret." Jim bobbed and grinned. "You see," added Miss Kate to Bab, as they went down the upper drive, "Jim and I grew up together. I was just eight, and the wildest little tomboy that ever sat on a pony, when one day father found Jim, a lonely little English boy over at the immigrant station in Castle Garden."

To Bab the next hour was one of delight. She frolicked with the dogs and puppies to her heart's content, while Miss Kate talked over matters with Jim. She was introduced to Prince Hal, and Black Douglas, and all the other beautiful horses that made the Durley stables famous.

"And now," said Aunt Kate at last, "do you know how to ride, Bab dear?"

"Oh, I 've ridden old Dolly, and Effie Moore's ponies, sometimes," explained Bab; "but I don't suppose I know how as you do."

"The truth is, Bab, I want your help, and I 've been planning on you ever since I knew you were coming. I felt sure Robert Howard's daughter would be a sensible, happy child, with her head and her heart in the right place, and I don't mind telling you you 're just the sort of a girl I hoped and prayed you might be."

"Oh, I just love to help," bubbled Bab, her face turned eagerly up to Aunt Kate's; "and I should love especially to help you."

"Bless your heart, then you shall! You see I am not at all satisfied about Jean's health; she 's too pale and too languid by half for a growing girl. Of course, she has always had a pony, but she 's never cared to ride, having no one to go with her but a groom, but now with you I am sure she will find it jolly, and it would be the best thing in the world for her."

"Oh," gasped Bab breathlessly.

"So Jim and I have been training two fillies until a baby could handle them. Jim will teach you to ride, and Sister Twilla will see about your habit, and I want you to coax Jean to go with you for a long ride every morning, rain or shine. Do you think you can do it?"

"I 'll try, Aunt Kate, my very best," promised Bab, her eyes shining.

"Very well. Now, Jim, saddle Star and Comet, and we will try our surprise."

A few minutes later a joyous call of "Jean, Jean," and a blast from Miss Kate's silver whistle brought Jean flying to the window. And there, on the drive below was Bab perched upon a little bay horse, and just behind, was Jim leading another exactly like it.

"Oh, Jean," cried Bab, "just think, Aunt Kate is going to lend us these two little sister horses to ride. Are n't they the prettiest things? Did you ever see such slender little legs and dainty feet? Are n't their necks arched and glossy? Oh, Jean, yours is Star—see that little white star on her forehead? And mine is Comet, because the star ends in a little white streak that runs clear to the end of her darling pink velvet nose. I 'm so happy, seems as if I just must fly! Jim says they can go like the wind. Come quick—we have n't any habits, but we can try them down the drive. As soon as Jim gets through his work, he is going to teach me really how to ride, really proper. Do come, Jean, quick! I am just *crazy* to go!"

"Do you really want *me*, Bab?" asked Jean, her face suddenly growing eager. "Would n't you rather go over and get one of the Trott girls?"

"Nonsense, what do I want with a Trott?" cried Bab. "I want my ownest cousin! Come quick, or I 'll come up and get you."

"Oh, I 'm coming, I 'm coming!" and Jean's face had suddenly flashed into a rose of gladness as away she flew down the stairs.

"Jim," said Aunt Kate, as she watched the two girls go cantering merrily down the drive, "I should n't be surprised if every one of us came to bless the day Doctor Robert lent us little Bab Howard."

(To be continued)



THE JESTER'S VALENTINE

BY MARK FENDERSON

The writing of a Valentine
May seem an easy thing;
But you must use discretion
When you do it for a King.

THE LAZY LAD

BY ARTHUR MACY

Young Albert was a lazy lad,
And idled all the day.
He was not really very bad,
But had a slothful way.
He would not work, and even had
A great dislike for play.

On journeys he could never go,
He tried and tried in vain;
But he was always late, and so
At home he would remain,
Because he was so very slow
He always missed the train.

Once he took up a slice of bread
And looked at it in doubt,
And when they asked him why, he said,
As he began to pout,
"The butter is so hard to spread,
I 'd rather go without."

And when the Christmas sleigh bells rang,
And Santa Claus cried, "Whoa!"
And when the reindeers swiftly sprang
Across the winter snow,
His stocking he would never hang,
Because it tired him so.

It made him tired to go to bed;
It made him tired to rise;
It made him tired to lift his head,
And tired to shut his eyes.
He would not wink, because, he said,
It seemed like exercise.

And so through life young Albert went,
A lazy, lazy lad.
He never earned a single cent,
And never wished he had.
Oh, he was very indolent,
And yet not really bad.

WHY TIGERS CAN'T CLIMB

(An East Indian Legend)

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

This tale is of the Tiger and his Aunt who is the Cat:
They dwelt among the jungles in the shade of Ararat.
The Cat was very clever, but the Tiger, he was slow;
He could n't catch the Nilghau or the heavy Buffalo;
His claws were long and pointed, but his wit was short and blunt;
He begged his wise Relation to instruct him how to hunt.

The Cat on velvet pattens stole along the quiet hill;
"Now this," she whispered, "Nephew, is the way to stalk your kill."
The Cat drew up her haunches on the mossy forest couch;
"And this," she said, "my Nephew, is the proper way to crouch."
She hurtled through the shadows like a missile from a sling;
"And that, my loving Nephew, is the only way to spring!"

Oh, hungry was the Nephew, and the Aunt was sleek and plump;
The Tiger at his Teacher made his first apprentice jump;
He did it very ably, but the Puss, more quick than he,
Escaped his clutching talons and ran up a cedar tree,
To purr upon the Snarler from the bough on which she sat,
"How glad I am, my Nephew, that I did n't teach you that!"

And, since that curtailed lesson in the rudiments of crime,
No enterprising Tiger has discovered how to climb.

Three Years Behind The Guns

THE TRUE CHRONICLES OF A "DIDDY-BOX"

BY "L. G. T."

Chapter VII

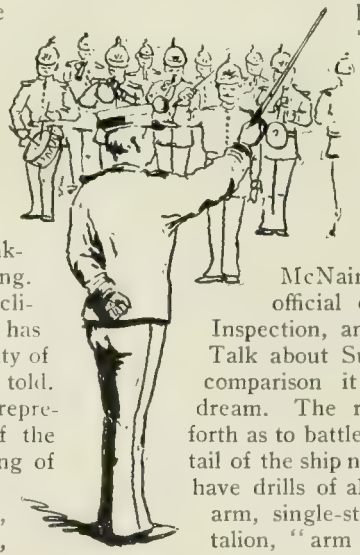
KOBE—THE INLAND SEA—NAGASAKI—A MESS—ADMIRAL'S INSPECTION—SHANGHAI—JAPANESE PHEASANTS

If Yokohama was disappointing in its modernness, Kobe has more than made up for it. It is as Jappy as a bamboo screen, an appropriate gateway to the Inland Sea, with its two hundred miles of enchanted waters set among rocky cliffs and wooded hills, while islands as varied as they are numerous rise from its smooth, glassy surface. And when our great white ship, encircled with a scarlet band (the crest of the Asiatic squadron), came like a giant among Lilliputians, from rice-field, grove, and temples the people came running to look upon us.

We were a day and a half passing through the sea, and for the first time I felt a regret when my night watch aloft was ended; and as I came down I was wishing Mr. James Lane Allen, the man who wrote the "Choir Invisible," might stand up there and write the story that the twinkling lights of the lanterns were telling.

Nagasaki proved indeed a fitting climax to the voyage. No matter who has written about it, one half of the beauty of Nagasaki Harbor has never been told. Every nation that floats a ship has a representative here, and the flaunting of the various flags, together with the firing of salutes, makes a great water carnival.

And yet, amid all this loveliness, Mess No. 3 had troubles of its own, as I shall proceed to explain.



"NANCY LEE." (SEE PAGE 320.)

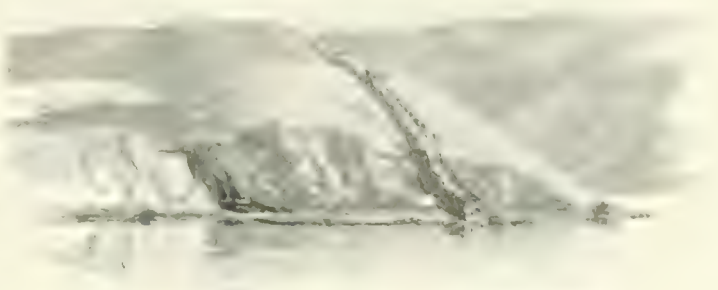
A mess on a man-of-war consists of twenty-four men, and is run in this manner:

Uncle Sam, through his quartermasters, issues monthly, nine dollars in rations to each enlisted man. Each mess has a cook and a caterer. The cook draws two rations, and is excused from all duties except drill. The caterer is elected each month, though if he prove satisfactory to the mess, and he likes the job, he often holds it for a whole cruise. It is customary, when in port, instead of drawing full rations, to take from the ship only the chief items of food, and one half in cash. Thus one hundred and eight dollars, plus one dollar from each man's pocket, makes a total of one hundred and thirty-two dollars, United States currency. This amount is given to the caterer, who spends it at his own discretion, rendering each month an account to his mess. With provisions at Oriental prices, we live much better than at boarding-school.

But there came a day when our mess fell to grief. It was just after pay-day. Our caterer had drawn our money, and he "skipped ship." The consequence was we had to go down into our pockets to replenish our larder, which curtailed our shore leave, for what can a Jackie do ashore without money?

It is warmer here than in Yokohama, and Rear-Admiral McNair chose this fine place for his first official display. It is called Admiral's Inspection, and lasts for two or three days. Talk about Sunday morning inspection! By comparison it has dwindled into a pleasant dream. The rear-admiral and his staff come forth as to battle. There is not the minutest detail of the ship nor its workings overlooked. We have drills of all sorts and kinds, by gun, small-arm, single-sticks and pistols; company battalion, "arm and away," and everything else we can do with boat, oar, or sail. When they have added collision and fire drill to the above, a flag-lieutenant comes along and goes through everything you own (excepting your Diddy-box). To one man he says, "Bring your hammock," to another, "Your gun," etc. To me he said, "Fetch your bag." Never have I been able to keep a closet or bureau in order. What

order, then, could I be expected to keep in a bag? I felt the shadow of the brig creeping across me when I heard from my side in a whisper, "Take mine." Heaven bless Andy! He is as neat and orderly as he is generous. It was taking desperate chances, but the flag-lieutenant had not been with us long, and when at my feet I opened up that model of bags with "Andy Burns" marked in big black letters across it, the lieutenant said, "Very neat, Andy, very neat," and passed on. But our division officer followed him and whispered, soft and low, in my ear, "More sense than I gave you credit for, but do not let it occur again."



"THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

The mariner who comes to Shanghai would find it difficult to define where the ocean leaves off and the river begins, and many are the ships that ride in and out with the tide. Therefore we moored stem and stern in Man-o'-war Pool, off Woo-song Fort, and from here made many visits to the ancient city. Our uniforms are a passport everywhere we go; still, in doing old Shanghai we generally take a Chinese guide, who wears a ribbonless sailor's cap. The sights I have seen I need not write for fear of forgetting, and some of them will haunt me as long as I live.

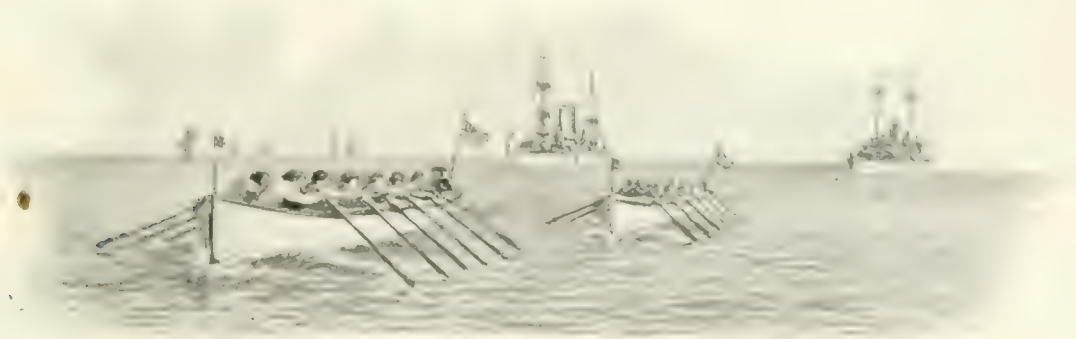
While I shall ever think of the Canton River as a beautiful kaleidoscope with its shifting colors of silken sails and pennants, such display of wealth is probably nowhere else to be seen. However, we have not spent all of our time sightseeing; we have been to Saddle Rock for drill and small-arm practice, shooting from the land at a moving target on the water, and from the ship's boats bobbing on the waves at a target on the cliffs on the shore.

Uncle Sam is more generous to the small-arm shooting than in any other drill, giving cash prizes of five and ten dollars each. I have been quite a lucky winner, and am hoping that when we get to India some officer will see fit to take me into the wilds with him to shoot his tiger. I have always longed to shoot Japanese pheasants, and have finally been gratified. It was one day when in training for a boxing match that is waiting for us when we get back to Yokohama, that I was running along the levee, I came upon some English lords who wore proud hunting togs and were wasting good ammunition in the willows. The temptation was too great for me. I asked if I might take a shot. The result was I "shook" my trainer and stayed with the lords until their sacks were well filled and they had given me a string of them for our mess. I am almost sorry I did it, for, alluring as the anticipation of pheasant shooting has been, the reality is very much like shooting hens in your grandmother's chicken-yard.

CHAPTER VIII

CHI FU—"NANCY LEE." DRILL ISLAND—"TAPS"

LATITUDE 36° N., Longitude 121° E., on the southern coast of the Bay of Korea, and just across from Port Arthur—this is Chi-fu, where we get



THE BOAT RACE BETWEEN THE CREWS OF THE [illegible] AND THE *HANCOCK*

our first glimpse of the Great Wall of China, an irregular brown line meandering over the hills and crumbling down a long slope into the sea.

Most of our deep-sea drills were cut out of this trip, as we were kept busy looking after the ship; she was playing leap-frog with the waves all the way through the Yellow Sea; and Uncle Sam has figured it out that when it is too stormy for us to fight, the enemy will be riding on the same wave.

From eight bells until ten in the morning the first officer takes the deck, but since the departure of Lieutenant Sturdy, until we reached Chi-fu, we have not known for a certainty whom we should meet.

Swoop! Like a meadow-lark on a fence rail he lit upon the deck, a dapper little man with his cap set at port aft and his sword bristling with authority, we recognized on sight our new executive officer. Colors went off with a swing the *Olympia* has never known before, and while the echo of "The Star Spangled Banner" came back from the mainmast, Lieutenant Delano commanded, "Band-Master, play 'Nancy Lee.'" Then to its rollicking strains he paced the deck. From that moment he has been known to the men as "Nancy Lee." To nickname an officer is one of the greatest compliments a crew of bluejackets can pay him.

It takes an admiral to make a flag-ship. A captain can "Up sticks," but it is the first lieutenant, or "First Luff," as he is called for short, who leavens it all. From the moment Nancy Lee clanked his heels on the deck it has been like home; and when on Drill Island he gave the command, "Company left, form into line, battalion square," the readiness with which we executed it surpassed his expectation. He was surprised and evidently pleased, for he swung his sword high above his head as he shouted, "Bully, *bully, bully!*"



"THE GREAT DOUBLE-EAGLE OF RUSSIA."



AT VLADIVOSTOK—"WE RODE IN THEIR CARRIAGES."

Drill Island! It makes my legs ache to write it, for I have tramped ten thousand miles (or less) over its rocky cliffs and sandy shores, dragging field-pieces, and playing soldier like boys on the Fourth of July. Since the day of my enlistment, on an average of once a week we have gone through a drill "Equip for heavy marching order." Each man runs to his hammock, unlashes, takes out his blanket, and lashes up again; from his bag he takes an extra suit of blue and one of white, with a lot of other things prescribed, and packs them in his knapsack, and whether he uses tobacco or not, there must be a plug brought along. He fills his cartridge-belt and buckles it on, ditto his canteen, ditto his leggings. In his haversack he puts a plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon. When ready with guns and battle-axes and brush hooks, he is carrying a load of about eighty pounds. Hurrying to the deck, there is generally a dress parade, a flare of trumpets and all would be over until the next time.

. . . . .

In Chi-fu Harbor we found the *Charleston* and the *Yorktown*. With the former we exchanged men, she taking some of our men whose time here was almost "up," and we those of her men who were "long-timers."

We have had a most exciting twelve-oar barge race between the *Charleston* and the *Olympia*. The ship's launches tow the racing boats three miles out into the stream. The fleet's ships are moored so that they pull to a finish between them and in full sight, and it *was* a sight worth seeing. It has left us with a full exchequer, and what is still better, *"The Cock of the Station."* The Cock of the Station is a flag of purple silk on which is embroidered, in the finest Oriental needleship, a big red rooster. Each time a race is won it goes to the victor, who adds a gold star to its field. Had we failed to win it from the *Charleston,* it would have been left on the station and given to the first ship that won, for whenever two or more of our ships lie in the same harbor, a boat-race is always in order.

Betting among the crews is not a man-to-man affair. Generally the master-at-arms starts out with a sack and a book. You put in as much as you like to risk, and he writes it down; all bets are even, and when the game or race is done, one ship

or the other takes the sack. The winners get one dollar for every dollar they put in, and the losers get—left, just as we are left again, for the *"Charlie"* is out on the waters, scudding home!

She left us a lot of good fellows, but most of all I wish she had left us her *taps*.

The seas over, taps has always been "Go to bed, go to bed," excepting on the *Charlie*. There came a night when the bugler was absent. The deck officer called on a cornet player to sound taps. "Don't know how, sir," answered the man. "Great guns!" shouted the officer, "can't you play some kind of a lullaby that will tell the men to go to hammocks?" Placing the instrument to his lips, he played,

I 'm tired now and sleepy, too;
Come, put me in my little bed.

The captain came out to ask what it meant. Being told it was a substitute for taps, he said, "Make it so," and so it has remained—*on the Charleston*—from that day to this.

Chapter IX

Vladivostok—Hakodate. "Boatsey Brown" and Jack Weir

The word "South" always stands for hospitality, therefore we were surprised to find it to such a superlative degree in Russian Siberia, where icebergs were basking in May's sunshine. We are the first man-of-war to have visited Vladivostok since the *Marion*, and that is so long ago, no one has been able to tell me when. We were there by special invitation, to witness the celebrating of the Czar's coronation.

There is nothing inviting in the barren, unfertile landscape with its unattractive square buildings, nor pleasing in a people as coarsely dressed as their soldiers, whose uniforms are made from a material that resembles the lining of a saddle pad. They are all of a dull color, and all seem to be cut to fit one man. It is a barracks town, so we saw little beside the Army and Navy, and their hospitality. Not a man of them spoke English, nor could we *"insky"*; still, we were made to understand that the town was thrown open to us. We walked into their houses and rode in their carriages. Not a penny could we spend for anything.

Unsightly as the picture is by day, the night of the celebration unveiled one never to be forgotten. The harbor, where all of Russia's shipping lay at anchor, was illuminated in a manner that probably surpassed all the water carnivals heretofore known. Every craft in the bay, battleship or fishing-smack, from its truck to its rail, was outlined in vari-colored electric lights or hung with gaudy lanterns. Throughout the evening bands played from their decks and from the shore, and when it grew late a Czar's salute was fired from all the war-ships (our own guns joining), and then as darkness stole over the waters we espied on the barren cliffs, line after line, like glow-worms crawling, faint lights that grew and grew, until, to the delight of the beholder, Russia's great double-eagle blazed out in electric lights, and dominated the scene. Although many miles away, it was a fitting tribute to the new Czar.

Seamen tell you "There is no law of God or man north of 43°." Hakodate, on the Isle of Ezo, in the Straits of Sangar, is only one degree south, yet shows no sign of lawlessness. It is as green and crisp as a well-trimmed lawn, and the pretty little whaling and sailing craft, with their poetic names and artistic figureheads on each schooner, make one long to shoulder a rifle, jump on board of the big-sailed *Snow Bird*, or the *Silver Crescent*, and sail away to the North Pole.



"THE FIG, SAILED SNOW BIRD."

In the beginning of the cruise, "in my green, salad days," before we reached Honolulu, I realized that I was a thorn in the side of the boatswain's mate in the after guards, and I feel certain that this same "Boatsy Brown" spent all of his sober moments when off duty in studying up ways and means to render my life even more wretched than I had succeeded in doing myself.

Brown was a bully who had picked me, one of the youngest and greenest of the crew, as a safe target for his malice. Andy (my instructor) reasoned with me that he was n't worth notice, and I kept that thought in my mind until one night, during our first call at Yokohama, he finished haranging me with, "I 'll jerk your arm out and—!"

It was the last straw! With one blow I knocked him senseless against the rail. From that hour, whenever he spoke to me it was in this manner: "Now, Jack, my boy, it is your anchor watch to-night."

In the shuffle and deal of men at Chi-fu we lost

Boatsy Brown. However, we drew a character from the *Yorktown*. It was Jack Weir, acknowledged the toughest and the best-hearted man in the navy. How long he has been in the service, no one knows: enlistment stripes are an age index, therefore, Weir refuses to wear his full complement, and one might guess at his age anywhere between twenty and eighty. He has long since filled the positions of coxswain and boatswain's mate, but prefers the berth of a seaman, as it carries less responsibility, and he has ceased to aspire higher than the Fourth Conduct Class.

When a little chap I owned and loved a bull-terrier that every one else feared. Weir would fight a buzz saw, and I 'm thinking if I ever needed him, he would fight for me.

It is June. We are on the Pacific, headed for Yokohama, and I feel so queer. Can it be that I am ill?

. . . . .

Chapter X

In the Hospital—The "Overboard" Man—Kuruchinama—"The Lucky Bag"

It is two months since I wrote the last chapter. The ship's surgeon settled my wonderment by quarantining me with five others up in the mainmast, where we spent a day and a night before coming into port, and before reveille on the following morning we were lowered in a cutter and towed ashore.

These details are less vivid to me than a



"Quarantined in the mainmast."

troubled dream; they were followed by weeks of oblivion, for I was paying the penalty of my arm washings in the old vaccination days. It was smallpox all right, and probably contracted in Vladivostok. However, the contagion did not spread beyond the original six, and in no case did it prove fatal or even leave us pock-marked.

Uncle Sam is a mother to his sailors when they are sick. The U. S. Naval Hospital is situated on Yokohama's bluff in the midst of its most aristocratic European colony. Beautiful courts with fountains and flowers make an environment that the convalescent is loth to leave. The physicians and nurses are both efficient and attentive, while every delicacy one might demand in a private sanitorium is gratuitously meted out. Should the admiral himself get ill he will be taken to the Naval Hospital, but it will be impossible for him to receive better care than that bestowed upon a bluejacket.

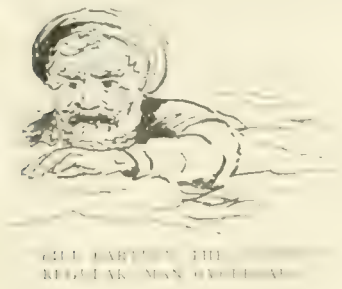
About two hundred and fifty miles north of Yokohama there is a break in the coast range. One cannot discern it from the ocean, as the walls from the north creep in behind the southern cliffs. From the ship it appears impregnable, but with a whaleboat flying an ensign, and our officers in full uniform, we one day pulled toward a bamboo pole standing white against the cliff. From this we espied another bamboo marking-pole, and yet another. Zig-zagging from one to the other, we pulled through the channel into the port of Kuruchinama ("You 're-a-shing-hammer," we call it for short). No cunning of man could ever have fashioned this place. It is a "closed port," and we were not permitted to step out of the boat, although our officers were ashore for a couple of hours. It was an official visit whose purport I never knew, but the enchantment of the surroundings are mine. We were in a lovely valley cradled among green hills, from whose fastnesses a river ran, wide and deep, parting and meeting again about a wooded island, where temple and lantern rendered it as charming as the parks of Tokio. On the other margin of the river villages and fortifications cluster about each other. We counted no less than six modern Japanese torpedo-boats sleeping on the water. If in hiding they are surely safe "in their cozy corner lying."

This visit to You'reashinghammer was merely an incident; we were out for practice. If we are not now fitted for any kind of a sea performance, we certainly are for dress rehearsal.

The man who volunteers to fall overboard that we may test the life-buoys, lower the boats, and rescue him while the ship is under way in mid-ocean, is paid ten dollars each time. It is Bill Bartley who generally does this stunt, and it would be difficult to find another so well fitted to the rôle. With years of service in the Fourth Conduct Class, Bill has learned the art of jumping ship and swimming for life and liberty.

Since leaving Drill Island I had not seen my leggings until this morning, when I bid them in for ten cents. It was lucky-bag day. If you want

to know what the lucky-bag is, just drop for a minute anything you own and see how the master-at-arms will pounce upon it. If you really can not get on without it you may go to him and redeem it by doing ten hours' extra duty; otherwise it remains "in hock" until the bag is so full it will hold no more; then, whenever or wherever this happens, he brings it up, dumping the contents on the deck, and a spirited auction ensues. I have seen a new flannel shirt that cost three dollars bid in for twenty-five cents. Also in a spirit of fun I have known an odd shoe to be bid up as high as five dollars; the owner determined to have it, his shipmates equally bent on making him pay for it. But there is always a lucky-bag day ahead, and the man who is forced to put up an extravagant sum to keep some article of his belongings that he prizes, soon has the chance to get even with the tormentors who bid up the price against him. Their turn is sure to come, too.



The third of November will be the birthday of the Emperor of Japan, and we are going back to Yokohama to salute him.

THE FANCIES OF FAN AND THE VENTURES OF VAN

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS

THE FRIVOLOUS FANCIES OF FAN

Do you know of the frivolous fancies of Fan?
It was somewhat in this way her follies began:
She asked for a derrick for lifting her eyes,
And a kite could, she knew, help her spirits to rise;

She called for a hammer in striking a note,
She looked for some lumber in boarding a boat,
She begged for a mallet for banging her hair,
And sandpaper should polish her wits, she 'd declare.

She wanted a grass-plot for airing her views,
And a wringer for wringing her hands she would choose;
She tried to wind yarn with a clock key, one day,
And she borrowed some scales, that her words she might weigh.

She thought that a bucket drew up all the wills,
That a ladder was useful in running up bills,
That a joke she could see with an opera-glass,
And that with a rope she might lead any class.

Two long needles for knitting her forehead she bought,
And an ice-box for cooling her ardor she sought;
But there never was found a child, woman, or man
Who believed in the frivolous fancies of Fan.

THE VALOROUS VENTURES OF VAN

Now sing of the valorous ventures of Van,
For in doing and daring his history ran;
And though he was never familiar with fame,
A valiant young hero our laddie became.

His arms were most active on many a field
(Though a bat was the weapon he liked best to wield);
And—what could be asked of his constancy more?—
If a game he should lose, he would still keep the score.

A good spear (of grass) he would flourish, and then
Bravely draw his bright sword (with his ink and his pen);
And sometimes bold charges he 'd gallantly make
(For sundaes or sodas, or candy or cake).

So strong was the youth, in declaiming, one day,
He carried the audience wholly away;
He took the house, also, by storm, it was said,
Though the platform he left, when he finally fled.

So often our hero was found in the van
(For his father, you see, was a furniture man);
But though so well worthy of gain and of glory,
He has never before been the subject of story.

HARRY'S ISLAND

A NEW SERIAL

Sequel to "Tom, Dick, and Harriet"

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR



CHAPTER III

GRADUATION AND GOOD NEWS

By Monday afternoon Dick's fears regarding the result of the English examination proved groundless, perhaps because he had heroically resisted Chub's invitation to go fishing Saturday afternoon and had spent most of that period with his head close above his books and his lips moving continuously. There was only one more day of work, and Dick was heartily glad of it. He did n't like studying, and frankly said so. His mother had died when he was fourteen, and his schooling, decidedly intermittent at best, ceased abruptly while he and his father dwelt in hotels at home and abroad as the latter's business demanded. Dick's recent years had been spent in the West, and when, in January last, his father had suggested another trip abroad Dick had rebelled, professing a preference for school. That he now owed allegiance to Ferry Hill rather than to Hammond was due to a chance meeting on the ice with Harry, who had so cleverly proclaimed the merits of Ferry Hill that Dick, already domiciled at the rival academy awaiting the beginning of the term, had coolly repacked his suit case and transferred it and himself across the river. For awhile the others had called him "the Brand from the Burning," but the name was much too long for every-day use, and now he was just Dick —save when Chub or Roy elaborated and called him Dickums—one of the most popular fellows at Ferry Hill School, and the most promising candidate in sight for the school leadership in the autumn.

At three o'clock on Tuesday the last examination was over, and at a few minutes past that hour Dick, Roy, Chub, and Harry, the three former in a blissful state of relief, feeling as boys do feel when the last book has been flung aside for the summer, sat in the shade of the Cottage porch.

"Look here, Chub," said Dick, "how about that letter? Have you heard from your folks yet?"

"No, do you think I correspond by wireless?" answered Chub. "I can't possibly hear before Thursday morning. It does n't matter, anyhow, I keep telling you. Dad won't hear of such a thing."

"How would it do if we all wrote to him?" asked Dick, anxiously. Chub smiled grimly.

"You 'd better not if you don't want to get a scorcher of a letter in reply. My dad 's a good sort, all right, but he does n't let any one else run his business for him. I have inherited that quality of—er—firmness." Roy and Dick howled impolitely.

"What are you all talking about?" asked Harry, anxiously. "You 've gone and got a secret, and I don't think it 's very nice of you!"

"Why, it is n't really a secret," answered Roy, hurriedly. "If there had n't been so much going on we 'd have told you about it. We three are trying to get our folks to let us camp out for a month or so on Fox Island after school closes; that is, if your father will let us, and I guess he will."

"Then you won't go home yet?" cried Harry, delightedly.

"Not if we get permission. It all depends on Chub—"

"On Chub's father you mean," growled that youth.

"Because I 'm pretty sure of my folks," continued Roy; "and Dick says his father won't mind if he stays a month longer."

"That will be fine," said Harry; but a moment later her face fell prodigiously. "Only it won't do me any good," she added sorrowfully, "because I 'll be visiting Aunt Harriet most of the time."

"That 's too bad," said Roy. "Can't you fix it to go later?"

Harry shook her head. "No, she goes to the seashore in August, you see. I think it 's just too mean for anything; and I know you will just have lovely times. I—I hope papa won't let you do it!"

"Well!" ejaculated Chub. "If you were a boy, I 'd say that of all dogs in the manger that I ever met, you take the prize!"

"Well, I just do," muttered Harry, rebelliously; "and I 'm going to tell him not to!"

Chub and Dick viewed her anxiously, but Roy only smiled.

"We 're not afraid of that, Harry," he said.

She looked at him a moment frowningly, then sighed and smiled as she said plaintively:

"Well, I don't care, Roy Porter, I think it 's simply horrid. Maybe I won't ever see you and Chub again, and just when I might be with you I have to go away. And I don't have any fun at Aunt Harriet's, anyway; it 's too stupid for anything!"

"Well, I would n't worry yet," said Roy, "because, maybe, it will all fall through. You heard what Chub said about getting permission, and, of course, if he can't stay we won't; it would n't be any fun for just two fellows."

"I guess you could find some one else," said Chub.

"I guess we 're not going to try," said Dick.

"Of course not," Roy agreed. "If you can't make it we 'll call it off; but we will hope for the best, eh?"

"It won't do you any good," muttered Chub. "I 'm booked for that old Water Gap place."

"And I for Aunt Harriet Beverly's," sighed Harry.

"When do you have to go to Aunty's?" asked Chub.

"I don't know exactly," Harry replied. "She has n't said anything about it yet; but usually I go the first of July and stay two or three weeks; once I had to stay a month,—papa and mama went to the mountains."

"Well, we could n't go into camp until about the first," said Chub; "and then, if you only stayed two weeks with Aunty, you could be here a whole fortnight before we left."

Harry brightened perceptibly. "That 's so," she cried. "I 'll ask mama if I 'll have to stay more than two weeks. I could go over at noon and have lunch with you. I could cook the luncheon for you! I can cook well. I can make doughnuts and cheese-straws and—"

"How about *real* food? Can you fry eggs?" asked Chub, anxiously.

"Of course, stupid! Any one can do that!"

"All right, Harry, consider yourself engaged. If we can't get steak or chops, I 'd like a few eggs in the middle of the day."

"I want mine scrambled," said Dick. "Can you do that, Harry?"

"Yes; you just put some milk with the eggs and stir them all up with a silver knife," replied Harry.

"You 'll have to bring your own knife," laughed Roy. "We 'll use tin ones, I guess. As for me, though, I have to have my eggs in an omelet, Harry. How are you at omelets?"

Harry looked troubled, failing to see the smile which quivered around the corners of Roy's mouth.

"I—I 'm afraid I can't make an omelet, Roy," she said dejectedly. "You see, they always get burned on the bottom; and then I never can flop them over. You know they have to be flopped over?" (Roy nodded sympathetically.)

"I always flop them before I cook them," said Chub.

"How can you?" asked Harry, indignantly. "I never heard of anything so—so—"

"Why, you—er—you seize the raw egg between the thumb and finger," answered Chub, frowning intensely as though striving to recollect the process. "Then you slowly exert sufficient pressure to choke it to death. When nicely choked—"

Just here Dick pushed him off the steps.

"Is n't he the silliest thing?" asked Harry. And then, returning to the subject of omelets, "But I could get mama to show me how, Roy."

"What I want to know," said Chub as he crawled back up the steps, "is where all the eggs are coming from. I can eat three myself when I 'm in camp, and you know what an appetite Dickums has!"

"We 'll hire a hen," suggested Roy.

"We have lots of eggs," said Harry. "I 'll bring some over every morning."

"And a few doughnuts," begged Chub. "That 's the ideal 'day-zhuh-nay,' as the Frenchmen call it; three or four fried eggs, and half a dozen doughnuts, and a cup of coffee. Um-m! Gee, fellows, I wish my father would say yes!"

"Maybe he will. Let 's throw our thought on him," said Roy.

"You 'd better not let him catch you at it," said Chub with a grin. "Say, there goes Billy Warren. Let 's call him over and get him to show us his sunstroke."

"Thomas Eaton, you 're too foolish for anything to-day!" declared Harry, severely. "And it 's mean of you to make fun of Billy. He feels terribly about losing the race."

"I 'm not making fun of him," denied Chub, indignantly. "The idea! Only if I had a sunstroke I 'd be proud to show it around! I 'd be pleased purple if fellows would ask me—"

"I 'll bet a dollar that 's what 's the matter with you," laughed Dick. "It 's affected your brain."

"Pretty smart sun if it found Chub's brain," added Roy.

"Enjoy yourselves," said Chub, cheerfully. "Get into the game, Harry; find your little ham-

mer! But there 's a stupidity about this conversation that wearies me. I 'm going out in the canoe. Anybody want to come along?"

"Yes!" cried Harry, jumping up.

"You 'd better not," counseled Roy. "He will make you do all the work, Harry."

"Pay no attention to him," said Chub to Harry, confidentially. "I hate to say it about a friend, Harry, but he 's never been the same since he made that two-base hit the other day. It 's affected his brain. Let us leave them to their own foolish devices."

He and Harry went off together along the path toward the Grove, and Roy and Dick watched them in smiling silence until they had disappeared through the hedge gate.

"There 's time for a couple of sets of tennis before supper. Want to play? I 'll give you fifteen," said Dick.

Roy agreed, and they walked over to the dormitory to get their rackets.

Wednesday and Thursday were given over to the ceremonies of graduation. Wednesday was Class-Day, and Thursday Graduates' Day. The school had taken on festal attire, so that when the first influx of guests began on Wednesday morning the grounds were looking their best. The gymnasium was draped inside with flags and bunting and decorated outside with Japanese lanterns. School Hall became suddenly a bower of palms and flowers. On Wednesday morning there was the Tennis Tournament, won by Chase of the Second Middle Class. In the afternoon the corner-stone of the new dormitory was laid with appropriate ceremonies, and there was a spread under the trees. In the evening the Silver Cove Band, much augmented for the occasion, gave a concert in front of the gymnasium.

The graduation exercises took place the next morning in School Hall before a flatteringly attentive and applausive audience. There was an oration by Augustus Prince Pryor on "Opportunity and the Man"; there was an essay by Edgar Whitcomb entitled "The Exploration of the Northwest"; there was a declamation by William Truscott Warren called "Napoleon the Man"; there was a thesis by Howard C. Glidden on "Science and Progress"; there was a narration by Thomas H. Eaton entitled "The Pilgrims," and an oration on "Destiny" by Roy Porter. Then came the awarding of diplomas to the graduates, in number a round dozen, and the audience dispersed in search of dinner. Both Roy and Chub had graduated with honors, and if, on that one day, they held their heads a little bit higher than usual and looked a little bit more dignified, why, surely, they may be excused. Dick pretended to be much impressed, and always saluted whenever he met them. This went on until just before supper, when Chub's patience became exhausted and he forgot his dignity and chased Dick twice around School Hall, finally capturing his quarry in a corner and administering punishment. In the evening there was a grand ball in the gymnasium to which came many Silver Cove folks and at which Harry, in a pink muslin party dress, danced to her heart's content. And the next day came the exodus.

But Thursday morning's mail had brought Chub his letter and the tenor of it had pleased him even more than it had surprised him; and that is saying much; for Mr. Eaton had written that the plan suggested met with his unqualified approval.

Roy and Dick were overjoyed. Roy had already heard from home, and his mother had agreed, although less enthusiastically than Chub's father, to his remaining at Ferry Hill for the month of camp life. As for Dick, well, Dick merely took permission for granted, for it would be all of two weeks before a reply could reach him from London. When the letter finally did come it was all that he had wished. In substance it told him to please himself.

So when, Friday morning, bright and early, Chub and Roy piled into the carriage with their suit cases, Dick said good-by and watched them disappear in the direction of Silver Cove and the railroad station with perfect equanimity; for four or five days at the most would see them both back again. Naturally enough, though, Dick found existence strangely quiet at first. By Friday evening the last boy had departed homeward, and an uncanny stillness held the campus.

At Mrs. Emery's invitation Dick moved his belongings over to the guest-room at the Cottage, for the dormitories were to be given over on the morrow to the regular summer cleaning, and then subsequently closed until fall. Harry, too, was somewhat depressed, and she and Dick made the most of each other's society. There were walks and little trips on the river and a good deal of tennis, a game which Dick was rapidly learning. Harry was an excellent player, and by the time Roy and Chub returned, Dick, under her tuition, had vastly improved his game.

Living at the Cottage was very pleasant. Now that school was over Doctor Emery doffed his immaculate black clothes and appeared in faded negligée shirts and golf knickerbockers. At the table he was frequently the more flippant and irresponsible of the four, and Mrs. Emery frequently remonstrated laughingly, telling him that Dick would report his actions, and that when

autumn came he would find his authority departed. Whereupon the Doctor vowed Dick to secrecy, and Harry naïvely remarked that she never could see why any one was afraid of her father, anyhow. One day there was a notable event on the tennis-court when Harry played against her father and Dick, and won two sets out of three. When nothing better offered Dick and Harry got into a boat or a canoe and went over to Fox Island and picked out the site for the camp. By the time that Roy and Chub got back they had "in their mind" pitched that camp on almost every foot of the island.

But the most exciting event that occurred was the receipt of an apologetic letter from Harry's Aunt Harriet Beverly. It seemed that Aunt Harriet had decided almost at a moment's notice to go abroad with a party of friends, and they were to sail on the tenth of July. Under the circumstances, she explained, it would be necessary for Harry to postpone her visit until late in the summer. She hoped that the dear child would not be very greatly disappointed. The "dear child" waved the letter over her head and howled with glee.

"Is n't it beautiful?" she cried. "Is n't it perfect! Now I can go to your camp almost every day!"

"Goodness, child!" exclaimed her mother. "What 's all this noise about?"

Harry explained it all in hurried gasps ending with "I *may* go over to the camp, may n't I, mama? And I 'm going to cook for them—sometimes!" exclaimed Harry, eagerly, "and you 're going to teach me how to make an omelet, mama, because Roy has to have omelet for his luncheon. I—I don't believe they could do without me." And Harry gazed anxiously from Dick to her mother. Dick asserted stoutly that it would be simply impossible, and Mrs. Emery consented to Harry's joining the campers frequently, at lunch-time. After that it was all arranged very quickly by Harry. One of the boys was to row over in the morning to the landing, and get her, since she was not allowed to go in a boat by herself, and she was to take over doughnuts and cookies, and —and a great many things!

The Doctor had readily given the boys the use of one of the school tents and such things as they needed, so when, late one afternoon, Roy and Chub arrived triumphant from the ordeal of preliminary examinations at college, everything was in readiness for the occupation of the island.

Chapter IV

Camp Forehadik

Fox Island lies on the Ferry Hill side of the river some two hundred yards from shore and about a quarter of a mile above the school landing. It is fairly high, contains very nearly two acres, and is beautifully wooded. It is about one third as wide as it is long, and the shores, the inner shore especially, are full of tiny coves and promontories. There are two excellent beaches of white sand and nice round pebbles, Inner Beach, because of its more gradual slope, being the favorite bathing place. At the up-stream end of the beach a great granite boulder, worn round and smooth by water and weather, juts into the river, and forms an excellent place on which to lie in the sun and dry off without the aid of towels.

Back of the Inner Beach the trees and underbrush begin, climbing the side of Mount Emery, the tiniest heap of rocks and earth ever dignified with the name of mountain, and hurrying down the other side to riot across the island to where Outer Beach stretches from The Grapes to School Point. At the lower end of the island the underbrush has been cleared away and a grove of birches and maples makes a capital camp site. It was here that the boys decided to pitch their tent. They embarked bright and early the morning after the return of Roy and Chub, the tent and accompanying paraphernalia stowed away in a rowboat which was trailing behind Chub's crimson canoe. Harry was not with them. Fired with enthusiasm, she was up at the Cottage making a batch of doughnuts. Harry and the doughnuts and a cold luncheon were to be brought over to the camp later on.

It was a bright morning with a crisp, cool breeze out of the northeast. The sun was still low over the hill behind them as they paddled slowly up the stream toward the island. The trees along the shore threw green shadows far out on to the bosom of the sparkling river. It was rather hard paddling with that clumsy rowboat tagging along astern, and presently Roy turned to Dick, who, as usual, was enacting the rôle of freight in the middle of the craft.

"Thought you were going to have a gasolene launch," he said, jeeringly.

"I am. It would be just the thing this morning, would n't it? We could have put all this truck right into it and been at the island in a minute."

"Huh!" puffed Chub, skeptically.

"I 've written to a fellow who makes them," Dick continued, "and he 's got just the thing we want all ready to put the engine in."

"Get him to leave the engine out," suggested Chub, "then we won't have so much trouble with the thing."

"It 's a sixteen-footer," continued Dick un-

heeding, "and has a two-horse-power motor, and only costs a hundred and sixty dollars."

"Phew!" breathed Roy. "That 's a whole lot, is n't it?"

"Not for a launch like that," protested Dick.

"No," said Chub, judicially, "not for a launch. It would be a good deal for a piece of pie or a hard-boiled egg, but—"

"Are you going to get it?" asked Roy.

"Yes, I think so. I thought I 'd wait and talk it over with you fellows. Maybe we ought to have a larger boat; sixteen feet is n't very long—"

"It 'll be all we want to row," said Chub.

"We won't have to row it," answered Dick warmly. "It 's a Saxon launch, and they 're as good as any made."

"How fast will it go?" Chub inquired, interestedly. "I mean when it does go?"

"It 's capable of eight miles an hour."

"Humph! I 'm capable of lots of things I don't do."

"Yes, and you try to do lots of things you are n't capable of," responded Dick, "and judging motor-boats is one of them."

"Whereupon," murmured Chub, "our hero bent manfully at his oar."

"How long will it take to get it?" pursued Roy.

"About six days the man said," answered Dick. "If you fellows think it 's all right I 'll send for it to-day."

"I don't see why it would n't be all right. Do you, Chub?"

"Well, it 's nice to be able to go fast, you know, and I suppose that a boat with eighteen feet can go faster than one with only sixteen. If you could afford it, Dick, it would be nice to get a centipede boat that could do about a mile a minute."

"Oh, stop fooling," laughed Roy, "and head her in toward the point, Chub. Funny how much easier she paddles now."

"We 're out of the current, probably," answered Chub. "Shall we paddle around the point to the cove or—"

But at that instant Roy set up a howl of laughter, pointing speechlessly down the stream. Dick and Chub turned. Four or five hundred yards away, drifting gaily away from them, was the rowboat containing the tent. Chub looked hurriedly behind him.

"The rope slipped," he muttered.

"Did n't you tie it?" asked Dick.

"No, I sat on it. Turn her back, Roy; we 'll have to get the old thing."

"You 're a nice one," laughed Roy. "Why did n't you hold the rope in your teeth?"

"Oh, he 'd have to keep still then," Dick scoffed, "and you know well enough he could n't do that."

"Well, suppose you take a paddle and do some of the work," suggested Chub, fretfully. "I 'd like to know what we 're hauling you around for, anyway, you 're just dead weight! Let 's throw him overboard and lighten the ship, Roy."

"Save your breath for paddling," Dick advised cheerfully. "It 's a quarter of a mile to the boat and a quarter mile back. Don't worry about me; I 'm very comfortable," and Dick proceeded to find an easier position, rocking the canoe perilously in the process.

"Sit still, you landlubber," said Chub, "or I 'll duck you in a minute. Do you want to have us in the water?"

"Now, if I had my motor-boat—" Dick commenced.

"Oh, blow you and your old motor-boat," spluttered Chub. "You 've got to learn to paddle, that 's what you 've got to do!"

The runaway boat was soon captured, but it was some time before they reached the island again, and during the return trip both Chub and Roy saved their breath for their work. They were both pretty well tuckered by the time they had regained the end of Inner Beach. Just when the canoe was floating into shallow water, Dick, who for several minutes past had been smiling inscrutably at Roy's back, observed casually:

"If I had that motor-boat I could have saved you fellows—"

"If you mention that fool motor-boat again to-day," cried Chub wildly, "I 'll—I 'll—"

But the threat was never finished, for a canoe with its bow grounded on the beach and its stern afloat is something you can't take liberties with. Chub, balancing himself in the stern, forgot this fact for a moment, and when he remembered it he was sitting in the water and Roy and Dick were howling gleefully. Strange to say, this misadventure restored Chub's good-nature, and, after sitting for a minute up to his waist in the water and laughing at his predicament, he jumped up dripping, and hauled the canoe up the beach. They unloaded the rowboat, depositing tent and poles and supplies on the sand, and then considered the matter of a site for the camp.

They had landed on Inner Beach where School Point curves toward the middle of the river. Above the beach there was a fringe of scrub-pines and a few low bushes, but beyond these all underbrush had been cleared away so that there was a full quarter of an acre of grass-carpeted ground interspersed with well-grown maples and birches.

In the end they decided on a spot some ten



"IN THE EVENING THERE WAS A GRAND BALL AT WHICH HARRY DANCED TO HER HEART'S CONTENT"

yards back from the excellent little beach at Victory Cove.

This, being well out on the point, Roy said, would be cool and at the same time accessible from both sides. The sun would reach the tent for a while in the afternoon, but not when it was hot enough to matter. The trees were well thinned out on both sides so that they had a clear view of the river to right and left.

It was a good deal like camping out in one's own back yard, said Roy, pointing over the river, for there, just across the inner channel, was the float and the boat house, and, further up on the hill, the familiar forms of the school

buildings. Over their heads the branches of the trees almost met, and, as Chub pointed out, in case of a heavy rain-storm they would have a second roof above them. There were a few pines scattered near-by toward the rising ground inland, and their resinous fragrance mingled with the aroma of damp earth and dewy foliage.

They brought the tent and poles up and, under the direction of Dick, who was quite in his element now, soon had them erected. Dick showed them how to drive the pegs in a line with the guy-ropes instead of at an angle, so that the straining of the tent in a wind would not loosen them. The tent was not a new one, as several patches proved, but it was made of good, heavy duck and was quite tight. It was a wall tent, twelve by eight feet in size, and there was a shelter curtain which could be raised over the doorway. Chub called it the porch roof. Then they had brought a third piece of canvas which could be stretched over the little sheet-iron stove on rainy days. Dick, who had volunteered to do the cooking, selected a site for the "kitchen," and, while the others went off for fir branches for the beds, he set up the stove. After the boughs were placed in the tent and the blankets spread over them they scooped out a trench around the outside of the tent to drain off the water in case of a heavy rain. Then the boys separated in search of fire-wood. Before long, a good-sized heap of dry branches lay beside the stove.

"Now what?" asked Dick, surveying the scene with satisfaction and wiping the perspiration from his face. Chub looked speculatively at the flag-pole which stands at the end of School Point.

"We ought to have a flag," he said. "Why did n't we bring along the school flag?"

"Because this is n't the school camp," answered Roy. "It 's a private affair. We must have a flag of our own."

"With the name of the camp on it," said Dick. "By the way, what is the name of the camp?"

"Well, I 've been thinking of that," answered Chub, gravely, seating himself on a root which had apparently shaped itself for the purpose, "and I 've got it all settled. It 's a nice camp, and it ought to have a nice name, a name that stands for—er—respectability and renown. So I suggest that we call it Camp Thomas H. Eaton."

"What I 've always admired in you," said Dick, sarcastically, "is your modesty, Chub."

"Yes, it is one of my many excellent qualities," Chub replied sweetly.

"Who 's got a piece of paper?" Roy demanded. No one had, so he pulled a strip of bark from a birch-tree. "I 've got an idea," he said. "You fellows wait a minute." He seated himself cross-legged and began to write on the bark, scowling intently. Chub viewed him apprehensively.

"Do you think it 's over-study?" he asked Dick in a hoarse whisper, "or merely the sun?"

"Crazed by the heat," responded Dick, sadly.

"Is n't it a sad case?" continued Chub. "Such a promising youth as he was! He was always promising—and never doing it. And so young, too!"

"Keep still a minute, you fellows," Roy begged.

"He may get over it, though," observed Dick, thoughtfully. But Chub shook his head.

"I 'm afraid not," he said. "Just look at his eyes; see that baleful glare, Dick? That 's what tells the story, the baleful glare; when you develop the baleful glare you are quite incurable. And see his lips work. He 's muttering to himself. That 's a frightfully bad sign, Dick. Pretty soon he will gibber, and when—"

"Hold on, Chub," commanded Roy. "Now listen. Let 's get a name the way the soap and biscuit people do."

"A romantic idea," murmured Chub, politely.

"I mean by using the initials or first two letters."

"What first two letters?" asked Dick.

"Of our names, of course. You can't make anything out of the initials, because they 're all consonants, but—"

"We could make believe it was a Russian name," said Chub helpfully.

"By using the first two letters," continued Roy, "you get Torodi. How 's that?"

"It 's even worse than we feared!" said Chub to Dick in a stage whisper.

"Oh, come down to business!" exclaimed Roy, testily. "Talk sense."

"Well, it sounds rather—er—interesting, don't you think, Dick?"

"Oh, it 's great," Dick answered. "What 's it mean?"

"It does n't mean anything, you gump!" Roy answered warmly. "It 's just a name; T-o, for Tom; r-o, for Roy; d-i, for Dick."

"Sort of a shorthand effect," said Chub, thoughtfully. "But why not put it the other way, and call it Rotodi? I think Rotodi is much more musical to the ear."

"Lend me your pencil," said Dick. "I 've got a better one."

"Let him have it, Roy," Chub said. "In the end you 'll all come back to my suggestion; you can't beat Camp Thomas H. Eaton if you spoil all the bark on the tree. Hand him a new piece of bark, Roy; humor him; let him have his way."

"Can't you stop talking for a minute?" demanded Dick.



SELECTING A NAME FOR THE CAMP.

Chub grinned and accepted the suggestion. In a minute Dick said triumphantly:

"I 've got it! Camp Sopoea!"

"So—what?" asked Chub.

"How do you get that?" inquired Roy.

"First two letters of our last names," answered Dick, proudly.

"Sounds like Camp Sapolio," Chub objected; "and if you 're going in for that sort of thing I think Camp Pearline would be much prettier."

"Oh, well, you try it, then," said Dick, tossing the pencil to Chub.

"I knew you 'd have to come to me in the end," said Chub. "Now let me see."

"No funny business," warned Roy. Chub shook his head. At that moment the silence, which had been disturbed only by the puffing of a distant steamer, was suddenly rudely shattered by a discordant sound that was like something between the finished efforts of a fish peddler and the wail of a bereaved cow.

"Tell Dick to stop snoring," said Chub without looking up from his task.

"What the dickens is that?" marveled Roy, as the sound again reached them, apparently from some distance down the river.

"How should I know?" said Dick.

"It 's a cow," said Chub. "She 's in great pain."

"A cow!" jeered Dick.

"I 've beat you at your own game, Roy," he said. "The name is Camp Torohadik, with the accent, you will kindly observe, on the next to the last syllable."

"How do you spell it?" questioned Roy suspiciously. And, when Chub had responded, "Where do you get your 'h, a?' " he asked.

"I will explain: I put myself first—"

"That 's your modesty," said Dick.

"Because I was here first. Then Roy came next and then that sneering youth over there. That made 'Torodi,' which is just what Roy had. But by adding another letter of Dick's name, out of compliment, and because of the fact that the camp was his idea, I get 'Torodik,' which is a better sounding word than 'Torodi.' But still, it is not yet perfect. At this point genius gets in its work. I introduce the letters h, a, and the thing is complete."

"Yes, but where do you get your old 'h, a?' " demanded Roy.

"From the first name of the fourth member of the party," replied Chub triumphantly.

"The fourth member?" puzzled Roy.

"Harry, of course," said Dick. "And what does it make, Chub?"

"Torohadik, an Indian word meaning 'four friends,' " responded the inventor affably.

"That 's not so bad," laughed Roy. "It really does sound like an Indian word, does n't it, Dick?"

"Sure. It 's all right. Camp Torohadik it is. We 'll get Harry to make us a flag out of a piece of white cloth, and we 'll paint the name on it. Only I don't know how—"

"There 's Chub's cow again," interrupted Roy as the wail once more broke the silence. "I wish you 'd give her some Jamaica ginger or something, Chub."

"I 'm going to see what that is," said Dick, scrambling to his feet. "Sounds like a horn to me."

"Horn!" cried Chub. "That 's just what it is, I 'll wager. It 's Harry at the landing. She said she 'd blow a tin horn when she was ready to—"

"Yes, there she is," said Dick, "on the landing, with a basket. I 'd forgotten all about the horn part of it. I 'll go over for her in the rowboat. You fellows are more tired than I am."

"All right," Chub agreed with a laugh, "but the current 's pretty strong coming back, and you 'll have *To-row-hard-dick!*"

Dick groaned at the pun as he made toward the beach, leaving Roy to administer to Chub his well-deserved punishment.

(To be continued)





A VERY EXCEPTIONAL ESKIMO

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Shall I tell you a few of the things I know
Of a very exceptional Eskimo?
If you don't believe!—but of course you will—
Strange things have happened and happen still;
And some of the strangest things ever known
Occur far up in the Arctic Zone.

In the Arctic Zone by the Great North Pole
Lives this Eskimo, in a scooped-out hole
In a great snow-bank that is mountain high—
If you reached the top you could touch the sky!
And his clothes he views with a proper pride,
They are all white fur with the fur inside.

When he wishes his friends to come to dine
He calls them up on the Polar Line
And says, "Please come at the hour of two
And partake of a dish of sealskin stew,
With codfish oil and a water-ice
And a blubber-pudding that 's *very* nice!"

When he goes to ride he can start his sleigh
And never stop for a whole long day—
Lickety whiz-z-z! Down a slope of white!
And a reindeer carries him back at night,
While the polar bears from his path he warns
By blowing one of the reindeer's horns!

When he goes to bed it is not enough
To hide his nose in a bearskin muff,
But his ears he wraps, if it 's very cold,
In a feather-bed, and I have been told
That he toasts his head—for it really seems,
If he did n't, the cold might *freeze his dreams!*

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

IV. ANTONIO AND ANTONITO

The Pima Indians, who live on the banks of the Gila River (pronounced in Spanish Heela), are the most civilized of any North-American Indians. They live in houses, manufacture useful articles, and are known for simplicity of character, peacefulness, and honesty. But they have had their wars. A battle took place near the "broad trail," which is now sometimes called the Temple Road. Ursuth was war-chief then, and he led his people against a band of Apache Indians. The Pimas were far outnumbered by Apache warriors, and



LOUIS, THE INTERPRETER.

yet many were killed on both sides, but, although Ursuth received three wounds, he was able to keep the Apaches back till the Pima women and children had escaped and reached a place of safety.

The Apaches always began the wars, but the Pimas were never slow to follow and fight them; they gained the advantage sometimes by making night attacks. They would come upon the Apaches with clubs and knives, and kill them in their sleep. Then, like all Indians, the Pimas would carry off as many captives as they could secure. These they sold in Mexico for sixty to one hundred dollars apiece, being paid in clothes or live stock. After a battle they would have wonderful dances to celebrate a victory.

When Ursuth grew too old to lead the warriors, Antonio took his place and became war-chief. Soon afterward there came a year when there was no food in all the Gila Valley, so the Pimas took their wives with them to the San Pedro River. Here they made a camp for the women, and the men mounted the few Indian ponies and rode off in search of food. When they returned the camp and all the women were gone, for the wild Apaches had stolen in and taken everything. This was a fearful return, but Antonio lost no time. He and his warriors did not rest till they had overtaken the robbers in the Sierra Mountains. Here they had a terrible battle, but the Pimas won, and rescued the women who had been taken captive.

Now, "Uncle Sam" had a fort near where the Pima Indians lived, and he sent General Alexander, one of his officers, to take care of it.

After a while, in the year 1868, this officer was obliged to make war upon some Apaches, for they were stealing cattle and horses from the Pimas and white people. A hundred Pima Indians went with General Alexander and helped him make many charges over hills, rocks, and streams. Their wild ways and brilliant dresses delighted him during his great march into the mountains.

The Pimas are proud of the fact that they have never killed a white man. They hate the Apaches and make war against them, but have always been the white man's friend.

General Alexander and his wife were great friends of these Indians, but were sorry to see that they believed in many foolish things; Antonio as well as all the rest. They tried to cure sick people by rapping on rude drums or shaking rattles night and day beside them. They did all sorts of silly things, too, in time of famine, to bring food. The General often talked to Antonio and told him that there were good white people who lived far away in the East and that some day they would send a good man to live among the Pimas. He would not want their land or their money, but would come because he loved the Indians and wanted to do them good. What he told them would be the truth, and Antonio could trust him when he came. The chief listened. He believed and waited for the great teacher to come.

Three years went by, and then Mr. Cook, a Christian missionary, was sent to help the Indi-

ans. The Indian agent built a small school house for him, and here he began to teach the Indian children. Louis, one of the boys, could speak

After this good man had learned to speak the Indian language he talked to the older Indians. The chief had been waiting for the coming of



"LOOK ON THE MAN YOU KILLED IN BATTLE MANY SUNS AGO," HE SAID.

Spanish, and with his help the children taught the Pima language to their teacher. Mr. Cook worked hard till he could speak Pima, while the Indian boys and girls soon learned to speak English

just such a teacher, and he listened to what he taught and profited by it.

In 1872 some bad white men went to live on the banks of the Gila River, above where the

Indians had their homes. They dug deep ditches and drew away a large part of the river. Of course, their fields and gardens were well watered in this way, but they cut off a great deal of water from the Indians, who depended upon water from the river to make things grow in that dry country, where hardly any rain falls. More than half the crops of grain and vegetables were lost in consequence, and the fruit-trees were nearly dead and could not bear fruit. Before these white men came the farms had been watered by ditches from the river, which took water far up on to the land and then branched, so that water ran over each Indian's land and made the soil very rich. Some of the Indians were very angry and loudly complained, but these selfish white men only said: "The Pimas can not have the whole Gila; if we are above them that 's their bad luck." Some of the young Indians wanted to fight, and I was sent to see what I could do to arrange matters.

When I first saw him, the chief, Antonio, was a lame old man, of medium height, with a bright, intelligent face; his black hair, a little mixed with gray, hung in two short braids down his back. His forehead was clear and high, and his dark eyes, always gazing straight at you, were steady and searching. With him was his son, Antonito, about twenty-five years old. He was stouter than his father, and kept his eyes always on the ground until we were better acquainted, when he would look into my face.

We met in the office of the Indian agent, Mr. Stout; and Mr. Cook was there with Louis to help as interpreter. Mr. Cook told Antonio who I was. He said he would like to show me his house, so we walked three or four hundred steps to Antonio's house. It was like a big beehive outside, of rounded form and twenty or thirty feet across. The roof seemed to be made of hard clay such as is called by the Spanish word "adobe." One side was square, and a door about four feet high and three feet across opened into it. As we entered after Antonio we stepped down two feet to the floor of hard sand and clay. On one side blankets were rolled up and placed against the wall. Saddles, guns, and belts hung opposite, and between were benches and some two or three Indian dogs. The Pimas have always lived in villages and built this kind of house, not as do other Indians, who live in tents. We talked a while but did not stay, for without any window or chimney the smell and smoke were too much for a white man to stand very long. On our way back to the office we often stopped to look about us and I saw that the Gila was a very strange river. It flows rapidly along on its way to the Colorado for some distance, then the water suddenly disappears and only a river bed filled with sand is seen, the surface of which is usually dry and white. A little further on the water appears again. I thought at first there must be a channel beneath the sand and that the water followed on underneath, but our engineer told me that the sand, like a sponge, takes up the water for a short distance in several places before it reaches the Colorado River.

After our first talk Antonio opened his heart to me. He told me that wicked men had led his young people away and taught them bad ways. He said his people had been on the war-path in the past, but that they loved best to cultivate the land, raise fruits, and be at peace. "Some of our young men," he said, "now want to fight these bad white men who steal our water. Louis and Antonito think that way, but Mr. Cook says 'No.' He is our teacher. The children have been to school to him, and as soon as he knew our language he told them everything, about the President, the United States Government, and many other things. They have told me."

Some time after this, a hundred miles west of Antonio's village, we gathered part of five tribes of Apaches, two tribes of the Pueblos (those Indians who live in houses), many Mexicans, white citizens, and some American soldiers. This was to be a great peace meeting, and I wanted Antonio, who was my friend, to come and tell the other Indians about me. But he was too old and lame, so Mr. Cook and Louis went, and Antonio, the chief of the Pimas, sent his son, Antonito, to the council in his place. He said his son would soon have to speak everywhere for the tribe and "might as well begin now."

At the end of the council, the old enemies, Apaches and Pimas, embraced each other, while tears of joy ran down their cheeks. One strong active warrior said to Louis: "Look on the man you killed in battle many suns ago." It was indeed an Indian Louis had left for dead on the battle-field, and he was greatly frightened, for he was very superstitious. But when he realized that this man was quite alive, they embraced each other in promise of future good fellowship.

Later Antonito went with me to New York and Washington with a party of ten Arizona Indians, and the new and startling experiences did much to bind them forever to the side of peace.

Ursuth, very old, was still living when I first visited the Pimas. Antonio never learned to speak English. Antonito saw more of the world than the chiefs who went before him, but like them he loved those who were his friends, and the friends of his people, and was always true to them.

THE ADVENTURES OF THREE LITTLE KITTENS



"HURRAH! WE ARE GOING TO SEE THE WORLD!"



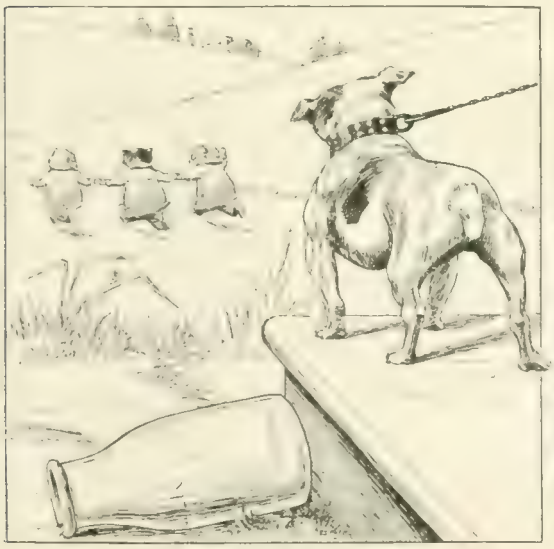
"OH DEAR THIS IS DREADFUL!"



"YES, IT IS SWEET MILK, IT'S YOUR TURN NEXT."



BUT THEY MADE SUCH A NOISE THAT—

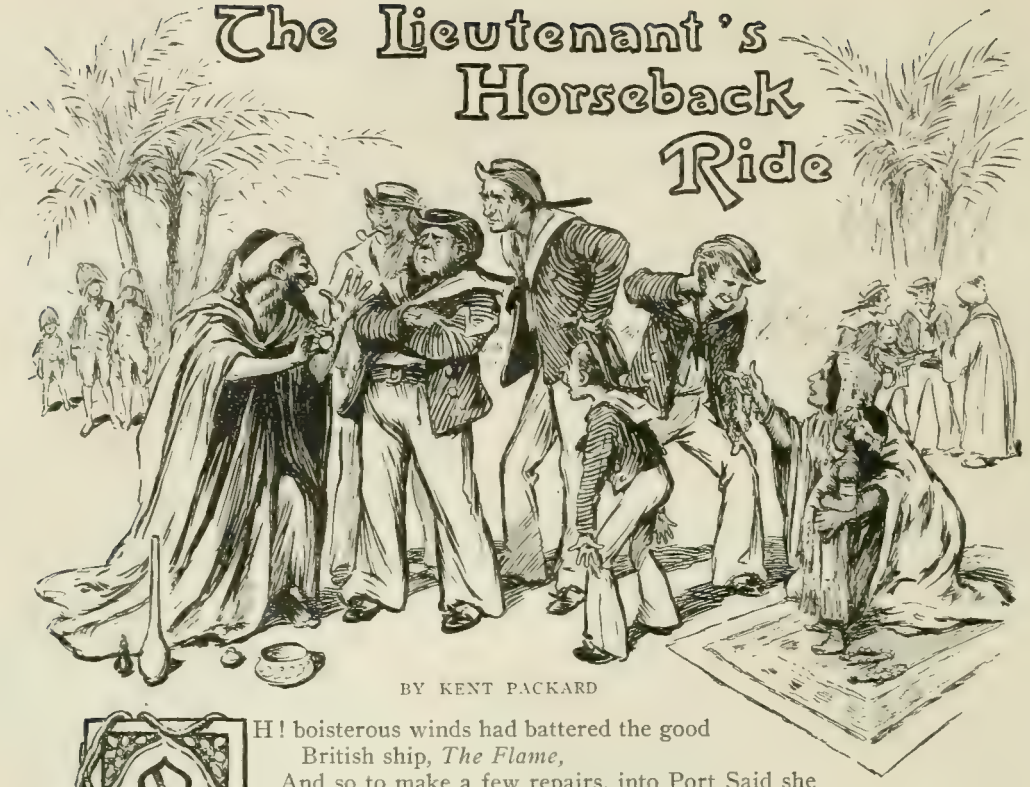


JACK CAME OUT AND SO FRIGHTENED THEM THAT—



THEY RAN HOME AS FAST AS THEY COULD GO.

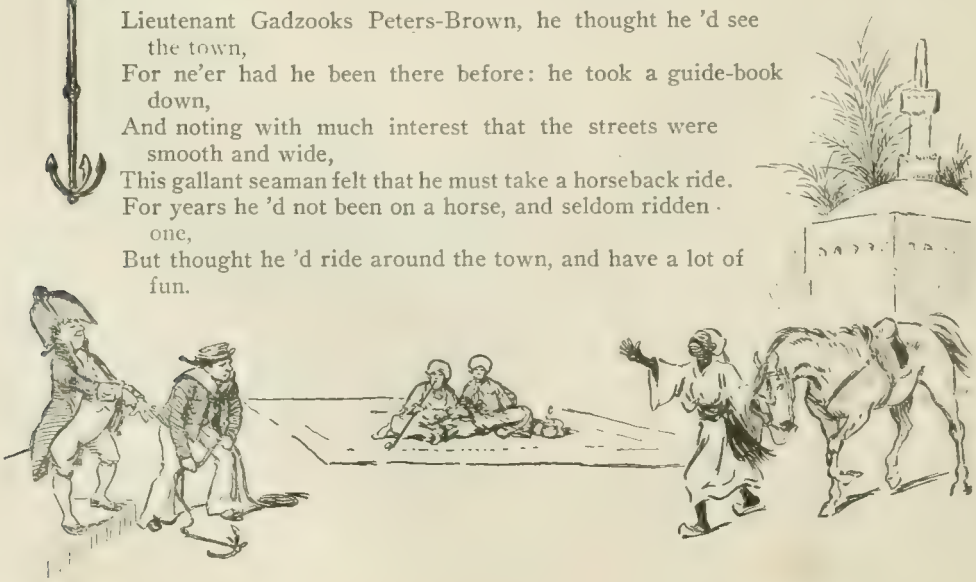
The Lieutenant's Horseback Ride



BY KENT PACKARD

AH! boisterous winds had battered the good
British ship, *The Flame,*
And so to make a few repairs, into Port Said she
came;
They straightway took that gallant ship and sent her to a dock.
The sailors and the officers were huddled as a flock
Of wandering sheep, that up and down the pastures blindly roam
When, having none to lead them, they know not their way home.

Lieutenant Gadzooks Peters-Brown, he thought he 'd see
the town,
For ne'er had he been there before: he took a guide-book
down,
And noting with much interest that the streets were
smooth and wide,
This gallant seaman felt that he must take a horseback ride.
For years he 'd not been on a horse, and seldom ridden
one,
But thought he 'd ride around the town, and have a lot of
fun.



He knew, when on the horse's back, the spur would make him go,
But how to stop him was the thing our hero did not know.
Then all at once a happy thought came to this "sea-dog's" mind,
And going out on board the *Flame* an anchor he did find,
A small boat's anchor of the kind that 's known at sea as "kedge"—
Three flukes, equipped with hoop and ring and sharpened on the edge.

Safe-landed on the shore, he soon off to a stable hied
And hired a horse that any man might well be proud to ride.
Securely mounted on its back, around its neck he tied



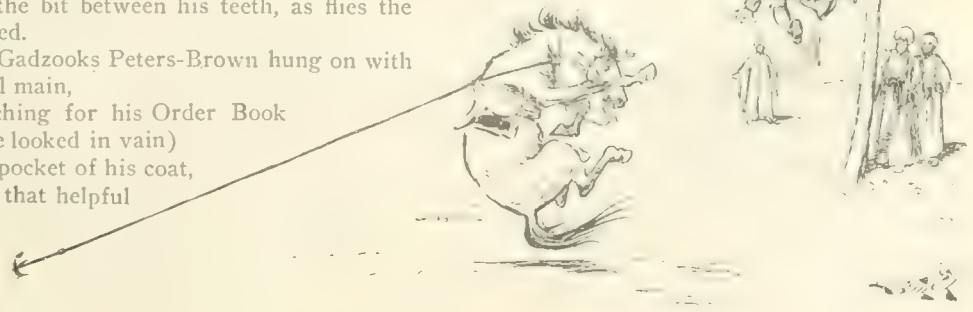
The rope, and let the anchor hang, hooked up on his port side.
But as the beast began to trot, the kedge began to hit;
The puzzled creature turned his head and had a look at it.

The thing he saw quite startled him; he jumped, put down his head
And, with the bit between his teeth, as flies the arrow, sped.
Lieutenant Gadzooks Peters-Brown hung on with might and main,
Then, searching for his Order Book
(alas! he looked in vain)
Within the pocket of his coat,
he 'd left that helpful
guide

The book, he sadly missed when he began that horseback ride.



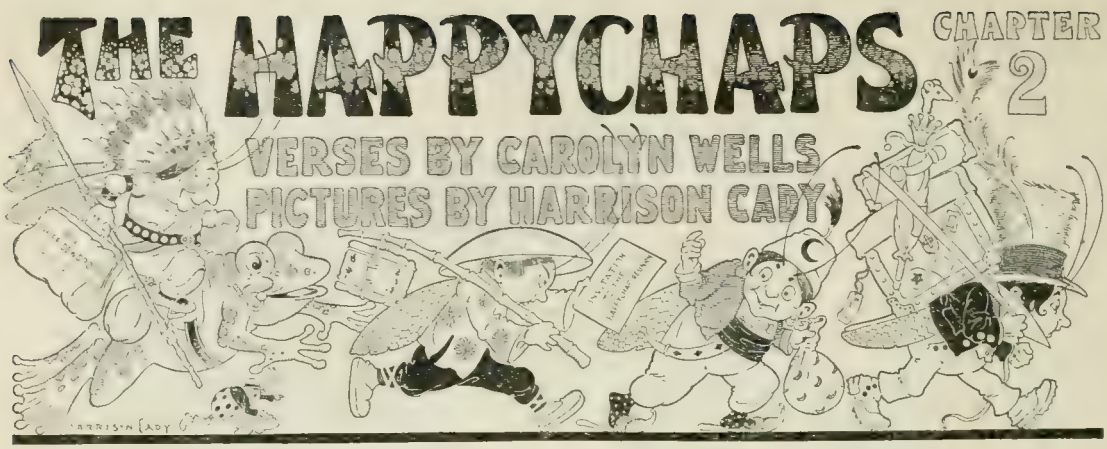
But, clinging fast, he reached around and let the anchor go.
It caught—the "ship" took up the slack; the next thing he did know
He left his seat, and, sailing through the country of Port Said,
By "naval evolutions" finely landed on his head.
Then, climbing gamely to his feet, he vowed he 'd never ride
Another horse unless he had his Orders by his side.



THE HAPPYCHAPS

CHAPTER 2

VERSES BY CAROLYN WELLS
PICTURES BY HARRISON CADY



OLD General Happychap then began
All sorts of delightful things to plan
For the great Reunion Feast;
The day he selected,
All things he directed,
From the greatest details to the least.

A clever and capable chap was he,
And he worked like a busy, buzzy bee.
He appointed committees for this and for that,
(If you could have heard them chitter and chat!)
Committees on greeting
And eating and treating;
Committees on staying,
And playing and paying;
Committees to see that the weather was fine,
Committees to see that a bright sun should shine,
Committees to see that the clocks kept time truly,
Committees to see that the guests arrived duly;
Committees on rations,
And gay decorations,
And for all of the various side celebrations.
Committees to keep these committees at work,
And committees to see that *they* did n't shirk!



And General Happychap, stuffy and stout,
Went skipping about,
Where they were hobnobbing,
He gaily kept bobbing
Now in and now out.

The final result of these confabulations
Was a million or more of polite invitations
To Happychaps great and Happychaps small,
Happychaps short and Happychaps tall,
Happychaps here and Happychaps there,
Happychaps all over, everywhere.
The addresses were neatly and legibly penned;
To the ends of the earth they were ready to send.
(Though between you and me,
I really can't see
If the earth is a sphere, how it *can* have an end!)



"OLD RAGGEDY HAPPYCHAP TRAMPING AROUND, SAW THE HAPPYCHAP MESSENGER SLEEPING SO SOUND."

Well, the Happychap Messenger came for his load,
And with it he ambled away down the road;
But as he proceeded,
He slowed his pace, he did;



"'NOW, *DO* COME, *PLEASE!*

Till at last 'neath a shady old oak-tree he sat him,
And a jolly young mushroom grew up and grinned at him!
Old Raggledy Happychap tramping around,
Saw the Happychap Messenger sleeping so sound;
He picked up the notes which he stuffed in his sack,
And hurried him back,
Exclaiming "Alack!
Let every one weep!
Here 's a tragedy deep,
That bad little Messenger Boy 's gone to sleep!"

Cried General Happychap, "What ho, my men!
If one method fails, try another one then!
These notes ought to go
This minute,—or so;
They *must* be delivered ere set of the sun,
And what *must* be done, I declare SHALL be done!"
Old General Happychap thundered so loud,
The Happychaps all rushed up in a crowd.
Two merry Skiddoodles had somehow wedged in,
Of whom one was quite fat, the other quite thin;
And Buttons announced,
As in the two bounced,
"Hiram Hoppergrass *and* Timothy Terrapin!"
To the General, "Howdy!" they said, bowing low;
"You want messengers? We on your errands will go."
And then Hiram Hoppergrass went on to say,
"You see, sir, we two work together this way:
If we meet any trouble, over I jump;
While my friend Terrapin (who 's a regular trump!)
Draws his head in his shell
(Which fits him quite well),



"'HIRAM HOPPERGRASS AND TIMOTHY TERRAPIN'

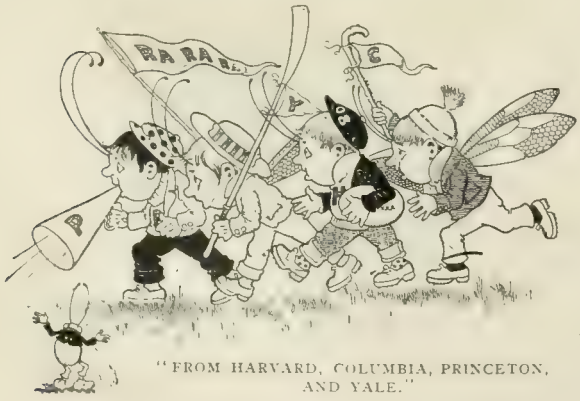
And covers his face with his old beaver hat,
And waits till the trouble goes by! Think of that!"

"Good work!" cried the General, "You are my sort;
And my errands I 'm sure you will look on as sport."



"ALFRED HAPPYCHAP."

So spry Hiram Hoppergrass hopped back and forth,
And delivered the notes, East, West, South, and North.
Till each Happychap of every last nation
Had received an official, engraved invitation.
And this was no joke,
For the queer little folk
Lived in all sorts of outlandish places like these,



"FROM HARVARD, COLUMBIA, PRINCETON, AND YALE."

From North polar regions to sunny South seas;
They were found among English and Dutch and Chinese,
Hollanders, Polanders, Swedes, Siamese,
Australians, Malayans, Moors and Maltese,
Germans and Burmans, and French and Fijis,
Brazilians, Chilians, Poles, Portuguese,
Pompeiians, Bombayans, Swiss, Scotch, Tyrolese,
Venetians and Grecians, Jolos, Genevese,
Russians and Prussians and Salamanquese,
Danish and Rhenish and Finnish and Spanish,
Ballycoranish and Afghanistanish,
Alsatians, Dalmatians,
And Thracians and Dacians,
And sixty-two more unpronounceable nations!

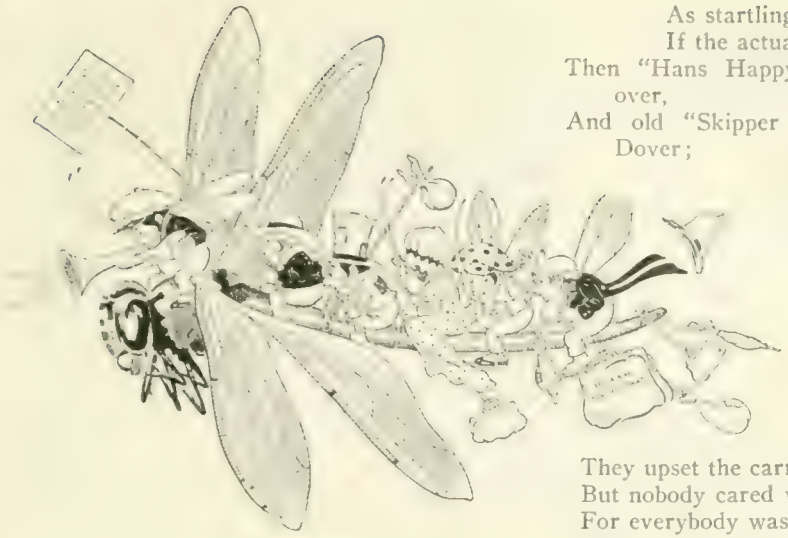
But young Hiram Hoppergrass hopped round with ease,
And said to each Happychap, "Now, *do* come, please!"
And did they? Well, now, you 'd just better believe
Each one was so awfully glad to receive
The kind invitation,



ON THE WAY.

They danced with elation,
They giggled and grinned,
They chattered and chinned,
They chuckled and cheered,
Quite mad they appeared,
Their hearts were so filled with glad anticipation.

At last the great day of reunion arrived,
And those big committees had somehow contrived
To get everything done,
And be ready for fun;
And, indeed, they were not half a minute too soon,
For at quarter past two in the afternoon,
The first guest came,
And this was his name,



BY THE "AIR LINE."

"Happychap Jiminy Jim-Jam-Mee-Mee,"
And he brought his family from far Fiji.
"Halfred 'Appychap" next came in,
An English globe-trotter with numerous kin.
Then "Ali Ben Happychap," who was born
Within the sound of the Golden Horn.
Then "Paddy" from Cork,
And "Smith" from New York.
And "Duncan Happychap," canny old Scot,
And "Happychap Boo-Bah," a wild Hottentot.
Then "Happychap Toot"
In a motoring suit,
With goggles and mask, and great furry mitts,



SLOW, BUT SURE.

Who frightened the Indian Chief into fits,
And scared Jiminy Jim-Jam quite out of his wits;
(Though their own clothes seemed quite
As startling a sight,
If the actual truth one admits.)
Then "Hans Happychap" from Holland came over,
And old "Skipper Happychap," hailing from Dover;
While from Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, and Yale,
Four "Rah-rah Happychaps" came like a gale;
With their hooting and yelling,
And gay story-telling;
With their running and jumping,
And tumbling and bumping.
They upset the carrier bringing the mail!
But nobody cared what happened that day,
For everybody was joyous and gay.
And songs were sung, resolutions were read,



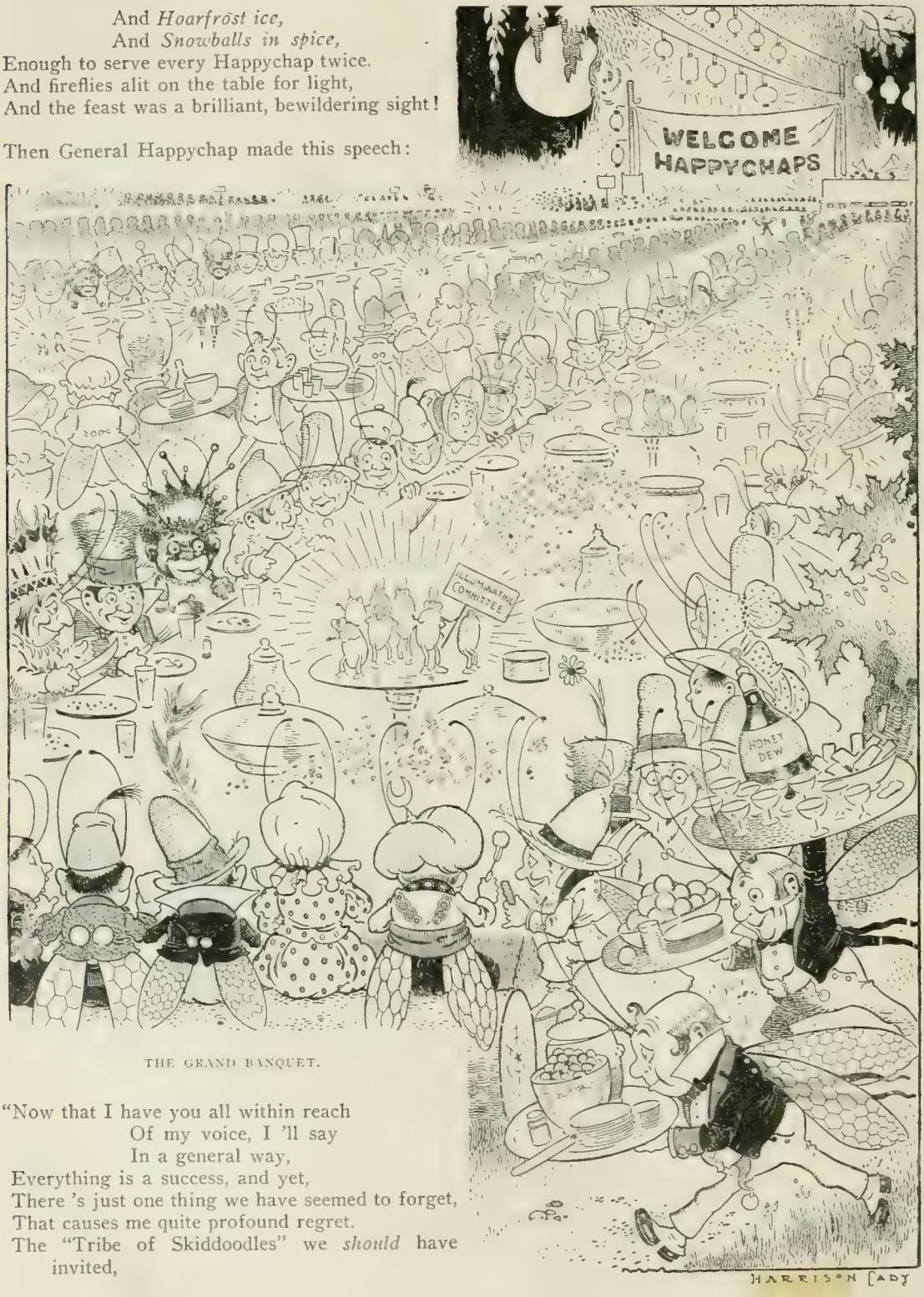
ALMOST THERE!

And speeches were spoken and sayings were said;
And then everybody sat down to be fed.

If you could have seen that Happychap feast!
Each table could seat 'most a hundred at least;
And in front of each chair
Was this fine bill of fare,
Which greatly their pleasure increased.
There was *Honeydew soup,* and *Puffballs vinaigrette,*
Thistledown waffles, Moonshine omelette,
Peachblossom pudding, and *Roseleaves with rice,*

And *Hoarfrōst ice,*
And *Snowballs in spice,*
Enough to serve every Happychap twice.
And fireflies alit on the table for light,
And the feast was a brilliant, bewildering sight!

Then General Happychap made this speech:



THE GRAND BANQUET.

"Now that I have you all within reach
Of my voice, I 'll say
In a general way,
Everything is a success, and yet,
There 's just one thing we have seemed to forget,
That causes me quite profound regret.
The "Tribe of Skiddoodles" we *should* have invited,

And I do *hope* they 'll not think they are slighted.
This omission suppose we rectify
By sending at once——"
Said the guests, "Ay! Ay!!"

But alack! alack! oh, readers dear!
Our space, I fear,
Is filled! That 's clear!
So this notice must be posted here:



HOW CLARA ILLUSTRATED A POEM

BY GEORGE JAY

LITTLE Clara was told by her teacher to make,
Like the rest of the class, a fit illustration
To go with a poem. "Which one shall I take?"
Asked Clara, poor child, in great agitation.

"The Old Oaken Bucket," the teacher replied.
"I 'll try," was the answer; and here 's what she drew:
A circle, three buckets, and off at one side
Some dots loosely scattered, a dozen or two.

"This circle?" asked teacher. "The *well*," she said, vexed.
"But why have three buckets? Come, Clara, please tell."
"One 's the *old oaken* bucket; the *mossy* one next;
The third the *iron-bound* one that hung in the well."

"Of course," said the teacher; "but what are these dots?
I really don't see just what they have to do
With the poem." "Why, don't you?" said Clara. "Those spots,—
Why, they 're '*the loved spots that my infancy knew*.'"

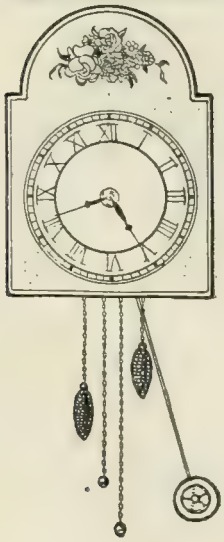


EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

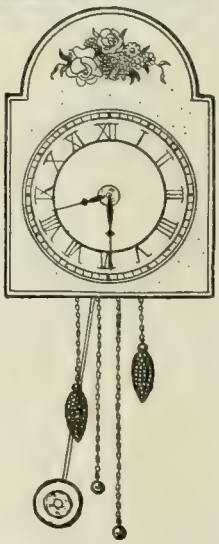
PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE





OFF TO SCHOOL

HURRY! hurry! is the rule
On the days we go to school.
Just as soon as breakfast 's done,
'Round about the house we run,
Looking here and looking there,
Finding things 'most anywhere.
Father, walking to and fro,
Hurries Jack, who 's always slow.
Mother, glancing at the clock,
Smoothes out Mary's rumpled frock;
Tells us children to make haste;
Says there is n't time to waste;
Goes down with us to the gate;
Says she hopes we won't be late.
Then away we hurry fast,
Off to school again at last.







GOING TO SCHOOL

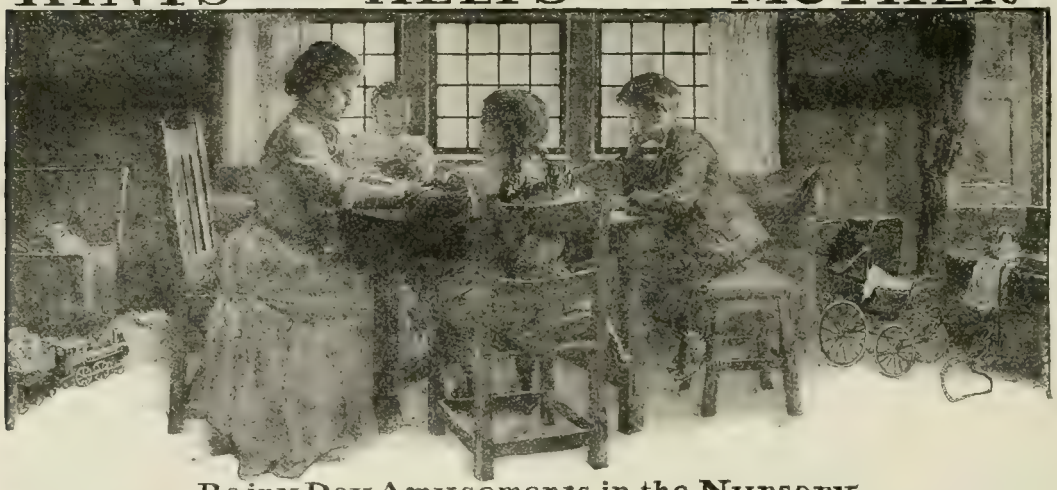
Down the lane to school we go,
Never too fast and never too slow,
Never a-stopping to talk or play,
Never a-loitering on the way,
Never a-halting for trees to climb,
Never a-guessing there 's plenty of time,
Never a-pausing to see the view,
Never a-looking for something new,
Never a turn from the road that 's straight,
And that 's the reason we NEVER are late.

A GOOD MEMORY

He might forget his book or slate
When he was just a little late;
But you will never, never find
A boy who leaves his lunch behind.



HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

ELEVENTH PAPER "VALENTINES TO MAKE AT HOME"

ORIGINATED BY ADELIA BELLE BEARD

THE GOOD LUCK VALENTINE

THE background of this valentine is a piece of white cardboard, seven inches long and six inches wide. From a sheet of moss-green tissue-paper cut three clover-leaves, like Figure 2, making



FIG. 1. THE GOOD-LUCK VALENTINE.

them three inches wide at the widest part and four inches long from top to bottom. Cut a smaller leaf, two and a quarter inches wide and three inches long, and on each leaf put white markings with chalk or white water-color paint, filling up the spaces shown in G, G, Figure 2. Crimp each leaf through the middle on a hatpin

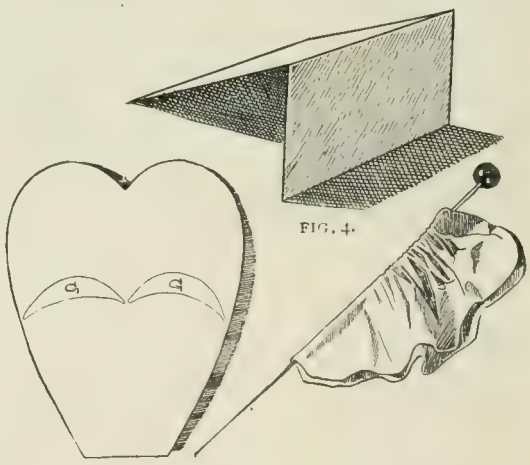


FIG. 2.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 3.

(Fig. 3), twist the lower end of each leaf into a point, and paste it on the cardboard a little above the middle (Fig. 1.). Paste the leaves only at the points. Cut a strip of green tissue-paper half an inch wide and seven inches long, and twist it into a slender lighter and paste it on for the stem of the clover. Underneath the clover write, or put in the lettering as in Figure 1, or any other sentiment appropriate to the four-leaf clover.

THE CLOCK VALENTINE

THE little Appointment Clock (Fig. 9) makes a pretty and useful trifle for the writing-desk, as well as being a valentine. Fold a half sheet of note-paper through the middle and cut out a pattern of a heart as shown in Figure 5. At its widest part

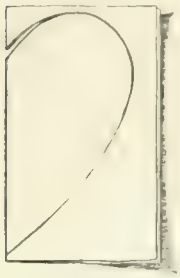


FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

the heart should measure four and three quarter inches, and through the center, from the cleft at the top to the point at the bottom, it should be three and three quarter inches, with the curving tops rising one inch higher (Fig. 6). Lay your pattern (Fig. 6) on a piece of cardboard and trace around the edge of the heart with a pencil. Cut out the cardboard heart and cover one side thinly with paste, then place a piece of bright red glazed paper over the cardboard and press it down smoothly. The paper must be large enough to entirely cover the cardboard heart. When the paste is dry cut away the edges of the red paper and there will be a glowing red heart.

Now, upon a piece of unruled white writing-paper, draw a circle two and a half inches in diameter, and within that circle draw another circle, one and three quarter inches in diameter, then between the two circles draw the figures as

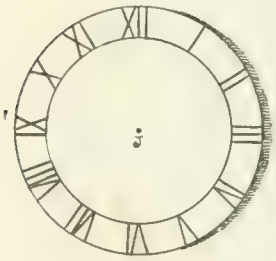


FIG. 7.

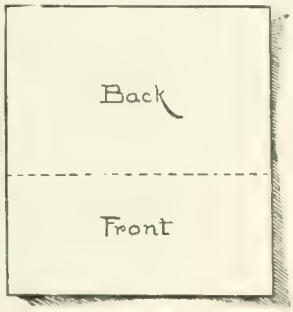


FIG. 8.

on the face of a clock (Fig. 7). The spacing of the figures will be simplified if you remember that the twelve o'clock and six o'clock marks are always directly opposite each other, the twelve at the top and the six at the bottom; also the nine o'clock mark and the three o'clock mark are exactly opposite each other, the nine o'clock on the left-hand side, just half-way between the twelve and six o'clock marks, and the three o'clock mark on the right-hand side half-way between the twelve and the six o'clock mark. The figures should be gone over with ink to make them plain. Cut out the little clock-face (Fig. 7), and paste it on the red heart with its top edge reaching almost to the cleft at the top of the heart. Make the stand for the clock of white cardboard. Cut an oblong four and one quarter inches long and four inches wide. One and three quarter inches from the bottom edge draw a line across from side to side, as shown by the dotted line in Figure 8. Score this line by drawing the blade of a knife

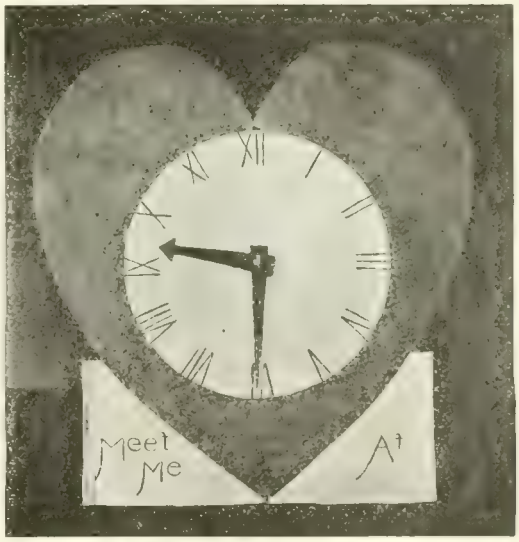


FIG. 9. THE CLOCK VALENTINE.

lightly along its entire length, then bend as in Figure 4. Cut the hands of the clock as on Figure 9 from cardboard, and paint them black. Make the hour-hand one and one eighth inches long, and the minute-hand one and one half inches long. Thread a needle with a soft cotton string, tie a large knot at the end of the string, then push the needle through the hour-hand, one quarter of an inch from the blunt end. Push the needle through the dot in the minute-hand, one quarter of an inch from the blunt end, then through the center of the face of the clock (J, Fig. 7). Now draw the knot close to the hour-hand and both hands close to the clock, and tie another knot at the back of the clock. The string should hold the hands in place and at the same time allow them to turn easily as if on a pivot. Cut the end of the

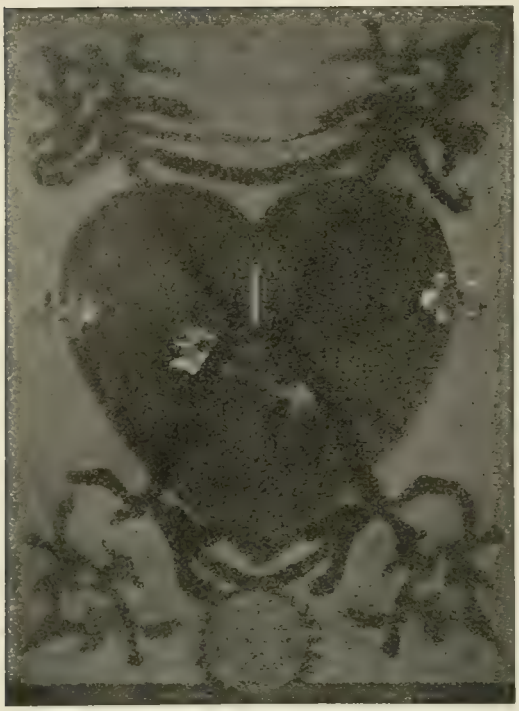


FIG. 10. A SURPRISE VALENTINE.

string off close to the knot at the back. Paste the heart on the front of the stand, and the little appointment clock will be complete. Let the lower point of the heart reach the bottom edge of the stand and be careful to have it exactly in the mid-

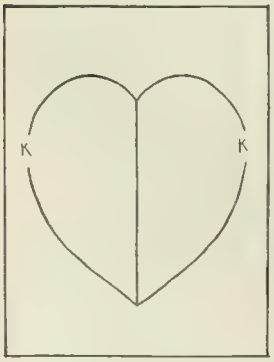


FIG. 11.

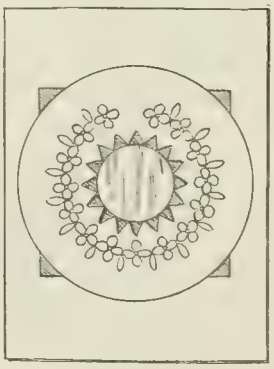


FIG. 12.

dle. Write on the front of the stand, partly on one side of the heart, partly on the other:

Meet Me At—

and set the hands at any hour the children may choose. Instead of the above lettering you may use "Will return at," or anything else.

A SURPRISE VALENTINE

The valentine in Figure 10 contains a surprise that is revealed in Figure 17, where the little mirror in the center shows how the heart's treasure is disclosed.

Make a background of a piece of white cardboard, six inches long and four and one half



FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.



FIG. 15.

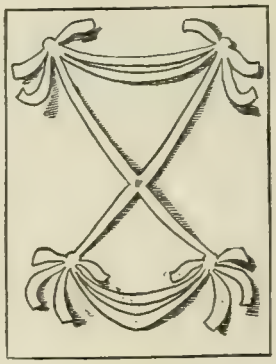


FIG. 16.

inches wide. Directly over the center of the background paste a small piece of broken mirror. Cut a three and one quarter inch square of gold paper, and in the center of the square cut a perfectly round hole one and one quarter inches in diameter. Paste the gold square over the mirror so that the hole in the square will be exactly in the center of the valentine. From white tissue-paper cut a circle about four inches in diameter, in the center of the circle cut a round hole the size of the one in the gold

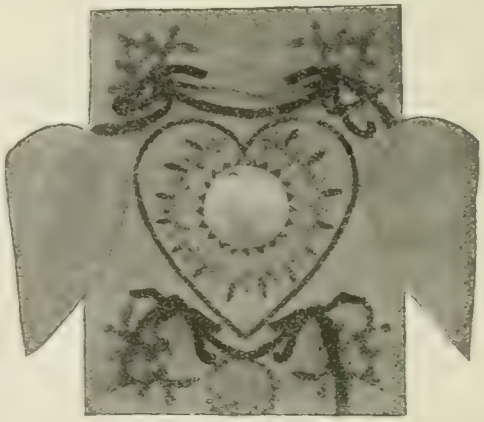
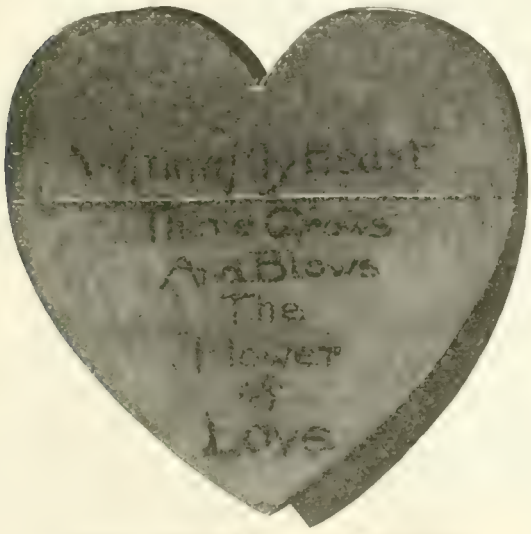


FIG. 17. THE SURPRISE VALENTINE OPEN.

square, then point the edges around the hole as in Figure 12, which shows the gilt square under the white circle and the round mirror in its mistily gilt frame. Paint in water-colors the wreath of

little blue flowers and green leaves that encircle the mirror (Fig. 12), or cut the flowers and leaves from tissue-paper and paste them on. If you use paint do not make it too wet.

From the middle of a piece of gold paper, four and a quarter inches square, cut a heart, three and a half inches high from the top of the curves to the bottom point, and three and one half inches wide at its widest part. Paste the gold square over the white circle, inclosing the wreath of flowers. Now cut an oblong of unruled writing-paper just the size of the cardboard background, and in the center of this draw a heart about one eighth of an inch larger all around than the gold heart cut from the gold square. By laying the gold heart in the middle of the white paper you can trace around its edge with a pencil, and then make another outline one eighth of an inch outside of the tracing. Through the middle of the large white heart, from the cleft to the bottom point, draw a line that will divide the

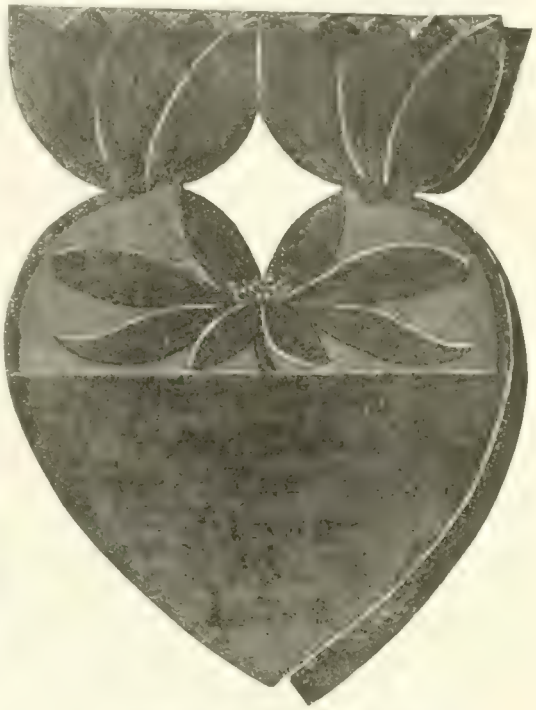


heart in two halves, then cut a slit the entire length of this middle line and continue cutting out the heart until the hinges are reached (K. K. Fig. 11). Leave the hinges half an inch in height and finish cutting out the heart. Cover both halves of the outside of the white heart with red glazed paper, then paste the white oblong over the valentine, leaving the red heart open, and free to swing on its hinges.

Make two little gold hinges one and one quarter inches long, like Figure 13, and a gold arrow, two and a half inches long, like Figure 14. Cut a round, gold disk, two inches in diameter, and a white disk, one and a half inches in diameter, and paste the white disk in the middle of the gold disk, then point the edges of the gold disk (Fig. 15). On the white disk write:

Break the Seal and Find
The Treasure of My Heart.

From light blue tissue-paper, or any color you may prefer, cut bowknots and loops (Fig. 16).



You can cut these in one piece or, if it is easier, make them in sections, separating the bows from the loops and allowing the long strips to cross at the middle. The outline of the valentine is given in Figure 16 to show the relative size of the bows and loops, and the space they should occupy. The object of the ribbons is to seal the heart so that it can not be opened without breaking them.

Paste the little gold hinges over the real hinges of the heart, putting half of a hinge on the red heart, half on the white paper (Fig. 10), then paste half of the gold arrow on one half of the red heart, placing it diagonally across with the point down and the feather end free (Fig. 10). Close the doors of the heart, and over it lay the loops of tissue-paper ribbon, pasting the ribbon only at the corners of the valentine, and to the bottom loop paste the upper part of the gold and white disk. Allow the disk to swing free and to extend a little below the bottom edge of the valentine as shown in Figure 10.

ANOTHER SURPRISE VALENTINE

(SEE PAGE 351)

ANOTHER surprise is prepared in Figure 18 and revealed in Figure 19. For this valentine fold a half sheet of writing paper over two inches at the top, then cut out a heart, five inches high and five inches wide, leaving three quarters of an inch of the fold at the top of each curve to act as hinges for the lap that covers not quite one half of the heart. With the lap down trace a line



FIG. 20. THE MOUSE VALENTINE.

close to its edge on the lower part of the heart, then lift the lap, cover the heart below the line with paste, and press over that part a piece of glazed red paper, bringing its upper edge just a

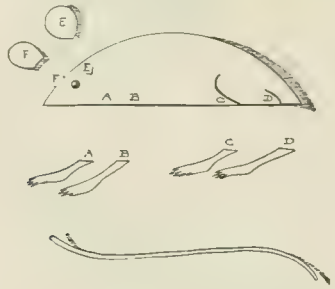


FIG. 21. DETAILS OF THE MOUSE VALENTINE.

trifle above the line. Cut away the edges of the red paper that extend beyond the white heart Cover the right side of the lap with red paper in the same way. When closed the heart will be all red; open, the upper half and the lap will be white.

Now, on each half of the lap draw the simple, half-open flower shown in Figure 19. This will cover all the space. Bring the stems down along the side curves of the heart to meet the red half. In the space between the stems draw the open flower (Fig. 19). Paint the flowers light blue in a flat tint, or, if the children like red better, make them red to resemble the poinsettia. Close the heart and, across the outside, partly on the lap and partly below, write:

> Within My Heart There Grows And Blows
> The Flower of Love,

then lift the lap and the flowers inside will come as a pretty surprise even to yourself.

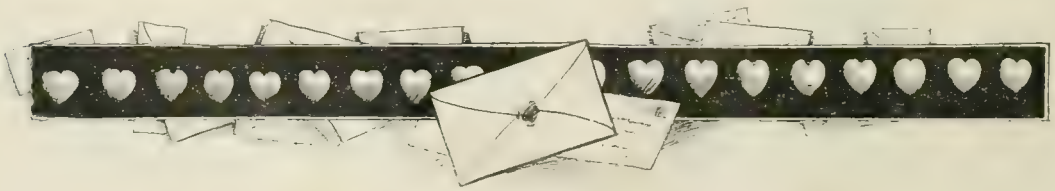
A MOUSE VALENTINE

THE Pathetic Tale of the Unloved (Fig. 20) is also easily and quickly made. From a piece of gray cardboard, a piece of felt or heavy cloth, cut out the body of the mouse, like Figure 21, and paste it on a suitably sized piece of white cardboard. If the mouse is made of cardboard put in the eye and lines for the upper part of the hind leg in ink; if you have used cloth, make the markings in pencil. Cut the ears, E and F (Fig. 21), from black paper and paste to the head, the ear E at the point E on the head, and the ear F at the edge of the head in the space marked F. Cut the legs and feet (A, B, C, D, Fig 21) from black paper also, and paste them close to the lower edge of the body at the places marked A, B, C, D, Figure 21. The tail is shown also in Figure 21. Make the tail of black worsted and have it a trifle longer than the body of the mouse. Lift the lower right-hand point of the body of the mouse and, covering one end of the tail with paste, insert it in its place under the body, and let the tail dangle down and swing dejectedly from side to side. With pen and ink draw the whiskers extending out from the mouse's nose, then write on the background above the mouse:

> Who Will Love Me?

and below it:

> A Pathetic Tail of the Unloved.



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



"BUT BUBBY BEAR WAS STUPID, AND HE HAD TO BE THE DUNCE."

ALL ABOUT BOBBY BEAR, BUBBY BEAR, AND BABY BEAR

Said Bobby Bear to Bubby Bear, "I think it would be well
"For us to go to school a day, and learn to read and spell";
"It would, indeed," said Bubby Bear, "I 'll go along with you."
When Baby Bear heard what they said, he called out, "Me go, too!"

Now Bobby Bear was clever, and he learned to write at once.
But Bubby Bear was stupid, and he had to be the dunce.
While Baby Bear learned nothing, but he looked so very wise,
The teacher thought he knew it all, and so gave him the prize!



BUBBY BEAR TAKES BABY BEAR'S AND BOBBY BEAR'S PHOTOGRAPH.



THE BEARS GO COASTING, BUT BABY BEAR FELL OFF BEFORE THEIR PICTURES WERE TAKEN.

TAKING BABY BEAR'S PICTURE

"You two sit down," said Bubby Bear; "I 'll take your photograph.
Be very still, dear Baby Bear, don't wriggle and don't laugh."
"I 'll hold him still," said Bobby Bear, "and you say, 'One, two, three!'
Then take a lovely photograph of Baby Bear and me!"

So Bubby fixed the camera, and posed his subjects right;
And Baby Bear just could n't move, for Bobby held him tight.
But with a sudden, awful bounce, as Bubby counted three,—
He screamed, "I 'se 'fraid it will go off! It 's pointed wite at me!"

THE BEARS GO COASTING

Said Bobby Bear to Bubby Bear, "A coasting we will go;
The air is bright and crispy,—there 's a lot of lovely snow."
Then Baby Bear said, "Me go, too!" and so all three set out
To coast, and slide, and snowball, and play around about.

They had a jolly little sled, and all three crowded on;
They started at the hilltop;—whiz! zip! and they were gone!
They went like lightning down the hill,—but, as you see,—alack!
Poor little Baby Bear fell off at quite some distance back!

TEA FOR THREE

Once Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear and Baby Bear played tea.
They had a little tea-set that held just enough for three;
And Bobby tied on Baby's bib, while Bubby filled the pot
With just a spoon of tea apiece,—and water boiling hot.

Now Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear were quite polite and fine;
They never hurried rudely when 't was time to sup or dine.
So Bubby pouring the tea, took care that Bobby got the most—
But while they talked wee Baby Bear ate every bit of toast!





WE 'VE CAUGHT NO FISH TO-DAY

Oh, Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear one day a-fishing went;
For lines they found some bits of string,—for hooks some pins they bent.
They angled in the goldfish globe for nearly half a day,
While Baby Bear just waited to see what they would say.

After they 'd fished a long, long time, said Bobby Bear, "I wish
You 'd go away, dear Baby Bear,—I fear you 'll scare the fish."
"Dey is n't any fish," said Baby Bear, "for, yesterday,
I was af'aid you 'd hurt 'em, so I frowed 'em all away!"



WHAT DAY IS IT?

"It seems to me it would be fun," said Bobby Bear, one day,
"To just dress up this Christmas tree and make it fine and gay."
"Well, go ahead," said Bubby Bear, "but as for little me,
I 'll just sit here beside you, and drink a cup of tea."

So Bobby Bear fixed up the tree as fine as anything;
And Baby Bear sat watching him from his own little swing.
"It 's booful, Bobby Bear," he said, "but, Budder, I must say,
I can't tell if it 's Forf o' July,—or if it 's Kismus Day!"



When we enter the wood in nominal possession of the red squirrel this is about the kind of greeting we may expect: "Wretches! wretches—both, chuck which, chuck which, chuck which, chuck 'em out! quick, quick, quick! Chuck which-which-chuck-which, chuck-which, chuck-which, chuck 'em both out quick, quick, quick, chuck——" and with a whistle of alarm he disappears around the other side of the tree just as a pebble has been sent within a yard of his saucy chin! The red squirrel's voice is threatening; there is no mistaking the fury of his wrath which visibly quakes his whole body to the very tip of his tail.—F. Schuyler Mathews.

THE RED SQUIRREL AND THE SNOW

In the winter woods no wild trail is more frequently seen than that of the red squirrel. Chickaree, like the goldfinch and the chickadee among the birds, is one of Nature's cheerful creatures, whose courage and activity nothing daunts nor damps. After the coldest night or the hardest snow-storm, we are sure to find somewhere his pretty trail. There is scarcely a wood where a little searching will not reveal his tracks, especially if it contain scattered butternut trees or a cluster of pines; and if the snow be deep enough, we are sure to discover one or more tunnels



A RED SQUIRREL EATING ACORNS ON THE SNOW.

The red squirrel lays up no stores like the provident chipmunk, but scours about for food in all weathers, feeding upon the seeds in the cones of the hemlock that still cling to the tree, upon sumac-bobs, and the seeds of frozen apples. I have seen the ground under a wild apple-tree that stood near the woods completely covered with the "chonkings" of the frozen apples, the work of squirrels in getting at the seeds; not an apple had been left, and apparently not a seed had been lost.—John Burroughs.

which he has formed in his search for nuts, or a pit that he has dug for himself to the ground.

At times these tunnels are yards in length, with an opening at both ends; sometimes they are extended in many directions by daily trips in his



NUTS NIBBLED BY RED SQUIRREL.

search for food. When most of the snow has gone, I have found these branching tunnels changed to troughs of ice, and strewn with empty shells, and it is not uncommon to see a dozen trails at the entrance to a single burrow.

A favorite tunneling place is at the foot of a tree, especially of a butternut, where the eddying snow has made a circular drift. Here a later snowfall is not so likely to block the opening,

which the squirrel may reach in a short leap from the tree trunk. In such a drift you may find two or three burrow entrances.

Last winter I came across a red squirrel digging in the snow, with only the tip of the tail in sight. About every half minute he popped out bodily, or raised his head to look and listen. The snow was ten inches deep, and he had reached bottom, from which he sent the earth and grass out behind him in little pawfuls. When he was not looking I quietly approached. Alarmed by the strange object that seemed to be getting nearer without appearing to move, he several times scampered away, but after eyeing me closely, he felt reassured and returned to resume his digging. Finally, when I was only eight feet from the burrow, I leaped forward and clapped my hand over the opening. At once a little nose was thrust against my palm, and I closed my hand about its owner and lifted him out. He spent that night in a house that was warmer than a hollow tree, but perhaps no more pleasing nor congenial to him, and the next day, after giving him a great feast of butternuts, cracked and made attractive to his tastes, I let him go.

EDMUND J. SAWYER

RED SQUIRRELS AND SWEET ICICLES IN MARCH

IN MARCH the red squirrels tap the maple trees for their sap by gnawing through the bark on the upper sides of horizontal branches. The little cavities so made quickly fill to overflowing, and, stretched out at ease, the squirrels regale [illegible] far too busy to allow them to spend their entire time in this



[illegible] TO BE COMING OUT OF THE SNOW

At times he made a circuit as if to throw them in the snow, somewhat [illegible] small passage, where he had worked [illegible] several times, and [illegible] to make a new hole at the second stage. [illegible]

manner, and during their absence the sap is apt to form into icicles, which, when the temperature of the wind and other conditions are favorable, may be constantly evaporating and gathering new material at the same time, so that the sugar contained in the sap finally collects in rich, honey-colored drops of syrup at the extremity of the icicle, possessing an even more refined and delicious flavor than that obtained by the more violent process of boiling. The squirrels appear perfectly capable of appreciating this fact, and are pretty certain to be on hand to gather it before it drops, although often obliged to exert themselves to the utmost to reach it.—"Little Beasts of Field and Wood."



[illegible] SQUIRREL DIGGING IN [illegible] SNOW

[illegible] a squirrel has just run[illegible] the metal[illegible] the mouth of [illegible] and there, by the side [illegible] and [illegible] are to shells on the snow. He has shoveled out this morning before the snow has frozen on his door-step.—THOREAU.

A WONDERFUL MOVING VINE

Near the bank of the Guadalupe River, I saw something green upon the ground, and, hurrying forward, found a lovely vine with leaves smaller than those of the smilax, of a pale, tender green. The vine had its root about five feet from the trunk of a towering cottonwood tree, and spread out on the ground four or five inches wide, becoming a little narrower as it approached the tree. I could see no stems nor tendrils, so thick



THE WONDERFUL MOVING "VINE."

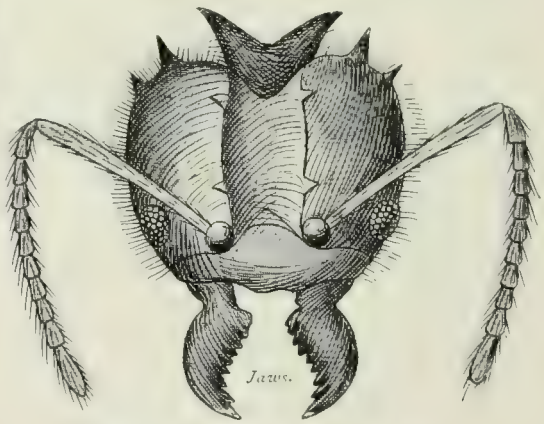
was the growth; and as I drew close to the tree I saw that the vine branched just above the ground and went climbing up the great trunk and the branches. It grew more and more slender, until, far up, I could distinguish only a thread-like line of green.

As I stood intently watching the delicate, graceful vine, I became aware that it was pervaded by a curious, tremulous motion. Then I saw that the individual leaves were not stationary. Picking up a twig from the ground, I touched one of the leaves and found to my amazement that there was a brown ant under it about



ANTS CUTTING OFF LEAVES OF THE COTTONWOOD.

as long as my little finger nail. Each leaf was held in the mandibles of an ant in such a way as to conceal the body of the insect, and the ants were coming down the tree. The discovery came upon me with a shock. I had stumbled on a nest of umbrella-ants. Books had told me that such ants were found in the tropics, where they carried bits of leaves over their heads as if to protect themselves from the sun; but here, on the banks of a Texas river, I had found a colony of them,



THE HEAD OF A LEAF-CUTTING ANT
To show the sharp, saw-like jaws.
(Redrawn from "Tenants of an Old Farm.")

shading themselves where there was no sun, and completely hidden by their covering of green.

Charmed at the sight, I turned back to call my companions, who were fishing in the river.

Within a few yards, I met my husband coming to look for me. He was even more excited over the phenomenon than I was, and shouted for the others to come quickly. On investigation we found that the spot where the vine seemed to have its root was really the opening of the ant-nest. The tiny creatures had by some instinct learned that the topmost branches of the cotton-wood had put out their first small leaves. They had climbed the immense distance and had cut off and brought down their leaves—to feed their young ones, we supposed. The ants which issued empty-jawed from the nest made a long circuit to the farther side of the tree and climbed up where they would not interfere with the leaf-bearing thousands coming down.—Mrs. Susan P. Lee.

There is an interesting and well illustrated chapter, "The Cutting-Ant of Texas," in De Mente's "Insects of Farm and Garden." (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.)

THE PELICAN FISH

This very odd-looking fish, with its monstrous, gaping jaws, suggesting the pouch of the pelican, from which it is named, is found at great depths in the sea.

It was discovered by the French naturalist, Vaillant, in December, 1882. The following year a number were caught by the steamer *Albatross* of the Bureau of Fisheries, in latitude 38° and 42° north and longitude 65° and 70° west, at a depth of 380 to 1467 fathoms (a little over 1.6 miles).

As it lives at such great depths, nothing is known of its habits. While its pouch-like stomach suggests the habit of gorging itself with food, its very small teeth and slender structure would lead one to infer that it is not a voracious fish of prey. It is also supposed from the large, pouch-like lower jaw and interlocking teeth that it feeds on small water animals in much the same manner as does the whalebone whale; that is, by straining the small animals upon which it feeds out from a quantity of water, which it may eject between its sieve-like teeth.—Harry B. Bradford.

A STONE IMPRISONED BY A TREE-ROOT

The curious imprisonment of the water-worn and rounded stone in the woody tissue of a tree-



A STONE IN THE ROOT OF A TREE.

root shown in the picture, is not unusual, though the example is particularly striking. The way this strange association came about was probably by the flexible rootlets of a tree bending around the stone encountered by them in the earth as they made their slow growth outward. Gradually the tiny arms inclosed it, and as they thickened and strengthened the stone was finally firmly caught in their embrace—embedded in the wood of the tree-root as if it had been forced into its position by a sledge.—Milton G. Smith.



THE PELICAN FISH

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"

St. Nicholas
Union Square
New York

ROBINS ATTACK A CHIPMUNK

South Orange, N. J.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have taken you for the last five or six years and I like you very much, but in all that time I have never written you. This is my first letter, but it won't be the last. In the summer of 1906 a funny thing happened near our house, and I want to ask you what was the cause of it.

I was walking along one of the main streets in South Orange when I saw a little chipmunk fall to the ground



ROBINS ATTACKING A CHIPMUNK

from a very high tree. It got up and ran on, apparently not hurt from its big fall.

Then, for the first time, I saw that it was being chased by two robins. They pecked and pecked at him. Now, I always thought that robins were peaceful birds and did not hurt any small animals.

I have seen robins and chipmunks quite agree with each other, and therefore you can judge my surprise at seeing them in such a big and furious disagreement. Hoping that you will favor me with an answer to this question, I remain,

Your constant reader,
Marius H. Balliet.

The robins and chipmunk had really no cause for quarreling. The poor chipmunk had doubtless strayed too near the robins' nest or little ones for the comfort of the parents, for robins, like many other birds, will attack almost anything which seems to threaten their nest or its treasures. You are right; the robin and chipmunk are ordinarily the best of friends. I have never known or heard of a bird or its nest being harmed by the chipmunk, whose food consists of nuts and other vegetable matter. During the past summer a chipmunk became so tame as to come from his nest in the woods, enter our cottage and take food confidently from our hands. After a while he did not come for several days and we missed him very, very much. Then we remembered that some boys had been shooting squirrels in the woods a few days before, and we felt sorry to think we could never see our little friend again. The hole down into the ground, where he used to take most of the food we had given him, was just beside the path to our spring; and when we would go for water it was pitiful to see the abandoned nest and to think that perhaps it contained starving little chipmunks for whom their parents had worked so hard. Edmund J. Sawyer.

CURIOUS PROBLEMS OF COUSINSHIP

Andover, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: Will you please tell me what relation *A* is to her mother's own cousin, *B*. Is it second cousin, or first cousin once removed?

Would *A*'s children be *B*'s second cousins?

Are these questions which could properly come under the heading "Nature and Science"?

Your interested reader,
Gaylord M. Gates.

The cousin question is certainly a perplexing one. Let us try to answer it by a simple diagram.

A	A′
|	|
B	B′
|	|
C	C′
|	|
D	D′
etc.	etc.

Suppose that A and A′ are brothers or sisters, or brother and sister, and that each of them has one child (B, B′), and so on. Of course, there are generally more children in a family, but the relationships are the same for each of them. Now, B and B′ are "first" or "full" cousins; C and C′ are "second" cousins; D and D′ are "third" cousins; and "fourth" and "fifth" cousins follow in the same way, according to generations. But there are other relationships between the people represented by these letters. D, for example, is not only third cousin to D′; he (or she) is also some sort of a relation to C′, B′, and A′. Let us see what these other relationships are. A, B, C, D (or A′, B′, C′, D′) are, of course, parent, child, grandchild, great-grandchild. A′, B, C, D (or A, B′, C′, D′) are uncle (or aunt), nephew (or niece), grandnephew, great-grandnephew; and, reading up the line, we get for A (or A′) the relationship of great-granduncle (or -aunt) and

granduncle (or -aunt) to D and C (or D′, C′). But what is the relationship of C to B′, or of D to B′, or of D to C′? Here we are getting into a little trouble. Let us take just the relationships C—B′, for it is that about which our correspondent particularly inquires—B′ being own cousin to a parent of C. Clearly it is not that of second cousin, for C's second cousin is C′. In a word, it is called that of "first cousin, *once* removed." In the same way the relationship D B′ is called that of "first cousin, *twice* removed." The relationship D—C′ gets its name on exactly the same principle: C′ is the *second* cousin of D's parent C and is, consequently, "the *second* cousin, *once* removed," of D. That is, in order to name these cross-relationships of yours to your cousins, you must go up the line of your ancestry until a parent or grandparent is third, second, or first cousin to the cousin you are after. If, for example, you are D′ and want to know your relationship to B, you go up your own line to B′, who was B's first cousin, and you then know, that, accurately in the line of relationship, you are B's first cousin twice removed.—BENJAMIN E. SMITH.

DO BIRDS BRING WATER TO THEIR YOUNG IN THE NEST

[illegible], Mass.

[illegible] I [illegible] in a tree close to our porch last summer. I loved to watch the parent birds feed their young, and watched closely to see if they could bring water in their beaks to the birds. Do the young birds require water, and if so do the parent birds bring it to them in their beaks?

Yours sincerely,

MARJORIE MAY HARRISON.

As far as I know, no instance has ever been recorded.—C. W. BEEBE.

Some observers have suspected that birds occasionally bring water to their young, but so far as I know this supposition has not been proven.—A. K. FISHER, Acting Chief, Biological Survey.

DECORATION BY VINES

THE accompanying illustration shows a natural decoration by vines of the wheel and other parts of a deserted mill in the valley of St. Helena, California. The photograph was sent to "Nature and Science" by the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. Our young folks are cordially invited to send photographs of similar natural decorations.



THE HUGE WHEEL AND OTHER PARTS OF THE RUINS OF A MILL COVERED BY VINES.

LEAVES LIKE A TRUMPET

Rome, Georgia.

Dear St. Nicholas: While on Lookout Mountain, Alabama, I noticed a very peculiar plant growing at the side of a waterfall. Its stem was hollow, and on breaking it open I found a great number of insects. Some one thought that they are called "Venus's Fly-trap," and they lived on these insects; also that they are very rare. Perhaps they were mistaken and maybe you can tell me something about



Photograph by Prof. D. L. Turner

THE TRUMPET-LEAF PLANT.

it. The other plant is the flower. In case you might not be able to find out what they look like when they arrive, I will send a small sketch of the plant.—Anna Graham.

The plant is the trumpet leaf (*Sarracenia flava*). About the opening of the pitcher there is a sweet substance which attracts the insect. On entering the pitcher, the insect frequently crawls to the bottom, and in trying to escape becomes entangled in the numerous stiff little bristles, when, becoming exhausted, he falls into the water below. Even insects of considerable size give up the struggle to free themselves, and miserably perish in these pitcher traps.—Percy Wilson.

The Venus Fly-trap (*Dionaea muscipula*) is an entirely different plant and of another family—"a native of the sandy savannas of the eastern part of North Carolina." Will some of our readers please send specimens?

MOLD ON BREAD

St. Andrews, N. B.

Dear St. Nicholas: I shall be very much pleased if you will explain to me the cause of the molds, *mucor* and *eurotium*, on bread. I am very much interested in your science columns, and hope you will answer me.

I remain,
Your devoted reader,
Bertha Kessler.

Molds are plants (fungi) and cannot be reproduced without seeds, or what correspond to the seeds of plants higher in the scale of life. If the bread could be kept in a place that is entirely free from fungous spores, no mold could grow on it. But the air is pretty well filled with all sorts of floating germs from fungi and bacteria, and these find the bread a good place on which to grow.

THE CALIFORNIA BLUE JAY

Belvedere, Cal.

Dear St. Nicholas: We have a summer home in Belvedere, and last year, when we had our meals outside, a blue jay used to hop on the table and take the butter from our plates, appearing not the least bit frightened.

My friend had a pet linnet, and the other day she let him out of his cage. He was soon seen by two blue jays, who fought for him and finally tore him to pieces. I have heard that they sometimes eat the small birds in their nests.

Could you tell me why they do this?

Your interested reader,
Helen Dickson (age 13).

You ask why the blue jays eat small birds in their nests. The answer is that all creatures—when they are exceedingly hungry—will eat any food that will keep them from perishing. So it is because the blue jays are hungry, and they take any food they can get—to keep themselves alive.

It is the law of nature, too, for the strong to prey upon the weak.

> Little fleas have lesser fleas to bite 'em,
> And so on *ad infinitum*

But as we grow in intelligence we substitute for the thought of killing the weak and helpless the thought of shielding and protecting them. This is the lesson that every child should learn with regard to the birds.

We have two jays in the California coast region: the Steller's jay with a big crest, living in the redwoods, and the California jay, without a crest, living in the live oaks.—Charles Keeler.

HORSE-CHESTNUTS USEFUL ONLY AS "SEED" OF THE TREE

Madrid, Spain.

Dear St. Nicholas: Can you tell me the use of horse-chestnuts?

Your devoted Spanish reader,
Ignacio Bauer.

They have no use and no value other than as the seed of the tree to produce new trees. A pleasing author, writing about this tree, says:

"Its fruit, which is borne in great abundance, sustains neither bird nor quadruped, nor is it profitable for man. Hence it has always been regarded by poets and moralists as a symbol of extravagance and waste." There is a claim by some that these chestnuts were formerly ground into meal for horses, hence the name. But I doubt this, and am of the opinion that they are called "horse" chestnuts merely because they are large and of coarse texture.

A CHURCH BUILT OF ONE TREE

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I suppose the great readers of "Nature and Science" would like to know something about our church, the First Baptist Church of Santa Rosa, California, which was built from lumber sawn from one tree.

It was built in 1873, and the lumber was ordered from Mr. Rufus Murphy, who then had a sawmill at Gurneville, twenty miles from Santa Rosa. The largest redwood tree on the land he was clearing had lost its top, and so was only a great stump, 140 feet high. He had just cut down this huge stump when he received the order for materials for the meeting-house; so he said, "Let us fill this order from the big tree." This is how the church came to be built from one tree. The log was big enough to furnish all the material for the church, even including the shingles and the pews, and to make some lumber besides. The tree sawed up into 78,000 feet of lumber.

The building is Gothic in style, finished with massive buttresses outside, and heavy trusses on the inside. The



THE CHURCH THAT WAS MADE FROM LUMBER IN ONE TREE.

main room is 37 × 60 feet, and 300 people can be comfortably seated in it. There is a parlor of 30 × 20 feet, capable of seating 80 or 90 people. The pastor's study is 14 × 20 feet. There was a steeple 70 feet high which was weakened by the earthquake, and fell soon after in a high wind.

I inclose with this letter two pictures of the church, one of the outside, made just before the earthquake, and the other of the inside, made several years ago. Since the interior view was made, art glass windows have replaced the plain ones shown in the picture, the lighting arrangements have been changed, and the room repapered and painted.

Respectfully,

LILIAN TURNEY.



THE INTERIOR OF THE "ONE TREE" CHURCH.



IDA C. KLINE, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE AND CASH PRIZE, PROSE.)

ELLIOT QUINCY ADAMS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, PUZZLE ANSWERS.)

STELLA BENSON, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE AND CASH PRIZE, VERSE.)

GLADYS CECELIA EDGERLY, AGE 9. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE.)

About nine years ago the editors and publishers of St. Nicholas decided to make the experiment of having in that magazine a department created not only for the young folk but by them. It was to be a department to which they would contribute the material—the stories, the poems, the pictures, and other features—and it was believed that there was sufficient talent among St. Nicholas readers to make such a department of interest to the general reader as well as to the contributors themselves. This was a belief not shared by publishers and editors generally; it was held by many such that a department of this sort would interest only so long as it was a novelty, and that within a few months, or within a year, at most, it would cease to be of value.

It is true that no such department had been tried in a magazine, and it was, therefore, an experiment, with experimental chances of failure and success. The result has proven that the faith of those who conduct St. Nicholas in the ability of its young readers was well founded. The St. Nicholas League was a success from the beginning, and, if we may judge from the character and number of the contributions received each month since its first monthly exhibit, in January, 1900, we may truthfully add that that success has grown, and become permanent; indeed, it has grown beyond anything that its projectors themselves could have dreamed.

It was decided to make the work competitive, to award prizes, not in payment, but as a sort of recognition of merit and perseverance; to make, as it were, the League competitions a kind of class exhibit each month, with a graded report in the form of a list of prize awards. We could not think of a better way of encouraging young talent, and we cannot think of a better way now. At all events, the unexpected has happened—unexpected in that we did not believe so much work,

so much good work, would pour in, and continue to pour in, month after month and year after year. Those who read the first poems and looked over the first drawings, said:

"Yes, these are very fine, but they cannot keep it up; no set of boys and girls can continue to do such work as that. It is not humanly possible. We know children, and what they can do."

These critics meant well, but they spoke without knowledge of the facts; they knew only a few children; they did not know the great mass of ST. NICHOLAS readers, or realize that among such an audience would be gathered the majority of the young talent of the English-speaking world, and that these young writers and artists and puzzle-makers would welcome with joy a chance to be heard and recognized. They did not foresee—and we did not foresee—that in a brief time the St. Nicholas League was to become not only a valuable and interesting art and literary department, but that it was to become a great art and literary school—a school of comparative class study, the most valuable study to the student in the field of art. The names of graduates from that school may be found to-day in the Table of Contents of many a grown-up magazine. The letters which these graduates have written when the day came for them to say good-by to League work, have rarely failed to express their sense of indebtedness to it for their advancement.

Concerning the quality of the work which the League publishes from month to month, perhaps the best comment is to note the fact that many of the poems and sketches have been clipped and reprinted, and gone the newspaper rounds, not always as the work of children, but as work that



PROSE.)

was worthy of being read and re-read for its own merit. Nor has the best League work always been done by the older boys and girls; every month we are amazed to receive verses and prose sketches written in a simple, fresh, and beautiful way which many a writer of years and training may well envy. Children of eight and nine have set down their thought and sentiment with a touch so sweet, so unspoiled by training and example, that it has been like a word—a message sometimes—from that Unknown out of which they have been for such a little while. Even some of the drawings of these little people have



PRIZE, VERSE.)

been filled with a grace and charm so subtle that one must only wonder, without seeking to analyze or to explain. But there is always one special interest aroused in the heart of every one who looks through the League pages, however casually: it is a desire to know how these children, who write and draw and create the intricate puzzles, look—to see if they have faces different from other children; to see if one might read in their faces, as well as in their work, the promise of the future—the greater prizes that the years might bring. So we have decided to gratify this interest. We have asked the honor members—those who have won gold badges in the League—to send us their photographs, and it is our purpose to print them, from month to month, with occasional examples of their work. Perhaps this will interest the children; no doubt it will. But still more is it likely to interest the adult reader who is interested in children—their mental and spiritual growth.

The League has already interested our foremost educators, our teachers of art and literature, many of whom have made it a part of their class work; and certainly these will be glad to see the faces of our class of successful ones in this international competitive field.

There was another League aim beside that of intellectual development, which was spiritual development as well. The League motto, "Live to learn and learn to live," was intended to mean



LORNA MARY McDERMOTT, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE, PROSE.)



MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE.)

not only such learning as is acquired from mental effort, but a comprehension as well of human needs and human sympathy. From the beginning, the League has advocated the protection of the weak, whether dumb creatures or human, and this idea has been emphasized in many ways. We have had competitions between the League chapters in which prizes have been awarded for the largest sum of money earned and distributed in the best cause; we have urged the kind treatment of the domestic animals, and we have offered monthly prizes for the best photographs of the wild creatures, in order to encourage the use of the harmless camera as a substitute for the deadly gun; indeed, this has been one of the most interesting of the League features, and develops a talent, as well as a sympathy, which is quite as worthy of recognition as the talents which incline to literature and art. We have received some most remarkable pictures of the wild animals—treasures so much better worth preserving than any dead specimens, that we have reproduced one of these also, from time to time.

We offer our readers herewith the first instalment of the St. Nicholas League Album, in the belief that it will be found worthy of the space reserved for it. Some of the work we shall use will be that of very young members, aglow with the freshness and simple joy of expression which older writers find so hard to imitate; much of it will be work of so high a quality that it might have been selected from the body of almost any other of the high-class magazines, and signed by names well known to any reader. Such work will bear reprint, and we offer it, and the pictures of our young authors and artists, without apology. It is our wish that every Honor Member, new and old, will send his or her picture and so help to make this new feature a success.

THE DAYS OF OLD

BY STELLA BENSON (AGE 14)

(*Cash Prize*)

LADS from all the countryside,
Any peasant who could ride,
Country clown and courtier went
To the tournament;
Peasants came of every sort,
Under twenty-one years old,
And the prize for which they fought—
Knighthood, and the Spurs of Gold.

John the Carver was a lad—
Like a second Galahad,
He was bolder than them all,
Strongly made and tall;
One by one he threw them down,
Fought the others one by one,
And the people of the town
Cheered and called him "brave Sir John."

So at last he won the fight,
John would be an armored knight,
And the governor, the lord,
Dubbed him with his sword.
Then the people saw him reel
(Blood was flowing from his side),
With the Spurs upon his heel
John the Carver died.



FREDA M. HARRISON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE.)



GLADYS M. ADAMS, AGE 16. (GOLD LARGE AND CASH PRIZE, VERSE.)

MY FAVORITE KNIGHT

BY IDA C. KLINE (AGE 12)

(*Gold Badge*)

IN a little cottage near my home resides an old lady and a little boy of twelve years. His name is Fred Graham and the old lady who is crippled, is his mother.

She was a red-cross nurse, and, while waiting on a wounded soldier, fell and broke her leg, which could not be mended.

While out for a stroll, I discovered the little house, and became acquainted with the occupants. They are very poor, and Fred supports his mother by carrying wood and coal for the people in the village and by hoeing gardens, milking and many other odd jobs, for all of which he receives a goodly sum.

The mother and boy are very independent and will not receive any help whatever. Mrs. Graham sits in her

[illegible] pares the meals, which are very simple.

In the cool of the evening, he takes his mother for a ride in her rolling chair, pushing her himself. In front of their humble little cottage is a green stretch of meadowland, bordered by daisy-fringed hills, which seem to look lovingly down on Fred and his mother as they pass, he with a smile on his face, and she with a peaceful contented countenance. Fred Graham is my favorite knight because —he loves his dear old mother above everything else, delights in working for her, and obeying her slightest injunction, depriving himself of many pleasures that she may have them. But they are just passing now, and I must stop to wave and smile at them.





[illegible]

THE STAR

BY [illegible]

I SHINE at dusk, in the turquoise sky,
Like a diamond I sparkle against the blue;
I flash and gleam like a fairy eye,
Brilliant in beauty the whole night through.

Astronomers many, have studied my history,
Lovers have sworn by me night after night;
Children have wished with their innocent mystery,
When in the evening they first saw my light.

What does it matter what name I may bear,
Venus or Jupiter, Saturn or Mars!
So long as I faithfully do my share,
And fill my place in the realm of stars.

MY DAY DREAM

BY [illegible]

"CLEAR for action!" ordered the captain; "they 're upon us!" Our ship was a small unprotected cruiser, having one roundtop on the foremast. We were trying to escape from two torpedo-boats which had been sent after us. It was now beyond a possibility of escape, and our brave captain was determined to hold out to the last. Our ship mounted fifteen guns, the largest being two six-inch rifles.

Suddenly we heard a roar, and a small shell exploded near us. We looked out into the gloom, for it was night, and perceived the two boats close by. I ran my eye along the barrel of a one-pounder rapid-fire gun which had been loaded, and fired. The bullet went through a funnel on the foremost boat. The two boats now opened on us with all their guns, and soon I heard a whir above me, and a large piece of cloth fell over my head. I pulled it off, and saw that it was our flag.

I immediately tied it loosely around my neck, and commenced to ascend the shrouds.

"Where are you going?" shouted the captain.

"The flag fell and I am going to put it on the mast again," I replied.

When I reached the roundtop, I stopped long enough to shoot the gun there at the enemy.

With much difficulty I made my way to the top of the mast,—for the shrouds extended only to the roundtop—and fixed the flag in its place.

At that moment a shell burst near me, and then another and another.

I had been discovered and was a fine target for the enemy. I slid quickly down to the roundtop again, loaded the gun and killed two men on the enemy's boats—at least, I thought they were killed.

Our ship was in a battered and sinking condition, but the enemy was in a worse condition; for, as far as we could tell, every gun was dismounted. In five minutes the torpedo-boats surrendered. I was afterward promoted to the rank of second lieutenant.

[illegible]

THE FLAMES

BY [illegible]

Oh the candle's flame burns bright! burns bright!
But like star to sun is its feeble light,
To the beacon fire on Senlac hill,
That I saw years past, and my heart [illegible],
Turn my wheel, turn, in the gloaming.

Oh the candle's flame burns gold! burns gold!
But like firefly to moon, with blue light cold,
To the sun's rays shining on burnished steel,—
The lance and helmet of Briton's leal,
Sing, my wheel, sing in the gloaming.

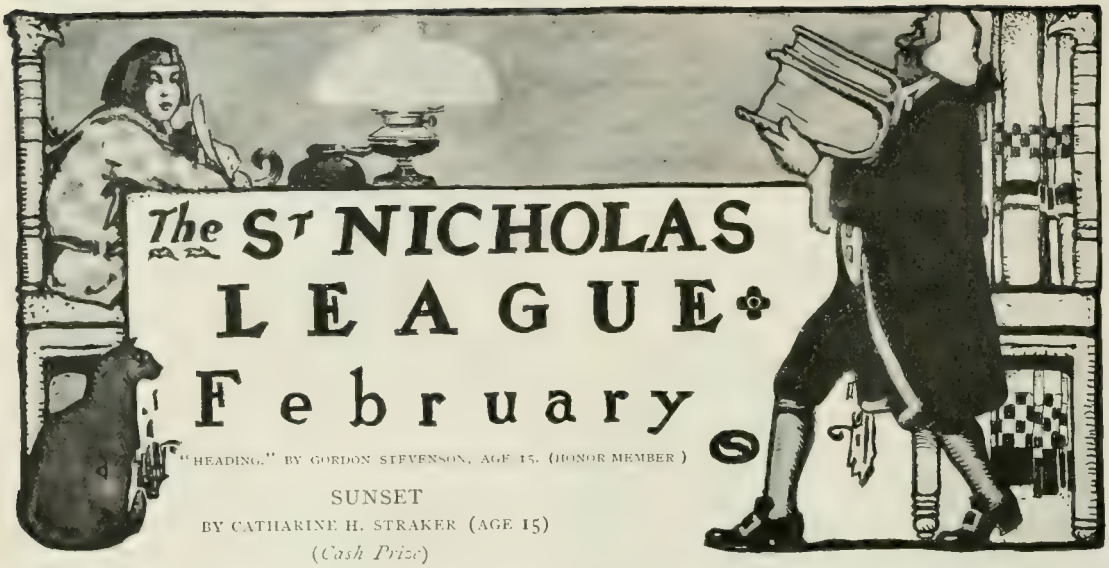
Oh the candle's flame burns low! burns low!
But darker still were those days of woe,
When slain, all slain, lay the bravest and best,
And winds wail'd sobbing round Harold's rest,
Silent, wheel, dumb, in the gloaming.



[illegible]



[illegible]



"HEADING." BY GORDON STEVENSON, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

SUNSET

BY CATHARINE H. STRAKER (AGE 15)

(*Cash Prize*)

ONCE more I wander, sorrowful and slow,
Along the paths where oft we used to go
To watch the sunset's gorgeous afterglow.

And once we leaned upon this wall close by,
And saw the colors fading from the sky,
And darkness, like a veil, fall from on high.

And there behind that pine-wood on the right
There lingered streaks of brilliant orange light,
Seeming to bar the progress of the night.

Do you remember how we pictured fays
Sliding from cloud-land on the sun's last rays,
And dancing in the silent, dusky ways?

And so once more have I come here to see
The darkness gather and the daylight flee;
The charm is lost now you have gone from me.

Oh, sunset! could 'st thou but forever last!
Could I but stretch my hand and hold thee fast,
And thus retain my vision of the past!



"SUMMER." BY LYLE SAXON, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

THERE are two things which the League editor desires very much indeed. One is a collection, as complete as possible, of photographs of honor members — that is to say, members who have won gold badges. We have received a good many of these, but the League album is far from complete. We want the photographs of *all the gold badge winners* — not only of those who are winning badges to-day, but of those old friends who won their badges during the League's first year, and of those who have followed them each year since. It ought to be a matter of pride with every honor member to have his or her photograph in the League album. Where it is possible, we prefer a photograph taken about the time of the winner's success, so that we may judge, as capably as possible, just how our young writers and artists and puzzle workers look when they have reached the gold badge period of their careers. It is hardly necessary to add that every photograph so sent should bear the autograph and the age of the sender. Now, don't neglect sending your pictures. If you knew what a handsome lot we have already received, and what a splendid collection we shall have when we receive a great many more, you would all be eager to be represented in that group which will present the most talented assembly of young people the world has ever seen. That is *what it is going to be*, and we want *your* picture to help make it so.

THE other thing so much desired by the League editor is a report of progress from

every literary, art, or puzzle worker who has continued his or her chosen work in the world's wider fields. There are many such, and we see their work here and there, and now and then we hear from them. But we want to hear from more of them — the story of their struggles, their successes, their — yes, even a confession of their failures. There are bound to be failures, oh, many of them! Success is made up of failures — failures that make the heart stronger to try again, and to keep on trying, never admitting final defeat. Failures are always worth more than they cost if we make use of them. They are stepping-stones that lead surely to the fair shore of success if we but set a foot firmly upon each and look straight ahead without bitterness and with no thought of surrender. Let us hear about the failures, then, too. The League editor who has seen you come and go, and who has watched — you do not know how proudly or how lovingly — your efforts during the days when each of your contributions must bear the sender's age, cannot see you drift away into the unrecorded years without a hunger at the heart to know where and how your later lines are cast. Write, then, and tell all the story, and you may be sure of telling it to at least one sympathetic ear.

PRIZE-WINNERS, OCTOBER COMPETITION No. 96

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Catharine H. Straker** (age 15), Shorncliff, Corbridge-on-Tyne, Northumberland, Eng.

Gold badges, **Rose Kellogg** (age 17), 528 McLain St., Dayton, O., and **Ethel B. Youngs** (age 16), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Agnes MacKenzie Miall** (age 15), 19 Cyprus Road, Church End, Finchley, London, Eng.; **Katharine Holway** (age 10), Machias, Me., and **Elizabeth Gordon** (age 7), Fisher's Island, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Mildred Seitz** (age 16), 310 Stuyvesant Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Maud L Fay** (age 14), 7503 Hampson St., New Orleans, La., and **Ida F. Parfitt** (age 13), Lansdowne, 23 St. Helen's Park Road, Hastings, Sussex, Eng.

Silver badges, **William F. McNeary** (age 15), 97 Mt. Prospect Ave., Newark, N. J.; **Isabel B. Scherer** (age 12), Newberry, S. C., and **Catharine Tarr** (age 9), 1 East Ave., Ithaca, N. Y.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Dorothy Howland Cheesman** (age 16), 2405 Grand Ave., Fordham Heights, N. Y., and **Hazel Halstead** (age 12), c/o Zeiger Hotel, El Paso, Tex.

Silver badges, **Lois L. Wright** (age 13), Charles City, Ia.; **Rena T. Kellner** (age 17), 6502 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **Stanley C. Low** (age 17), 69 New Road, Brentford, Middlesex, Eng.

Photography. Gold badges, **Lyle Saxon** (age 16), 309 St. Louis St., Baton Rouge, La.; **Marjorie Hale** (age 14), 1141 Walnut St., Newton Highlands, Mass., and **Maude Sawyer** (age 15), 601 W. Second St., Muscatine, Ia.

Silver badges, **Elmer W. Rietz** (age 16), 1824 Aldine Ave., Chicago, Ill.; **Elizabeth W. Henry** (age 13), "Stonehurst," St. Martins, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., and **Kate Haven** (age 9), Lenox, Mass.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Shark Jumping for Food," by **Irving G. Hall** (age 11), 192 Summer St., Somerville, Mass. Second prize, "Wild Ducks," **Elizabeth S. Backes** (age 13), 306 W. State St., Trenton, N. J. Third prize, "Screech Owl," by **Cornelia T. Metcalf** (age 14), Woodward Road, Wanskuck, Providence, R. I. Fourth prize, "Squirrel," by **Leven Cooper Allen** (age 13), Governor's Island, N. Y.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Rose Edith DesAnges** (age 15), 20 Fourteenth St., Flushing, L. I., and **Dorothy S. Mann** (age 12), 1918 Fifth Ave., Troy, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Robert V. Bucher** (age 11), 202 East 69th St., New York City, and **Abie Benjamin** (age 10), 23 James St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Helen L. Patch** (age 12), Berkshire, Tioga Co., N. Y.

Silver badges, **Tremaine Parsons** (age 13), Lenox, Mass., and **Edna Meyle** (age 14), Hicksville, L. I.



"CHUM," BY MARJORIE HALE, AGE 14 (GOLD BADGE)

SUNSET

(A Sonnet)

BY [illegible] (AGE 17)

A CIRCLING sea-gull seeks his lonely nest,
The ocean breeze sweeps landward keen and cold,
And, Midas-like, transforming sea to gold,
The glowing sun is sinking in the west.
My soul with heavenly beauty is impressed
As the rich splendors to my eyes unfold,
Impelling me to dream of things untold,
Inspiring me with feelings unexpressed.

Oh, would I were an artist,—such a one
As might the grandeur of this scene portray,
And make it so that all the world might see!
But lo! —the clouds fade and the light is gone!
The sun has set, the sea is cold and gray,
And only memories are left for me.

THE MOSLEM'S PRAYER AT SUNSET

BY ETHEL B. YOUNGS (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge*)

Low bow I down before Thee,
Allah, the undefiled!
Oh, merciful, compassionate,
Regard thy suppliant child.
Thy praise, through everlasting,
Lord of the worlds, I sing;
Oh, merciful, compassionate,
Of Judgment Day the King!
Direct me, Thou, as I should go,
In paths of Thy delight.
Oh, merciful, compassionate,
Hear Thou my prayer this night
I beg Thine aid, I worship Thee,
Allah, the undefiled!
Oh, merciful, compassionate,
Regard Thy suppliant child.

A FISH STORY. (True)

BY IDA F. PARTELL (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge*)

One of the most remarkable fish in the world, I think, is Pelorus Jack.

He is a small, white whale, who lives in Pelorus Sound, New Zealand.

No one knows how he got there, or why, for he is the only white whale that has ever been seen or heard of near New Zealand.

When a steamer passes through the sound, Pelorus Jack swims up to her, and plays around, sometimes swimming behind or in front of her for some miles, then leaves her.

He is very well known; in fact, the sailors always look for him, and think something dreadful will happen on their voyage if he does not conduct them through the sound. He always meets them at a certain place and leaves them at another. He has his name from the sound, which he has made his home for many years, and the sailors have called him Jack.

My mother and father have seen him several times. They say he seems to enjoy playing with the ships, diving down one side and coming up the other, and rolling over in the water.

He has a wound in his side, as a man shot at him one day, for which he was heavily fined, and Pelorus Jack is now under government protection, and lives a happy and peaceful life, conducting steamers through the sound.



"SHARK JUMPING FOR FOOD." BY IRVING G. HALL, AGE 11. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

SUNSET

BY KATHARINE HOLWAY (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

The sun is sinking in the west,
All golden red and yellow;
The birds are flying home to rest,
Robin, finch, and swallow.

The frogs are piping in the marsh,
The ships come sailing in,
The flowers close their petals,
Hushed is the village din.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE

BY ELIZABETH GORDON (AGE 7)

(*Silver Badge*)

When the sun is setting,
Away beyond the hill,
All the world seems dreary,
All the earth seems still.

But when the morning comes
It shines again so bright,
It fills our hearts with gladness
To see its welcome light.



"SCREECH OWL." BY CORNELIA T. METCALF, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

A FISH STORY

BY MAUD L. FAY (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge*)

We were whiling away our summer vacation by house-boating through some of the numerous water-ways of southern Louisiana. The house-boat was pulled by a tug with a large crew, and the ten people in our party had nothing to do but amuse themselves.

I do not think that there is anything more awe-inspiring than those grand old forest trees that border so many of the bayous of Louisiana; their lower boughs so weighed down by gray beards of moss that trail in the water below, and the higher ones meeting overhead and forming so dense a canopy, that in some places, during the whole day, there is a subdued kind of twilight, that makes one dreamy and thoughtful.

One evening, about sunset, I was sitting in the bow of the tug, building air castles and thinking all sorts of improbable things, when I was rudely startled out of my reverie by a loud splash, followed by a long, black *Something* that lunged past me, and hitting the side of the boat with a force that made it shake, fell into the boat-house, going right through a screen door into the dining-room.

I was just in the mood to believe almost anything, and though the *Something* had made a great deal of noise, no one else seemed to have heard it. I was thoroughly frightened as I rushed past the dining-room door (for I had heroically determined to investigate) and heard bumps followed by falling dishes, breaking chairs, etc., to see no



one near. I finally found the rest of the party deeply in- themselves, that they were unable to hear anything; but happened. They finally managed to understand enough to run down-stairs and see what was "doing."

In about five minutes we discovered this *Something* to be an unusually large tarpon that had jumped out of the water into our boat. This fish was six and a half feet long, and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds.

After some persuasion one of the crew consented to try to kill it. He succeeded, but only after the fish had given him a blow with its tail, from which he has never fully recovered.

One of the ladies had the fish taken to New Orleans, where it was mounted and sent to her country home, and I never look at that still, lifeless thing without remembering the frightful scare that it gave me that evening.

SUNSET

THE sun is such a funny fellow,
And he is with me all the day,
And helps, no matter what I play.

Sometimes he is a princess fair,
The sunbeams are her yellow hair;
She has been stolen from a king
Who loves her more than anything.

I am a warrior brave and bold,
All dressed in armor of pure gold;
I come and save her in the night,
And rescue her from such a plight.

But best of all 's when I 'm in bed,
For then the sun turns golden red,



And I can see it where I lie,
Hanging in such a rosy sky.

And when the sun has gone away,
And when it is no longer day,
The sky where it has been is pink
(The fairies paint it that, I think).

The sun is shining far away,
Where other little girls do play,
With cocked-up eyes and turned-up toes,
With funny hair and funny clothes.

THE SUNSET HOUR

THE fiery red sun in the westward is sinking,
And heaven's own lamps are be-
Over the world a still peace is descending,
A soft, misty veil is enwrapping the deep.
Put your toys by,
Darkness is nigh,
Little one, little one, darkness is nigh.

The pale moon is glowing far up in the heavens,
The tired little birds are all settling to rest;
Down from the clouds night has cast her dark mantle,
And old Mother Earth is asleep on her breast.
Come to bed, dear,
Sunset is here;
Little one, little one, sunset is here.



SUNSET

WHENE'ER the sun is sinking low,
I love to sit and watch it go;
Above the mountain it is seen,
Red and yellow and pink and green;
These gorgeous colors rich and true
Are like the works that fairies do,
It seems that all the beauties rare
Are mounted in the sunset fair;
I watch it till it 's out of sight,
And feel the coming of the night.

AT SUNSET

BY CAROL THOMPSON (AGE 11)

(*Honor Member*)

THERE he lies, the noble roebuck,
In the violet sprinkled glade;
In his own abode he lies there,
'Neath the forest's kindly shade.

Oh, no more his dainty footsteps
Shall the bluebell blossoms bend;
Never more his arched reflection
Shall the wood stream upward send.

All the forest hushes whispering,
And the wren sings soft and sweet;
And the brook goes slower, slower,
As it pauses at his feet.

For the king of all the forest,
For the mighty roebuck red
Lies there with his great heart silenced,
Lies beneath the alders, dead.



"SUMMER" BY ELMER W. RIETZ, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A QUEER FISH STORY

BY MILDRED SEITZ (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge*)

IN a small cove in the shore of Lake Penneseewassee in Maine, a school of perch and catfish made their home in summer. The woods surrounding the lake, as well as the



"SUMMER" BY KATE HAVEN, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

islands in the lake, afforded ideal camping grounds, and the shore, as well as the small islands, was dotted with summer camps, varying from more or less elaborate cottages to tents. The fish became very tame and all the people, the children especially, made great pets of them. Every day the children would go down to the cove to feed them. The fish would come swimming up with wide-open mouths while the children fed them from tablespoons! The favorite delicacies of these queer pets were ice-cream, custard, and baked beans. The catfish in particular were very partial to chocolate ice-cream. In their efforts to be fed first, the perch would leap out of the water. The fish came back to the same place each summer for several years, till a wicked farmer, living near there, heard of them one day, and that night cast his nets and caught every one.

Mama and papa were there one summer and helped serve ice-cream and baked beans to these strange summer guests; so I know this is true

SUNSET

BY ALICE M. MAC RAE (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

I LOVE to watch the sunset when the autumn days are here,
For never quite so beautiful the glowing tints appear
As when the distant mountain range is wrapped in purple hue,
From deepest shade of violet to palest tint of blue.
The glory of the western sky is wondrous to behold;
The river, in its wanderings, throws back a brighter gold.
From every wooded hill around, the maple's crimson crest
Flashes like fire; and field and wood in autumn colors dressed,
Reflect those glorious hues, until to me it almost seems
That all the world is crimson-gold, and autumn leaves—and dreams!

But ever lower sinks the sun in blinding floods of light:
The clouds like royal draperies hide him from mortal sight.
Slowly those gorgeous colors fade, and as they turn and pale,
The young moon gathers radiance, and shines across the vale.

The day has fled, the evening comes; the twilight shadows creep;
Turn homeward, all ye weary ones; night is the time for sleep.



"[illegible]" BY [illegible] (AGE [illegible], SILVER BADGE)

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE WHALE AND THE THRASHER SHARK

BY CATHARINE [illegible] (AGE 9)

(A Silver Badge)

WHEN we were coming home from Europe, just as we were coming to [illegible] one beautiful sunny day, the captain called us to see a fight between a whale and a thrasher shark. The thrasher shark had in some way fastened himself on the whale and was beating him on the back with his tail.

This all happened on the Grand Banks.

Very soon the whale jumped his whole length out of the water, and we could see the shark fastened to the whale; then the whale tried to stay under water, but he could n't, because he had to come up for his breath; again he tried it, but he could n't.

'Most everybody was watching it. We watched it for an hour and a half, and then we had to give it up because we were getting too far away to see anything. The Encyclopædia says it is a myth, but it is n't, because we saw it with our own eyes.

SUNSET

BY [illegible] (AGE 9)

(Silver Badge)

THE royal sun sinks slowly down
Behind the purple hills so tall,
And children look with wondering eyes
Up at the glowing ball,
And all the world is still.

And now appears a lordly troop;
In splendor great comes dressed the queen
With all her lords and ladies garbed
In robes of silvery sheen—
A fairyland of clouds.

The birds now sing their evening psalm,
And cuddle in their soft, warm nests.
The mother sings her child to sleep,
The weary peasant rests,
God's busy day is done.

A BIRD-FISH STORY

BY [illegible] (AGE [illegible])

(Silver Badge)

PERSONS who have traveled up the Shrewsbury River cannot but display interest in the osprey or fish-hawk, as it is commonly called. It flies about with the ease and grace of its kind, and, swooping down, dives sometimes ten feet into the river, emerging with a struggling fish in its claws.

One summer, some friends and myself were trolling on the Shrewsbury with very little success. As we drew near a small island the osprey seemed to be very numerous. I was very much interested in them, and I was so absorbed in my observations that I completely forgot the trolling line that I held in my hand. The birds were diving into the river all around us, and I was about to make a remark to one of my companions when, like a flash, the line went slipping through my hand at a lightning-like rate.

When I looked over the water I could hardly believe my eyes.

About thirty yards from where I sat rose a large osprey with a fish in its sharp claws.

I felt my line rising from the water and saw that I had hooked the fish that was being carried away by the feathery thief. I had securely tied the end of the line to the boat, and when the bird could fly no farther and seemed to be somewhat puzzled that it could not go on with its prey, it let the finny captive drop and with a peculiar cry flew out of sight.



"[illegible]" BY [illegible] (AGE [illegible], GOLD BADGE)



"THE ANGLER" BY DOROTHY ROWLAND CHEESMAN, AGE 17.
(GOLD LADGE.)

A TRUE FISH STORY

BY ISABEL B. SCHERER (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

Now, do listen! In Japan where I was born there are some very queer and picturesque customs. One of these is a certain festival for the Japanese boys in May.

It is this way. The carp is the chosen symbol of boyhood in Japan for this reason, that the carp swims upstream against all manner of obstacles, resolved that no matter what happens he is bound to have his own way in the world.

So, the Japanese make great big toy carps out of strong fibrous paper. A large hoop is then put in at the mouth of the fish and a much smaller one at the tail.

Then they are hoisted on a high flag-pole, and by that time the air has got in at the mouth and filled up the fish till he is very plump and life-like. And he swims and darts and wiggles and wiggles away up there just as if the ocean were above us.

I certainly hope that some of you may see it some day, and as a parting word I tell you to be there on the fifth of May.

THE SETTING OF THE SUN

BY STELLA BENSON (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

THERE was a whisp'ring in the wheat
As we sat in the shade of the chestnut tree,
And we heard the rustle of timid feet
As the rabbits and squirrels came out to see,
And the sky was blue, and the breeze was sweet,
When my sun, my sun, yet smiled on me.

But the time came round for my sun to set,
When the shadows closed on the darkling lea,
And the world grew black, and the grass grew wet,
And I wept and groped, for I could not see.
Oh, the bitter pain, I can feel it yet,
For the sun, the sun, was set for me.

SUNSET ON THE OCEAN

BY KATHERINE DONOVAN (AGE 10)

A STREAK of light, a breaking of the clouds,
And slowly doth the sun slide toward the west;
And slowly falls the eventide upon us,
The time of peace and quietude and rest.

Those glorious clouds, those children of the sky,
Are tinged with many a bright and varied hue;
They lie there blushing at the sun's sweet, gentle kiss,
So high above the ocean of dark blue.

The sun is now a ball of fiery red,
He rests on the horizon, large and bright,
And slowly he begins his short descent,
The day is done,—upon us is the night.

He 's gone! but he has left to us on earth
A sweet remembrance of the day gone by,
For lo! the sunset sky is brighter still
With colors from a brilliant, heavenly dye.

O Lord! we pray that when we leave this earth,
And when our life-long labors all are done,
That we may leave behind us when we go,
A sweet remembrance, like the setting sun.



"THE ANGLER" BY HAZEL HALSTEAD, AGE 12.
(GOLD BADGE.)

THE LITTLE SUNSET FAIRY

BY ALTHAIRE NICHOLS (AGE 12)

I 'm the little sunset fairy,
Who steals in at close of day,
And I brighten up the evening
In a truly lovely way.

I splash on lavish color,
Till the sky is red and gold;
Oh, the tints from off my palette
Are most wondrous to behold!

I raise a rosy finger,
And the brook laughs soft and low;
While the trees obey my order
And wave gently to and fro.

The wood bird trills its carol
In a sweetly mellow tone,
And brightens up the sadness
Of the night-wind's eery moan.



"HEAD." BY ETHEL R. [illegible], AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Aye, my name is just the echo
Of the wild bird's airy lay;
The little sunset fairy
Who steals in at close of day.

So remember, when at evening
The skies are all aflame,
That it 's just the wondrous magic
Of the imp without a name.

THE SUNSET GLOW

BY RUTH PENNINGTON (AGE 10)

THE Sun, the glorious King of Light,
Came riding toward the west;
Clad in his golden robes of state,
Oh, grandly was he dressed!

He saw the pretty maiden clouds
Who were in simple white;
And brightly then he smiled on them,
Which filled them with delight.

He gave them robes of palest pink,
Of yellow and of red;
And then the maidens gathered near
With "thank you's" to be said.

And nearer, nearer still they came,
To thank the King of Light;
Then, getting quite in front of him,
They shut him out of sight.

The Sun went down behind the clouds,
And left them hanging low;
With colored dresses streaming out,
They made a Sunset Glow.

A FISH STORY

BY MARY EAGER LLOYD (AGE 9)

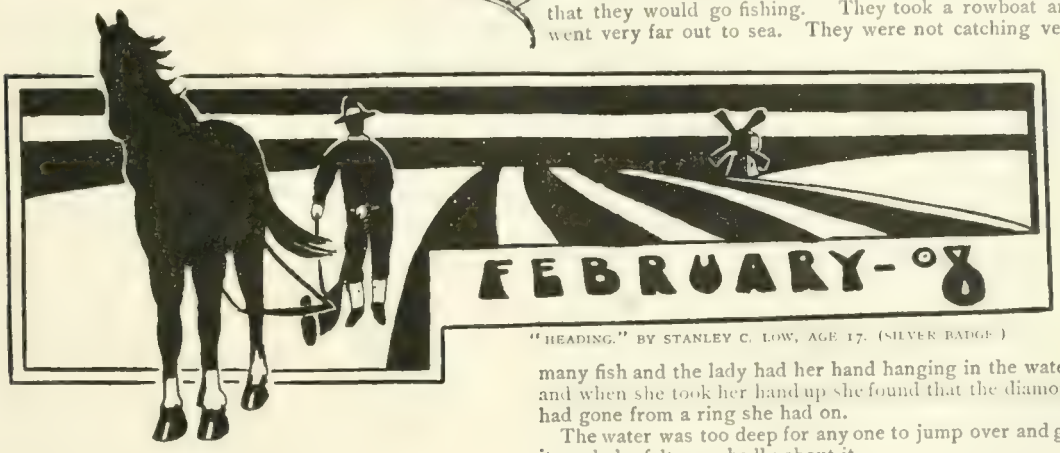
EVERY time we have fish for dinner my father tells me this story, and now I will tell it to you.

Once there were two men and a lady and they thought that they would go fishing. They took a rowboat and went very far out to sea. They were not catching very many fish and the lady had her hand hanging in the water, and when she took her hand up she found that the diamond had gone from a ring she had on.

The water was too deep for any one to jump over and get it, and she felt very badly about it.

That night they had some fish for dinner that they had caught.

All of a sudden some one bit on something hard, and *what do you think it was?* It was a fish bone.



"HEADING." BY STANLEY C. LOW, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



"THE ANGEL." BY [illegible], AGE 14.

THE SUNSET

BY ELISABETH R. ELVIER (AGE 14)

A MASS of golden clouds, all fiery-tinted,
A deepening glow from the fast-setting sun;
A fleeting vision of resplendent beauty,
That quickly faded, and was wholly gone.

The night, victorious, now was fast approaching,
Dark shadows were, where glorious light had been;
And yet the sun, undarkened, undiscouraged,
Would soon return to light the earth again.



"SUMMER" BY ALICE WAUGENHEIM, AGE 11 (HONOR MEMBER)

A FISH STORY

BY RUTH E. ALEXANDER (AGE 13)

THE story I am going to relate you may, indeed, seem a fish story," but, I assure you it is quite true.

This year I spent most of my summer vacation in the northern part of Wisconsin, on a beautiful little lake, surrounded by pine woods and located about forty miles from



"SUMMER." BY DOROTHY FLAGG, AGE 15.

Lake Superior. Among the many pleasures enjoyed, the chief one, I believe, was that of feeding "my" fish. Down in front of the house is a log platform, or dock, built out into the water. Under this live a great number of sunfish, and each day I would take a supply of bread, or crackers, and feed them. At first I merely crumbled the food into the water and watched the fish swim for it. Then one day I held a cracker in my hand, and a few of the bolder fish nibbled at it. I did this every day after that, and gradually they became perfectly fearless.

About this time a small kind of fish, called shiners, which live out in the deeper water, began to come in great numbers to the feast, and, after a time, they became quite as fearless as the sunfish. They would swim in and out among my fingers, nibbling at them here and there, not paying the slightest notice when I moved my hand among them. Finally, they became so tame I could catch them in my hands very easily, though I always put them back again, for I could not bear to part with any of them.

What seemed very queer was, that if a stranger was standing on the dock while I was feeding them, they seemed to know it, and would not come in nearly as large numbers as when that person moved away, and, also, that none of the fish would eat very readily out of another person's hand, except, perhaps, a few of the sunfish, but seldom, if ever, any of the shiners.

Toward the last of my stay, if I would go out upon the dock, the sunfish would swim from under it, and a little splashing in the water would quickly call the shiners.

The fish soon got so numerous around the dock that visitors would always remark about it, and then, of course, I would put my pets on exhibit.

AN AUTUMN SUNSET

BY ALINE CHOWEN (AGE 17)

THE sun has set, the day is dead,
In the west his funeral pyre burns red.
Over the prairie, gray and dim,
The wind comes singing a funeral hymn.
The dry leaves whisper on the lawn
A prayer for the soul of the day that is gone,
And the wan moon comes through the fading light
To watch the grave in the lonely night.



"THE ANGLER." BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

A FISH STORY

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH HUSTON (AGE 11)

My [illegible] and I spent the summer of 1913 in the West, and [illegible] returning from our western trip this autumn, [illegible] an interesting little [illegible] which may be worthy of the title of story. The train was slowly crossing [illegible] Sea, in southern California, one day. I had exhausted my store of magazines, my head ached, and I [illegible]. Suddenly, a [illegible] "Now you can see the fish," said the porter. We immediately put up our windows and poked out our heads. I [illegible] and broke into bits and dropped into the water. Suddenly a fish appeared, then another, until [illegible] A baby carp seized my bit of sandwich and bore it off victorious. I was much elated at my success in enticing the fish, and I was sorry that the train did not go slower in crossing the Salton Sea. I have since heard that some of the passengers had hook and lines ready for the inhabitants of the sea, and that they supplied the dining cars with fish, but this part of my tale is only a newspaper story, and it sounded "fishy" to me. For its truth I cannot vouch.

A FISH STORY

BY [illegible] (AGE 13)

When my uncle was a little boy, about ten years old, he went to visit his cousin who lived in Attleboro.

This cousin had much trouble with insects getting into the well, and as she had heard that a little fish put into it would destroy the insects and make the water pure, she asked my uncle to catch a fish and put it in there.



After much trouble my uncle caught a little perch and carefully lowered it down the well.

His cousin soon found that the water was getting clearer, and as time went on, she had no more trouble with insects.

Occasionally, some one would draw up the fish, and soon it became a common occurrence to draw it up, when it would be lowered carefully down.

The fish lived in the well twenty years, and one night some one went to draw a pail of water for the horse, and as it was dark he did not see the little fish in the pail. The next morning the fish was found in the bottom of the empty pail, dead. The horse had drunk the water out of it, and the fish, not being able to live out of water, had died.

That must have been the only fish in the well, because none have been found there since.

A FISH STORY

BY MARIE DEMEREST (AGE 10)

MARIUS, the famous "Marseillais," was one day dining in a restaurant. He said to one of his mates: "Friend, there in the harbor is a sardine; but it is so big, so big, [illegible] the port."

"Oh!" said his friend, "I must go and see," and off he went.

His legs were fast, but his tongue was quick, and before half an hour, every single inhabitant was running to see the sardine that blocked the harbor. But, as Marius saw that everybody was running to see the great marvel, "Eh," he said, "and suppose it were really true!" And there he was, running harder than anybody to see the sardine that blocked the port.

This is a story much told in France. It is not the only one told about Marius, for he is the type of the "Marseillais" who are so well known for their imagination [illegible]

THE ROLL OF HONOR

[illegible]



VERSE, 1

Jean Russell
Ruth Cromwell
[illegible]
Dorothy Ramsey
Eleanor Johnson
[illegible]



Dorothy Kerr [illegible]
Elizabeth Eckel
E. Vincent Millay
[illegible]
Lois Donovan
[illegible]
[illegible]
Nellie A. Imrie
[illegible]
[illegible]
Ruth Cooley
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Helen M. Gant
Frances Hyland
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Elizabeth Walker
[illegible]
Gladys Cecelia Edgerly
Emmeline Bradshaw
Arthur Albert Myers
[illegible]
Gladys Nelson
[illegible]
Laura Westcott
Genevieve Bertolacci
Primrose Laurence
Frances L. Ross
[illegible]
[illegible]
Winifred E. E. Bleeck
[illegible]
[illegible]
Edna F. Browning
Annie Laurie Hillyer
Jean Gray Allen
[illegible]
Isabel Randolph
[illegible]
Jeanette Munro
Portia Evans
Edith Standish Robinson
[illegible]
[illegible]
Edna M. Holroyd
[illegible]

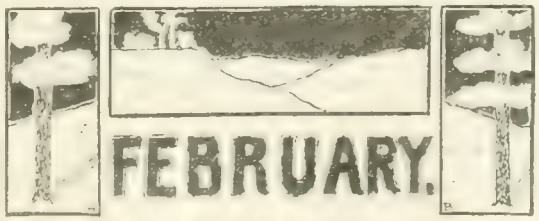
James Boyd Hunter, Jr.
Dorothy A. Sewell
[illegible]
Faith Fairfield
Carolyn Bulley

VERSE, 2

Alison L. Strathy
Louis Caldwell
[illegible]
Millie Bingham Hess
Alice Brabant
Helen Marie Mooney
Judith S. Finch
[illegible]
Wilbur K. Bates
Elsa Schuh
Helen Margaret Lewis
Ruth A. Dittman
Earl Reed Silvers
[illegible]
Henrietta Sperling
Ruth Loraine Taylor
Anita Lynch
Lillian Penchoen
[illegible]
[illegible]
Maud Mallett
Eleanor Millar
Magdalen Catherine Wygant
Esther Vroman Peters
Addison Luce
Aline Crook
Rachel Talbott
Marion Boyd
[illegible]
[illegible]
Lewis S. Gordon, Jr.
Lillie G. Menary
[illegible]
Rose Norton
Ruth A. Adams
[illegible] Brush
[illegible]
Frances Masson
Carrie Andrews
Elizabeth Flournoy
Isabel Westcott
Louisa Pharo
[illegible]
Mary Williams
Dorcen Veazie
Katherine Donovan
Barbara Kathleen Webber
Zena Weichselbaum
Marjorie Campbell
Hilda Cornell

PROSE, 1

Beatrice Milliken Burt
Therese Born
Margaret Fenrer



"[illegible]" [illegible], VOL. 14.



"THE ANGLER." BY SARAH LIPPINCOTT, AGE 13.

Blanche Beckwith
Gladys M. Douglass
Betsey E. Westcott
Gladys E. Powell
Ruth A. Wilson
Ruth Louise Northup
Jeannie Read Sampson
Gertrude Shannon
Laura Guy
Elizabeth B. Hirsh
Louise Gagnebin Ballot
Florence Moote
Frances S. Witherbee
Agnes Gray
William Irwin
Frederick Tarrier
Elizabeth Pilsbry
Eleanor Lansing Dulles
Marjorie Rossiter
Eleanor Evans
Harriet E. Marshall
Mary Douglas Kennerly
Frances Elizabeth Huston
Helen Mowat
William Gebhardt
Frances Woodworth Wright
Mary Taft
Helen Bennet McCall
Lucile Upham Partridge
Joan Fulton McCall
Sydney McGinnis
Henry Resch
Ruth Dulty Crandall
Frances Ingham
Eugene Gross Day
Velma Jolly
Josephine P. Keene
Bruce L. Simonds
Robert Williams
Florence E. Bills
Ida C. Kline
Franklin Allen
Mary E. Bohlen
Elizabeth V. Cushman

PROSE, 2

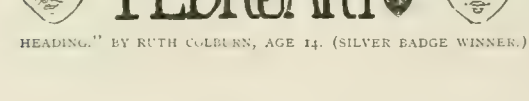
Catharine Wright
Cecile Leonie Decker
Margaret C. Hearsey
Grace M. Boynton
Marguerite Douglass
M. Gertrude Moore
Dorothy E. Duncan
Kenneth W. Banta
Rosalie Waters
Marjorie Austin
Roy Gaylord
Helen Buchman
Delia E. Arnestein
Bernice M. Jones
Mildred Besse Hall
Robert Donaldson
Florence M. Beecher
Frank A. Lewis
Marjorie Soper
Helen Bachelder
Alexandra Hamilton
Alida H. Moss
Olga Jensen
Neil Cook
J. Warren McKeone
Margaret Anderson
Blanche Loeb
Julia S. Coolidge
Althea Bertha Morton
Josephine Van de Grift
Ferdinand Born
Dorothy Edmonds
Esther Hall
Maud Glasco
Alma Simon

DRAWINGS, 1

Margaret Erskine Nicolson
James M. Wallace
Helen G. Davis
Priscilla Flagg
Dorothy Starr
Michael Kopsco
Millie A. Rippel
Ruth Cutler
Walter G. Byrne
Edmund Mills, Jr.
Rachel F. Burbank
George Tibbits
Margaret Rhodes
Jean M. Demêtre
Cacilie Moore
Dorothy Foster
Muriel Halstead
Dora Guy
Ruth Adams
Wilhelmine Zucker
Elbert Baldwin
Nan Lalanne
Marjorie E. Chase
Dorothy Adams
F. R. Sherman
Harriet M. Newman
Hilde von Thielmann
Sybil Emerson
Honor Gallsworthy
Dorothy M. Falk
Christine Schoff
Maria Bullitt
Olin R. Smith
Katharine Thompson
Marshall B. Cutler
Margaret Foster
Margaret J. Marshall
Amelia Elizabeth Beard
Zidi Drummond Wolff
Charles Rollin Larrabee
Genevieve Allen

DRAWINGS, 2

Etheldreda Aves
Emma Preston
Cuthbert W. Haasis
Morris D. C. Freeman
Julia R. Walker
Emily C. Miller
George Wharton Edwards 2nd
Adolph Schneider
Evelyn M. Peterson
Kitty W. Mason
Joan Clowes
Nellie Hagan
Archie Campbell
Paul W. Newgarden
Jane J. Pidgeon
Louis Wolfson
Eleanor R. Weedon
Louise Alexandra Robinson
Margaret Roalfe
Margaret Farnesworth
Evelyn M. Mactavish
Margherita Wilson Wood



HEADING." BY RUTH COLBURN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE WINNER.)

Herbert Watson
Paul Cook
Helen B. Walcott
Hazel B. Jackson
Gladys Nolan
Dorothy L. Dade
Allen Mytton
George Newgarden
François A. Yeargain
Muriel W. Hannah
Edith Sloan
Frances T. Stevenson
Mary Ewen
Gladys May Loft
Matilda Auerbach
Abraham Hertz
Elizabeth D. Comfort
Katharine Brown
Roberta S. Dohrmann
Eleanor Burbank
Lawrence Holbrook
Mary Klauder
Percy Bluemlein
Helen Shoeneck
Edith Cadogan
Dorothy Yaeger
John B. Davis
Eleanor Washburn
Jean Hopkins
Decie Merwin
Marjorie Cluett
Helen S. McLanahan
Muriel G. Read
Marjorie Gibbons
Margaretta Myers
Susanne Howe
Helen C. Hendrie
Vera Leighton
Mildred Drieslach
Nellie Bremmer
Leila Beatrice Starr
Armine M. Pemberton
Dorothy B. Leach
Dorothy Knight
Frank Noble Sturgis
Elsie R. Hall
Martha Stone Gay
H. Nelson Keene
Helen LeSueur
Dorothea Jones
Katharine Gericke
Marian W. Hale
Catherine Brandenburg
Edith F. Faxon
Helen Stricker
G. Louis Sill
Robert W. Wood
Anna Kennard Earle
Mildred Penney
Valentine C. Bartlett
James A. Lynd
Marjorie Mix
John J. McCutcheon
Mary M. P. Shipley
Grace Schaeffer
Laura C. Gibson
Norman Kiedaisch
H. Waltman Walters
Esther Foss
Jeannette Flagg
William Ellise Keysor
Gustavus E. Bentley
Hilliard Comstock
Miriam Cragin
Laura Emmet
Eugenia Parker
Bertha E. Cooke
Paul Wormser
George P. McClelland
Elsa Pickhardt
Frances B. Godwin
Ines Guiteras
Dorothy R. Gore
Dorothy P. Chester
Elma Heller
Kate Frances Scott
Roy Phillips
George Switzer
Allan Lincoln Langley
Jennie N. Varick
Alice Lawrence
Lindsay L. Wood
Maud Clarkson

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Josephine Sturgis
Alice W. Nash
Francis P. Davis
James M. Rose
Ella M. Rankin
Cecil P. Milne
Cornelia Needles Walker
Marie S. Knap
Harold De Clark
Elizabeth W. Hard
Louise Fitz
Dorothy Kenyon
Marjorie L. Ward
Lois M. Hitchcock
Ellen Winters
Sara Frances Cook
Celestine C. Waldron
Ruth Tinker
Agnes Page Brown
Elsie Wormser
Fanny J. Walton
Helen Gould
Elizabeth Helm
L. Eastwood Seibold
Anna T. Heise
Edna H. Tompkins
Clara M. Davey
Kate M. Babcock
Elsie J. Wilson
Hosmer Mathews
Lilian S. Henderson
Frances M. Chaffee
J. C. O'Brien, Jr.
Samuel R. MacDowell
Shirlie French
Ruth Maurice
Ruth Brown
Richard Hyde Cutler



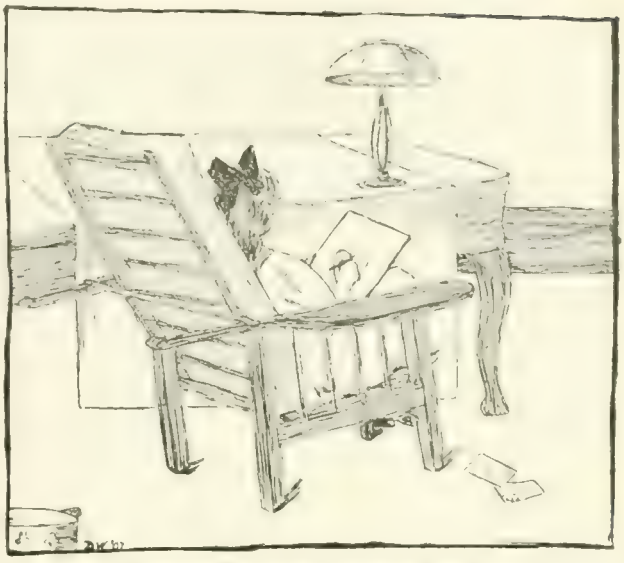
"THE ANGLER." BY FELICITY ASKEW, AGE 12.

Lucy A. Benjamin
Helen Wilber
Helen Peck
James H. Douglas
Margaret Grandgent
Robert Halstead

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Peggy Shufeldt
Amy Peabody
J. Donald McCutcheon
Carola von Thielmann
Gardner Perry, Jr.
Donald McKelvey Blodget
Armand Tibbitts
Jeannette Fuqua
Theresa Reynolds Robbins
William Forrester
Philip Cook
Catharine Alpers
Sarah P. Madill
Elsie Annette Weinacht
Bertha Lea Barnes
Catharine Davis
Constance A. Pateman
Norman H. MacLeish
Velma Mary Pomeroy
Atala Scudder
Evelyn P. Furber
Galbraith Ward
Annie L. Alberger
Ruth Abercrombie
Margaret Hyland
Edmund Hammond
Charlotte Cram
Madeleine H. Webster
Marjory Kerr
Gilbert Troxell
Mildred L. Harris
Roxana W. Bowen
Laura Lewis
Kathleen Buchanan
Roessle McKinney
Angelica Mumford
Edith H. Bailey
Charles H. Kahrs
Wendell H. Garrison
Gladys M. Heacock
Louise Herr
Rose Glacier
Eleanor M. Rutty
Henry S. Hendricks
Helen Parfitt
Herbert L. Bisbee
Margaret B. Quick
Elisabeth B. Smith
Constance Urquhart
Mary Lewis
Albert W. Walters
Esther L. Morgan
Mary B. Johnson
Margery Durbrow
Lucille Norris
Winnie Stooke
Frederic Sherwood Dunn
Louisa Johnson
Gorton Holcomb
M. May Reynolds
Elizabeth S. Billings
Monroe F. Hess
Marianna Gray
Helen K. Ehrman
Elmer Beller
Elizabeth Cockle
Mildred Curtis
John McK. Sanford
George Ripley Cutler

[illegible]	[illegible]	PUZZLES, 1
[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rogers	Clara Clay Labaree	Louis Stix Weiss
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Constance Ayer	Leonard W.	Avis Gertrude
[illegible]	[illegible]	Little
Hermann P. Miller	Mary E. Russell	
Sarah Speir	Lawrence Phillips	PUZZLES, 2
Alice Cragin	Edith P. Morrison	
E. Winnifred	Herbert Marshutz	J. C. McMullin
Campbell	Archibald S.	Ruth S. Coleman
Madge A. Dunnell	Macdonald	George Chandler
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lucia Warden	Lucia E. Halstead	Helen A. Sibley
Elizabeth H. Falck	Virginia Smith	Sidney B. Dexter



"FEBRUARY" BY LOIS IRIS WORMSER, AGE 14

NEW CHAPTERS

No. 1002. "Sunbeam Chapter." Grace Meyers, President; Eva Perryman, Vice President; six members.

No. 1003. "Oaklands." Lois Donovan, President; Therese McDonnell, Secretary; eight members.

No. 1004. Milton F. Crowell, President; C. Everett Reed, Secretary; five members.

No. 1005. "M. M. D. C." Anna Michener, President; E. Corinne Tyson, Secretary; five members.

No. 1006. Zelma Clements, President; Verna Smith, Secretary; Harold Marshall, Treasurer; eighteen members.

No. 1007. Burton Barker, President; Harold Reid, Secretary; six members. One honorary member.

No. 1008. William Jones, President; Ethel Young, Vice President; Lucretia Mackenzie, Secretary; Frank Wiswall, Treasurer; twenty-one members.

No. 1009. Ethel Rogers, President; Dora Rogers, Secretary; Margaret Eyre, Treasurer.

No. 1010. Anna Penfold, President; Janet Slyfield, Secretary. Six members.

No. 1011. "Curiosity Club." Edward Beal, President; Loneta Utley, Vice President; Paul Porter, Secretary; John Baribough, Treasurer; twenty-seven members; one honorary member.

No. 1012. "The Trio." Mildred Morgan, President; Frances Maughlin, Secretary; Julia Vestal, Treasurer.

No. 1013. "The Seven Leaguers." Pauline Pattison, President; Alice Packard, Secretary; seven members.

No. 1014. "The Medary Club." Hazel Pixler, President; Margaret Jaycox, Vice President; Doris Albery, Secretary; twenty-nine members.

No. 1015. "The R. C. Club." Florence Stone, President; Elizabeth A. Lay, Secretary; three members.

No. 1016. "The Crescent Chapter." Howard Hiendell, President; Cyrus E. Kruse, Secretary; six members.

No. 1017. Lula Hall, President; Flora Cushing, Secretary; six members.

No. 1018. "St. Nick's Friends." Doris Howland, President; Roger Howland, Secretary; four members.

Margaret C. Hearsey, 81 N. Grove St., East Orange, N. J., wishes to start a "non-resident" chapter, that is to say, of League members living in various parts of the country. Girls interested should write to her.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 100

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 100 will close **February 20** (for foreign members **February 25**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Home."



"THE ANGLER" BY LEONARD C. LARRABEE, AGE 7

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Famous Home."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Home, Sweet Home."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "A Home Interior" (from life), and a **June** Heading or Tail-piece.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond a doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

———, LOUISIANA.

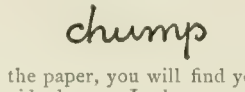
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years of age, and live on Red River. Papa is making sugar-cane syrup. He has a mill on Old River, beyond the levee. When we come home from school we get some of our little friends and go over there and eat sugar-cane and drink the juice till we get enough. Then we go down on the river bank and hunt snails' shells till the sun goes down. Sometimes we all get us a board and go up on the levee, and we take the board and place it on top of the levee and slide down; but often we get tumbles and roll down instead of sliding. The levee is covered with Bermuda grass and it makes a fine place to coast on.

I have lived in Louisiana all my life except five months in Florida. We lived in Manatee. It was a delightful little town. We used to go in bathing in the Manatee River and would have great fun trying to duck each other. While we were getting ready to duck somebody, we would get ducked ourselves.

From a little girl who loves to read ST. NICHOLAS.

MARY DOWDELL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My attention was once called to a peculiarity of this slang word when written thus in script.



If you reverse the paper, you will find you can read it exactly as well upside down. Is there any other word in our language that is thus reversible? Perhaps some of your bright boys and girls will find one.

Very truly yours,

B. C. LEGGETT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a true story. One day when I was at my little friend's house, and we were in the hammock, a bull came down the road and we ran in the house. My little brother David was too little to run fast, and we had to run and get him.

Your friend and reader,

MARGARET TRIMBLE.

ROME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been in Rome, Italy, all winter and have just left. I thought you would like to hear about our audience with the Pope. Sunday was a lovely, sunny morning when we started in a closed carriage for the Vatican. My little brother and I were all dressed in white. We arrived at the Vatican about eleven. When we went in we went up three lovely flights of marble stairs. On each flight there was a Swiss guard. When we reached the top we went in a small room where we took our things off. When we were ready we were shown by some officials, dressed in red brocade with short trousers, into a beautiful room with lovely paintings, then into a room all red brocade where the people were waiting for the Pope. We went through two others just the same until we came to the room where we stayed. We waited about twenty minutes when a bell rang and the Pope came in. As he entered every one knelt. He was dressed in white with a small white cap on his head. His slippers were red with gold braid on them and on his fourth finger there was a very large emerald ring with a row of pearls around it. As he walked around every one kissed his ring. When he came to my little brother he put both his hands on his cheeks. After that he put up his hand and blessed us all. This finished my audience with the Pope.

Sincerely yours,

KATHERINE LYON (age 11).

NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not written to you since I joined your club, but I will try to do better in the future.

I went to Nags Head last summer. I had a fine time. It is on the coast of North Carolina.

The way in which Nags Head got its name is, a long time ago the natives of this isle were pirates. They used to hang a lantern on a horse's head and tie his leg up so he would limp, and lead him up and down the beach. Then, when ships at sea saw the light, they thought it was a ship anchored and would start for it, but would go too far in and get wrecked on the sand-bars. Then the natives would kill the men on board and take the spoils of the ship and so enrich themselves.

I remain your devoted reader,

LUCY S. GATLING.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have just returned from quite a long trip to Europe and I want to tell you about some of the lovely things I saw. When we first crossed we went straight to Paris, where among other wonderful things we saw the Louvre, the Triumphal Arch, the Eiffel Tower, Palais du Luxembourg, etc. In Munich we also saw a great many interesting things; also in Salzburg and Innsbruck in the Austrian Tyrol. In Salzburg we went to see the salt mines. They were very interesting, and the salt was beautiful to look at with our lanterns. In Verona, which is in Italy, we saw the houses of both Romeo and Juliet, Shakspere's great hero and heroine, and also the tomb of Juliet. We only stayed there a day and then went on to Venice, which I liked best of all. In Rome we saw the Colosseum, the Forum, St. Peter's, the Vatican, and all places for which Rome is noted. In Milan we saw the Cathedral and the noted picture of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci. In Lucerne we did not do much sightseeing except to go and see the Lion of Lucerne. In Geneva we only stayed a very few days and did not go to see much, either. After we left Geneva we went to Paris again and stayed there for three weeks. Then we went to London and stayed for ten days, seeing all that was worth seeing there. We sailed for home from Southampton on November 1. Don't you think we had a pretty nice trip?

Your loving reader,

ANNE B. BRADLEY (age 13).

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you although I have been taking you for five or six years. I expect you do not often get letters from this side of the world. We are going to have a holiday on September the 26th, when New Zealand will be declared a dominion instead of a colony. It will be to us something like the 4th of July is to you. I go to the Wellington Technical School to study engineering, as I hope to be an engineer when I grow up. My favorite stories in your magazine are "Pinkey Perkins," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," and "The Letter-Box." In the number of 1901 I took great interest in the "Careers of Danger and Daring," especially in the "Locomotive Engineer." With such men as Bill Tunkey, Mark Floyd, and others, the locomotive world will soon reach beyond men's ideas.

Your devoted reader,

ELWYN FRANK EVANS.

The Riddle Box

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

[illegible] Yoking

[illegible]

Squares Connected by a Diamond. I. 1. Draft. 2. Refer. 3. [illegible] 4. Alone. 5. Tenet. III. 1. D. 2. Set. 3. Defer. 4. Tea. 5. R. IV. 1. Hurst. 2. Ulema. 3. Redan. 4. Smack. 5. Tanks. V. 1. Anger. 2. Nerve. 3. Grain. 4. Evict. 5. Rents.

[illegible]

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Charade. A-pair-rent, apparent.

[illegible] 4. Sends. 5. Tress.

[illegible]

Double Acrostic. Primals, United States; finals, Great Britain; Boston; London. Cross-words: 1. Undying. 2. Nebular. [illegible] Tripoli. 9. Appoint. 10. Tapioca. 11. Effendi. 12. Sharpen.

[illegible]

Letter Puzzle. 1. Odor. 2. Dodo. 3. Odds. 4. Rose.

[illegible] Nose. 3. Used. 4. Beds. II 1. Pill. 2. Idea. 3. Lean. 4. Lane.

Additions. Grant. 1. Gourd, ground. [illegible] avenue. 4. Neat, nature. 5. Note, throne

To our Puzzlers: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed [illegible] Riddle Box, care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

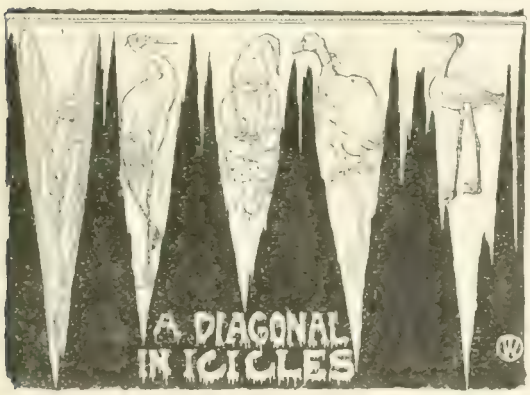
[illegible] were received before November 15th, from "Marcapan." Ella Nathan. Carrie [illegible] Betty and Mary. Frances McLean. [illegible] and Howard Morton.—James Vidal.—Alice Arnold.—Dorothy Gertrude Smith. Helen L. Patch. J. and L. "The Lone Junior."—Lorraine Parsons. "Queenie and" Pierre W. Laurens.

[illegible] were received before November 15th, from S. E. Dexter, 1.—Eugene Steiner, 11. Edna Mayle, 1. Dorothy Andrews, 1. Harriet L. Gross, 11. Mary K. Gilman, 2. Grace Van Deusen, 2.—Christopher Roberts, 2. Barry Hemens, 2. "The Puzzling Trio," 11. Cornelia Crosby, 11.—Ada May Pratt, 1. J. Wright, 1. R. Lewis, 1. R. F. Peck, 1. S. Wright, 1. Ida Foster, 1. D. C. Jenkins, 1.

ANAGRAM

A famous soldier who was born and who died in February:

MUSCLE RIMS THE MAN WE HAIL.



When the five objects, pictured above, have been rightly guessed and the names written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a word often [illegible]

A SHAKSPEREAN PRIMAL ACROSTIC

[illegible]

All the names described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a Shaksperean character.

Cross-words: 1. A true friend to the hero of a certain play. 2. A sea-captain who figures in a certain play. 3. The hero of a certain play. 4. The lover of Jessica. 5. A Prince of Verona. 6. Duke of Athens.

EDITH DES ANGES.

WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. An imaginary monster. 2. Upright. 3. A highway. 4. A little whirlpool.

II. 1. A trench around a fortified place. 2. A [illegible] nine name. 3. Centuries. 4. Undertaking.

FANNY WOOLLEY.

CHARADE

Upon my *first*, of crimson hue,
[illegible] which [illegible] view,
I looked with startled eyes;
Then, seeking for some bosky shade,
A near view of my *second* made
Me stop, in glad surprise.

And having thus the morning passed,
I left my country home at last,
Upon a purpose set;
The city's bustling shops I sought;
There, for my daughter dear, I bought
A *total* cabinet.

ELIZABETH C. BEALE (Honor Member).

A DIAGONAL

[illegible]

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous English poet.

Cross-words: 1. A dear relation. 2. A steering device. 3. A moth. 4. A dealer in certain articles of wearing apparel. 5. A bottle for holding aërated water. 6. A very large snake.

ROBERT V. BUCHER.

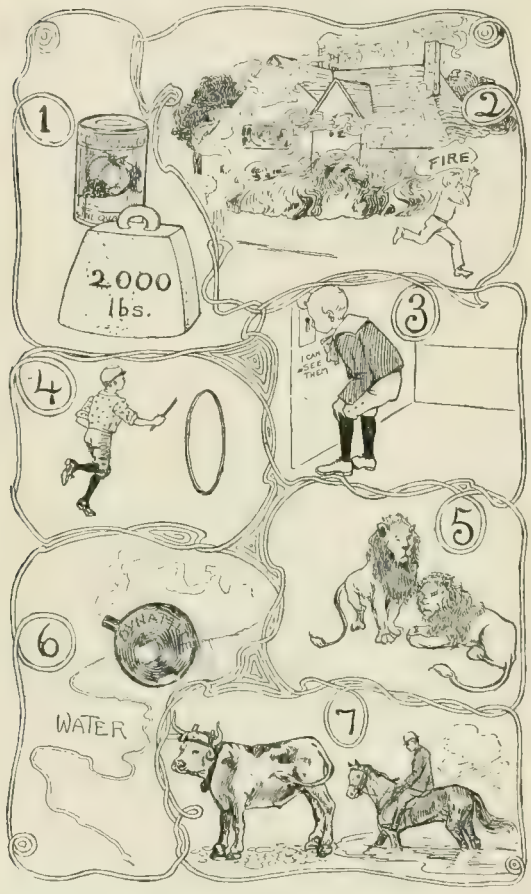
DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals name a college, and my finals name the college color.

Cross-words: 1. Act. 2. A feminine name. 3. To bellow. 4. A kind of nail. 5. A cup. 6. Fragrance. 7. A relative. 8. Part of a bicycle. 9. A song of praise.

MARION F. HAYDEN (League Member).

PICTURED CITIES



Each of the seven pictures represents a certain city. The first one is Can-ton. What are the other six?

PROSE CHARADE.

My first is a fruit; my second a dog; my whole is dejected.

RUTH SIEGBERT (League Member).

ZIGZAG

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell a winter holiday.

Cross-words: 1. A preposition. 2. To bellow. 3. To cleanse. 4. To desire. 5. A continent. 6. Soon. 7. To encircle. 8. A tiny particle. 9. Astir. 10. To consume. 11. Industrious. 12. To aid. 13. Image. 14. Dry. 15. To quote. 16. To throw with violence. 17. Constructed. 18. A university. 19. To connect.

DOROTHY S. MANN.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of twenty-six letters and form a familiar proverb.

My 3-9 is an exclamation. 13-26-1-6-10 is a geographical division. My 11-21-20-24 is a married woman. My 5-18-14 is what each person should have. My 12-25-22-15-18-7-4 is a kind of tooth. My 16-2-33-19-8 is rapid.

E. K. MARSHALL, JR.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

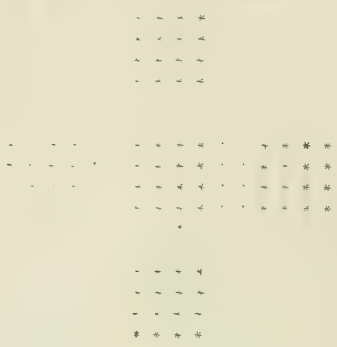
(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

O	C	A	Y	E	S	S	E	I	H	O	O	M
T	L	A	M	L	U	I	Y	O	G	T	L	B
L	T	M	E	O	E	W	B	O	O	C	I	N
I	T	E	N	T	L	O	S	J	S	U	R	E
T	L	L	I	T	M	E	N	I	N	S	O	S

By beginning at a certain letter and following a path similar to the king's move in chess, using every letter once, the name of a writer and five books by this writer may be spelled.

ABIE BENJAMIN.

A CROSS OF SQUARES



I. Upper Square: 1. A mineral. 2. To ramble. 3. Egg-shaped. 4. A feminine nickname.

II. Adjoining Square: 1. A feminine nickname. 2. A lake. 3. A city of South America. 4. Thin.

III. Left-hand Square: 1. Slaughtered. 2. To exist. 3. Bad. 4. In health.

IV. Adjoining Square: 1. An exclamation. 2. A big lake. 3. A feminine name. 4. Slender.

V. Central Square: 1. To rest against. 2. Facility. 3. Certain serpents. 4. A bird's home.

VI. Adjoining Square: 1. A series of boxes. 2. Always. 3. A country mentioned in the Bible. 4. A kind of car.

VII. Right-hand Square: 1. A kind of car. 2. A flower. 3. Solicits. 4. A mixture.

VIII. Lower Square: 1. A narrow band. 2. Absent. 3. The head. 4. Parts of the head.

IX. Adjoining Square: 1. A cozy place. 2. A feminine name. 3. To strike. 4. A narrow binding.

ELIZABETH WIGHT (League Member).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



AN ALASKAN MAIL-CARRIER—A HALT ON THE JOURNEY.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXV MARCH, 1908 No. 5

WHERE DOG IS KING

BY LIDA ROSE McCABE

NOWHERE in the world has the dog such unrestricted right of way as in our most northerly possession—Alaska. In winter when the more than 600,000 square miles of territory are sealed up in solid ice, dogs are almost the sole means of getting from place to place—in fact, they seem necessary to life itself.

No one, not even his brutal native master, begrudges Eskimo dogs their summer vacation. To the stranger who first stumbles upon them in that season, when their shaggy hulks sprawl across cabin doors and obstruct foot and wagon traffic on the board roads or walks of mining-camps, they seem a hopelessly lazy, greedy pack of vagabonds—the very dregs of dogdom. Every Alaskan town swarms with dogs. On foot or on horseback, we are forced literally to walk over them. No amount of cuffing, or yelling will bestir them if they are indisposed to be off. In summer their sluggish blood and worn-out legs respond only to a fight. They are never too old, too tired, or too hungry for that. When not in harness or asleep they are always "scrapping."

It is rare to find in the arctics a dog with nose, ears, or legs unnipped by the cold. The favorite summer sparring-ground of the dogs of Nome—our most northerly seaport—is the sand beach lashed by Bering Sea. There they wrestle with the skill of gladiators.

In speed the "outside" dog, that is, the dog from Europe or the "States," shows off in camp to the disadvantage of the native, but once on the trail, the latter is the Arabian steed of the arctics. It takes the frost, the compelling force of the Great White Silence to put mettle into him, to rouse his Siberian wolf ancestry. Every drop of blood, the tiniest hair in his shaggy coat, which he sheds in summer to take on in winter with renewed thickness and luster, responds to the call of Jack Frost.

The aristocrats of arctic dog life are the mail teams in the service of the United States government. They are to-day a superior breed to the dogs employed some half dozen years ago before great gold discoveries demanded increased mail service.

Until the coming of American civilization, leaders in Eskimo dog teams were unknown in the arctics. The trail was broken by an Indian or Eskimo, generally a woman running ahead of the team, her tiny mukluks—which are high boots made of the skin of the hair seal or the reindeer—pounding through the snow, while her liege lord snuggled in the sledge's fur-lined bed.

To-day, woman is supplanted by dog as leader. Not to white man's chivalry or gallantry is the innovation due, but to the fact that the dog makes a better leader.

Few pure malamutes (native dogs descended from the Siberian wolf) are now employed in the mail service. Their legs are too short, their feet sink too readily through the snow. Preference is given to a cross between the malamute or "McKenzie huskie" St. Bernard or Newfoundland with a little hound.

The Eskimo begins to train his dog for sledge work before it is a month old. One of the most interesting features of Eskimo villages are puppies tied to the pole of a tent. They pull on the rope with all their puppy strength in the effort to break away and join in the frolics of their elders.

Copyright, [illegible], by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.



A RESTING DOG TEAM JOINING IN A CANINE CHORUS.

Not until a dog bred for mail service is one year old is it put in training for the trail. It begins by running ten miles with the team, then it is dropped out. Next day it runs the same distance. Gradually the distance is increased until it reaches its fifteenth month of life when it becomes part of the regular service. The life of a mail dog is from three to four years. No greater punishment can be inflicted than to lay a dog off from service. When unruly they are often threatened with a lay off, and with almost human intelligence they seem to understand the disgrace it implies in the eyes of their fellow-workers on the trail. All fight to be leaders. A constant spur to an unambitious dog is the "outsider" who will quickly take away the leadership not only in the mail service, but in teams maintained chiefly for the pleasure of the sport. The intelligence of the malamute is remarkable, its scent wonderful, its instinct, as a rule, unerring.

Some dogs are better trail followers than others, as some are better leaders. In a blizzard



THE UNITED STATES MAIL, ONE MILE FROM NOME, ON THE BERING SEA, ALASKA.

the best of them lose the trail but invariably find it. When on the trail they never eat but once a day, then at the end of a journey. After feeding, like weary children they fall asleep and are never quarrelsome. It takes on an average twenty pounds of food a day for a team of eleven dogs on a hard route.

Last winter thirty dogs were employed in the mail service between Nome and Unalaklik. This season the number was increased, each of the two carriers having an assistant, a recent provision of Congress thus assuring the peninsula the receipt of second-class matter—a luxury heretofore denied invaders of the frozen North.



A BOUGH FIT OF THE POST ROAD

The dogs consumed last year three tons of bacon and one ton of rice. The rice and bacon are cooked together with frozen fish and eaten hot. The dogs are permitted to eat all they want. When too hot they let it cool in the snow. If near the sea or a river they will cunningly pull the vessel out on the ice, and test the temperature of the contents with their long tongues until the mess can be eaten without burning the mouth.

Frozen fish is the staple food of all native dogs.

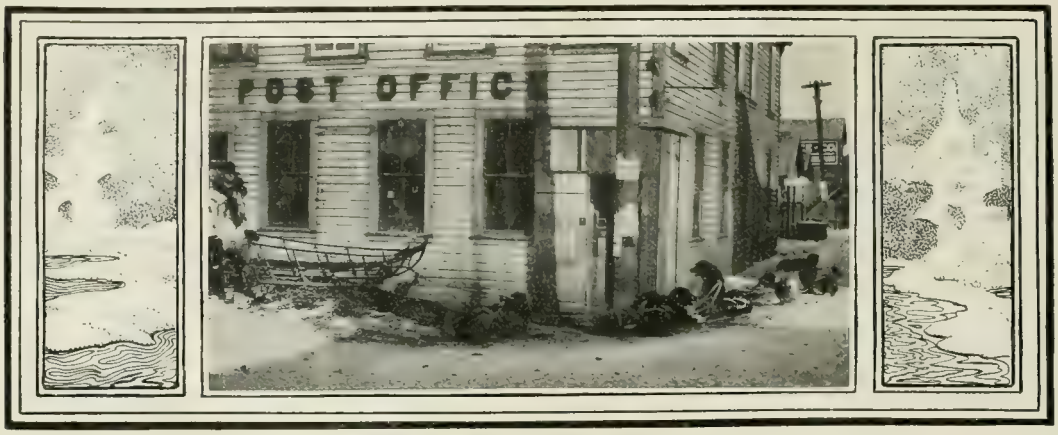
Once a week the dogs are fed on fresh meat bones. The mail-carriers generally prepare the dog food themselves rather than intrust it to road-house keepers. In severest weather the dogs are unprotected save by the thick coats of hair that nature provides. When a road-house is reached, they often share its shelter with the carrier, but not infrequently they burrow deep into the snow-drift and, curled up in their warmth, wait until bidden to move on. Often while the master tarries but a few moments in a road-house, the snow will have fallen so thick that his team will have completely disappeared, their sturdy little forms making rows of hillocks in the Great White Silence of the sleeping world. In April and May the mail dogs wear moccasins of moose or deerskin, for the thaw of the spring sunshine freezes at night and the ice cuts their feet.

Mail-carriers own all or part of their teams. The dogs are to them almost as their children, so fond of them are they. To their cry: "Hee! Haw! Gee! Whoa! (that is: Right! Left! Go! Stop!) they respond as to no other. Once on the trail, the dogs are swifter than the wind; unmindful of every discomfort, every danger, bent only on making time—safely delivering the mail. Their one playing truant from the line of duty is chasing the snowbirds that flit across the trail. So enticing is this sport that often the driver is at the mercy of the team, which quits the trail and in eagerness to catch the flying coquettes of arctic winged life, roll the sledge over and over snowbanks until the birds are theirs.

Nome is the mail distributing depot for Seward Peninsula—the gateway to northwestern Alaska. Mail from the States comes from Seattle by steamer to Valdez—four days' journey. From Valdez to Nome is an overland route of more than 1500 miles. This distance is covered by four dog-team relays, each let by the government to a separate contractor.

The government pays the contractor $40,000 a year for carrying the mail from Unalaklik to Nome. Out of this sum he pays carriers and all expenses.

He constructs the sledges, makes the harness and enters into the scientific training of dogs for the service, so he has plenty to do for his fee they are heavier at this time, while their coats are thick and glossy. During the short arctic summer when the sun never sets, they saunter



A DOG TEAM RESTING AT THE POST-OFFICE

Unlike most of the high-bred dogs of Nome, the mail teams are not kenneled in summer, but follow their masters, who, like every one in the Northland from parson to scavenger, have min- about the camp with a very important air. Theirs is the center of the stage. Their wild entrance and exit four times a season when the whole population for miles around gathers at the post-office



UNITED STATES SIGNAL CORPS DOG TEAM, FORT DAVIS, ALASKA.

ing interests, and "work" their mining properties in summer, when not on the trail.

Despite a winter's strenuous work, mail dogs are physically in better condition at the end than at the beginning of the season. In weight to greet the mail-carrier with his long, long expected tidings from the "outside" has schooled them to love the glory which is theirs.

The Alaskan native dog is very fond of children, and is always affectionate and playful with them.



WAR DOGS USED IN A EUROPEAN ARMY.

DOGS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

For dogs to be enlisted in every great army of the world, either in the Ambulance Department or as scouts and despatch-bearers, is surely something of a novelty.

In the Franco-Prussian War, out of 129,000 killed and wounded, 13,000 were returned as "Missing"; and who shall say what these men endured? Every war of the future, however, will see the dog lessening its horror. In Germany his education is at this moment being taken in hand by a Voluntary Society with nearly 2000 members, among them some of the most able officers in that country's great army. The war dog proper is used for sentry, messenger, and scouting service, while the ambulance dog's training inclines him only to scour the battle-field in search of the wounded and missing.

The needs of modern warfare not only call for vast enlarging of the battlefield, but also compel the troops to take every advantage of natural cover. This and the fact that wounded men will use their last strength to seek protection from artillery fire, cavalry charges, and the wheels of guns by crawling into thick bushes, ditches, and natural holes, will show how difficult it is for the overworked stretcher-bearers of the Red Cross Department to notice prostrate figures not readily seen. Moreover, modern warfare is carried on largely by night attack, and at night, too, the wounded have to be collected. The ambulance dog, however, is independent of artificial light, and relies only on his power of scent. Recently during the great Austrian manœuvers, 200 men were left lying on the field to represent the wounded; and the stretcher-bearers, working against time, overlooked thirty-eight of these. Within twenty minutes the Viennese dogs had found them all! Each dog had about his neck a flask of brandy or soup and a roll of bandages. The wounded man having made what use he can of this relief, gives the dog his cap or belt and the animal races off with it to the ambulance attendants, whom he then conducts to the spot.

A great authority on the dogs of war like Surgeon-General Haecker, or General Von Herget, of the German staff, can tell marvelous stories

of the dogs which the allied troops took with them to China, during the Boxer rebellion. The Italian dogs especially distinguished themselves, having had great training on the mountains of Savoy; they were collies chiefly, and had been



GIVING INSTRUCTIONS.

employed with the alpine troops on the Italian side of Mont Blanc. These dogs had rescued soldiers fallen into crevasses, or such as had dropped frost-bitten by the way. Some of the dogs, indeed, took an active part in the mimic warfare, for they carried a canvas satchel across their loins fastened with a belt of light bent-wood, and intended for bearing ammunition to the firing-line. The French in Algeria have also used dogs in this way in their warfare with the Arabs. One canine favorite with the Oran garrison was decorated with the stripes of a corporal and has just been raised to the rank of a full "sergeant" on account of his sagacity! He is one of those rare dogs who can be used as scout, sentry, despatch-bearer, or seeker for the wounded in the field.

The Russian army in Manchuria employed hundreds of specially-trained collies; and Captain Persidsky of the late Count Keller's staff thus reported to his chief: "In finding the missing and wounded with which the millet fields are strewn, nothing even approached our pack of seven English dogs. In our last engagement fifty-three men, more or less badly wounded, were found in quite unsuspected places, where the stretcher-bearers and surgeons would never have dreamed of looking." And peace trials with these intelligent creatures were carried out with surprising results by Captain Cistola, head of the Ambulance Dog Establishment in Rome, which has been helped financially by the Italian government.

As to Great Britain, every year her War Office makes very exhaustive tests of war dogs both at Aldershot and on Salisbury Plain. The scene during one of the night trials is most impressive. Long shafts of light thrown by portable searchlights sweep the entire range of rugged boulder-strewn common; and under these rays engineers and dogs glide through the bracken and undergrowth seeking for men supposed to have been wounded in a battle just fought, with a front extending over fifteen miles.

Jangling bells about the dogs' necks enable them to be followed easily by the stretcher-bearers. After a few thrilling minutes in the darkness, with the great blinding beams playing this way and that, a bell that had been carefully followed will suddenly cease ringing, and a low, piercing whine from the collie proclaims a "find."

Hurrying to the spot, officer and stretcher-bearer come upon a soldier lying on the ground pretending to be very far gone indeed. He is lifted very carefully upon a canvas stretcher, while his four-legged savior gives a series of low, delighted barks, and wags his tail as the senior officer rewards him with kind words and a caressing hand.

In Germany the war dog plays many parts.



PICKING UP A WOUNDED MAN WHO HAS BEEN DISCOVERED BY THE DOGS

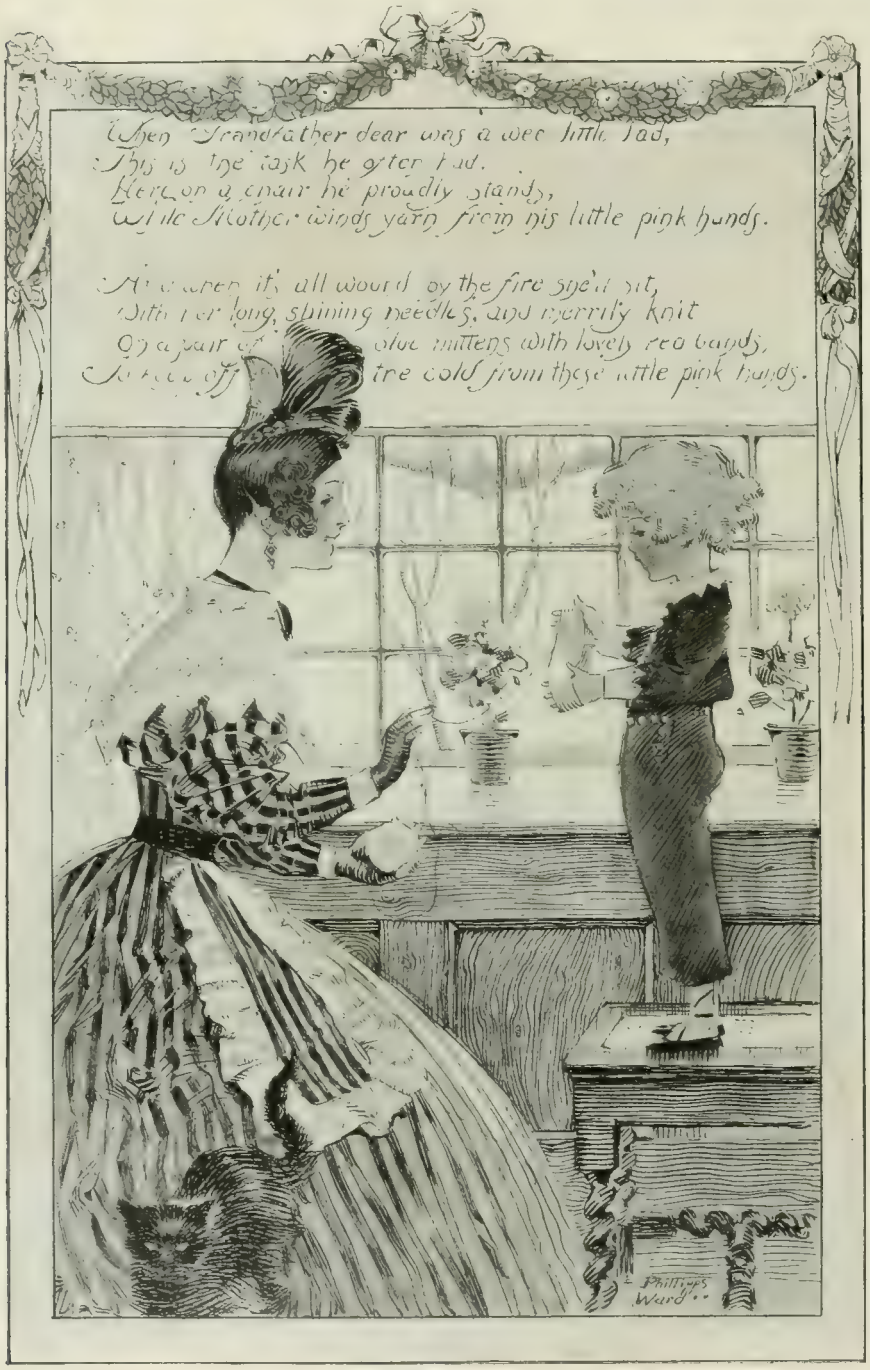
Thus he guards baggage and will c[illegible] despatches at great speed and with many wiles, escaping shot and shell (he is thoroughly accustomed to both) and getting through an enemy's lines where cavalryman or trooper would merely court destruction.

In many large cities dogs are employed by the Police Department in assisting the tracing and capturing of criminals; and, for the safety of the public, this no doubt is a wise thing to do. But so long as war appears to be, at times, unavoidable, it is much pleasanter to think of using one of man's best friends—the dog—to seek out and bring help to the poor, wounded men who, without their aid, would be overlooked and allowed to perish.



AN AMBULANCE DOG FINDS A WOUNDED SOLDIER

In our Forefathers' Day



NATURAL HISTORY



Note.—The Polar Hare and Northern Prairie Hare change from brown to white in winter.

When the snow comes down
On a winter's night,
Bunny changes his brown
For a coat of white.

But little girls like me
When the snow comes down
Change our dresses of white
For a coat of brown.

A CAT TALE

BY ELLEN MANLY

The little old woman to town would go
To buy her a Sunday gown,
But a storm came up, and the wind did blow,
And the rain came pouring down;
And the little old woman, oh, sad to see!
In a terrible fidget and fret was she,—
In a terrible fret was she!

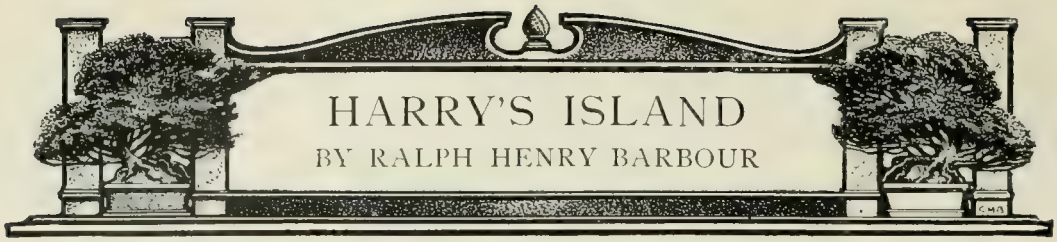
The little old man was cross and cold,
For the chimney smoked, that day,
And never a thing would he do but scold
In the most unmannerly way.
When the little old woman said: "Listen to me!"
He answered her nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"
No, nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"

Then she whacked the puggy-wug dog, she did,
As asleep on the mat he lay;
And the puggy-wug dog ran off and hid,
And howled in a dismal way,
For a puggy was he of spirit and pride,
And a slight like that he could n't abide,—
He could n't, of course, abide.

Then Muffin, the kitten, said, "Deary me!
What a state of affairs is this!
I must purr my very best purr, I see,
Since everything goes amiss!"
So Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred
Till, at last, the little old woman she heard—
The little old woman she heard.

And she smiled a smile at the little old man,
And back he smiled again,
And they both agreed on a charming plan
For a walk in the wind and rain.
Then, hand in hand, to the market town
They went to look for the Sunday gown,—
For the coveted Sunday gown.

Then the chimney drew and the room grew hot,
And the puggy-wug dog and the cat
Their old-time quarrels they quite forgot,
And snuggled up close on the mat.
While Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred,
And there never was trouble again, I 've heard,—
No, never again, I 've heard!



Chapter V

A BATCH OF DOUGHNUTS

"Of course this is n't real camping," said Dick as he munched his fifth sandwich.

"It 's a mighty good lunch, though," answered Chub. "And I can't wait to get to those crullers —I mean doughnuts. What 's the difference, anyway, Roy?"

"A cruller is a doughnut with the hole left out."

"Nay, nay! What we call crullers are built just like these, with a hole in the middle."

"Some folks call them fried-cakes," offered Dick.

"Well, it does n't matter what they 're called," said Chub cheerfully, "they look fine and Harry has made lots of them. And, say, fellows, look at the sugar on them! Let 's hurry and reach the dessert."

Dick had brought Harry and her lunch basket across to the island and now they were seated on the grass in front of the tent with the contents of the basket spread before them. There were two kinds of sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, bananas and doughnuts. There was also clear, cold water from the river served from a tin coffee-pot for want of anything more suitable and drunk from tin cups. Strange to say, the enthusiasm over the doughnuts brought no response from Harry. In fact, as the meal progressed and the time for the dessert drew near, she exhibited well-defined symptoms of uneasiness, and when, finally, Chub, unable to hold off any longer, seized the first doughnut and bit into it, she forgot the sandwich she was struggling with and watched him with some concern.

"Um-m!" said Chub, rapturously. Then he repeated the remark, but with a note of doubt. Then he shot a puzzled look at Harry, who dropped her eyes quickly and devoured her sandwich hurriedly. She was anxious as to the result of her cooking. During all this time Chub glanced frowningly at the doughnut in his hand, and when nobody was looking dropped it into his pocket and took a banana. When Harry looked again the doughnut had disappeared and her face expressed relief. Then Dick reached for one.

"How are Harry's doughnuts, Chub?" he asked.

"Great!" said Chub with extraordinary, even suspicious, enthusiasm.

"Well, they certainly look fine," replied Dick, setting his teeth into one.

"They surely do," agreed Roy, following his example. "Are n't you going to have one, Harry?"

"Yes, please," said Harry, her hand stretched toward the plate and her gaze on Dick.

Dick was munching his first mouthful somewhat gingerly and viewing the doughnut with surprise. There was a moment of silence. Then:

"I say, Harry," blurted Dick, "what the mischief did you put into these things?"

"Why?" she faltered.

"Don't they taste funny, somehow?" he asked. "How 's yours, Roy?"

"All right," replied Roy, eating doggedly, his eyes fixed on space as though he were trying to concentrate all efforts on the task. Dick laid his doughnut aside and picked up another.

"Maybe that one is n't a fair sample," he said hopefully. "I thought it tasted of—of—I don't know just what."

But he appeared to derive small pleasure from his second one and with a sigh of disappointment he laid it down on his plate with a fine appearance of carelessness and took a banana. Then:

"Hello," he said, "are n't you eating any doughnuts, Chub?"

"Me? Oh, yes, I had one," answered Chub. "Fine, are n't they?"

"Great!" answered Dick warmly.

"Toss me a banana, will you, Dick?" This from Roy, who, having caused the last of his doughnut to disappear, was still swallowing convulsively. "I ate so many sandwiches," he added, in an apologetic tone, "that I can't do justice to the doughnuts. Doughnuts are very filling things, are n't they?"

"They certainly are," agreed Dick and Chub together.

"These will be just fine for supper," continued Dick.

"Yes," answered Roy, but with somewhat less enthusiasm.

"Or breakfast," suggested Chub. "I 'm so very

fond of doughnuts for breakfast. With lots of coffee," he added as an afterthought.

Harry, who had listened to the remarks with a puckered brow and downcast eyes, struggling heroically with her own doughnut meanwhile, suddenly dropped her face into her hands and there was an audible sob.

"Hello!" cried Chub. "What 's the matter, Harry?"

There was no reply save more sobs. The three boys gazed from Harry's heaving shoulders and bent head to each other's faces and then back again in dismay.

"It 's the doughnuts," whispered Dick in a flash of comprehension. Then in loud, cheerful tones, "Have another doughnut, Roy?" he asked. "I 'm going to."

"I believe I will," said Roy. "Have one, Chub?"

"Thanks! I just did n't want to eat them all now for fear there would n't be any left for breakfast; but I dare say there 'll be enough. Fine, are n't they?"

"Don't think I ever tasted better," said Dick.

"Great!" said Roy.

"They 're not! They 're perfectly horrid!" Harry's tearful eyes were gazing at them tragically. "It—it 's the almond!"

"The—the what?" asked Roy.

"The almond flav-flavoring," faltered Harry. "I thought it would be nice to put some flavoring in—and I got too—too much, and they 're simply horrid!"

"Nothing of the sort!" cried Chub, who was secretly tossing a half-devoured doughnut over his head and reaching for another. "They 're not bad at all, are they, fellows?"

"I should say not!" exclaimed Dick. "I guess it was the flavoring I tasted that time. You see, I did n't know they were flavored, Harry. If I 'd known it, I 'd have—er—understood."

"I put in too much," sniffed Harry, dabbing her eyes with a diminutive handkerchief. "I did n't know how much to use and so I put in four tablespoonfuls. They 're just as bitter and horrid as they can be!"

"Oh, well, don't you care, Harry," Roy comforted. "You 'll know better next time."

"There is n't going to be any—next time," answered Harry, dolefully. "I 'm never going to make any more."

But this elicited such a torrent of protestation, and it sounded so genuine, that Harry was comforted, and in the end relented.

"Maybe they 'd be better just plain," she said, "without any flavoring at all."

"Well, we could try them that way next time," said Chub, "and then I suppose the trouble with almond is that it 's pretty strong. Now, vanilla or—or wintergreen——"

This produced a howl of derisive laughter in which even Harry joined. Chub pretended that his feelings were wounded and in another minute or two the doughnut incident was quite forgotten and Harry was eating a banana very cheerfully. The only untoward incident to threaten the serenity occurred when Chub absent-mindedly whisked his napkin from his lap and at the same time whisked forth a half-eaten doughnut which flew across upon Dick's plate. For a moment Harry's gloom returned, and Dick and Roy silently threatened Chub with dire punishment; but Chub saved the situation in a measure by rare presence of mind.

"Here," he said calmly, "that 's mine." And when it was returned to him he ate it unflinchingly, nay, even with every mark of enjoyment, allowing carelessly that possibly there was a little too much flavor to it but that he thought one could get very fond of almond after a time. (But, to go a little ahead of our story, when supper was eaten Harry had gone home, and the doughnuts, through some oversight, were not placed on the menu, and every one tactfully forebore to remark upon the omission.)

They had made out a list of groceries and supplies the evening before which Mrs. Emery was to hand to the groceryman from Silver Cove when he came for her order in the morning. And so in the middle of the afternoon they went over in the rowboat to get the things.

They made Dick row both ways because, as Chub put it, "he had imposed upon his superiors in the morning." Dick made a great fuss about the labor but in reality enjoyed rowing hugely.

They found their supplies awaiting them at the Cottage—two big baskets of them. They had managed to get quite a little excitement the evening before out of ordering. They had all made suggestions, Dick's imagination refusing to go farther than bacon, potatoes, and coffee; Roy holding forth for what might be called staples, fresh meat, flour, sugar, salt, pepper, and lard, and Chub's fancy roaming blissfully amidst such delicacies as guava jelly, fancy biscuits, and pickles. As for Harry, her suggestions, like Chub's, ran to "trimmings," such as nuts and raisins, chocolate, patent preparations which by the addition of boiling water magically turned into highly-colored puddings, and dried fruit. (Dried fruit, she explained, was just the thing when you were hungry between meals.) But Mrs. Emery's counsel usually prevailed, and so when it was finished the list did n't contain many

unnecessary articles. They stopped at the Cottage long enough for Dick to write his letter to the boat-builder ordering the launch. As he signed his name to the check which was to accompany it he grinned.

"I can't go to London now, anyway," he said; "have n't enough money left."

"Oh, it does n't cost much by steerage," observed Chub.

Then they carried the baskets down to the boat and across to the island. Here Harry took command and directed the arrangement of the supplies in the packing-case in the tent. Butter and lard, they decided, would not keep hard there, so Chub built what he called a "larder" on the edge of the water. He dug away the sand until he had a small hole. At the bottom of this he placed a flat stone. Then he built up around with pieces of box cover driven into the sand. The butter firkin and lard tin were placed on the bottom and the water, passing in between the pieces of wood, came half-way up them, keeping them cold. A nice square piece of wood, selected from the pile which was drying on the beach, was placed over the top and a stone was rested on it to keep it from blowing off. Chub was very proud of his "larder" and straightway insisted that each member of the party should stop his or her labors and admire it. Each member good-naturedly did so. By this time the sun was getting down and Dick started a fire in the stove and prepared to cook the evening meal. As it did not grow dark until eight o'clock Harry had received permission to stay to supper. Roy and Chub piled wood together for the camp-fire, and Harry, having stowed away the last of the groceries to her liking, furnished Dick with some slight assistance and much advice. He accepted both thankfully and paid no heed to the latter; for Harry's way of cooking was not Dick's. She was not too insistent with her advice; possibly with the doughnut fiasco still in mind she thought it behooved her to be humble. As a camp cook, Dick proved himself an unqualified success from the start. Even Harry acknowledged that he was a wonder. He possessed the knack of doing several things at once and not losing his head, and the easy, unflustered manner in which he boiled potatoes, made tea, and fried steak at one and the same moment was a source of wonderment to the others, who, washed and ready for supper, sat around and almost forgot their hunger in admiration.

Now when you have been busy out of doors all day long, steak sizzling in butter, potatoes steaming through burst jackets, thick slices of snowy bread, and tea glowing like amber when it is poured from the pot in the late sunlight, are just about the finest things ever fashioned. If the steak was a little bit overdone no one realized it, and if condensed milk was n't quite up to the fresh article it was too paltry a fact to mention. From where they sat, within, for Dick, easy reaching distance of the stove, they looked out upon the placid water of the river, hued like molten gold under the last rays of the setting sun, across to the green-black shadows of the tree-lined shore. High up above the slope of verdure a window in School Hall caught the radiance and shot it back, glowing ruddily. When for a moment, which was not frequently, the conversation paused there was only the leap of a small fish from the stream, the twittering of a bird, the distant screech of a locomotive or the lazy creak of a boom as some small boat crept by the island to mar the mellow stillness of the sunset hour.

But you may be sure the fish and the bird, the engine and the boat, had scant opportunity to make themselves heard at Camp Torohadik, for every one was in the best of spirits and there was so much to talk about that it required all of one's politeness to keep from interrupting. The school year just closed was a never-failing subject, for there were dozens of incidents to be recalled.

And there were plans to lay, marvelous plans for excursions and explorations. After every one had eaten as much as possible, and when there was no longer any excuse for remaining about the "table," they cleaned up, washing the tin pans and plates in the water of the Cove where the accommodating stone jutted out from the sand.

The sunlight lingered and lingered on the tops of the hills in the west and then the twilight filled the valley with soft shadows and toned the bosom of the river to shades of steely gray. And so it was almost eight o'clock before there was any valid excuse for lighting the camp-fire just as Chub and Roy rowed Harry across the darkening water to the landing, pausing now and then and letting the canoe drift while they gazed back at the Point, where Dick's shadow, monstrous and grotesque, moved across the side of the tent as he mended the fire. They went part way up the path with Harry, bade her good night, and scampered back to the landing and the canoe. As they glided softly into the shadow of the island Dick's voice challenged them.

"Who goes there?"

"Friends," answered Chub.

"Advance, friends, and give the countersign."

"What the dickens is the countersign?" whispered Chub, for once at a loss for an answer.

"Bless'd if I know," replied Roy with a yawn.

"Torohadik," ventured Chub.

"Wrong," answered Dick, sternly.

"Liberty," said Roy.

"Freedom," said Chub.

"Wrong," replied Dick.

"Oh, I give it up," grumbled Chub, paddling for the beach. "I don't know what it is."

"Doughnuts!" laughed Dick, pulling the canoe up. "Any one ought to know that."

"Well, it is n't anything you could easily for-

in a pair of blue pajamas, sprawled, face down, on his bed.

"Eh?" muttered Chub sleepily.

"Get up! It 's after seven o'clock. You 're a great camper, you are!"

Chub turned over dazedly on his elbow and blinked at his chum. Then his eyes wandered to the other two empty beds.

"Where 's Dick?" he asked.

"Getting breakfast. He 's been up half an hour. And we 've been yelling at you at the top



CHUB AND ROY ROWED HALFWAY ACROSS THE DARKENING WATER

get," answered Chub, ruefully. "Were n't they fierce?"

"They certainly were," answered Roy as he jumped ashore. "And," he added determinedly, "that reminds me of a duty to humanity." He disappeared into the tent and when he emerged again he bore something in one hand. An instant later there was a series of light splashes in the water near by. Chub took his cap off.

"Rest in peace!" he murmured.

Chapter VI

Exploration

"Get up, you lazybones!" cried Roy, snatching off the gray woolen blanket and disclosing Chub,

of our lungs, and all we could get out of you was 'Ye-e-s.'"

"Get out," answered Chub, indignantly, sitting up on his lowly couch, "I have n't opened my mouth!"

"Have n't you? You had it open most of the night, for one thing. To-night we 're going to make you sleep outdoors, probably on the other end of the island."

"Come, now, move out of your downy nest," laughed Roy. "If you don't, I 'll call Dick and we 'll pull you out."

"Think I 'm afraid of you brutes?" asked Chub, scathingly. "I 'd have you understand, Mr. Porter, that I am not to be coerced. I am a free-born citizen of this glorious Republic, and as such I have rights which can not—"



EXPLORING THE ISLAND.

"Oh, Dick!" shouted Roy. Chub gave a bound off his bed and was standing in the middle of the tent in a twinkling.

"I dare you to pull me out!" he said with immense dignity. Then, "How 's the water?" he asked.

"Cold," replied Roy. "Besides, you have n't got time for a bath. If you want to bathe before breakfast you must get up at a decent time."

"Decent time!" he muttered. "What 's a vacation for, if you can't lie in bed when you 're sleepy? I 've a good mind to go back again. But I 'm going to have my plunge, anyhow!" And he did.

"Bacon and eggs," he murmured appreciatively as he emerged from the tent fifteen minutes later. And as he began to dress leisurely he warbled loudly for the benefit of the others:

"The lark came up to meet the sun,
And carol forth its lay;
The farmer's boy took down his gun,
And at him blazed away.

"The busy bee arose at five,
And hummed the meadows o'er;
The farmer's wife went to his hive,
And robbed him of his store.

"The little ant rose early, too,
His labors to begin;
The greedy sparrow that way flew,
And took his antship in.

"O birds and bees and ants, be wise,
In proverbs take no stock;
Like me, refuse from bed to rise,
Till half past eight o'clock."

"If you 're not out here in two minutes," called Dick, "we 're going to duck you."

"Brutes!" answered Chub. "Who 's hid my necktie?"

The inquiry elicited no response and he was compelled to solve the mystery unaided. The missing article was finally discovered dangling from the pocket of his shirt. The tent was filled with a subdued yellow light, for the sun was shining brightly from a clear, blue sky, and here and there a low-hanging branch was silhouetted against the canvas. Through the opening a cool, moist breeze blew in, tempting the dawdler into the morning world. But what tempted him still more was the fragrant odor that came from Dick's pan and the accompanying eloquent sizzling sound. Chub was out before the two minutes had expired. The bacon and eggs were frying merrily, the coffee-pot was exhaling a fragrant aroma through its spout, and life was wonderfully well worth living as they sat down to the piping hot breakfast, eager to do it justice.

About eleven o'clock, Harry's horn sounded from the landing. Chub was whittling a new tent-peg and Roy and Dick were reading. Chub was the first to jump up and run for the beach. Dick followed and the two tumbled into the canoe and shot it out across the green-shadowed water.

Harry was sitting on the landing, a picture of patience. As they drew near, a fox terrier rustled out of the trees and ran toward them, barking and wagging a wisp of a tail in hilarious greeting.

"I brought Snip along," explained Harry. "He loves to run around on the island, and I 'm not afraid of his getting lost because, of course, he can't get off. Methuselah wanted to come too, but I did n't see how I could bring him."

"It 's just as well," said Dick. "He might get seasick crossing over."

"Do you think parrots can get seasick?" asked Harry curiously as she took her place in the canoe.

"Well, I don't know. But why should n't they?" answered Dick evasively. "Is n't it a glorious morning?"

"Beautiful. I got up very early to-day. I hope you 've had something nice for breakfast."

"I should say we had!" said Chub. "Bacon and fried eggs, all sputtering together in the pan like a happy family. I 'm hungry enough to eat another breakfast."

"Snip," said Dick, reaching for the dog, "if you lean any farther out you 'll find a watery grave."

"Snip can swim beautifully," said Harry indignantly. "Can't you, darling?" Darling intimated by a quick dab of his tongue at her chin that swimming was one of the easiest things he did.

"Huh!" said Chub. "Snip swims like Sid Welch; makes an awful lot of fuss but does n't get anywhere. Why, when Sid gets into the water there 's foam for a mile up and down the river; it looks as if a regular fleet of excursion steamers had been along. As for Sid, he grunts and thrashes his arms and legs around and stays just where he started."

"I think Snip swims very well for a small dog," said Harry with an air of haughty pride.

"Hooray!" Chub interrupted. "Land ho!"

"Where away?" asked Dick.

"Two points off the bow paddle," answered Chub.

A moment later they were aground on Inner Beach and Roy helped Harry out upon the sand, and preparations for lunch were immediately begun.

By noon they all sat down to the simple camp fare—and all with appetites that were concerned less with the variety than with the quantity.

"Here you are, now," said Chub, rolling up a

short log for Harry to sit on. "Pass your cups if you want coffee. Say, Roy, get the sugar, will you? I forgot it."

"Oh, don't we have the best things to eat!" sighed Harry presently.

"We sure do," answered Roy. "Is there another chop there, Dickums?"

"Yes, there are two each. Pass your plate."

"I don't want a second one," Harry announced, "so some one can have it."

"Thanks," said Roy. "Much obliged, Harry." Chub, who had opened his mouth, shut it again and looked disgustedly at Roy. He was silent a moment, while the others watched him amusedly, then:

"I know a good English conundrum about a lobster," he announced gravely.

"All right," said Dick. "Out with it; get it off your mind."

"Why is Roy like a lobster?"

"Is there any known answer?" scoffed Roy, "or is it like most of your conundrums?"

"There 's a very excellent answer," replied Chub with dignity, as he stole Dick's slice of bread undetected. "The answer is: because he is selfish."

"Selfish? I don't see—" began Dick.

"Oh, shell-fish!" cried Harry. "Don't you see? Selfish—shell-fish. That 's it, is n't it, Chub?"

"Yes, that 's it; good, is n't it?"

"About the poorest I ever heard," said Roy. "Shell-fish!"

"It 's an English conundrum," answered Chub, calmly.

"It sounds like one," Dick agreed.

"Yes, if you drop the h it 's all right!"

"O—oh!" cried the others in chorus. Chub bowed modestly.

"I 'd like another chop, please," he said.

"Well, you don't deserve it," said Roy. "But I 'll give you Harry's."

"I 'll compromise on half."

"Here, I 'll cook another," said Dick, but Chub and Roy decided that half a chop would be all they could eat with comfort.

After luncheon it was decided that they were to walk around the island, or, in the words of Harry, explore their domain.

"I tell you what we ought to do," said Roy. "We ought to make a map of it, showing all the bays and peninsulas and—and—"

"Rivers," suggested Chub. "Who 's going to do it?"

"I will," Roy answered. "Where can I get a piece of paper?"

"There 's a tablet in my suit case that I brought along to write letters on," said Dick. "Will that do?"

"Have to," Roy replied. "Can I find it?"

"Sure you can. Pull things out until you reach it. It 's there somewhere. Where 's Snip? Has he run away, Harry?"

"Oh, he 's around," Chub answered. "I heard him barking like anything awhile ago. Probably he 's caught a bear."

"Yes, a Teddy bear," said Dick. "Here, Snip! Here, Snip!"

"I hope it 's a white one," laughed Harry; "I like them better than the brown ones, don't you?"

"Yes, the cinnamon gets up my nose," Chub assured them. "Here he comes, with his tongue hanging out so far that he 's stepping on it! What did you find, Snipper-Snapper?"

"That 's not his name, Chub Eaton," Harry remonstrated. "His name 's Darlingest Snip."

"Well, come on, Darlingest Snip," said Chub as Roy joined them; "but you must behave yourself and not kill any more bears. If you do you 'll be arrested for violation of the game laws of Fox Island."

They set off along Inner Beach, pausing every minute or so while Roy made marks on the tablet.

"Of course," he explained, apologetically, "this will be only a rough map, you know." Chub sniffed but forbore to make any comment.

At Round Head, the big rock at the farther end of the beach, they sat down in the sunlight for awhile and allowed Roy to puzzle over his map. Then they followed the little well-worn path which skirts the shore under the trees past Turtle Cove, Turtle Point, and Round Harbor. This brought them to the upper end of the island where it terminates in a rocky point that breasts the water like the prow of a battle-ship. Roy first suggested the resemblance, and Chub remarked that it was n't the bow of a ship but the stern, and that the two little islets lying beyond were the battle-ship's tenders in tow.

"We 're getting quite—quite poetical," said Dick. "What 's the name of this point, Roy?"

Roy shook his head and looked questioningly at Chub.

"Don't believe it has any name," said the latter. "We 've always called it just 'the other end,' or something like that."

"Oh, let 's name it!" cried Harry.

"Point Torohadik," Roy suggested.

"Point Harriet," Chub corrected. Harry clapped her hands.

"Could n't we call it that?" she asked eagerly.

"That 's its name henceforth," replied Chub, solemnly. "And we ought really to change the names of those islands there to Snip and Methuselah."

"I 'm afraid we can't do that," laughed Roy.

"They 've been called Treasure Island and Far Island for years."

"I tell you, though," cried Chub. "The Grapes have n't been named. There are eight of them. We 'll name those!"

They hurried past the Point to where a cluster of tiny islets, the largest scarcely bigger than a barn door, lay just off the shore. A few of them held turf and bushes, but most were just barren lumps of rock and sand.

"Now," said Chub, "the largest we will name Snip Island, the next largest Methuselah, the next Spot, the next—"

"Lady Gray!" prompted Harry.

"Lady Gray. Then comes—are there any more cats or kittens, Harry?"

"There 's Joe," said Harry, somewhat reproachfully.

"Oh, yes, of course. Well, that 's Joe Island over there, the three-cornered one. Now what?"

"Well, there are the black rabbits," Harry suggested.

"Just the thing!" said Roy. "There are three of them and there are just three islands left. I name thee—"

"See here, who 's officiating at this christening, anyhow?" asked Chub. "You run away and play, Mr. Porter. Now, the next island to Joe is Pete, the next Repeat and the last one Threepete."

"Referred to in the geographies as the Rabbit Group," added Dick. "And now, if the ceremony is completed, we will move on to the next exhibit."

They ran up the little slope of Hood's Hill, where the three boys had awaited the boat-race, and then, like a celebrated army, ran down again. That brought them to Outer Beach, and they followed the edge of the water to Gull Point and from there on to Lookout, a small promontory dividing Outer Beach proper from the smaller crescent of sand known as Victory Cove. Then they were home again.

"Let 's see your old map," said Chub, and when it was exhibited he laughed uproariously.

"Call that a map!" he shouted. "Why, say, Roy, that 's the diagram of a nightmare! Come and look, Dick."

"You wait until I fix it up," answered Roy, unruffled, thrusting it in his pocket to Dick's disappointment. "It 's got to be drawn over again with ink."

"Oh! let me do it," said Harry. "I took a prize once, in geography, for map-drawing. I 'll draw it out neatly and bring it over to-morrow for correction; may n't I?"

This was agreed to, and with great importance Harry gathered up the rough plans and scraps of paper and about five o'clock was rowed back to the Ferry Hill landing by Dick and Chub.



THE MARCH WIND DOTH BLOW
AND WE STILL HAVE SNOW.

MOTHER GOOSE CONTINUED

BY ANNA MARION SMITH

THE CROOKED MAN



"There was a crooked man, and he
went a crooked mile,
And he found a crooked sixpence
beside a crooked style;
He bought a crooked cat, which
caught a crooked mouse;
And they all lived together in a
little crooked house."

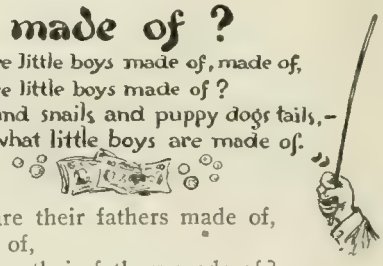
Now this little crooked man, he
led a crooked life,
And so when he got married, he
got a crooked wife;
And yet, if you 'll believe me,
though funny to relate,
This selfsame crooked wife of his
contrived to keep him straight.

"What are little girls made of?

What are little girls made of, made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and everything nice,—
That's what little girls are made of.

What are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snips and snails and puppy dogs tails,—
That's what little boys are made of."





What are their mothers made of,
made of,
What are their mothers made of?
Ribbons and rings and similar
things,—
That's what their mothers are
made of.

What are their fathers made of,
made of,
What are their fathers made of?
Dollars and dimes, and terrors,—
at times,—
That 's what their fathers are
made of.

THREE YEARS BEHIND THE GUNS

THE TRUE CHRONICLES OF A "DIDDY-BOX"

BY "L. G. T."

Chapter XI

ON SIGNAL WATCH—A TATTOOED MAN—A BANQUET

It is customary for a man-of-war to fire a national salute (twenty-one guns) whenever she enters a foreign port. The port acknowledges the salute, gun for gun. This time in entering Yeddo Bay we were requested to waive the salute, probably because we come so often it is like one of the family coming home to dinner.

The Emperor's birthday was so very similar to three hundred and sixty-four other festivals annually celebrated in Tokio that it is not worth chronicling. I saw their Royal Highnesses, the Emperor and the Empress—but so have millions of others, and the pageant impressed me less than a little affair of my own that subsequently occurred.

I was on signal watch on the after-bridge; an ordnance-officer four feet away stood looking shoreward through his binoculars as the admiral's barge rowed straight for the ship. At the proper moment he commanded: "Bugler, call the guard." Then all the red tape required to get an admiral aboard was unwound. This accomplished, Lieutenant Dorn came at me fairly foaming at the mouth, "What are you doing on the bridge?" he roared.

"I am on signal watch, sir."

"Then why did you not report the admiral's launch coming?"

"Because you saw it, sir."

"Because *I saw it!* What right have *you* to say I saw it?"

"I saw you looking at it through your glasses, sir."

"You don't *know* that I was looking at the admiral's barge; you have no right even to *think* what I am looking at. Your duty was to have reported to me what you saw coming toward the ship. Failing to do so, you shall answer on Saturday morning. I put you down for carelessness, disobedience, neglect of duty, and insolence."

I swallowed my heart and my rage, as I have done many a time and oft since I have worn this uniform, and, in fancy, saw myself go down into the brig for thirty days. The brig means handcuffs or ankle irons, a diet of two hardtacks, and a tumbler of water three times a day, with full rations every fifth day. I have seen men come out of the brig looking like the end of a forty days' fast in a monastery. I have seen men in for three days wearing double irons. They looked like pirates. Their crime was *smoking out of hours.*

The brig is losing popularity since Nancy Lee came, his motto being: "Give sailors plenty of work and plenty of feed."



"IN THE BRIG"

To return to my own case. On Friday night Lieutenant Dorn sent for me and gave me a kindly talk, winding up with the promise that he would make a sailor out of me. I was on the shore list for the next morning, but for reasons of my own tarried on the ship. This same officer, noticing me, asked why I was there, I answered:

"Broke, sir."

He told me to go to his room and where to find ten dollars, which I was to take, get ashore as quickly as possible, and not to forget to return it on the next pay-day.

You may be sure I did return it, and now that I have a berth on the admiral's launch I will always be out when it is. And I have learned this: a man may be your neighbor even though he employ a different tailor.

Periodically a tattoo fever breaks out on ship Speaking of tattooing recalls the finest specimen I have ever seen. It was during the warm season when we were wont to go to Homoca, swimming. I saw a Japanese gentleman there whose whole body, excepting his head and hands, was completely incased, as it were, in the skin of a dragon. Sailors are restricted to two colors, red and blue, they being least likely to produce blood-poisoning; but this man was done in so many colors that when his body was wet and shining I could compare him to nothing else than a great satsuma jar with a human head.

November was drawing to a close when we left Yokohama, again passing through the enchanted Inland Sea on our course to Nagasaki. Our anchor chains had not ceased rattling when we espied the Russian battle-ship *Rurik* in port. It was the chance of our lives; it was an opportunity to repay in a measure some of the hospitality showered upon us when in Vladivostok.

Purdy proposed that we play "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Twelfth Night," for them, but after long and mature deliberation it was decided, that, owing to the differences of dialect in the two navies, the only appropriate entertainment must be one to appeal equally to guest and host. Plain as the nose on your face. Nothing but a banquet.

The decision formed, our captain granted twenty-four hours' shore liberty to one hundred picked men from the *Olympia*. A corresponding number of invitations were sent to and accepted by the blue-jackets of the *Rurik*.

Then came the appointing of our committees; committee on hall decoration, music, and refreshments. Not a detail was slighted, and when the auspicious evening arrived we met at the dock in single files, there forming into double lines, two by two, a Russian and an American. Thus we marched to the scene of festivities. The bands from both ships preceded us, and occupied the stage, above whose central arch the flags of America and Russia were draped gracefully amid the feathery branches of Japanese ferns.

Alternately the national airs of two great nations mingled with the mirth and laughter of the feast. We had two hired interpreters, and the toasts exchanged were all couched in terms of extravagant praise. In secret pride each Yankee looked upon the spread of dainty viands.

Chapter XII

HONG-KONG—A THIEF—BANGKOK—SINGAPORE—DRILLS AND TORPEDOES—CHEMULPO—FLOWER WORSHIP—BECALMED

To my benighted intellect Hong-Kong had always been a Chinese metropolis. Conceive, then, the shifting my gray matter had to undergo when I



HONG-KONG.

found an island, seven by two miles in extent, lifting a rocky promontory to a height of two thousand feet above the estuary of the Canton River.

Victoria, its chief port, has a colossal statue of the good English queen standing in the square, and is as British as a monocle. In short, it is a European city with Oriental embellishments, chief among them being its police force, composed mainly of Sikhs and Chinese, and once let a Chinese cop lay on hands, it is all up with you. There is Henderson, a great big State of Maine man, who employed his shore-leave in breaking up a drinking-house. In consequence he is at present serving a ninety days' sentence in packing shot in a Hong-Kong prison. Uncle Sam never interferes with the fate of his subjects when they disregard the laws and rights of foreigners. (A slip of my pencil: *we are the foreigners.*)

"Honor among thieves" has its parallel in "honesty among sailors." I would unhesitatingly put any amount of money in my diddy-box in the presence of the whole crew, but the landsman is not always so safe, as was proved in the case of a bumboatman who had a silk neckerchief stolen from his pack when peddling on our ship more than a year ago in Yeddo Bay. The thief was detected and put into the brig to await trial.

I had quite forgotten the occurrence until we were piped "A-l-l h-a-n-d-s to muster, to hear the sentence of a thief. Do you hear that now?" Of the trial I am ignorant. What we heard this morning ran something like this:

"For on the morning of the thirteenth of November, 1895, with malice aforethought, etc."

The sentence passed, his bag and baggage including full pay to the hour of his detection, were brought to him; a guard escorted him to the port gangway; here the officer-of-the-deck took

his cap, and, stripping it of its ribbon, returned it to him. It is an indignity a sailor-thief can never escape. With head bowed in shame he entered a boat and was rowed away to the shore.

We found Bangkok and Singapore right where Rand and McNally have located them on the map. With a sieve Bangkok might be separated into two pictures; one so ugly I am fain to pass it by; the other a brilliant carnival of nations whose booths were floating shops and markets, a little Venetian waterway under the shadows of quaint old pagodas. Our stay was short, and as we journeyed on toward Singapore and it kept getting hotter and hotter, I wished we had tarried longer at Bangkok, if only that I might have asked if it were the birthplace of the Siamese twins.

Singapore is only one degree north of the equator, and I was not disappointed that my anticipated tiger hunt was not to be realized. Nobody went, and as I always abominated crawling things, I spent a good part of my shore-leave dodging snake-charmers.

The people are interesting, to be sure, and it was novel to see a face blacker than seven black cats shut up in the coal-bunkers, crowned with a shock of Rufus red hair, while a European hat, coat, and waistcoat looked unique when the legs



ONE OF THE SNAKE CHARMERS.

of the wearer were swathed in an uncut trousers pattern.

As in the Bowery, one sees strange things in Singapore. Personally I enjoyed most of all watching elephants building a railroad. The intelligence they displayed was little short of marvelous.

Of course every sailor had to take a ride on an elephant's back, but I was very glad when it was over; I felt like a fly on a shaky mold of jelly.

I could write a chapter on jugglers if I understood their faking. Ten days constituted our visit to Singapore, and there was rejoicing when we hove up anchor to return to Hong-Kong and Mirs Bay.

Mirs Bay is about forty miles north from Hong-Kong, on the coast of China, and in the great plan of the universe must have been de-



signed especially for drills. It is large enough to float the navy of a nation; there is no landing; nothing to obstruct our range; an ideal place to try our torpedoes.

Our eight-inch guns are supposed to carry their projectiles eight miles, while the torpedo's distance is measured by feet. The moment a torpedo strikes the water it sinks to a level about six feet beneath the surface, the concussion awakening the infernal machine inside of her. Like a flash of lightning away she goes.

Everybody knows what happens to the object that gets hit by a torpedo; but it was new to me to learn that in practice the battle-head is shut up on board, in the magazine, and a dummy-head substituted. The torpedo, whose machinery is driven by compressed air under pressure of 400 pounds to the square inch, travels under water for a distance of eight hundred yards or more, then with a p-f-f that causes a splurt of the water it comes to the surface. A launch goes after and tows her back. She has the air-chamber recharged and is fired again and again. Each one of these little toys costs our good Uncle twenty-five hundred dollars. The second one we fired balked, sunk clean out of sight, and never came up.

It was the opportunity for a diving drill. We are equipped with a full diving apparatus of six armors, the wearing of which is non-compulsory. When the torpedo sank I was among the volunteers to go searching.

Some one sang,

> "I'm in a diving-bell
> At the bottom of the sea,"

but there were none of the sights and wonders Jules Verne depicted; just mud and slime and a terrible bugaboo feeling, especially when one gets underneath the ship. Of all the horrors the human mind can conjure none can compare with the feeling that seizes one when he sees a man in

diving armor coming toward him down under the ship. It is like an onslaught from the Royal Goblin of the deep. Seeing one coming at me, I signaled to be returned on deck, where I gracefully relinquished my suit to another eager volunteer, omitting to own that I had been frightened half out of my senses by a creature exactly like myself. One time in life when it was not well to "see oursel's as others see us."

We searched for two days, but, failing to recover the torpedo, quit Mirs Bay and went on an official trip to Chemulpo, in Korea.

We remained only a week and were glad to be back in Nagasaki in time for the Cherry Blossom festival.

From Nagasaki we again went cruising. That is what we are out here for. Somewhere out on the deep—I did not note the latitude nor longitude, but we were far out from sight of land—the lookout shouted: "Sail O!" Through the binoculars it proved to be a Chinese fishing schooner flying a house flag and an international signal of distress. One of our ship's Chinese servants was called to hail them through the megaphone. No answer returning, a boat was lowered, and, with the Chinaman as interpreter, rowed to her. She had been blown out to sea in a squall, lost her bearings, and for days had been completely becalmed. Her provisions and water had given out and the crew reduced to a pitiable condition. Their tongues were so swollen that they could not articulate a sound. Our surgeon ministered to their distress; we gave them water and rice and restored their bearings.

Out on the trackless it is not an uncommon sight to see a hulk, mast and spar gone, half filled with water, cradling on the waves. Now I know whence they come.

CHAPTER XIII

KEARSARGE AND *ALABAMA*—THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE

SONG

The *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*

IT was early Sunday morning in the year of sixty-four,
The *Alabama* she cruised out along the Frenchman's shore.
Long time she cruised about, long time she held her sway,
But now beneath the Frenchman's shore she lies in Cherbourg Bay.

CHORUS

Hoist up the flag, boys,
Long may she wave!
God bless America,
The home of the brave!

THIS is one of about forty verses of an historic ballad. Old Purdy hums them over as he attends



SEAMEN PURDY AND MCCUE FIGHTING THEIR BATTLE OVER AGAIN. (SEE PAGE 410.)

to his light duties as captain of the hold, or occasionally by request sings them out lustily at the dog watch.

Purdy and McCue! Living relics of the greatest naval battle of our Civil War. It is thirty-three years since they fought, one on the *Kearsarge,* the other on the *Alabama.* They were young men then, each defending a principle.

McCue was of the number picked up out of the water by the English yacht *Deerhound,* when the *Alabama* went down with her flag of truce. The destruction of his beloved ship left a wound on the heart of the seaman that never healed. The war ended. Returning to his native land, he found the Confederacy dead and buried while a vital longing for the sea was consuming him. Reasoning that, though wronged, he had always been an American, he enlisted in the United



THE *KEARSARGE* AND THE *ALABAMA.*

States navy, where he has remained in uninterrupted service ever since.

Seaman McCue (as he insists upon being

called) is a little man with bright blue eyes peeping like spring violets through snow-drifts, for his hair and beard have retained the abundance of youth, though silvered to whiteness by the spray of the fleeting years. How many they have numbered none dare to ask, as Seaman McCue's distaste for age is made manifest whenever he speaks of his old shipmates now serving on the *Independence*. Poor old seaman! It will break his heart, but I sadly fear this will be his last cruise. He is efficient in his duty,—sweeping the starboard side of the gun-deck, where his life is rendered as miserable as a pack of young sea devils can make it. As fast as he sweeps some one tears and scatters papers after him just to hear him swear, and yet when the day came that we noticed Mac totter on the boom, and he took to coming from the cutter by the gangway,. it was whispered he would be exchanged to one of the ships going home—it was then his tormentors came to his rescue.

They begged the officer to excuse him from pulling an oar, as some one off duty would do it for him. The officer hesitated a moment, when Young, one of the keenest thorns that had pricked him, jumped into the old man's place, and, lifting his oar, said, "I will pull for Seaman McCue for one hundred years."

Mac has never uttered one word of thanks. Indeed, he showed much the same disposition he did on the morning of Admiral McNair's first inspection. Coming upon him in the ranks, the admiral said: "Well, Seaman McCue, I think it about time we old fellows should be excused from duty." But I think the act of Young entered into his heart, for, although there was little perceptible change in his general bearing, I think he went oftener to church, and I am sure he responded more willingly to the boys' entreaty for a sea yarn.

Of Purdy? He must have been a giant when he manned the guns of the *Kearsarge*, but to-day he is bent at the waist, and the surfs of time have whitened him even as they have his shipmate.

One's first sight of Purdy is startling, for in the middle of a high forehead there gleams a bright, blue star, visible and outward sign of the [illegible]



SIGNAL EXERCISE ON THE [illegible]

After the victory over the *Alabama*, twenty of the *Kearsarge* crew in solemn covenant swore they would never desert the navy while Uncle Sam had a plank afloat, and to render the vow binding they each consented to be tattooed in a manner that would unfit them for any other station in life. Purdy is the only member of the gang I have seen. I understand there are five or six of them still on the sea.

These men are not only living relics of a great battle; they are animated encyclopedia of the

navy, looking with small favor on modern warfare, jumping at an opportunity to refer to the good old times when they had iron men and



Copyright 1897, by Enrique Muller

GUN-DRILL ON THE *OLYMPIA*

wooden ships, leaving the inference that we are wooden men on iron ships. There are two of our veterans quietly filling the niches that Time has carved for them; but it is only necessary for some jolly young tar to say: "To-day is the nineteenth of June"; directly the dead embers of dissension kindle into a flame amidst whose crackling may be heard the hissing sound of "rebel," "white flag," and "traitor,"—an unfailing prelude to a rough-and-tumble, hand-to-hand fight that might continue to the bitter end were it not that the tormentors who start the fray always step in and separate them. The next day they are as good friends as ever.

I well recall that it was Purdy who first opened my eyes to a full understanding of the distress of the Ancient Mariner.

It is his firm belief (and he is not alone in it) that in every bird of the sea there dwells the immortal soul of a sailor.

Whenever I see the old man silently watching the sea-fowls as they skim over the waters I know that he is communing with his old shipmates. These hallucinations are so perfectly harmless, so rapturously enchanting, that I gave reign to my own fancy, and in its flight I recognized in the black-ringed gull upon the foretruck the reincarnation of the boatswain of the *Kearsarge*, and in the whispering winds in the rigging heard him shout: "Cast loose and provide," just as he piped on the morning of June 19, 1864.

On the morning of June twentieth, as our flag broke at the masthead, there was a whir like a flock of birds taking flight, as the one hundred and one flags requisite to the dressing of a ship flew to their wonted places with England's ensign at our fore. It was the Queen's Jubilee, and such a cannonading Yeddo Bay had never known before.

On the Fourth of July, twenty-second of February, and when we enter a foreign port, twenty-one guns are fired, and we have nothing better to offer were President McKinley to come aboard to-morrow; but on the morning in question, with the *Olympia* a tiny factor in a great pageant, Nancy Lee came on deck with sixty beans in his hand. Tossing them one by one to right and left, he marked the seconds as he commanded, "Starboard-fire! Port-fire! Starboard-fire!" and so, until the last bean had tallied to the last gun of the salute. Oh, it was *great!*

In the afternoon the English troops drilled in front of the Grand Hotel. I was in our admiral's launch, and from the hattaba took in the scene It was a pleasing one, and when the bands played "God Save the Queen," all the ladies upon the balconies waving flags, handkerchiefs, and parasols, took up the air and sang it.

It was the first time in two years that I had heard a lady's voice.

Chapter XIV

"The Day We Celebrate"—A New Captain Named Gridley—Tientsin

The Day We Celebrate falling upon Sun[illegible] we "made good" the following Monday, an[illegible]

bly never before had a ship's deck undergone such changes. A flume made from sheet-iron started up in the skids, and dipping and bending widened into a big basin on the spar deck, grew narrow again, extending out over the ship's side. It was lined with stones and moss, and set about with countless pots of Japanese ferns, flowers, and shrubs. When the pumps set to work a hidden hose supplied the water; it ran and jumped and sparkled, overflowing the lake, on which sailed a six-foot yacht (a perfect model of the *Defender*), then, trickling into a feathery bamboo forest that completely shut off the ship's rail, fell in a graceful natural water-fall into the bay.

Since 1776 it has been customary for all English men-of-war in foreign ports to go out cruising on the Fourth of July. Our sixty guns proved a panacea for the old grievances; they not only dressed their ships in America's honor, but the crew of the *H.M.S. Undaunted* attended our afternoon entertainment. As they came aboard they were each presented with one of these programs:


U. S. Flagship Olympia.

ASIATIC STATION. JULY 4TH, 1897. YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

LIBERTY

CAPTAIN J. J. Read

gallantly they pinned to their neckerchiefs and a smile benignant lit up his face—such a

The program went off without a hitch.

* * * * * *

It was quarters, and Captain Read, accompanied by a stranger, took the deck. Colors over, he said:


"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE"

"Captain Gridley, I turn over to you, not only the finest ship that ever rode the seas, but the *finest crew* that ever manned one."

There were tears in his eyes and in his voice.

Programme of Afternoon Sports.

Monday July 5th, 1897.

Sports to Start at 12.45 P. M.

Boat Races.

			PRIZES.
CUTTERS	12 oars, 2 miles	Marines vs Firemen	$25.00
CUTTERS	10 oars, 2 miles	..	$22.50
WHALE BOATS OR GIGS.	2 miles	..	$5.00
SAMPAN RACE	..	..	$3.00 and $2.00

Deck Sports.

TUG OF WAR		$20.00
MAST HEAD RACE		$5.00
SWIMMING RACE		$5.00 and $3.00
GO AS YOU PLEASE	(10 minutes)	$5.00 and $4.00
CAKE WALK. (In old Virginia Style). 1st prize in the cake, 2nd $5.00		
THREE-LEGGED RACE		$5.00 and $3.00
GREASY POLE		$5.00
PIE-EATING		$5.00 and $3.00
HORIZONTAL BAR		$5.00
HIGH JUMPING		$5.00 and $3.00
THREAD THE NEEDLE RACE		$5.00
2 BOXING BOUTS	(Winner in each bout to receive $5.00 prize).	

"STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

By the Ship's Company.

A Fencing Contest between Japanese Sword Masters will be a Special Feature

JUDGE AND STARTER.

Ensign, F. B. Upham.

Day Fire Works at intervals throughout afternoon.

Night Fire Works from 8.45 to 9.45 P. M.

and a smile benignant lit up his face—such a smile as we had never seen on his face before.

Was he glad to go, or had the thought of parting from his ship and crew disclosed the man?

* * * * * *

If from my humble station I dare address familiarly one so exalted, I would say, "Captain Gridley, I know your motto," and when I had quoted: "Write me as one that loves his fellowmen," he might not answer, but he would not deny me.

He has been heard to say that the hardest part of a captain's duties is "squaring sticks," and he began issuing dinner invitations the first day he took command. Beginning with the first lieutenant, he went through the rank and file of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and after the boatswain had dined with him he began again at the top, and is keeping the ball in motion.

It is only because of his kindly nature we can forgive him for bringing us back here to Woosung, a country very flat and uninviting. And if I have omitted mention of Canton, which is only seventy-five miles up the river from Hong-Kong, it is probably because it has been made so familiar by writers, and is so like Shanghai that the only special impression left with me was the one I received when a gang of us were coming out from the Temple of Five Hundred Gods.

We were peaceably going our way when, without the slightest provocation, a big Chinaman spat at me. I drew back to strike him a well-deserved blow, but was caught and held powerless by my shipmates, who explained, while I struggled, that were I to strike him, not one of us might hope to escape alive. What might have been? Why, *I* might have been the cause of an American-Chinese war.

Have I not read that there are few dogs in China and that their babies never cry? He who wrote it must have made his observations from some European hotel porch. I have seen dogs thicker than on the bench, while the babies who dwell in the floating homes of the Canton River keep up a wail as incessant as the swish of the tide.

Admiral McNair, desirous of going up to Tientsin, and realizing that the *Olympia* could not navigate the river or canal, took some of us on the *Monocacy*. Poor old side-wheeler, how proud she was to be a flag-ship, if only for one moon, and how glad we were to leave her!

While we were doing Tientsin the boys in Man-o-war Pool, besides scraping barnacles, had a little excitement of their own. One of the *steadiest* men on ship one day had occasion to enter the captain's cabin when that gentleman was entertaining an officer from another of our own ships. The stranger recognized him. What he told Captain Gridley we never heard. We know only that the man was put in the brig with double irons. He offered no resistance, merely asking to go on deck for a moment to get something belonging to him. The request granted, he electrified all onlookers by jumping overboard, swimming ashore, climbing over the levee, and escaping altogether and forever. I record this not as a sea yarn, but as a swimmer's record.

The novelty of foreign ports is fast wearing off, it is call here, and call there, then to Mirs Bay for practice or to the Kowloon dry-docks for repairs.

(To be continued.)





THE FETCHING SMILE

BY JOEL A. DAY

A yellow Crocodile once lived
  Within the river Nile,
    Far away;
Who when he saw the Candyman
  Was always seen to smile,
    So they say.
And while very many people
  Have a sweet tooth to be fed,
This Crocodile was said to have
  A hundred in his head;
And the way he 'd gobble candy
  You might almost call ill-bred
    In a way.

Each time the Candyman appeared
  A-peddling on the shore
    Of the Nile,
He plainly showed he wished to see
  That Crocodile no more
    For awhile;
For the Crocodile would always beg
  And never had a penny,
And though he knew the terms were *cash,*
  He knew he had n't any,
Yet begged the more and got his sweets;
  He also knew, *not many*
    Had his smile.

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

V. SANTOS, AND ESKIMINZEEN THE STAMMERER

Far away near the Aravipa River in Arizona, one of "Uncle Sam's" young officers rode at the head of a company of soldiers. They had marched eighteen miles already in a deep ravine, the bottom of which was filled with coarse sand. In the



SANTOS

rainy season this ravine was filled with water, but now it was what the Mexicans call a "dry arroyo," for there had been no rain for many weeks. Just at the mouth of this arroyo was the Aravipa River, coursing serpent-like across their path. It was not very broad nor very deep, but they were glad to see even a little water. The march had been a hard one. Every step in the sand was like walking in loose snow, and the mules which drew the baggage wagons were tired and did not want to go. At sight of the Aravipa River flowing along between bright green cottonwood trees, the mules began to bray loudly and to pull hard to get their noses into the stream. The soldiers broke ranks and ran up the river, each to get a good drink of clear water and fill his canteen. A short way beyond was a beautiful grassy meadow, and here the little company pitched their tents, naming their camp for the great leader who had become our President—Camp Grant.

Six miles away from the cottonwood trees, where the soldiers crossed the Aravipa River, there was a deep cut or canyon. It was steep and high and rocky on one side, but so sloping on the other as to make a nice, safe sleeping place for a tribe of Indians. Here were beautiful springs of fresh water; the air was warm and the Indians made snug houses for themselves. First, they dug hollow places in the ground, lined with soft leaves or deer skins, and then protected these hollows from the sun by bushes or leafy branches laid across scrub trees, which grew to a considerable size on the cross ridges running to the bottom of the canyon.

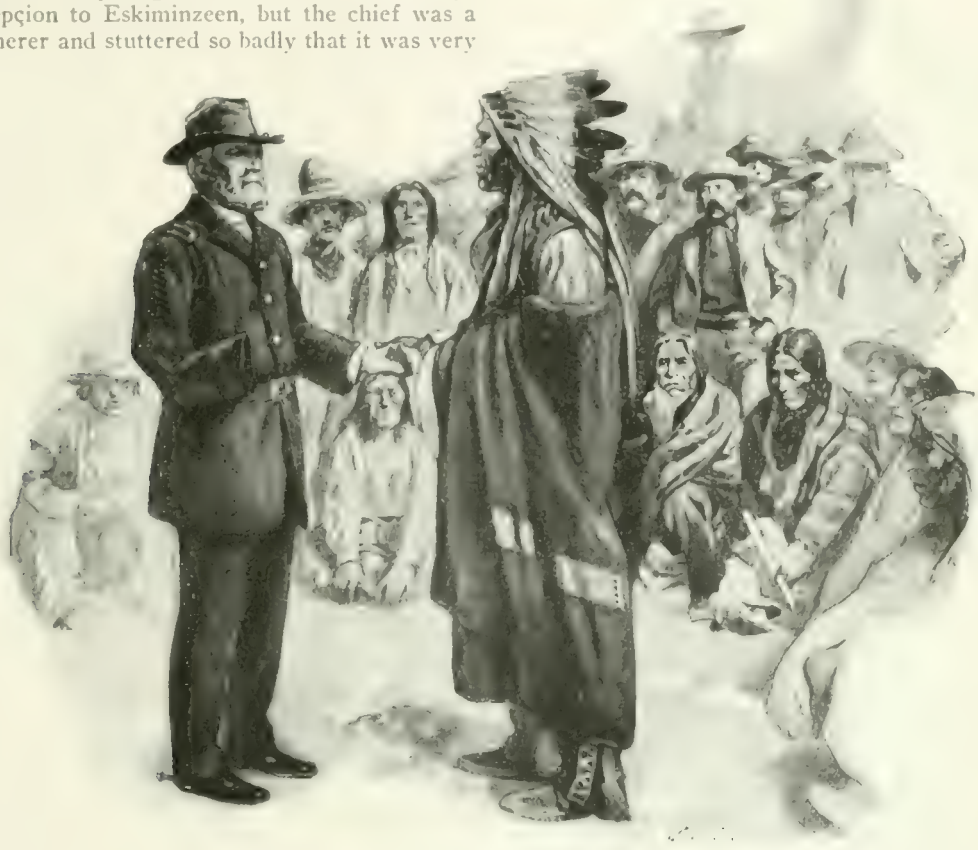
This tribe of Indians is called "Aravipa Apaches," and if the young officer had believed the reports he had read in the newspapers or heard from rough Mexicans he would have supposed them thieves and robbers. But he had not believed these stories, for he was a strong friend to the Indians, and when he was sent to protect the Indian Agent, who was afraid to live alone among them, so far from any soldiers, he made up his mind to find out what was the real truth. As soon as the camp was in order, he took a guard of six men with him and went to an old frame building a quarter of a mile down the river. This was the Indian Agency. Of course, the Agent could not speak Apache, so he had a queer-looking little man, half Mexican, half Indian, to act as interpreter. This queer little man looked like a dark-skinned boy of twelve or thirteen, but had the husky voice of an old man, and was probably about twenty-five years old. He was called Concepçion.

When the young officer reached the Agency, instead of fearing to meet the Indians as the Agent had done, he told Concepçion to go into the canyon and ask the present chief of the Indians to come to the Agency for a talk. Concepçion said the old chief was Santos, but Eskiminzeen, his son-in-law, was the real chief. He would bring them both. True to his word, Concepçion returned with the two chiefs within two hours. Santos was a thick-set, short-necked man, not very tall, but with a finely shaped head. His straight black hair was parted in the middle and cropped all around, so that the ends just touched his shoulders. He wore a common waistcoat over a poor shirt, open at the throat. A strip of cotton was around his waist, like a short skirt, and he had low beaded moccasins on his feet. Two strings of bright beads hung around his neck. The young officer took quite a fancy to

him at once, in spite of this queer costume, for his eyes were mild and dark and looked friendly.

Eskiminzeen, Santos's son-in-law, had his hair in two long braids and was fully dressed in skins. He wore rings in his ears and a string of silver coins and little shells around his neck. In his hand was a small shawl, which he sometimes wrapped like a turban around his head.

At first, the young officer tried to talk through Concepçion to Eskiminzeen, but the chief was a stammerer and stuttered so badly that it was very



THE MEETING OF GENERAL HOWARD AND SANTOS.

hard to understand him, and at last Concepçion gave it up.

"Sir Lieutenant," he said, "Eskiminzeen no talk good, me no savey!" (I don't understand.)

"Try Santos," said the young officer.

The chief raised his eyes and gazed steadily at the lieutenant, while he answered questions which were given through the interpreter.

He said that for a long time *he* was head chief of the Indians who now lived in Aravipa Canyon. They planted lands then, loved peace and did not go on the war-path. When Tontos or Sierra warriors came, they fought them and drove them off; but they loved peace, and when the enemy was beaten planted corn and other things once more. Then they hunted for deer and other game, stripped and dried the meat for food; gathered corn and did not go on the war-path. When Santos grew old he made this young Indian, Eskiminzeen, chief. It was he who brought Santos and the Aravipa Indians to this valley and to the canyon. Santos said it was a good place, a good house, and all the tribe had come. They had done no harm. Eskiminzeen never began a war, nor did he steal horses or cattle, or rob and kill white people. They intended to live quietly and happily, but one night the men had a big dance. They were so tired that they went to sleep where they had danced. The women and children went to sleep a short distance away from the men. While they were all asleep, before the sun was up, a big company of white men and Mexicans came up and fired their guns right at the women and children. Some were killed. Little boys and

girls were hurt very badly, and a few of those that were hurt, with many more who were well, no matter how loud they cried, were seized by the white warriors and carried far away.

Eskiminzeen and the Indians did not fight; they knew it was no use, so they ran into the Aravipa Canyon, where the deep gulf and high rocks protected them, and the white men did not follow.

After the young officer had listened to Santos he began to see what bad stories had been told about these Indians, so he had all that Santos said written down and sent it to Washington. President Grant, you know, was always a great friend of the Indians, and when he read what Santos had said he sent me to Camp Grant to try to bring about a good peace between these Indians and the white people.

When I arrived, so many more soldiers and officers had been sent to Camp Grant that houses had been built and it was quite a big army post. I first went to visit Chief Eskiminzeen and Santos with Concepçion. It was hard riding, and Concepçion went ahead of me shouting, "All right, all right, bueno Generâle!"

Under the shady cottonwood trees, where the arroyo and the river cross each other, I met white men and Mexicans (who brought many of the children taken away in the one-sided battle) and many Indians. Santos became my devoted friend and helper. I told him that we had the same great father, so we must be brothers, and he took my hand and gave me a hearty greeting.

The great question was what to do with the captive children. The white people and Mexicans said it was much better for the children to stay with them in their Christian homes, but the Indians said: "They are our children and we love them and want them with us." After many councils, I told them that the question must be settled by President Grant in Washington, and that in the meantime the children should stay at Camp Grant. Here the Indians could come and see them, and if the white people wanted to they might also visit and talk to them. This pleased everybody and all were satisfied. Santos took a small, hard stone and laid it before him on the level ground, saying: "As long as this stone shall last, there will be a good peace and no one will go on the war-path any more." Then the Indians, Mexicans, and white people embraced each other and there was great joy.

He was the first Indian who agreed to go with me to Washington. At Santa Fé he was dressed like a white man, and from there we traveled many miles. Santos was deeply interested in everything he saw. The White House and the President made his heart beat faster. He was more silent than General Grant himself, but with beaming face he gazed upon the great leader as long as he could, and carried back to Eskiminzeen and his Indians an impression which *he* only could tell them about.

We traveled back by train to Pueblo, in Colorado. Then by an old-fashioned four-horse stage-coach to Santa Fé, and by horseback to Camp Apache. Here I left him, and my son, Guy Howard, then but sixteen years old, took a squad of soldiers and escorted him over the rough mountain trail to Camp Grant.

As Santos and Concepçion slowly rode through the Aravipa Canyon they were met with a shrill cry of joy. The cry echoed and reëchoed from hilltop to hilltop for miles and miles, and must have reminded many of the time before when, hardly knowing what to expect, I entered the canyon, and Concepçion, going before, cheered my heart with his high, shrill shout of "All right, all right, bueno Generâle!"

VI. "ONE-EYED MIGUEL," THE APACHE

You remember the great Peace Meeting near Camp Grant, where the Indian children were given back, and how old Santos put the white stone down and said that as long as it lasted there would be no war. After this the Indians were very friendly to the white men, and so it seemed a good time for some of the Indian chiefs to go East and visit the Great White Chief in Washington.

Just about one month after the great Peace Meeting the young Pima chief, Antonito, his friend Louis, who spoke some English, and Mr. Cook, the good Indian teacher, joined old Santos of the Aravipa Apaches, who came with his interpreter, Concepçion, to meet them near the crossing of the Aravipa River. Then they all rode on horseback to a field just south of Camp Grant, and here I met them. Captain Wilkinson, my aide, was with me, and we had a mounted escort of a sergeant and six soldiers. We were to go one hundred miles over a very rough, steep mountain trail to Camp Apache near the eastern border of Arizona, but we could take no wagons, so all our luggage was on four strong pack-mules, while I rode a large gray horse.

We found a regular frontier army post, large

enough for six companies of soldiers and their officers. This was Camp Apache. You may be sure that we were warmly welcomed, and every one tried to make us comfortable. When we were rested Major Dallas, the commanding officer, told me about the Indian tribes here. There were three bands, all Apaches. The nearest band, about one thousand strong, was only a few miles to the east. Pedro was their chief. Eskeltesela not long before they came. Pedro looked like a spare-boned, hard-working Yankee farmer, and tried to dress like a white man, for he had one white man in his band. Eskeltesela was handsome, with fine features and large, clear eyes. He dressed like a Mexican. After he had paid the usual compliments he told me that his children had tried always to do good, but they were often hungry and wanted bread and some meat.



"QUICK AS A FLASH THE MULE'S HIND FEET STRUCK HIM IN THE CHEST, AND HE TURNED A BACK SOMERSAULT INTO THE RIVER" [SEE PAGE 418]

was the chief of another band. He was old and easy-going, but a good soul. His people quarreled some with their neighbors, Major Dallas said, but on the whole gave little trouble. About twelve miles away to the south was still another band, eight hundred strong. This was under a chief whom the white men called "One-Eyed Miguel," because he had only one eye. These chiefs, the Major said, were formal and ceremonious, and had plenty of complaints to make, so I might expect to have a visit from them as soon as they knew I was at Camp Apache. And it was

Last came One-Eyed Miguel. He was the biggest chief of all, and indeed was worth seeing. He was very tall, his hair hanging loose, long, and unbraided. He seemed to be watching all the time with his one eye, and he was always smiling. Evidently, come what might, he intended to be agreeable. Concepçion interpreted and told me that Miguel was glad to see "Washington Big Chief"; did I know that the Sierra Apaches came to the good Major now for food, but they had been hungry so long that if you touched them their sharp bones hurt you. They had good corn

on their farms, too, only it was not ripe yet. I listened to what Miguel had to say, and then I asked him if he would go East with me. He thought about it for some time and then said that he would go. At this time, as Miguel had told me, all the Indians came once in two weeks to Camp Apache for food, and when they came Miguel took me to see his family.

Eskeltesela's wife shed tears at the prospect of his going so far away, but old Santos told her I was a great chief and would bring Eskelt back safely, so she was comforted.

About noon on the day of departure we drew out of Camp Apache. There were eight Indian chiefs beside Louis, Concepçion, Captain Wilkinson, Mr. Cook, and myself, who, with the soldiers, made twenty-six in all. We had two army wagons and one spring wagon, the latter driven by a man called Jeems. Nearly all of us rode horses or mules, but any one who was tired could ride in the spring wagon.

The first day we made ten miles in woods all the way over a good, level road, and at night camped by a stream where I saw plenty of nice dry wood. When we were settled I proposed to the chiefs that we have a good fire, and asked them to help me gather some wood. Then how Miguel laughed. He told Concepçion to tell me that no big chiefs hauled wood, and sat down, still smiling at what he thought a great joke. Then I told Concepçion to tell Miguel that I was as big a chief as he was, and calling Captain Wilkinson, we began to draw the dry branches. Laughing all the time, Miguel told the other Indians to come and help. They helped us draw large branches for the fire and never again refused to work when it was necessary. The next day we traveled thirty miles and left the forest behind us, but at night our camp was beside some cottonwood trees. The Indians led us to a good spring and as the next day was Sunday I decided to spend it here. When Miguel heard this, he rode to me on his Indian pony, and laughing, said: "I go to my house." Louis told me that the chief wanted something, but added, as he saw him ride off across the broad prairie: "No more Miguel." Two days passed! On Tuesday when we had about given him up, I spied a single horseman loping along toward us from the northwest. It was Miguel! He had kept his word to the Tatah, and was ready to go on.

The next Sunday we encamped beside a small river, but the water was so mixed with clay and sand that we could not make it clear. The animals would not drink, and every one begged to go a few miles further to the Rio Grande and cross to the town of Albuquerque. I was about to do this when Captain Wilkinson, who had been roaming about, found a spring of good, clear water, so we remained. It was here that Louis became very angry over something. After this quarrel, I often rode beside Jeems in the spring wagon. He talked all the time, and his local knowledge of robberies and massacres was wonderful; but it was very sorrowful, for while he told me the most thrilling stories of highwaymen, all the tales were very sad. I never heard him tell one cheerful story. He would wait till we were passing some lonely place and then would tell the sorrowful story of a robbery which had taken place there, till I almost expected to see the robbers rush out. For this reason we called him "Dismal Jeems." He had a hard time with his mules, for he could not reach those ahead with his whip, and one of them, "Lucy," would sway back in the harness and refuse to pull, just as if she knew. I gathered a handful of pebbles and, whenever she lagged, tossed one and hit her on the back. Then she would start up and was as smart as the rest. I believe Lucy thought the driver did this, and made up her mind to have revenge.

When we reached the Rio Grande the water was high and rushed along. We pulled the raft ferry-boat a mile up the stream and loaded it so as to shoot across diagonally with the current to an island near the Albuquerque shore. All of us were aboard except Dismal Jeems and the Indians. Jeems jumped on the raft and landed just about three feet behind Lucy's slender tail. Her time had come! Quick as a flash the mule's hind feet struck him in the chest and with such force that he turned a back somersault into the river and disappeared beneath the water. We caught him when he came to the surface and brought him aboard, but he was wet and groaning. I confess I was frightened myself, for the river was rushing along very rapidly, but the Indians could hardly contain themselves as they sat on the bank. They were doubling up and rolling on the ground with laughter, crying out: "Jondaisie no bueno," —"That mule no good."

At Santa Fé we left our escort horses and wagons to the Indian agent and garrison, and now, dressed in good civilian clothes, took the four-horse stage for Pueblo and then by train to New York. On the way I happened to speak of the earth as round, and when the Indians heard me they begged that I would not say so, for people would think I was troubled with bad spirits; no one with sense could think the earth was round. They hardly knew what to say when I told them I knew a white man once who sailed in a ship all the way around it. How sur-

prised they were over all the new things they saw. I watched when they first saw a railway, a train of cars, a telegraph line, a tunnel or a bridge; sometimes they were breathless and full of fear, at other times they showed great joy.

Once Eskeltesela said to me: "You think Indians all bad; look in my eyes and see if you see any bad." And indeed I did not as I looked into his frank, open face and bright, clear eyes.

Miguel carefully counted all the mountain peaks as we traveled, that he might surely be able to find his way back, but as the train rushed on he became more and more discouraged and at last he told me he had given it up. He had trusted me to come, and would trust me altogether now. In New York I bought Miguel a glass eye. It was so much like the other eye that it was hard to tell which was which. The doctor told him to take it out and wash it now and then, but Miguel said: "No, no. Whoever heard of a man taking out his eye?"

He was very proud of this new eye, and had Louis write and tell his people that when he came home he would have two eyes instead of one.

In Washington we went to see the home where children who are deaf and dumb are taught to read and write, and to speak. Here the Indians were very happy. Miguel began by making rabbits with his hands and was delighted when the children understood what he meant. One after another the chiefs began to tell stories in the sign language, and although they could not make the white man understand in English, they could, strange to say, tell wonderful stories of animals and forests, streams and prairies, to the deaf and dumb children.

Here in Washington these "American chiefs" saw the "Great American Chief," our President, and then we started back once more for the West. At Camp Apache all the Indians gathered to greet Pedro, Eskeltesela, and One-Eyed Miguel, and to rejoice over their safe return. I never saw more signs of real joy as they flocked around them, but One-Eyed Miguel was One-Eyed Miguel no longer, and all were curious to catch a glimpse of this ever-smiling Indian chief who had but one eye when he went away, but had come back from the white man's country with two.

THE GYROSCOPE

BY J. F. SPRINGER

One of the most wonderful instruments in the world is the gyroscope. Some of the facts in connection with this scientific toy have been the cause of much investigation and study among men of science. Perhaps most of the readers of St. Nicholas have seen gyroscopes or gyroscopic tops, and are more or less familiar with the startling experiments that may be tried with them. But probably few are aware just how much attention one of the properties of the gyroscope is at present attracting in the mechanical and scientific world. The thing about gyroscopes that is claiming such decided attention is the fact that, when you have once set the heavy wheel in motion about the axle that passes through its center, this axle will resist an attempt to change its direction. To understand this clearly, refer to Figure 1, where a very simple gyroscope is illustrated. A is a wheel having a heavy rim, B is the axle. This axle may be pointed at each end. These points fit in suitable holes in the ring C. By wrapping a cord around B and giving it a sharp pull, the heavy wheel A will be set in rapid rotation. The whole may be handled by means of the outside ring C. We

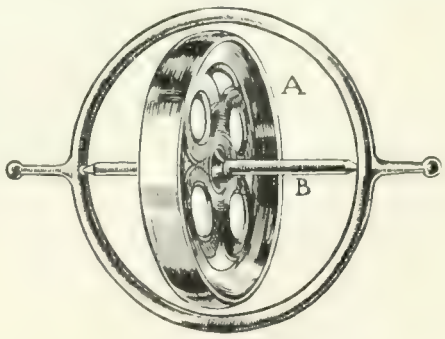


FIG. 1. A GYROSCOPE TOP

will suppose that you have set this gyroscope in rapid rotation. If now you carry it about the room, being careful, however, to keep the axle B

pointing in the same general direction, you will probably notice nothing peculiar. But if you attempt to change considerably and quickly the direction of B, you will notice a distinct resistance of the gyroscope. This may seem curious to you but not very important. However, if you will read carefully the remainder of this article, I hope to show you that it is really a very important thing. But before doing this, let me tell you of another experiment which you may easily try if you possess and know how to use the new[1] toy "diabolo." Get it in rapid rotation, keeping both sides of the string as nearly vertical as possible, just as is shown in Figure 2. The top will have the axis, on which it may be supposed to turn, pointing in a certain direction. Now, while you are spinning



FIG. 2. "DIABOLO" ILLUSTRATES GYROSCOPIC ACTION.

it in the manner just described, this axis will always remain pointing in the same general direction; but you will find it difficult quickly to alter the direction of this axis.

A bicycle really consists of two gyroscope-like wheels. When these are in rapid rotation it requires considerable force to change the direction of either axle. But that is the same thing as saying that it requires considerable force to tilt either wheel, and this, combined with the onward motion, is the reason that the rider has no trouble in balancing himself and avoiding a fall to either right or left. So you see that the gyroscopic principle is of great importance in bicycles. In fact, there could be no real bicycles if it were not for this principle.

The main difference between a rifle and a smooth-bore gun is that the inner surface of the rifle barrel has one or more spiral grooves cut into it. The object of this is to permit a portion of the material of the bullet or projectile to sink into the grooves. As the projectile is forced out of the barrel these projections into the grooves tend to remain there, thus giving rise to a spinning motion. In fact, it is not only going forward, but is rotating rapidly as it goes. The axis will tend—in accordance with the gyroscopic principle—to maintain, without change, its direction. But that is really saying that the projectile will tend to remain in its true course. So this is why a rifled gun shoots straighter than a smooth-bore.

You know we are told in our geographies that the inclination of the axis of the earth is the very thing that gives rise to our change of seasons. In fact, if the axis of the earth were always perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, people in any given locality would always have the one season. If it was a terrific summer, they would always have it—if winter, it would never change. Likewise, if the axis of the earth should go through changes of direction, we should have corresponding changes in the climates. So, you will readily grant, it is of great importance that the axis should continually point in the same direction. The regular change of the seasons, promised to us in Genesis viii. 22, is secured by this means. Now this persistence of the axis of the earth in always pointing in the same direction is another example of the gyroscopic principle. Really the earth is a monster gyroscope, and the rotation on its axis tends strongly to maintain the direction of that axis.

On board ship it is frequently necessary to make observations of the heavenly bodies in order that the captain may know precisely where his vessel is. If you have ever looked at a star through a telescope or spy-glass held in the hands, you will probably realize that the rolling and pitching of the deck of a ship would seriously interfere with the observations. Well, about the middle of the nineteenth century, Professor Piazzi Smyth sought to correct this. To do this, he constructed a platform for the telescope, or other instrument, and so connected this with one or more gyroscope wheels that it was held to an even and quiet position. He worked at this problem with a great deal of interest and perseverance, and at last produced a successful mechan-

[1] This is, in reality, an old toy which has recently come into favor again.

ism. This was tested by Professor Smyth on board the yacht *Lansing*, which on a voyage to Tenerife, in 1903, was reported as entirely satisfactory.



CROSSING A RIVER ON A SINGLE RAIL — AN ARTIST'S IDEA OF A GYROSCOPIC TRAIN.

A practical application of this tendency of rotating bodies to preserve the direction of their axes has been made in Germany to the compasses used on shipboard. The needle of the ordinary mariners' compass is very sensitive. This has been necessary hitherto in order that it should maintain its direction toward the north during the motion of the ship as it moves about in different directions. It has been found, however, that the rolling and vibration of a ship interfered with the needle. If the waves were rolling high, the needle was apt to become unreliable because of its great sensitiveness to shocks. However, if when the needle was known to be in an undisturbed condition, it is connected properly with a gyroscopic wheel kept continually in motion, this wheel would hold the needle to its true position. The usual shocks on shipboard would have practically no effect. Experiments have been made abroad in this connection, especially with the Anschütz compass. The results of these experiments have been very favorable.

Another application has been made by Consul Schlick, also in Germany. This has for its object the prevention of the rolling of ships. By using a very heavy gyroscope and running it at a pretty high velocity, it was found possible to control the stability of a ship. The method of arranging the gyroscope is not quite a simple one. But the fundamental principle that enables the inventor to succeed is the fact that the rapidly rotating wheel tends strongly to maintain the direction of its axis. This is not a dream. The Hamburg-American steamship line is reported as having bought the patent rights and ordered apparatus costing £7500 for use on the steamer *Sylvania* plying the North Sea.

That gyroscopic action may sometimes be a dangerous thing is thought by some persons. There are those who explain the foundering of the

torpedo-boat *Viper* in the following way: They suppose that the turbine wheels in the back part of this boat acted as a gyroscope and held the boat in nearly a fixed position. They then suppose that the front part was wrenched by the action of the waves, resulting in the boat being broken into two parts. It has been ascertained that the boat really broke in two.

An English engineer, by the name of Brennan, has devised a railroad which requires but a single rail. The great problem was, of course, how to keep the cars from tipping. This he solved by the use of the gyroscope, applying it somewhat after the method of Schlick. An experimental railway has been constructed on a small scale and found to work well. In the illustration on page 421, the gyroscopes which steady the cars are supposed to be underneath, hidden from view.

Some one has suggested the use of the gyroscope in keeping air-ships steady.

The gyroscopic principle is certainly an important one, and it promises to play an important part in the future. If you have any doubt whether you fully understand it, read this article over a second time, and buy a twenty-five cent gyroscopic top and experiment with it.

But, what is perhaps most important of all, let us learn from the story of the gyroscope not to despise things and principles that at first sight appear little and trifling.

DIABOLO



I

See the children on the green.—
Such a merry crowd!—
Whirling something round
and round
As they laugh
aloud.
What a jolly game
to try!
You must learn it by
and by,
For it is such fun to
know
How to play
Diabolo!

Turn it, swing it,
toss it, fling it,
Fling it in the
air.
Backward twirling,
downward
whirling—
Catch it now with
care!

II

Watch the spools—how fast they
go:
Fast and faster fly!
See the children toss them up,
Upward to the sky.
Ah, what happiness to play
In the
Park-
way every day;
Oh, what fun it is
to know
How to play
Diabolo!

Turn it, spin it every
minute.
Presto! let it go!
Catch it, twirl it,
whirl it, whirl
it,
Whirl it to and
fro.

Cornelia Walter
McCleary.

THE GENTLE INTERFERENCE OF BAB

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON
Author of "From Sioux to Susan," "Fritzi," etc.

Chapter VII

A LETTER HOME

Brook Acres,
Tuesday Evening.

My dearest, darling Six:

All your letters came yesterday, just before luncheon, and I just flew up to my room and almost devoured them. You 're just the darlingest bunch of seraphims—I wonder if that 's spelled right—that ever belonged to a girl, and I just love you heaps and heaps, from daddy-doctor down to Cissy, "the Vain"; but I guess Cissy would be improved if she could see Nell Trott, 'cause why? She is just the beautifullest ever.

I wrote you in my last letter about dear Comet and Star, and how much fun Jean and I have riding almost every day, and how much I love Aunt Kate and Aunt Millicent and the Trotts. Aunt Millicent and I are great friends, and I think I 'm helping her a weeny teeny bit already, but I can't tell you how, for it 's a secret, just between us two. I love Jean lots, some days, and some days I don't; for she 's the queerest thing. Sometimes we have perfectly jolly times, but if I say a word about the Trotts she just cools to a regular icicle. Ugh, it just makes you *frizz* to look at her, and still I can see she is just dying to know Joan well, and she seems really interested in them, and likes them, and yet she does n't want *me* to. I don't understand her a bit.

I just perfectly *adore* the Trotts. You can't help it, they are *so* fascinating, and now I see them a great deal, for Aunt Kate told Aunt Millicent to let me, as they were nice, wholesome young folks. I guess Aunt Millicent don't approve of Mrs. Trott being an actress, and going off to earn their living, when she has so many children to leave; but after all Mrs. Trott's girls just *talk* about her and *love* her, oh, *lots*, while Jean—that is before she began to understand—but that 's my secret. Then I guess Uncle Edgar does n't think much of Mr. Trott, just about business, you know. He 's really a dear, little, meek, white sort of a man. Why, when you come to think of it, he just matches the Rabbit (that 's their horse, you know). Aunt Kate just *abhors* the Rabbit, but Joan says the Rabbit has a lovely spirit, and that 's the way with Mr. Trott. He 's just as nice-spirited as he can be, only he *will* build things in the back yard. Why, in one shed there is a sorghum grinder, though Jim says not a *soul* grows sugar-cane here now, but I guess they did once, and perhaps Mr. Trott thought they would start up again; and he 's got a rag carpet loom, though so few folks care for rag carpets now; and a carpet cleaner, though 'most everybody right around here has most lovely rugs they would never *think* of trusting to Mr. Trott! He has chickens and ducks, and he loves them all so he can't bear to kill them, and he tried raising Belgian hares and he named and loved every one. The first baby hare he called Petey, and he carried it around in his pocket until it got too big to go in. He 's got bees, too, but he just *grieves*, and *grieves*, about taking away their honey after the poor things have worked so hard to make it—he 's just that good! Joan says her uncle ought never to have anything to sell he could love—for, you see, his *heart* is so much bigger than his *head;* nor any business to manage, because he is sure to get hold of the wrong end of it. But she says he is a perfectly *grand* genius about—now what do you suppose?—why, *pickles!* I said I had never heard of a pickle genius before; but she says he *is,* and he also has great talent



"'OH LOOK, GIRLS—EVERYBODY, IT 'S MOTHER, MOTHER!' " (SEE PAGE 4281.

for jams. One day I was there and he was making something on the back of the stove in a little kettle, and he let me taste it—and, mother, and daddy-doctor, and girls, I knew Joan was right, only I think he 's a real genius in more than pickles, for I never tasted anything so *perfectly elegant* and *grand* in my life! He called it "Lemon Honey," and he told me—and, daddy-doctor, there were tears in his eyes—that if he could only get his pickle factory started, and send out pickles, and jams, and jellies, and little white pots of lemon honey, he 'd make his *everlasting fortune*, and that Sallie—that 's Mrs. Trott, you 'know—could stay at home with her babies, and

the children could have all that they need and they would all be *so* happy!

Oh, my heart just *ached* for him, and I said: "Mr. Trott, *do* sell all the things in the sheds, and the chickens, and ducks, and bees, and things, and start one." But he said I was a little girl and could n't understand, but it would take—oh, *lots* and *lots* more money than that, and nobody would lend him or trust him so much, for nobody believed in him but Sallie and the children because he had failed before in everything. I said, "Well, *I* do, Mr. Trott, I just believe in you with my *whole heart!* You 're just a pickle and a jam genius, as Joan says, and I 'll see if I can't help you," and then we shook hands and I came away. But since I 'm home I don't see how I can help him much, as I only have one dollar and seventy cents of what daddy-doctor gave me. I suppose I *could* sell the diamond in my locket, but I am afraid it would hurt Aunt Millicent's feelings. I tried to interest Aunt Kate, but she just said: "A man who would buy such a horse as his is a fool, my dear, and could n't make even pickles"; but she 's mistaken, for I 've *tasted* and I *know!*

Jean and I had a quarrel last night because I told her the Trotts and I were going to have a post-office in the hollow tree down by the brook, though I asked her to write and send things, too. She knows them all now, for I coaxed her to go up to the sky parlor with me, and they were just as *nice* to her, and made her sit on the peacock throne, and Joan gave her a basket and everything, and she seemed to have a lovely time, but she got hopping when I showed her the lovely deep mossy hole in the old chestnut. Some way, Jean makes you madder than anybody, and yet I know her head aches a lot, and she never told a soul but me. She said it ached and ached for months, and her breath came so short, but since we ride every day, and she has given up practising so much, and wears her clothes looser—Aunt Kate made such a fuss she *had* to—why she feels lots better and her cheeks are really a teeny weeny little bit pink. But Celeste, that 's Aunt Millicent's French maid, just turns up her nose, and says: "Mademoiselle will have a figure like a meal sack!" Aunt Kate wants Jean to stop all lessons for a while, but Uncle Edgar won't hear of it—I guess he 's awfully proud of her. But, daddy-doctor, I don't believe in all her life she ever sat on his lap and hugged him hard, *hard,* HARD, as I 'd do you, if I had you this minute!

I told Aunt Kate I was cross with Jean, and I 'd like to go over to Durley to repent, and she laughed and laughed, and asked Aunt Millicent to let me right away. I 'm going Friday to stay a week, and now Jean 's madder than ever. I don't understand that girl. I thought she would be tickled to death if I would only go. I must close and go to practice. I have learned a lot of pretty new pieces, but, oh, I 'll *never* play like Jean, she is just *grand!* With lots and lots of love. My, I just love you hundreds of bushels!

Your loving
Bab.

P.S. I forgot to tell you Mrs. Trott is coming to-morrow, and they 're just about crazy. Jean was telling me how lovely actresses look on the stage, and showed me a whole lot of pictures—Mrs. Siddons as *Lady Macbeth,* and Cushman and Bernhardt, and, oh, everybody. I asked Jean if she expected Mrs. Trott would go around looking like that, with so many chains and things, and most of them had their eyes rolled up something awful, but she says they don't do that all the time, though all she ever saw on the stage seemed sort of stiff in their knees, and she showed me how they walked. But I don't see how Mrs. Trott could help Drusie with the housework, and feed the chickens, going around like that. I 'm awfully anxious to see her—I did n't quite like to ask the girls if she rolled her eyes, so I want to see for myself.

P.S. No. 2. I forgot to tell you that the funniest person at the Trotts' is Drusie, their old housekeeper. Oh, she 's the *queerest,* fat, old dear, with little gold hoops in her ears, and a blue calico wrapper, and her eyes all crinkle up when she laughs, and she has got a little black chicken she raised because its mother was white and would n't have it, and it 's *forever* at her heels.

Yours,
Bab.

P.S. No. 3. Homesickness is an awfully queer feeling; it sort of aches in your stomach, and pinches in your throat, and smarts in your eyes. It 's *awful!* I am not *very* to-night. I don't believe I *could* stand it if it was n't for Aunt Millicent, and Mr. Trott's pickle factory, and Joan's pictures—oh, oh, I forgot to tell you: Christie was going to bury, she said, with "proper religious ceremonies," her water-colors and the book "Painting Made Easy in Twenty Lessons." Christie 's decided to learn bookkeeping now, she just loves figures, and dry old things like that—so Joan took them and hid them, and she is trying every time she gets a minute, and she is not telling a soul but me. I 'm going to try to find a place where she can hide away and paint, so you see I *can't* come home. But your eyes do smart

something awful when it 's twilight. It 's twilight now.

Good-by.

Bab.

P.S. No. 4. You must look awfully cozy out on the veranda, daddy-doctor and motherling and Anna and Patty and Dulce and Cissy. I just love to say you all over.

Yours forever and ever more,

Bab.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HOME-COMING

THE Trotts had finished breakfast, though it was only a little after six, with Mr. Trott beaming lovingly at the clan from the head of the table. Early as it was he had been hard at work for several hours, and now the yard and all the sheds were in perfect order. He had swept the "loom shed," the "carpet cleaner shed," and the "sorghum grinder shed," cleaned the hutches and the chicken houses, attended to the ducks, and I almost said dusted the beehives, at least, they looked so white and clean, standing in precise rows against their background of the lilac bushes, they might have been dusted—but as he did all these things his heart ached, even in his joy.

Every one of these things stood for a fresh failure, and no one realized it more than Mr. Trott himself. It was only as he sat at the breakfast table and looked where the sun shone directly upon the array of little glass jars that stood upon the window-sill, awaiting Sallie's delighted approval, that he felt comforted.

"Now, everybody, fly around!" commanded Nell, feeling herself the rightful head of the house until her mother's arrival. The whole place seemed charged with excitement, every face was alight, every brain alert, every soul aloft, for if you must know, it was the day of days, Mrs. Trott was coming home. "Christie, you and Maze can wash the dishes. Joan and I —but oh, I forgot—you 've got the baskets to fill, Joan, after Sethie and Bart . . ."

"Not by a jugful!" broke in Bart, stooping to ruffle Hitty's golden mop as she sat on the floor. "Do you think us work-every-days are going to be cheated out of the fun of getting ready for mother? Turkey Egg and I were up at three, and had all the posies here by four. Joan—no sleepyhead about Joan—had every basket ready before you lazybones had lifted a winker. We 'll have the baskets over to Mr. Peters and be back in an hour. See if we don't. Come on, Seth."

"Why did n't you sit up all night, old smarties," saucy Maze flung after them. "I 'll wager a picayune you did n't bring the boughs for the dining-room, nor to decorate the barouche."

"Sure thing," called back Seth through the window. "Maple and oak and lots of dogwood. Gee! I wish we had lots of hothouse things from over at Durley or Brook Acres. Nothing is too good for Aunt Sallie."

"Never you mind, Seth," cheered Christie, as she flew back and forth with the dishes. "Mother cares more about wild flowers and home and us than any old pinks and roses. Only hurry up, so we can get at things. What in the world are you doing, Hitty, with all the patches on the floor?"

"I 'm making my dolly a new dress," explained Hitty, pausing in her clipping with a monstrous pair of shears.

"Well, you will have to clear out of here with your muss," ordered Nell, pushing aside the patches with her broom. "I 'm going to sweep now, for Drusie wants to get at her baking. Oh, Christie and Maze, don't get to quarreling over the dishes," for already there was sounds of sputtering in the kitchen.

"If you don't show no more sense in managin' your own house, Nell, than you do this, I pity your husband," remarked Drusie sarcastically. "Here you have got Hitty to cryin', an' Christie an' Maze fightin' in less than five minutes. Here, let me take hold. Christie, you come go up-stairs with Nell, that 's a nice child, and do the bedrooms. Mazie and me 'll do the dishes in a jiffy."

"Hitty, see here," it was Joan, who at the first sight of Hitty's tears—oh, to think of anybody crying on the day of days—had flown up-stairs and back again, and now stood dangling before the eyes of the delighted child a gay little pink frock and a hat to match—a hat with a feather and a little bead buckle, finished to the last stitch.

"Oh, Joan, you dearest! you best! Oh, Mazie! Oh, Drusie, just look! They are just Ruthie May's size."

"Of course they are, you little goosey gander," cried Christie, snatching up Joan and whirling her off her feet. "Did n't she sit up 'most all night to do it?"

"Hurry round, children. Hurry round," implored Drusie from the kitchen. "It 'll be eleven before we 're half ready for it."

BAB HOWARD, much to Miss Linsey's delight, was, as the days went by, developing into quite a horsewoman. So it happened upon this, the Trotts' gala day, Bab had driven Uncle Edgar to the ferry in the trap, and was now bowling briskly along home with Morgan on the rumble. Bab was very happy, the day was perfect, away

and away rose the green hills, and here and there where a valley dipped were glimpses of water, while beyond, in the far horizon over in Jersey, the long Orange Mountains dreamed in purple haze.

Elbows in, whip aloft, feet set firm, Bab, as usual, was enjoying her elegance, and she never lost a glance that was turned toward the shining trap, beautiful Bonny Boy, nor the well set-up Morgan on the rumble.

She was just about to turn into the Serpentine when a street-car stopped at the corner of Little Clove Road, and a lady alighted carrying a heavy suit case.

As Bab turned out to pass she gave a little gasp and then to Morgan's astonishment said quick and low:

"Whoa, Bonny Boy, whoa," checking so suddenly that the trap tipped dangerously and nearly upset.

"I—I beg your pardon," she began, leaning from her high seat to look straight into the pleasant brown eyes the strange lady lifted to hers in surprise, "but I 'm sure, I 'm perfectly sure, you must be Mrs. Trott, for you look 'most exactly like Christie, the very same fluffy brown hair, and you smile just like Maze, and you look some like Nell, and, oh, a lot like Hitty."

The lady broke into a merry laugh.

"Well, anyway, I 'm sure *you* know my family," she said gaily. "And I 'm sure I know you, too. You 're Bab Howard, the newly adopted Trott, are n't you?"

"Yes, I 'm Bab, and oh, I 'm so glad it 's you," exclaimed Bab, now radiant. "And you will let me take you home, won't you, Mrs. Trott, please. Morgan, help Mrs. Trott up."

"But, my dear," demurred Mrs. Trott, but Morgan was lifting the heavy suit case, and before she had time for further speech she found herself aloft in the trap.

"Well—well!" gasped Mrs. Trott, as Bonny Boy started off. "Maze said you were rather sudden—but I can't tell you how glad and grateful I am, for I am so tired and so anxious to get home. I got into the city earlier than I expected, and though I know Bart and Seth would meet me at the eleven o'clock ferry, I just could n't wait, and came right on. It 's coming home—and I have n't seen them for three whole months."

"Oh, I know," interrupted Bab. "It 's an awful feeling, is n't it? There are days when my throat pinches so to see motherling. But, oh, they 'll be glad to see you at home. It must be almost worth the being away to make everybody so happy coming back."

"No, no," replied Mrs. Trott, her face twinkling into a smile that seemed brilliant with tears. "Nothing could make it worth while leaving them. I have been afraid to go to sleep since I knew I was coming lest I 'd awaken and find it all a dream. Even now you and the trap, the hills and the valleys, seem sort of a lovely vision. Are you sure popper—Mr. Trott, you know—and my babies are just the other side of that hill? Please give me a little nip to see if I 'm awake. Do, my dear."

"You are, you are!" Bab assured her, nipping lovingly. "Just shut your eyes a minute until we go around the corner. Now, look! There it is."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Trott, leaning forward, her eyes brimming over as she saw, far down the road, beyond the clump of trees, the rambling old house with its mossy roof. "It 's really, really home."

"It is!" Bab gulped, her own eyes filling, "and, oh, for evermore and goodness sakes, Mrs. Trott, what are they doing?"

Something most remarkable was certainly going on at the Trotts'. In the side yard was gathered the whole clan, and every one was working with might and main upon what seemed to be a bower on wheels, and to which Seth was just about to hitch the luckless Rabbit, who, more meek than ever under persecution, wore a wreath about his neck, and an elaborate robe of myrtle leaves, long enough, as Maze had insisted, to hide his disreputable whisp of a tail. So intent was everybody upon his work that not a head turned as the trap bore down upon them.

"Oh, Bab," whispered Mrs. Trott, convulsed as she suddenly grasped the situation, "I 'm saved, I 'm saved! What I owe to that early train and you! The blessed things were coming to the ferry for me with that. With that! Think of it! Oh, ye gods and little fishes!" she laughed and cried all in a breath. "The dear, ridiculous things. The dears! The foolish, silly dears!"

"But they will be so disappointed," grieved Bab. "They 've planned so for it and see how the poor things have worked."

"Don't, child. Don't, Bab," begged Mrs. Trott, her merry face alight. "For I 'm quite capable of going back to the ferry to wait for them. Do look at the Rabbit. Is it any wonder our aristocratic neighbors look at us over their spectacles. Could the Linseys, or the Arrowsmiths, and the VanZiles understand such doings? But for their own sakes, my poor babies, oh, if I could only be here to guide and love them."

"If you only had the pickle factory you would soon be rich and famous," said Bab solemnly, "for Mr. Trott 's just a pickle and a jam genius. Joan and I both think so."

"He is! He is!" laughed Mrs. Trott, wiping her eyes, "and he 's the best, and the truest, and the lovingest in the whole world."

It was Maze who discovered them first. She had just mounted the step-ladder to tie the last festoon in place upon the rickety old barouche when suddenly her eyes lighted upon the trap at the gate.

"There she is!" she shrieked. "Look, daddy, girls, everybody. Oh, oh, oh! It 's mother! It 's mother! *It 's mother!*" And Sethie caught her as over she went, step-ladder and all.

Nobody ever knew how Mrs. Trott alighted, how they greeted her, nor what anybody said. Pandemonium was too swift to come, too outspreading, too absolute, for any one to distinguish sights and sounds.

Half an hour later, as Bab reluctantly turned Bonny Boy toward home, her last glimpse of the Trotts was the poor, forgotten Rabbit, still hitched to the bower on wheels, meekly standing, head drooping, half asleep, his dilapidated whisp of a tail gently stirring his robe of wilted maple leaves; while from within the house came the sounds of festive joy.

Chapter IX

Behind the Green Door

When Bab arrived at Durley in state, her suit case perched upon the box by Decker, her own little self lolling back in elegant comfort—Bab could n't help loving grandeur—she was received with open arms.

Her heart had been a wee bit heavy as she started from Brook Acres, in spite of Aunt Millicent's tender embrace, and silent Uncle Edgar's unusual: "Come back soon, Sunbeam," for Jean had only given her a cold little peck of a kiss, and had rushed back into the house without even a good-by wave. How could Bab know Jean was flying away to her own room, there to lock the door, and to fling herself upon her divan to cry out all the hurt in her lonely heart?

"I do love her so. I do. I do. And I 've loved her for years and years," sobbed Jean to her sofa pillow. "And she cares ever so much more for the Trotts, and Aunt Kate, and even Comet and Star, than for me. If it did n't seem lately, though, as if I were getting closer to mother, I could never bear it; but I want Bab, too. I do! I do! And I don't know how to show it! For, oh, I don't know how to speak out my heart. It 's just like a new language—how can I learn? How can I?"

But Bab's naturally light heart could n't stay heavy long upon such an evening, especially with Aunt Kate smiling in the doorway.

"Oh, Aunty, is n't it just lovely to be alive?" she cried. "Seems to me I 'm the happiest girl that ever lived. If only daddy-doctor and motherling and the girls were here I think it would be 'most as good as heaven."

"Now, Bab, you had better come and see your room, and get ready for dinner," said Aunt Kate. "I 'm going to put you right next me, and I think you 'll like it."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Bab, when she stood upon the threshold of her new room and took in all its beauty; "it 's the *eagle room*, Aunt Kate."

"Yes, the eagle room," chuckled Aunt Kate, pleased by Bab's appreciation. "It was my room when I was a little girl, and when I grew too old for such things I just moved next door."

"But it looks just as dainty and fresh as if it were all new."

"Oh, that 's for you. You see, we seldom have the good luck of having a little girl all to ourselves, and Twilla and I appreciate it very much."

"You and Aunt Twilla are the dearest ladies in all the world," said Bab, solemnly standing on tiptoe to bestow a kiss on Aunt Kate's wrinkled cheek, "and it 's the most beautiful room I ever saw."

Most girls would have loved the eagle room, all pale green and misty white as to walls and hangings, with furniture of old mahogany with gilt eagles that upheld the quaint little dressing table, the low bed, and the queer chairs. From the beak of a gilded eagle with outstretched wings fell the soft folds of green silk and filmy white lace forming the canopy of the bed and the dressing-table; other tiny ones held back the dainty curtains at the windows. Even the candle-sticks and toilet things were decorated in some way with wee golden eagles.

"It 's just too lovely for anything!" was again Bab's verdict, as she opened her eyes next morning to find herself still among the glories of the lovely room.

The tall old clock in the hall was striking six when Bab awoke next morning, the time for arising at home, but an unearthly hour for both Brook Acres and Durley. Bab crept quietly out of bed to look about her, but when she reached the window and saw the distant sea gleaming in the sunlight, the green valleys and hills a-drip with the gold of early morning, the joy in her happy heart sang so merrily it rose to her lips, and she had to purse her mouth into a rosy button to keep from singing aloud as she flew into her clothes. Then with wary feet she slipped out into the hall and down the stairs.

The hall door stood wide open, for the servants were already astir, and, before Bab knew it, she was out in the green world chasing her own gay self up and down the drive, and singing at the top of her voice.

This would be a good time, she thought, to explore. Durley was an ideal place for exploration, for since Miss Linsey and her sister were left alone the west wing, the oldest part of the house, had been unused, and now it stood with staring, blinking windows, looking lonely and wistful behind its curtain of ivy.

At the end of the west wing ran a high stone wall in the middle of which was a green door, shut with a rusty padlock, a delightful, mysterious door, that at once aroused Bab's curiosity. She tripped down the veranda steps and, standing on tiptoe, tried to see through the slender spindles in the open panel at its top, but it was too high for her, and she gave her attention to the rusty key, which was still in the lock. Little by little it gave way, and at last turned with a melancholy squeak. Then, using all her strength, the door opened wide enough upon its rusty hinges for her to slip inside, and at last she stood upon the first stone step of the flight that led down in the quaint old sunken garden beyond.

"Ohee!" shrieked Bab, dancing up and down. "You darlingest garden that ever was!"

So green, so overgrown with vines and bushes, so tangled with flowers and grasses, so musical with the hum of bees, gay bird-notes, and the silvery tinkle of splashing water, where a mossy old satyr still emptied his stone goatskin into the big marble shell below, and yet so quiet and deserted the garden lay in the mellow sunshine, it was like some spot enchanted. A headless Mercury, a marble Flora, stood upon their mossy pedestals; a dilapidated summer-house leaned tipsily against the wall, and upon a myrtle-grown knoll a weathered sun-dial still followed the golden hours with shadowy finger-tip.

"Ohee! ohee!" gasped Bab again, hopping down the steps, two at a time. "Surely, if there ever was a fairy queen you 'd find her here." But though she skipped along the mottled old brick pavement, and looked behind shrubbery, and peered into corners, she saw no sign of a living thing, other than birds and bees and butterflies.

"There, I 'll get that big pink rose, and then I must go to breakfast," Bab was just saying to herself. Stepping on the seat of an old stone bench she had just grasped the rose when from above her somewhere—so near, so sudden it frightened her half out of her wits—a queer, hoarse voice cried out: *"Poor me! Poor me!"*

So unexpected it came, so weird and uncanny, that Bab scampered down from the bench before she dared look about her; but as she turned she saw that one of the windows of the west wing, overlooking the garden, stood open, with a dainty white curtain looped back, and that several pots of geraniums stood blooming upon the sill, so, evidently, some one lived up there. Perhaps one of the servants was playing a joke upon her. But though she stood upon the stone steps leading to the green door, and called, no one answered.

"Of course it was somebody trying to frighten me," Bab assured herself, as she hurried up the steps, and locked the door after her. "Nobody ever had a real voice like that. That garden is just the very place for Joan to paint, and I am not going to be scared out of it for nothing; but —but if I ask Aunt Kate, I 'll just be sure to tell about the voice, and then somebody would get scolded. I know, I 'll ask Aunt Twilla. She never asks questions, and I know she won't care. My, was n't I scared!" Bab giggled at the thought of it. "I expect I jumped a mile, and somebody 's snickering yet."

Bab spent the rest of the morning with Aunt Kate, but at luncheon, to her surprise and delight, Aunt Twilla laid her wrinkled old hand on her little brown fist, and said:

"Sister, I 'd like to borrow this little girl a while if you can spare her. It seems to me you 're getting more than your share."

"Well, now, perhaps I am, Twilla," laughed Miss Linsey in her pleasant voice. "Perhaps I am a little greedy. Bab 's such a companionable little thing I hate to let her out of my sight. What I 'd give to have a lot of young things about the house! It would make life worth living, now would n't it?"

"Indeed it would," agreed Miss Twilla. "I 'd like girls, and I 'd like them all prettily dressed."

"Tut, tut, Twilla, always on frills and feathers," chuckled Miss Kate. "I 'd like the lads, too. I 'd like to teach them to ride, and to know a good horse and a dog when they saw one."

"Tut, tut, Kate, always on horses and dogs," retorted Miss Twilla, with a twinkle in her kind old eye; for in spite of differences the sisters understood each other perfectly.

"Oh, Aunty," broke in Bab eagerly. "If you like young folks so, why don't you start a girls' home in the west wing?"

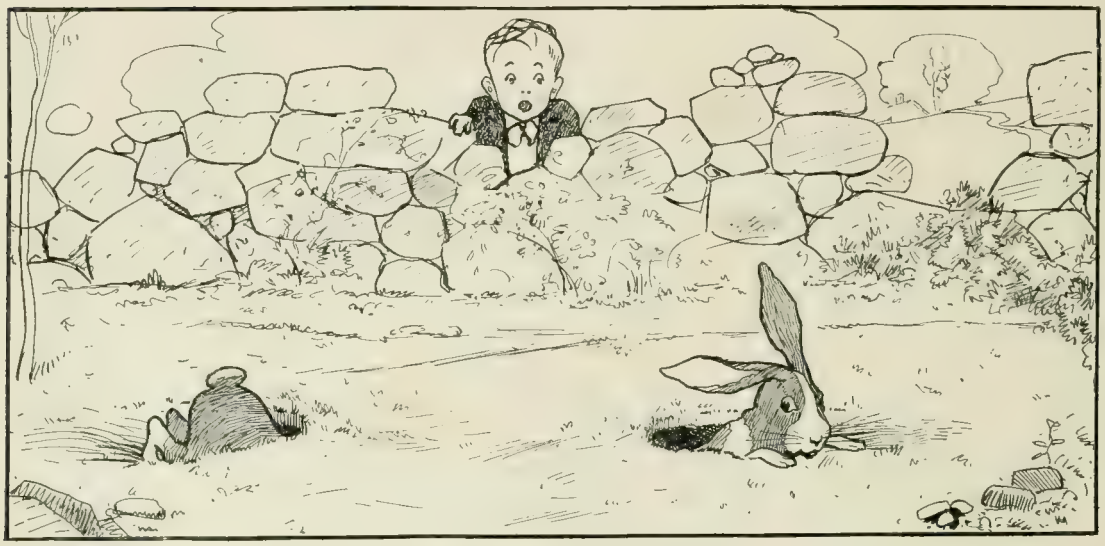
"Why, yes, why don't we?" bantered Aunt Kate, while aristocratic Miss Twilla lifted her beringed old hands in dismay. "Imagine old Durley arriving at that. Though I might consider a lot of dear girls, well-bred and well-behaved, you know; I don't care for fillies without a pedigree," she admitted with a chuckle.

"There are the Trotts," Bab reminded her.

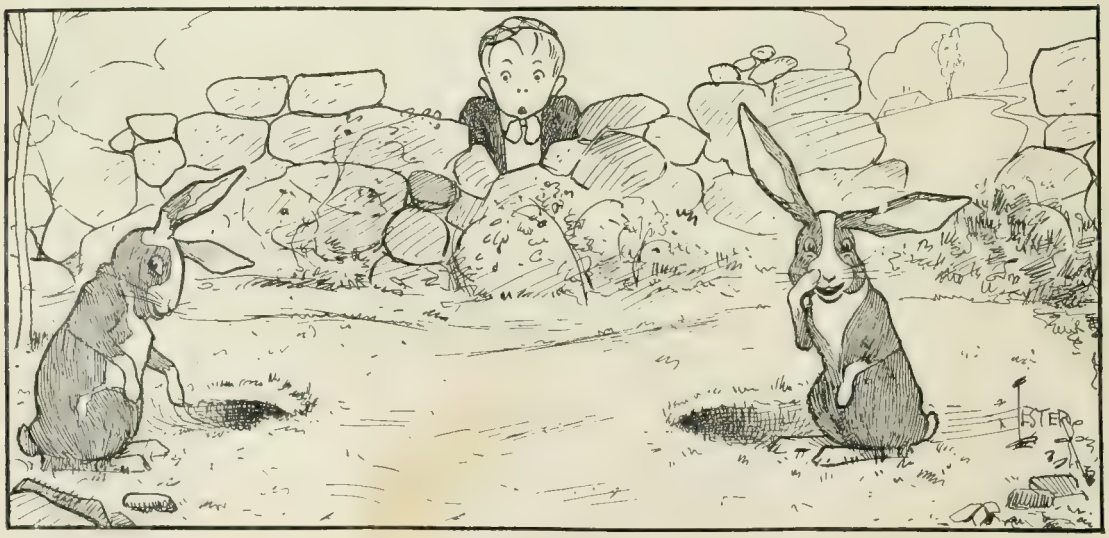
"Yes, there are the Trotts, honey girl, and there they can stay. I 'm afraid Twilla and I will have to do without a ready-made family, we are so hard to suit. If it were your people, now, the daddy-doctor—I 've known Robert Howard since he was in kilts, and a bonny boy he was, too—and the little mother, and those wonderful sisters you chatter of, why that would be another thing; but a girls' home, or the Trotts—no, no, Babbie, I 'm afraid the west wing will have to stand empty."

(To be continued.)

"A NATURE FAKE"



"JIMINY, WHAT A BIG RABBIT!"



—BUT IT WAS N'T!



MISS TING-A-LING, THE BELLE
OF CHINA-DOLL-TOWN.

"TINKER"

BY ETTA ANTHONY BAKER

"I DON'T see why we have to include Beth. She has refused every time I 've asked her to join us; she won't swim, won't skate, won't row! *I* think she 's afraid, and I despise a coward!" and Mary Livingstone's eyes flashed with disdain.

"I can't understand that—about the rowing, I mean," said Grace Archer. "My cousin is at school near London, and she wrote me that a girl named Elizabeth Carter won a medal there, two years ago, in a Thames regatta, for being the best oar in the school. The name is the same, and Beth told me she had been at an English school."

"Well, she would n't join us in the swimming-tank—just shivered and said, 'Oh, no! Don't ask me, please!' It was n't dread of the cold which kept her from skating, because she took long tramps on some of the bitterest days. And then when I asked her to join one of the boat crews for this spring, she actually turned pale, and said, 'No! No! I 'm a—I mean I can't, possibly.' If that does n't seem like cowardice, I don't know what you call it!"

"Here she comes, now," said Belle Gray. "What *is* that she 's carrying—a dove?"

"No, it 's a cat, is n't it?"

"Looks like a dog, to me. Yes, it is—a tiny little dog. Oh, Beth," and Grace raised her voice to reach the ears of the girl slowly passing by on the other side of the wide drive, "let us see it, will you? Oh, what a dear!"

"Is n't he a beauty—and a ducky darling!"

"What a cunning bow-wow! Where did you get him?"

"Father sent him because I 'm so lone—I mean to amuse me," and Beth flushed confusedly at the confession which had so nearly escaped her. "Miss Horton says I may keep him."

"What 's his name?" asked several, in chorus. Beth turned the dainty collar about until she showed the silver name-plate above the tiny, tinkling bell. The girls crowded around eagerly.

"Oh! Tinker! How pretty! He 's a regular little fairy himself," and Mary patted the smooth head lovingly.

"Yes. Father said he was sending me a good fairy."

The girls had gone to New York, in a body, the previous week, to see the fairy play, "Peter Pan," and had laughed and cried together over the charming story. When *Peter Pan*, trying to save his dear little fairy, *Tinker*, had turned to the audience with the touching appeal: "You *do* believe in fairies, don't you?" they had with difficulty refrained from answering: "Of course we do!" so the name delighted them.

The tiny terrier was passed from one to another, like some delectable sweet, and sweet he certainly was—a pure white fox, with beautiful black markings on the smooth head, and soft, dark eyes that almost seemed to speak. He walked straight into the hearts of the Fairmount girls, and stayed there.

Beth's "Busy" sign, formerly dust-covered (for who could be chummy with a girl considered cold and cowardly?), would now have been needed frequently, had not the poor girl welcomed the interruptions. Only Beth Carter herself knew the loneliness of the last six months—loneliness in the midst of a gay crowd. Owing to its beautiful situation, Fairmount Academy was strong in water sports, and after Beth's refusal to join in any of these, she was gradually left to her own devices. Not that the girls avoided her—they simply failed to include her in their various merry-makings, and she was of too reserved a disposition to force herself upon them unasked.

With Tinker's advent, however, all this was changed. The girls were constantly running in to see the small dog, and, "May I take Tinker by-by?" or "May I show Tinker to some callers?" were frequent requests to which Beth graciously acceded, generously sharing her pet with them all.

Tinker himself had a big heart in his little body, and took the whole school right into it. He made it quite plain, however, that though he loved them all from the depths of his little doggie soul, his dear mistress came first, always. No coaxings, no cakes, no ribbons even (and Tinker was the vainest little canine alive, raised to the seventh heaven of delight by a big, perky bow on his collar), could sway his allegiance to his first love.

As the spring opened the girls were full of their boating projects. They had again approached Beth upon the subject, only to meet with a more decided refusal than before, this time with the added words, "Oh, I can't! I 'm afraid!"

One day a group of enthusiasts strolled down to the river, and stood chatting away over their plans for the coming season. The ice was going out rapidly, and they wondered how soon Miss Horton would permit them to begin practice. The memory of last year's defeat by the rival school on the opposite bank of the river still rankled, making them all the more eager to set to work early this year. Just as they had appointed the most persuasive girl in the class, as special envoy, to plead with Miss Horton, they were startled by agonized shrieks from the bank higher up.

"Save him! Save him! He 'll be killed!" and poor little Tinker dashed into sight, madly pursued by the fiercest, ugliest bulldog in the neighboring village. The girls sprang to the rescue of their pet, but were unable to reach him before he was hurled over the bank, into the icy water.

With cries of pity and horror, they gazed helplessly. At that moment Beth rushed up, breathless. For one instant she stood as though turned to stone. The poor little dog had struck his head violently against the ice in his fall, and was so stunned by the blow that his feeble efforts to swim ashore barely served to keep him afloat. He seemed to realize his helplessness and turned to his mistress with a pitifully beseeching look in his eyes, as though imploring her to save him. It was too much for Beth. Before the girls could realize her purpose, hat and coat were thrown aside, boots ripped off in such mad haste that the buttons fairly flew, and she had plunged boldly into the river.

Even in the excitement of the moment, the girls were filled with wonder as they saw her strong, swift strokes. Not a girl in the school could equal them. Fortunately only a short distance had to be covered, but just as she grasped the small creature, a large piece of ice bore down upon them. Some of the girls hid their eyes, not daring to look longer, but Beth skilfully evaded the floe, and struck out bravely for the shore.

Eager hands were outstretched to help her. Tinker was rolled in a warm wrap, while the girls threw their coats about Beth and hurried

her to the house, where both girl and dog were wrapped in hot blankets, and filled with comforting drinks.

That evening when the girls were gathered, as usual, in "Recreation," Beth, a very languid, white-faced Beth, cuddling a still shivering little terrier, slipped quietly in, on her way to the corner where she usually effaced herself. But the girls were too quick for her. She was surrounded and enthroned in a huge arm-chair in front of the great fireplace, with its jolly blaze, while they showered attentions upon her. Mary Livingstone perched on the arm of the chair and "poored" the aching head, saying as she did so: "Oh, Beth, how brave you are! How could you do it?" This unwonted kindness was too much for Beth.

"Girls, you are so good to me," she said, her eyes brimming with tears, "I want to explain to you about the boating. I *can* row—"

"I told you so!" came emphatically from Grace.



"BEFORE THE GIRLS COULD REALIZE, BETH HAD PUSHED THEM INTO THE BOAT"

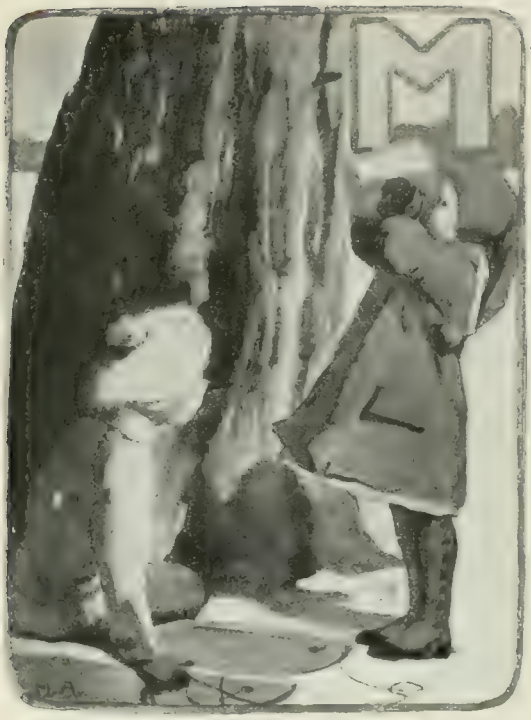
"But I never, never want to go on the water again. At least, I felt that way before; it may be different now. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Do, Beth! We don't understand it at all."

"You know my father is a naturalist, and I have traveled with him often, since my mother died. Last year we went from England to South America in search of a rare specimen father was very anxious to obtain. We decided to come home by a sailing-vessel, as he dreads the crowded steamers. It was lovely at first—so peaceful, with the sky so blue and cloudless—but one day, almost without warning, we ran into one of those terrible storms, which come so suddenly in the tropics. Before we realized our danger, the vessel was driven on a reef. The sailors barely had time to toss a few things into the boats and pull away, before she went to pieces.

"Girls, you can't imagine what those next four days were—scorching sun all day, followed by chill damp at night! I can not bear to think of them, even yet. The captain and his wife were in our boat. She was so kind and motherly to me. That last day, when I was feverish, she gave me her share of the water, the last we had. Those days seemed months! After we were picked up by a passing steamer, I was very ill, and the only thing that quieted me, during the delirium, was to give me a big bottle of water to hold. Since then I never willingly go in a rowboat. I know I 'm a coward—"

"Coward! You!" and Mary's voice was intense in its scorn. "Girls, three cheers for the bravest girl at Fairmount!" Those ringing cheers were enough to satisfy the loneliest girl's heart. Even little Tinker became affected by the pervading enthusiasm, and stood up on Beth's lap to add a "Wow! wow! wow!" in his shrill little treble. Beth cuddled him close, to hide the tears of joy which filled her eyes, murmuring, as she did so: "We won't be lonely any more, will we, Tinker? You *are* my good fairy, after all!"



MARCH

BY MAY AIKEN

March stirs the sap in the maple-trees
When they wake in the sun, and at night-time freeze,
Then John and I, through the north-wind's gale
Run down to our hanging sugar-pail,
Where the sap drip, drips all the sunny days;
He lets me have first turn, but says,
"Don't drink it all—please hurry, Jean—"
I 'll leave him plenty—I 'm not so mean.

A SAP SONG

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

When the maple sap is running
In the spring,
And the brooks have burst their fetters
Till they sing;
When the snow is melting fast
In the woods,
And the winter-wrapped old mountains
Doff their hoods;
Then it 's pail and spout and kettle,
Tap and climb,
All up the slopes of Toby—
Sugar time!

SWANS AS BELL-RINGERS

BY HELEN M. PRATT



One of the quaintest, most interesting sights in all England is the old moat which surrounds the great gray palace of the Bishop of Wells. In many an old castle and palace yard, once defended from approaching enemies by moat and drawbridge and portcullis, the moat has been allowed to run dry and the portcullis and drawbridge have fallen to decay. But this thirteenth-century palace of the Bishop of Wells still retains its fine, wide moat, while the old stone gate-house, one side of which is represented in the picture, is still stoutly defended by battlemented towers.

In their pretty, silly white heads, I dare say the great white swans of the picture consider they are an important part of the bishop's palace, as they float up and down the moat and sail steadily on, no matter who approaches.

You have seen many swans as pretty as these. But did you ever chance to see any who, instead of waiting to have the dinner bell ring for them, rang it themselves and expected to be fed at once? That is what these birds in the picture are doing.

A long string hangs out from the gate-house window and is fastened to a bell inside the house. When any of the numerous swan family in the moat feel inclined for dinner without the trouble of bobbing their long necks down among the roots and seeds in the bottom of the water, they make their wishes known, in some swan-like fashion, to the head of the family. Then a procession is formed—a long, graceful procession of white necks and fluffy, pillowy bodies—and sets sail for the gate-house keeper's window. The head of the family snatches up the string in his bill, gives it several violent shakes, which set the bell to ringing wildly in the house, and the lodge-keeper's wife appears with a basket of bread which she throws out in the water to the snowy beggars.



THE SWANS IN THE PALACE MOAT

This bell-ringing call was taught to the bishop's swans more than fifty years ago, by Miss Eden, the daughter of the Lord Auckland who was then Bishop of Wells and lived at the palace. It needed both ingenuity and patience to teach the lesson, but the young lady persevered until the swans learned it so successfully that they have never forgotten it and show no sign of forgetting so long as swans shall sail this moat.

How have these birds of today learned their lesson? I do not know, unless each swan mother has taught it to her babies, advising them always to ring the bell when they need food. Swans are said to live on as long as fifty years, so it is not improbable that some one of this little group is really much older than it looks and it may even have been one of Miss Eden's own birds.

It is an interesting and amusing sight to watch the little procession on a summer day. Sometimes you have to wait a long while to see the bell rung. The lodge-keeper's wife told me that since the black swans had arrived the demands were some days so frequent that she was obliged to take in the string, to the great disgust of the little creatures; and that they ate so ravenously that they made a heavy demand on her store of bread (usually supplied from the palace table).

The picture shows the old swan ringing the bell and his family waiting for the bread.

MARMADUKE'S RECOVERY



BY MELVILLE F. FERGUSON

MARMADUKE MERRIMAC MASON was, you must understand, several persons all rolled into one—no doubt that was why so many things were all the time happening to him. He was, to begin with, an "angel child." His mother said so, and she knew. He was also a "perfect little fiend." For this we have the authority of his nurse, who was intimately acquainted with him, and who never told a fib. He was "gentle and affectionate"—so said his grandmother, a famous judge of boys. He was a "bouncer, and could hold his own with any youngster of his size in the neighborhood," his father declared.

Now, there were days when one side of Marmaduke's character stuck out so plainly that you could n't see the other sides at all, and this was one of them. The side the nurse usually saw was on top, absurd as it may seem for a side to occupy that position. Even his mother admitted that he must have climbed out of bed wrong foot first.

The fact is that Marmaduke was simply suffering from an attack of "give-it-to-me-itis," which is very much like tonsilitis or any other "itis" in making one uncomfortable inside and disagreeable outside.

A new neighbor had moved in across the street. The new neighbor had a little boy who had had the misfortune to be born without the power of speech, and whose father and mother for that reason lavished upon him all the things that a boy's heart could possibly desire. One of these luxuries was a little railroad train, with tracks and bridges and tunnels and stations and all the rest that makes a real railroad worth owning. Marmaduke saw that train—and caught "give-it-to-me-itis." His father said, "No." His mother said, "No, my dear," and tried to explain how costly such a toy would be, and how many things Marmaduke enjoyed that were denied to poor Edward because he was unable to talk like other little boys. But Marmaduke's attack was very serious; and so he sulked, and threw things on the floor, and broke a plate, and pinched his little sister. That 's why he was sent to the nursery at last and locked in just like a prisoner.

Marmaduke was very thorough in all that he did. So, having laid aside all his *angel* qualities, he kicked on the door with his stout little boots, and screamed, and had a tantrum. But as everybody knew by this time that he had "give-it-to-me-itis," no one came near the nursery, and at last he sat down on the floor to cry in earnest.

Crying is a pretty tedious business when there is nobody to listen to you. Marmaduke found it so, at any rate; and he was therefore just about to dry his tears on the sleeve of his jacket when a little tin soldier standing in the corner raised his arm stiffly to the visor of his cap, and said:

"Sorry to interrupt you, sir, when you are so busy shedding tears, but the General wants to see you. Sorry to interrupt you, sir, when you are so busy shedding tears, but the General wants to see you. Sorry to interrupt you, sir, when—"

"My gracious!" said Marmaduke, his eyes standing out of his head like a frog's. "I heard you! But I did n't know you could talk! Who is the General? What does he want?"

"Come with me, sir," said the tin soldier, half-leading, half-dragging Marmaduke to one side of the room. "I will conduct you to his presence, and he will explain for himself. Come with me, sir. I will conduct you—oh, fiddlesticks! When I get started it is so hard for me to stop."

Mounted on a spirited tin horse in the corner, fully as high as Marmaduke himself, sat another tin soldier, whom the first respectfully saluted.

"The shedder of tears, sir," said Marmaduke's military escort, shoving him forward. "Shed a tear for the General, my boy. The shedder of tears, sir. Shed a tear—"

But the General, leaning forward rigidly over



"SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, SIR," SAID THE SOLDIER.

the neck of his horse, drew his sword mechanically, and struck the private across the chest with it. Instantly the soldier fell upon the flat of his back on the floor, and lay there in silence, without making the least effort to arise.

"Well, young man," said the General, "what do you want? What are you standing there for?"

"If you please, sir," said Marmaduke, "I don't know. This soldier here says you sent for me."

"Oh, you are the boy who annoyed me by that very disagreeable sniffling. Yes. After I have heard your excuses I shall punish you. Certainly. You may proceed. I want you to tell me exactly why you behaved so foolishly. Now what is your excuse?"

Now, Marmaduke hardly liked the idea of telling the General that he had caught "give-it-to-me-itis," so he replied:

"Why, Edward has a railroad—with engines and cars that run on tracks all around the floor—and I want one, too."

"Humph!" snorted the General. "Edward cannot talk. He can only tell folks what he wants by making pictures on a slate. That 's why he has a railroad. It 's one of his compensations. You know what a compensation is, don't you?"

"No, I don't, and I don't care," said Marmaduke, stamping his foot. (His attack was growing much worse.) "I wish I could n't talk, either!"

"Very well, you can't," replied the General. "You shall be like Edward. There 's your slate on the table. Whatever you want you will have to draw—and you 'll get it exactly as you draw it." And with that he stiffly whipped up his horse, galloped across the room and disappeared into the closet, the door of which stood just half an inch ajar—plenty wide enough to admit his body and that of his horse without any uncomfortable scraping.

No sooner had the General departed than Marmaduke heard the key turn in the lock of the hall door, and his mother entered.

"Are you through with your sulking, my son?" she asked. Marmaduke scowled and tried to say "No!" but somehow the word stuck in his throat and not a sound could he utter.

"Such an obstinate boy!" said his mother. "Well, when you feel that you can behave yourself you may call me, and I will bring you your supper." And, closing the door behind her, she went sorrowfully away.

Thoroughly frightened, Marmaduke tried to call her back. But no sound came from his lips. The General had said he could n't talk, and he could n't. He remembered the slate. The General had said: "Whatever you want you will have to draw." He wanted his mother. So he took the slate from the table and with a great deal of trouble, for he was not a very good artist, drew her, like this:



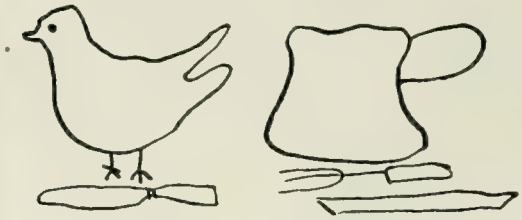


"'WELL, MARMADUKE,' SAID THIS QUEER FIGURE."

The moment his slate pencil traced the last stroke he heard soft footsteps, and the most extraordinary figure he had ever seen glided swiftly to his side. An exact likeness of his picture of his mother, enlarged to life-size, had appeared. He stared at her with mingled curiosity and awe. Flat as a pancake, she had the roundest of heads, the stiffest of necks, the most angular of hands and feet and skirts; her eyes were mere dots; her nose an exclamation point, and her hair two single spiral strands depending from the sides of her head just where one would have naturally looked for her ears

"Well, Marmaduke, dear," said this queer figure, stroking his head affectionately with its claw-like hands, "did you call mother? Are you ready to say you are sorry now?"

Marmaduke nodded a "yes" and tried once more to speak. He wanted to say that he was hungry—oh, so hungry—and that he would be as good as pie if only he could have his supper. But the words would n't come; and so he took his slate and pencil and attempted to draw his supper on the other side. He had been in the kitchen early in the afternoon, and knew there would be roast chicken. This, and his cup of milk, with a knife and fork and plate, would be enough, he thought. He was n't a very good artist, but he set to work and in a few minutes he had outlined his wishes and handed the slate to his funny-looking mother, who turned her beady eyes that almost scared him upon this picture:

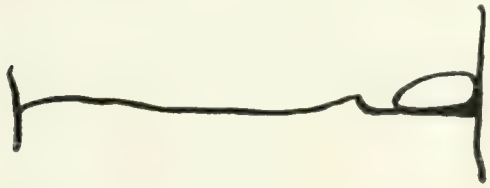


"Yes, darling," said she, just as if he had spoken. "I will bring it immediately"; and she was as good as her word. After five minutes' absence she returned to the nursery with an empty plate, a knife and fork and cup, and a live chicken, all precisely like his drawings. Certainly no one had ever seen such an odd-looking fowl. It had n't a single feather on it, and no wings. As for the cup, it was fully as large as the chicken, and, as Marmaduke soon discovered, to his intense disgust, absolutely empty. For he had had no means of drawing the milk. Once more, as Marmaduke surveyed his impossible



"'I MUST BE BETTER,' HE MURMURED NESTLING CLOSER TO HIS MOTHER." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

supper, consisting entirely of a very active old hen that hopped about the floor sidewise (both of its feet being on the same side of its body) he burst into tears. This time not anger, but helpless grief, overcame him. Marmaduke was tired out. He determined to flee from his troubles to bed. Rubbing his disappointing supper off of his slate, he drew this bed, and called his mother's attention to it by plucking at her skirts:



"My poor boy!" exclaimed Marmaduke's mother, clasping him to her in her straight, jointless arms, and imprinting on his face a kiss that extended from one eye away around to the ear on the other side of his face. "Did n't he want his nice supper? Well, never mind; he shall go to bed if he wants to." And straightway she undressed him and led him to his own bedroom, which was next to the nursery.

But some one had taken away the little bed he had expected to sleep in, and in its place stood, or rather leaned against the wall, a faithful copy of the one he had drawn on his slate. Having only two legs, if it had not been supported by the wall this bed would certainly have toppled over; and as Marmaduke's mother tucked him into it after kissing him good-night she was careful to place him on the very outside to preserve the balance.

It was a very uncomfortable bed. Right in the middle was a jagged point that penetrated Marmaduke's side as if it would cut him in two. The pillow was round and smooth, but as hard as a rock. How Marmaduke wished he had taken more pains to make a straight line when he had drawn the surface of that bed! How sorry he now was at having told the General he wished he could n't speak! And how sorry he was now that he had coveted the possessions of his afflicted little playmate! What would he not give to be cured of "give-it-to-me-itis" and restored to his former happy condition!

By and by the bed became so uncomfortable that Marmaduke, forgetting it had no legs under the other side, rolled toward the wall in the hope of finding a smoother place. But the bed swayed and rocked, and presently, with a mighty crash, upset altogether, hurling Marmaduke out upon the floor. As he rubbed his eyes with his tear-stained fists some one bent over him and picked him up.

"Why, my poor boy must have cried himself to sleep," said a soothing voice; and a soft hand swept the silken hair away from his forehead. He opened his eyes. His mother—his real, beautiful, mother—looked down at him.

Confusedly he peered through the deepening twilight at his surroundings. He was not in his bedroom at all, but in the nursery. The tin soldier stood in the middle of the floor, and was no larger than any ordinary tin soldier; the General sat sedately on his horse in the corner.

"I must be better," he murmured, nestling closer to his mother. Then, astonished at the sound of his voice, he added: "Why, it 's all over! I 'm cured!"

"Cured of what, darling?" asked his mother.

"Give-it-to-me-itis," said Marmaduke, closing his eyes again. And his mother supposed that he was talking in his sleep.

PUZZLED

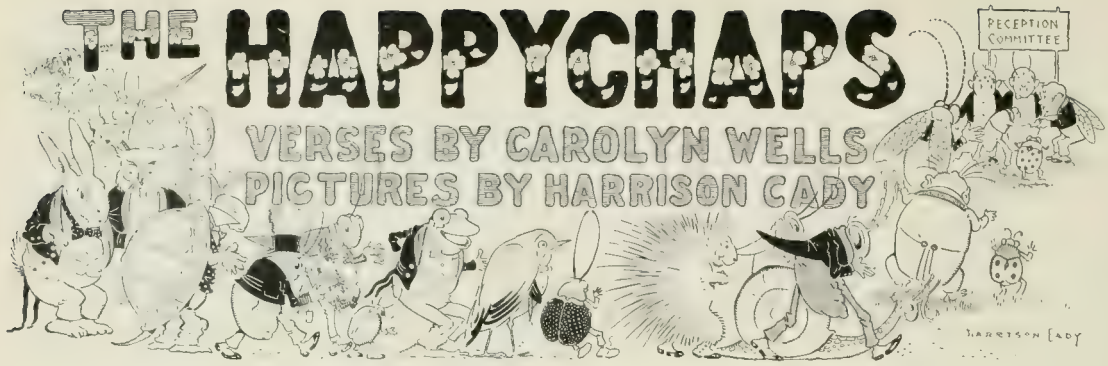
BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

When I was little like you, Blue Eyes,
  When I was little like you,
Three things there are you would like to find
  Whether I used to do:
Did I know when the sleep began to be?
Could I ever tell what wakened me?
Did I ever dream on till a dream came true
  When I was little like you?

When I was little like you, Fair Hair,
  When I was little like you,
These were the things that puzzled me,
  And none of the three I knew.
And I can not tell when the sleep is here,
And I can not see what wakes me, dear,
And I never dream on till the dream comes true,
  Now I am older than you!

THE HAPPYCHAPS

VERSES BY CAROLYN WELLS
PICTURES BY HARRISON CADY



CHAPTER III



THEN Timothy Terrapin cheered with delight,
And old Hiram Hoppergrass grinned;
Some more invitations were quickly addressed,
And away flew the messengers, North, East, South, West,
As if on the wings of the wind.
For whatever the Happychaps set out to do,
Was done with the speed of a whizzamaroo!

They hurried and flurried,
And scuttled and scurried;
They rushed and they rustled,
They bumped and they bustled;
And in almost exactly just no time at all
The Skiddoodles received all their bids to the ball!



ONE OF THE MESSENGERS.

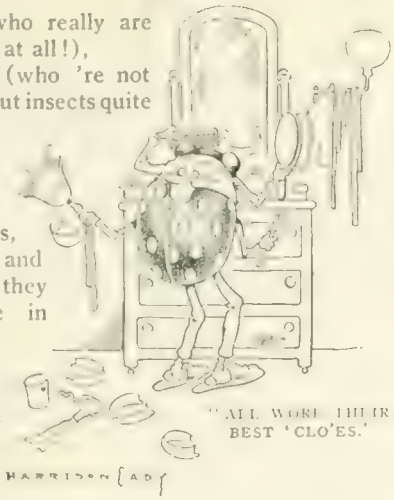
A mail-bag was carried by T. Terrapin,
Made of waterproof stuff without and within;
For Tim had to go,
As of course you must know,
Down under the water in ponds, brooks, and springs,
To carry his notes to the queer little things
Who live in the rushes or hide under logs,—
Water-beetles and dragon-flies, turtles and frogs;
But out of their nests these Skiddoodles all crept,
The spiders quick-stepped,
The frogs gaily leapt,
And every one said he 'd be glad to accept.



"A MAIL-BAG WAS CARRIED BY T. TERRAPIN."

Hiram Hoppergrass did up his errands as well,
And a lot more Skiddoodles came rushing pell-mell;
There were June-bugs and fireflies, bees, beetles, and bats,
Katydids, locusts, grubs, gadflies, and gnats,
Gay butterflies,
And owls with big eyes,
And old Daddy-long-legs, with great crooked thighs,
And moths of most marvelous color and size,
Squirrels and rabbits and chipmunks and crickets,

They came from the bogs, the woods, and the thickets;
Ladybirds (who really are not birds at all!),
Glow-worms (who 're not worms, but insects quite small!),
Centipedes, weevils, millers and moles,
Birds, wasps, and earwigs, they all came in shoals;
Thousands of grasshoppers, millions of ants,
Delightedly came with a skip and a prance;
And as you may suppose,
All wore their best "clo'es"
(But that you can see at a glance!).



"ALL WORE THEIR BEST 'CLO'ES.'

Sir Horace Hoptoad, the Skiddoodle dude,
With favor the young Dandy Happychap viewed;
They at once became friends, and with gay, jaunty air,
Went strutting about, a fine-looking pair!
Then next, with a royal, beneficent mien,
There appeared on the scene,
The lovely Queen Humsum, the Honeybee queen;
Who brought from her home in a southern land sunny,
A big jar of honey,
Such as could n't be bought for love or for money!

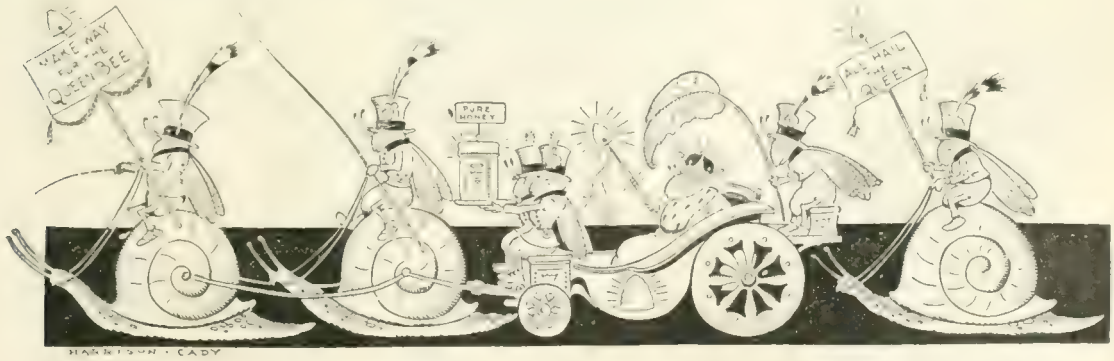
Up from Brazil came Miss Diamond Beetle,
Who scared them a leetle,
For her wonderful hues shone so brilliantly bright,
That each dazzled Happychap blinked at the sight.
But green shades for their eyes,
Of generous size,
Or smoked glasses, soon made things all right.

Then the moths fluttered in (oh, the vain little things!
They paused while the waiting-maids powdered their wings!)
Then Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Squirrel advanced,
And the little Gray-Squirrels, who capered and pranced;
The chipmunks, they chipped,
And the whippoorwills whipped,
The tumble-bugs tumbled,
The bumblebees bumbled,
And every one laughed and nobody grumbled.



SIR HORACE HOPTOAD AND YOUNG DANDY HAPPYCHAP.

Then suddenly there was an awful to-do,
For one of the weasels
They said, had the measles!
But the weasel he,
Easily
Proved that untrue,
And said, "I 'm as well as any of you!"
Then the glow-worms glowed,
And the locusts lowed,
As down the road
A queer craft was towed;



'T was some dragon-flies draggin'
A little red wagon,
In which Percy Porcupine rode!
"Because," he explained, "if I 'm walking about,
With my quills sticking out,
I 'm sure to jab some of them into some one,
And of course that would spoil all my fun."

Then a very large flock of little brown millers,
Came galloping up on swift caterpillars;
The carrier-pigeons
Walked in with the widgeons;
The dear little pollywogs
All brought their dollywogs;
And just as the Happychap clock chimed out five,
The latest Skiddoodle was seen to arrive.



AMONG THE FIRST OF THE GUESTS.



"THEY PAUSED WHILE THE WAITING-MAIDS POWDERED THEIR WINGS!"

The funny old thing
Danced clog, buck, and wing,
And he was a great heel and toeist!
Little Bonesy Skiddoodle accompanied him,
Being dexterous with bones, and agile of limb,
And his motions were none of the slowest!

Next, Duncan McHappychap entered full tilt,
With a red tam-o'-shanter, and gay plaited kilt,
To the notes of a bagpipe he flung Highland flings,
And the audience applauded his capers and springs.

Then the Skiddoodles said they would be very glad
A dance of their own to the program to add;

With shaking of hands one another they 'd greet
(And if they had no hands, of course they shook feet).



THE LAST TO ARRIVE.

Then the musical cricket, Professor Cheep Chirp,
The attention of all began to usurp;
As up on the spacious and grand music-stand
He marshaled the Beetleville Cricket Grass Band.
And my! how they played!
Catch, trill, serenade;
Each pipe, rush, or reed,
Was perfectly keyed,
And they really made very fine music indeed!

The next on the program pleased highest and lowest,
'T was old 'Rastus Happychap, minstrel banjoist!

So old Daddy-long-legs then gave them a treat,
By dancing the sailor's hornpipe with eight feet!
And a centipede said he 'd do better than that,

And he danced with his hundred feet going pit-pat!
Then spry Hiram Hoppergrass, brilliant in green,
Led out blushing Miss Cricket, the fair Angeline,

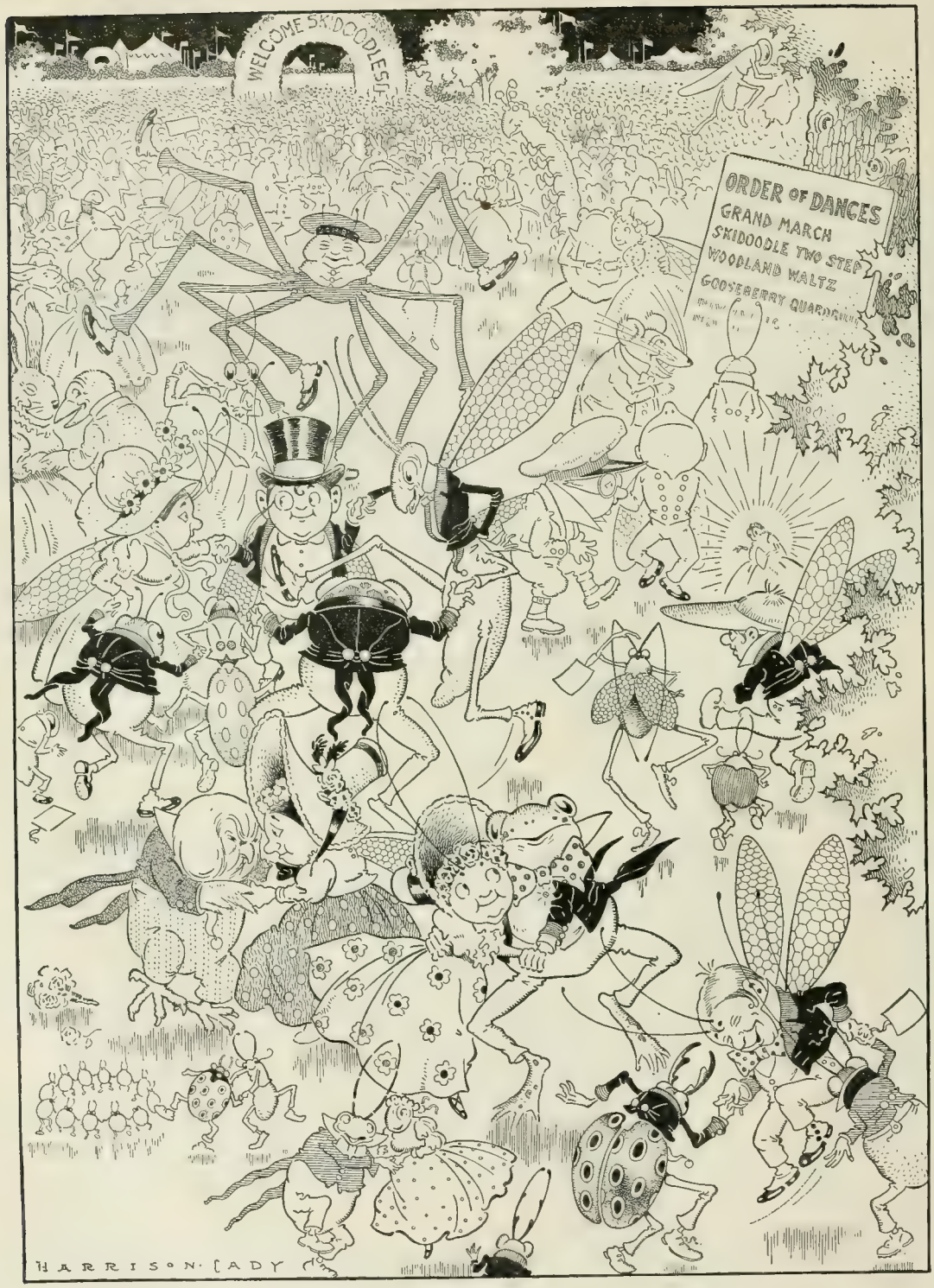
The Skiddoodles as partners began to invite;
And the Grand March was truly a wonderful sight!
Young Dandy Happychap chose to escort
Miss Kit Caterpillar (pretty, though short).



And the guests were entranced
As a two-step they danced,
For such *high* steps had never been seen!

Then General Happychap, smiling of face,
Said, "The program is over; and next will take place
The Grand March—which I shall be happy to lead
With Dame Hepsy Cottontail,
—if she 's agreed."
The Happychaps then, with manner polite,

While Lady Gay Happychap, coy as Queen Mab,
Danced briskly along by an old Hermit Crab.
And Raggledy Happychap fell into line
By the side of Belle Butterfly, gorgeous and fine.
The Skiddoodles all flew or hopped or crept,
While the Happychaps walked or ran or leapt;
But they all kept time
To the jingling chime
Of the martial strains that swelled loud and strong
As the Beetleville Grass Band marched along.
And other bands, almost as fine,
Were here and there along the line.
And banners waved, and streamers streamed,



"THEY TRIPPED, AND DIPPED, AND FLIPPETY-SKIPPED."

And rockets whizzed, and torches gleamed;
The whole Grand March was one great, long,
Glittering line of light and song
That took forty-nine minutes (as like as not)
To pass a single given spot!

When they reached the end of the line of march,
There was a beautiful floral arch!
They passed beneath, and then they found
In a plot of ground
Inclosed all round,
A dancing floor of such expanse,
They all could form for a country dance.
The band struck up, and the dance began,
And never on earth has mortal man
Seen such a sight! (And he never can!
For Skiddoodles are extremely shy,
And Happychaps fly
If a man they spy!)
But they had no fear
That a man would appear,
And so they "cut up high!"

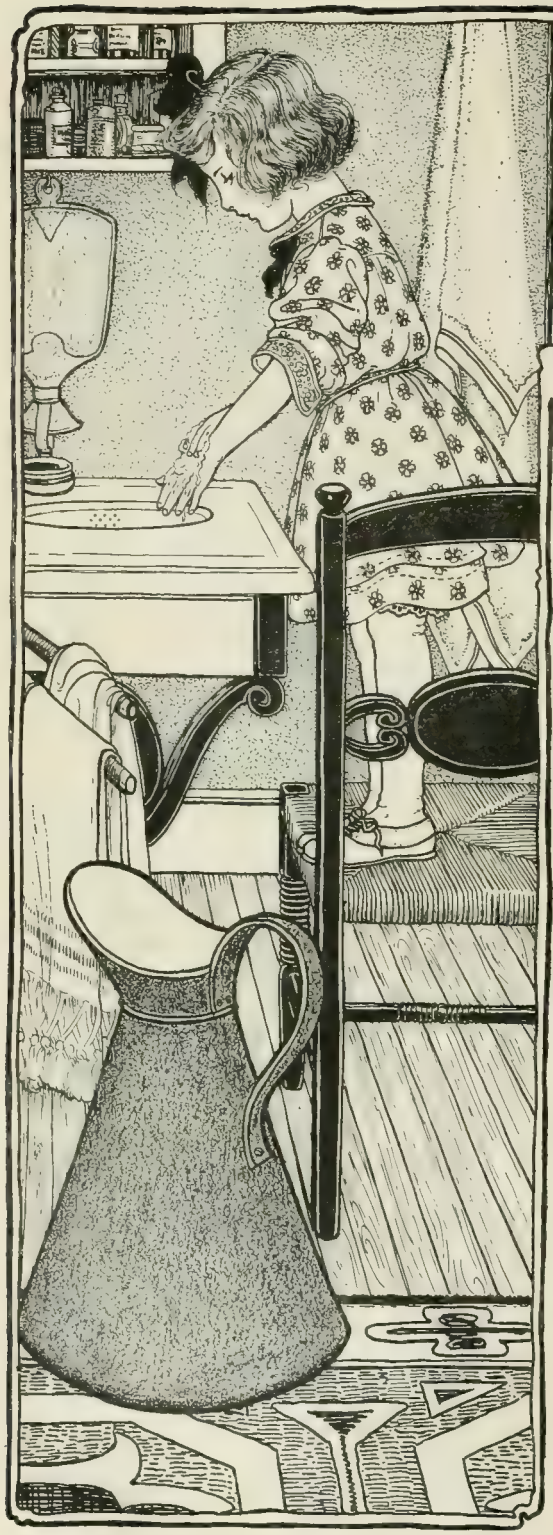


ONE OF THE PERFORMERS.



And all of the guests on the floor assembled
Danced till the old earth fairly trembled!
The whole big crowd
Courtesied and bowed;
They whisked and whirled,
They swayed and swirled,
They tripped and dipped and flippety-skipped,
And had the best time in the world!
The dance was a dizzy and dazzling sight,
It lasted quite
Till the mid o' the night,
The hour for the fairies' flight.
But ere they departed, a herald cried, "Ho!
Happychaps and Skiddoodles, ye hereby may know
To-morrow our Field Day will take place,
And many a contest and many a race,
And all kinds of sports,
And games of all sorts,
Will be nobly contested, and valiantly won
By—(here the herald's eyes twinkled with fun)
By the Happychaps!—
Or Skiddoodles, perhaps!"





EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

CLEAN HANDS

Of course they 're clean at breakfast,
  But before the other meals
Your hands will both need washing,
  And you 'll like the way it feels.

So while I 'm on this subject,
  With a line or two to spare,
Perhaps it 's well to mention,
  That you also brush your hair.

NEATNESS IN SCHOOL

When school is over for the day
And books and pencils put away,
Remember, please, in every case,
That all things have their proper place.
A tidy desk arranged just so
Will save a lot of time, you know;
A little boy I knew was late
Because he could n't find his slate.



POCKETS

Pockets are fine
For marbles and twine,
For knives and rubber bands;
So, stuff them tight
From morning till night
With anything else but hands!

WAITING FOR DINNER

When one is very hungry,
It 's hard to wait, I know,
For minutes seem like hours
And the clock is always slow.

There is n't time to play a game,
You just sit down and wait,
While Mother says, "Be patient,
Our cook is never late."

It 's best when one is hungry,
To think of other things,
For then, before you know it,
The bell for dinner rings.



A POOR PLAN

BY ARNOLD FOSTER



A LITTLE Fairy Lady, in ungovernable rage,
Showered blows innumerable on her little, luckless page.
The little, luckless page inquired whatever had he done,
Of all his misdemeanors he could not remember one.
The little Fairy Lady said, "It is n't that, my dear,
But I 'm going on a journey, and I have to leave you here;
And so I 'm going to whip you now for all the tricks you play
And all the naughty capers you cut up while I 'm away."

The Fairy Lady whipped him, and then away she went.
The page at once to tricks and pranks his whole attention bent.

"For," he said, "I may as well be just as bad as I can be,
Since I 've had all the punishment allotted unto me."

He teased the dog, he chased the cat, he scared the sitting hen,
And when he 'd cut up all his tricks, he just began again.

When the little Fairy Lady returned at set of sun,
And gazed upon the mischief her luckless page had done;
(The cat and dog had run away, and oh! that sitting hen!),
The Fairy Lady said, "I 'll never try *that* plan again!"



HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

TWELFTH PAPER "PAPER JEWELRY"

ORIGINATED BY ADELIA BELLE BEARD

Show the children how to make this paper jewelry and the problem of one afternoon's amusement will be solved. It goes without saying that they will be delighted to "dress up" in the jewelry afterward and play "Lady," or "King and Queen," as the mood dictates.

It is not necessary to use tinsel or even colored papers, though color is always attractive; ordinary brown wrapping-paper will answer provided it is crisp and smooth. Indeed, the pale, creamy-yellow of some wrapping-paper is much like ivory in tone, and the chains and ornaments made of it are really charming.

THE NECKLACE

See how simply the necklace is made without paste or glue. It is a system of double rings that shift and slide in one's hands like the links of a metal chain. When the principle is understood it is all very easy.

The rings may be cut out free-hand by folding the paper as in Figure 1. Cut an oblong about six inches long and three inches wide, and fold it crosswise through the middle, then bring the two long edges together and fold it again lengthwise. Start at the top where the paper is folded and cut out the ring as in Figure 1. You will notice in the drawing that the circle at the top is slightly elongated; this is necessary in fitting the rings together. The ring when opened will look like Figure 2. Cut out six rings the size and shape of Figure 2, then make two smaller ones, like A, Figure 3, and eight still smaller ones, like B, Figure 3. Now cut a single ring perfectly round, a trifle larger than Figure 2, a double ring like C, Figure 4, and a pearl-shaped pendant like Figure 5. Open Figure 5 and cut the three-cornered catch in one half and the slit in the other half as shown in Figure 6. Cut the catch first, then fold the pendant again, as in Figure 5, and punch small holes with a pin at the base of the catch through the other half to mark the place for the slit. The slit must not be as long as the base of the catch else the catch will not hold.



THE LITTLE QUEEN.

Put the necklace together by slipping the half

of one ring over both halves of another, as in Figure 7. Commence with the single ring. Slip half of a large double ring through the single ring, bring the double ring together and slip another large ring through that, then add another large ring and you will have a chain of three large rings with the single ring at the end.

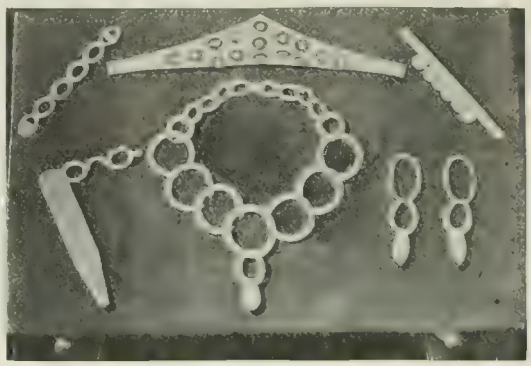
For the end double ring attach a ring, like A, Figure 3; to A add a chain of four rings like B, Figure 3. This gives you just half of the necklace, for the single ring is to be the middle one. Make the other half in the same way, starting on the opposite side of the single ring and slipping ring into ring as you did before. Attach the ring for the pendant (C, Fig. 4) to the single ring between the two side rings, then add the pendant. Fasten the two halves of the pendant together by folding the two points of the catch inward, slipping the catch through the slit and then spreading the points out flat again. This makes a very secure fastening and, unless the neck of the catch is too slender, it will neither break nor pull apart.

Figure 8 is the clasp for the necklace. Cut it out like the pattern and make it about three inches long. Slip one end of the clasp through the last ring on one end of the necklace, the other end of the clasp through the last ring on the other end of the necklace, then bring the clasp together and slip the catch through the slit, as in Figure 9. The photograph in the next column shows how pretty the necklace is when finished.

THE CORONET

The coronet (Fig. 10, page 452) is cut in one piece. At the widest part, from top to bottom, it is three inches wide, and the ends may be lengthened or shortened to fit any head. The ends must meet and fasten at the back.

Little rings, one inch in diameter, cut like Figure 11, ornament the coronet as shown in Figure 10. They are fastened by the catch at the top through slits cut in the coronet. Make three slits, one below the other, a little over one inch apart, down the middle of the coronet, and on either side of these make six more slits in the position shown on the right half of Figure 10. This gives fifteen slits for which you must have fifteen rings. These dangling little rings, that shake and twinkle with every movement, are

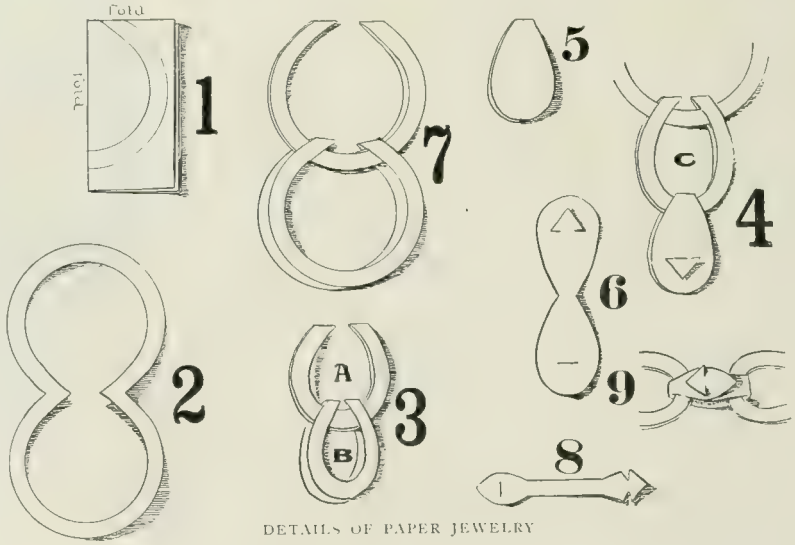


THE FINISHED JEWELRY

fascinating little ornaments and are far prettier than more elaborate designs.

EARRINGS

Quite oriental-looking earrings are made like Figure 12. Cut first two single elongated hoops like Figure 13, making them almost three inches long and one and three quarter inches from side to side. These long hoops are to slip over the ears to hold the earrings on. Cut two hoops, like D, Figure 12, and two pendants, like E, Figure 12. Fasten the hoop D onto the hoop Figure 13 and the pendant onto the hoop D, clasping the pendant by its catch as you did the pendant of the necklace. The young folks need not follow exactly the shapes of the "danglers" and pendants shown here—let them exercise their own taste in these.



DETAILS OF PAPER JEWELRY



THE QUEEN AND HER CAPTIVE

THE BANGLE BRACELET

THE bangle bracelet (Fig. 14) is made as in Figure 15. Cut a strip of paper half an inch wide and about eight inches long, make a catch on one end and a slit in the other end, then a little below the middle cut six slits half an inch apart, as in Figure 15.

Cut six round charms, three quarters of an inch in diameter, with a catch at the top like Figure 16, and fasten the charms on the bracelet. Figure 15 gives the inside of the bracelet with three charms attached. This bracelet is large for a small child but can be shortened to fit any little arm.

A LINK BRACELET

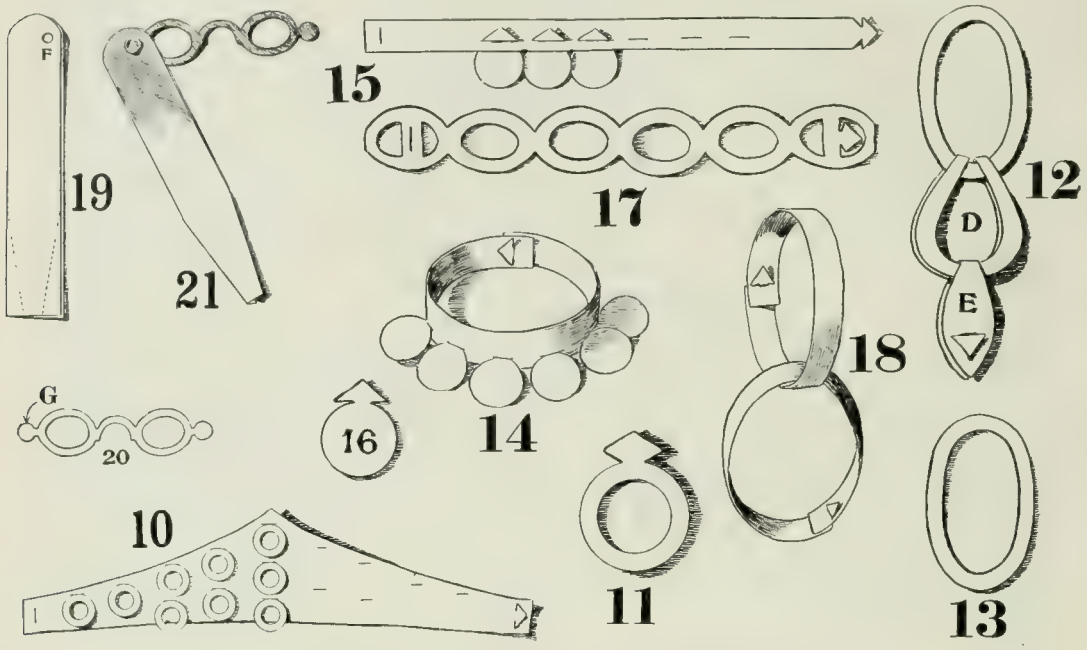
FIGURE 17 is a link bracelet. Make this by folding a strip of paper, eight inches long, crosswise through the middle. Bring the folded end half way down and fold, turn back the other end and fold like a fan. This divides the paper into six equal parts. Now cut out the outer edge of all the links at once. Free the two end links and cut out the centers of the other, then cut the cen-



PLAYING LADY — THE FOLDING FAN

ters of the two end links, as shown in Figure 17, making the catch and slit like the pattern.

The links of the long chain, shown in the photograph of "The Queen and her Captive," are cut exactly like the bangle bracelet (Fig. 15). The slits and charms are, of course, omitted. Figure 18 shows how the chain is put together by slipping one link through another and fastening it with its catch. You can make the chain any length. It is so strong only very rough handling will pull it apart.



DETAILS OF PAPER JEWELRY AND THE LORGNETTE.

THE LORGNETTE

Now comes the lorgnette, which works beautifully if made of rather stiff paper. Make the case of a strip of paper three inches wide and eight inches long. Fold the paper lengthwise through the middle and cut it, rounding at the top like Figure 19. Cut a small round hole at the top, rather near the edge of the case (F, Fig. 19), and fold back the lower corners according to the dotted lines. Cut out the eyeglasses like Figure 20. Curl the edges of the ball G together and slide the ball through the hole F in the case, as in Figure 21.

The glasses swing quite loosely by this hinge, and will slide easily in and out of the case. When tucked away inside the case a little flirt of the hand, a turn of the wrist, will throw them out and they can be lifted to a piquant little nose in the most approved and fine-lady-like fashion.

The lorgnette in use is shown in the photograph, "Playing Lady." "The Little Queen" displays the jewelry, and "The Queen and her Captive" is enmeshed in the long chain.

A WORD TO PARENTS

THE whole idea of these "Hints and Helps for 'Mother' or Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery," is *to suggest.* In the small space devoted to the series it is impossible to give more than a few examples of the amusement for each month. While the main object is amusement, the play may be given an instructive turn, if desired, and the children's inventive faculties encouraged in devising variations and improvements. Indeed this may easily be made to constitute the very diversion aimed at.

The Editor would be glad to hear from ST. NICHOLAS readers, as to how they have succeeded, and to what extent the suggestions have "saved the day" when out-of-door amusements were impossible.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



By Curtis D. Wilbur.

ONCE a little cub bear was caught in a big trap, and taken on a train to a Circus. He lived in the Circus a long, long while, and every day a great many people came to see the bear, and the lions, and the tigers, and the leopards, and the elephants, and the camels, and the other animals.

Every night the animals would all be put in the wagons made for them, then the wagons would be rolled up on the flat cars of a railroad train. The train would go all night to another town, where a great many more people would come to see the animals in the Circus.

One night, after the wagons with the animals had all been put on board the cars, the engineer started the train, and away it went. The animals were so used to the train going rattle-te-bang, rattle-te-bang, all night long, that they all went to sleep, and stayed asleep a long while.

But that night, while the animals and every one on the train except the engineer and the fireman were asleep, the engineer looked ahead and suddenly saw a big rock on the track.

He blew the whistle, and put on the brakes to stop the train, but the train came nearer and nearer to the big rock.

The poor engineer could n't stop the train, and the brakemen could n't stop the train, so the engine ran into the rock with a crash, and was knocked off the track and smashed all to pieces, and all the cars ran off the track into a ditch, and the wagons were all broken, so that the animals got out of their cages and found that they were free in the dark woods. They were all so glad to be

free, that they ran away as fast as they could and hid in the woods, and so did



"'WHY, HERE IS THE PATH THAT LEADS TO OUR HOME!' SAID THE CUB BEAR."

the Cub Bear and a friend of his, a monkey named Pete. They ran and they ran and they ran—and at last the Cub Bear stopped and looked around. He saw a path; then he looked at the trees and the mountain and he thought he would wait there until morning. As soon as it was light, the Cub Bear looked 'way up on the mountain side and saw a cave, and where do you suppose they were? In the very same woods where the Cub Bear was born. They walked a little way and the Cub Bear said: "Why, here is the path that leads to our home cave!"

They ran up that path as fast as they could, to the cave in the mountains. The Cub Bear's heart was beating very fast, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, because he knew that this was his old home, and he wondered whether his Papa Bear and Mama Bear and his little brother, Jimmie Bear, were still there. They went in very quietly, and found a great big brown bear asleep. When the big brown bear heard them come in, he jumped up quickly and looked at little Cub Bear, and little Cub Bear looked at him. It was the Papa Bear! He ran to the Cub Bear and put his arms around him and gave him a great big bear hug. You know bears can hug very, very tight. Papa Bear hugged the Cub Bear, and the Cub Bear hugged the Papa Bear, and they were very, very glad to see each other. The Papa Bear woke up the Mama Bear, and then the Mama Bear gave the Cub Bear a great bear hug, because she was so glad to see him. Jimmie Bear waked up and gave the little Cub Bear a big bear hug, too.



"HE GAVE HIM A GREAT BIG BEAR HUG."

Did you ever give your papa a bear hug?

After the Papa Bear and the Mama

Bear had talked a little while to the Cub Bear, they said, "We will have to call you 'Circus Bear' after this"; for the little Cub Bear had told his papa and mama that he had been in the Circus while away from home.

All this time Pete, the monkey, had been sitting off by himself in the cave, watching the big bears. They were so big and strong, that he was frightened, so he climbed up to the top of the cave, and sat there, on a root of a tree which came down into the cave, and the Circus Bear did n't know where he had gone.

After awhile little Jimmie Bear saw the monkey, and said, "Oh, see that funny little fellow up there in the roof! He has a long tail, and he is making faces at me. I have never seen anybody like him. He is n't a bear, I know. What a funny-looking fellow he is!" Then he asked the Circus Bear what it was, and the Circus Bear said, "That is a monkey, named Pete, a very dear friend of mine. I think you might like him, he is a jolly sort of chap. Would you like to shake hands with him?" And little Jimmie Bear said, "Yes." So the Circus Bear told the monkey not to be afraid, and



AND THE MONKEY SHOOK HANDS WITH LITTLE JIMMIE BEAR

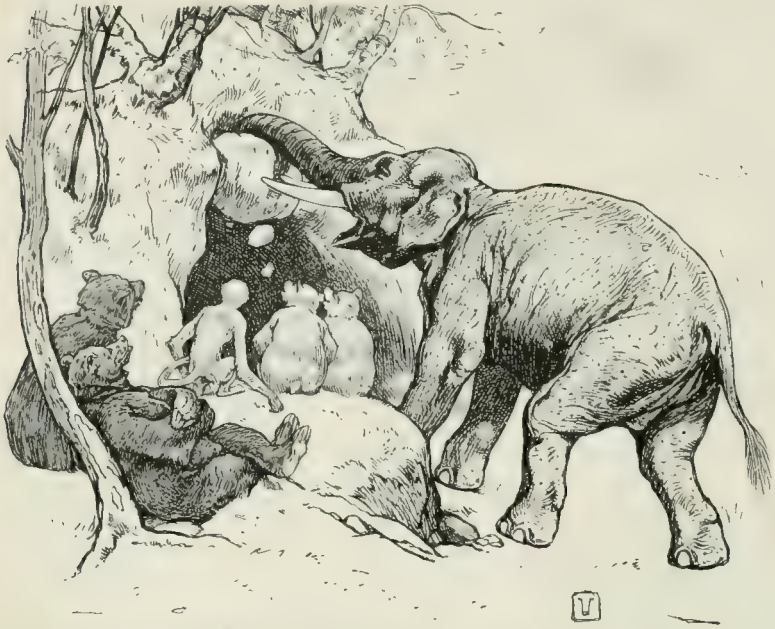
the monkey came down and shook hands with little Jimmie Bear and they said they would always be good friends.

THE COMING OF THE GREAT BIG ANIMAL, AND HOW HE HELPED THE BEAR FAMILY TO GET READY FOR THEIR VISITORS

Papa Bear and Mama Bear and little Jimmie Bear were talking about the animals in the Circus, and little Jimmie Bear said, "I wonder where all those animals are?" and the Circus Bear said, "Why, I think they must be somewhere in the woods." Then little Jimmie Bear said, "Oh, maybe the animals will come to see us! I think it would be fine if we had a nice large cave, big enough for all the animals." The Mama Bear said, "I think that *would* be nice," and the Papa Bear said, "That *would* be nice," and the little Circus Bear said, "I think that would be nice, too," and the Jimmie Bear said, "Maybe we can have a bigger cave, and have all the animals come and live with us." And just as he said it they heard a sound, as though something was coming up the path.

Little Jimmie Bear ran to the mouth of the cave and said, "There is a very strange-looking animal coming up the path. It is the biggest animal I ever

saw. It has a nose that reaches clear to the ground, and it has a thumb and finger on the end of its nose, and every once in a while it stops and picks up a piece of straw with the thumb and finger and puts it into its great mouth. Its teeth are great big teeth and look like great sharp horns growing out of its mouth; and its legs are as big around as a stump. Its ears are great big, big ears. It can move its nose around and scratch its back with the thumb and finger on the end of its nose. It has no hair at all, except on the end of its tail."



"SO MR. JUMBO BEGAN TO DIG WITH HIS TUSKS AND PULL WITH HIS GREAT TRUNK."

Just then the animal made a tre-men-dous noise, a sort of a blowing and trumpeting sound. The Circus Bear said, "Oh, I know who that is,—it is Jumbo, the elephant from our show. Ask him to come into the cave."

Jumbo came to the mouth of the cave, and little Jimmie Bear said to him very politely, "Come in, Mr. Jumbo!" But of course Jumbo could not come into the cave; it was too small. Mr. Jumbo said, "I would like to come into the cave and see the Circus Bear, because he was very good to me when we were in the Circus together." So little Jimmie Bear said, "Try and see if you cannot make the mouth of the cave bigger." Mr. Jumbo said, "I will try." So Mr. Jumbo commenced to dig with his great tusks and pull with his great trunk at the dirt and stones and the roots that were in the way, until the mouth of the cave was ever so much larger than it had been, but it was still too small for the elephant to get in; so the Circus Bear came to the mouth of the cave and told Jumbo how glad he was to see him.

Mr. Jumbo took hold of the Circus Bear's foot with his trunk, and shook it, just like two people shaking hands. He was so glad to see the bear that had been so good to get things for him when he was in the Circus. He said to the Circus Bear and to all the bears, "Do you know that the other animals are trying to find this cave? And as soon as they find it, they will want to live here."

Then the Papa Bear said, "What do you think we ought to do? Do you think that we could make the cave big enough for all the animals?" Mr. Jumbo said, "Well, I think the first thing we ought to do, is to go down to the train and get some of the things that we want before the men come back."

All the bears and the monkey thought that was the best thing they could do.

They went down right away, and found that all of the animals had gone, but there were lots of things that they wanted to take up to the cave. First they put on Jumbo's howdah—a howdah, you know, is that big saddle they put on an elephant's back for the people to ride in. Then they commenced to hunt for the things that they wanted, and what do you think they found? A great bass drum, and they also found a smaller drum and a fife, and some big brass horns that belonged to the band. They put all these things in the howdah, and then Mr. Jumbo straightened out his front legs and got up. Just as they started up the hill, the monkey said, "You need a driver," and he grasped Mr. Jumbo's tail and climbed

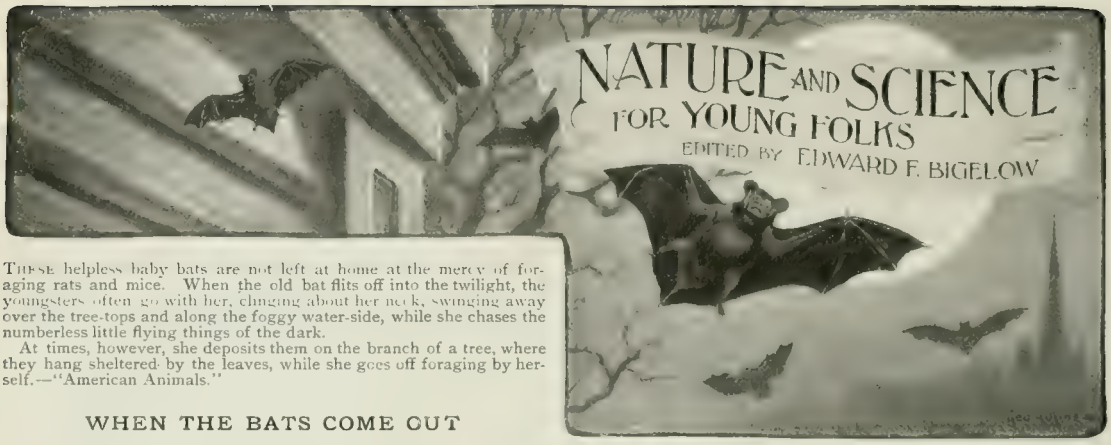


CARRYING THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FROM THE WRECK

up the tail, just as if he were going up a tree, then he scampered along Mr. Jumbo's back, until he sat right on top of Mr. Jumbo's head. The monkey driver said very proudly, "Get up, Mr. Jumbo," and away they went to the bears' cave.

When they got there the bears and the monkey took everything out of the howdah and carried it into the cave. Then the animals all went back to the train again, to see if there was anything else they could get.

Next month you shall hear how some of the other Circus animals came to the cave, and what they did.



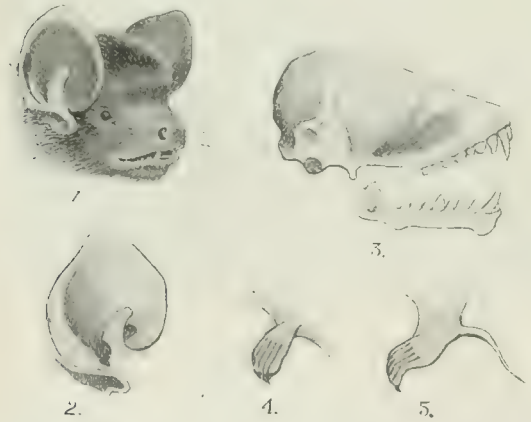
These helpless baby bats are not left at home at the mercy of foraging rats and mice. When the old bat flits off into the twilight, the youngsters often go with her, clinging about her neck, swinging away over the tree-tops and along the foggy water-side, while she chases the numberless little flying things of the dark.

At times, however, she deposits them on the branch of a tree, where they hang sheltered by the leaves, while she goes off foraging by herself.—"American Animals."

BATS FLYING ABOUT IN SEARCH OF INSECTS ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

WHEN THE BATS COME OUT

Early in March, many years ago, I found several bats hanging in their winter home under the boards of an old barn that I was helping to repair. They were the first bats which I had ever seen close to, and they excited in these queer little "flying mice" a keen interest that I have never lost, and I am confident that many young persons share this with me. Indeed, I have never seen a boy with a living bat without observing that all his associates looked upon it as a prize far beyond any ordinary value. It is only on rare occasions that one gets a live bat. In their retreats in hollow trees, in knot holes, or under old boards, it is difficult to find them; and when they are in flight it is still more difficult to capture them. Their movements then seem not much more rapid than those of a dragon-fly, but I am



1. Head of a red bat, showing the queer organ in the ear, perhaps to aid flight. 2. Peculiar structure of the ear of a red bat. 3. Sharp teeth for catching insects. 4. Claw of red bat. 5. Claw of brown bat.

sure that the boy who has tried will agree that it is harder to catch a single bat than it is to take a dozen flying insects with a net.

Many would-be inventors of the air-ships of the present day try to imitate the soaring of the bird, but if ever mechanical flight to equal the flight of a bird shall be attained, there will be still another world to conquer—to equal the flight of a bat. Of all flying forms, the bat is usually regarded as the most skilful. The majority of birds fly best in the daytime, but the bat prefers twilight, the deepening shades of night, or just at dawn. Various experiments have been made to show the skill of bats in avoiding obstacles, as, for example, fine wires stretched in various directions across a room and so arranged that a touch of the bat's wing will close the circuit and give an electrical signal. It is claimed that the wires though numerous and intricate are nearly always avoided. But of this I am not positive. Can any of our readers give information of such experiments?

When bats stray into our houses or public halls in the evening they occasionally get into the hair of some lady present, but this is in probably every case due to the fact that the bat has been thrown there in an attempt to kill or to capture it. From these occasional accidents has arisen the foolish superstition that bats are fond of thus entangling themselves in human hair, and it is recorded that many thoughtless women under the influence of fright have unnecessarily cut off a large part of their hair as soon as the bat became entangled, in the belief that its presence portended some great calamity, unless the charm were broken by its immediate removal.

The young of bats are born in July or August, and usually two at a time. The mother makes no nest for them, but carries them clinging to her—reminding us, in that respect, of the female opossum and her clinging young.

Bats are exceedingly awkward walkers; their

skill as travelers has all been developed into skill as flyers. Their attitude in walking is somewhat like that of the grasshopper, and the movement at best is but an awkward, flapping shuffle.

Bats are to be found in most parts of the world and comprise (as the scientist knows them) over one hundred and fifty species, ranging in size from the small mouse-like forms of the eastern United States to the huge "flying foxes" of the Malayan regions. Some of these measure almost a yard from tip to tip of the extended wings. They have received the popular name of "flying foxes" because the head has a somewhat fox-like appearance. Most bats (as has been said) live in



A BAT ON A ROCK WITH WINGS STRETCHED OUT

He delights to stretch the wing membrane over a stick or twig, he would seize an edge of it in his mouth and stretch it into all kinds of grotesque shapes in his endeavor to get it clean enough to suit his fancy, and sometimes, when at work on the inside, he would wrap his head up in it entirely, the thin rubbery stuff conforming to the general outline of his skull in the most startling manner.—STONE AND CRAM.

hollow trees and under boards, but a few species migrate southward at the coming of winter, after the manner of our birds.

Bats are among our best animal friends, as they destroy many injurious insects. In disposition they are gentle and friendly, and seem really to like the companionship of human beings.

A bat can sit up and wash his face after the manner of a cat.

Though they are so common and so friendly I do not know of any one who has kept and bred them in cages as pets. If any reader has done so, "Nature and Science" desires full information. Perhaps this will be a suggestion to some one to make the experiment.

It is remarkable that bats are never unduly numerous although they have but few enemies. I do not know that our small kinds ever become a nuisance as do the large, fruit-eating species of the Malay Archipelago.

I desire to experiment with bats in cages. If,



BAT CATCHING [illegible] OF THE AIR-SEAT [illegible] OF FLIGHT

by good fortune, you catch one and do not care to experiment with it yourself, please write to me. Address, EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Stamford, Connecticut.

A CELEBRATED investigator of the eighteenth century, named Spallanzani, once destroyed the eyesight of several bats, then suspended many silken threads from the ceiling of a room, and liberated the creatures. Although totally blind, the bats flew to and fro between the threads, without once striking them, and were equally successful in



BAT HANGING ON TIMES OF TREES

avoiding branches of trees that were introduced. It now seems certain that some bats possess a sixth sense, of which at present we know nothing, by which they are able to fly in total darkness, and avoid even the smallest obstructions. —W. T. HORNADAY.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT EXPLOSIVES

Absent-minded persons had better let explosives alone. Unconscious carelessness, too, is something that must be guarded against. We all know how we frequently forget whether we have wound a watch or closed a door, to find on investigation that we have done so, but entirely unconsciously. When explosives are being handled one must n't forget what is going on.



SEVERAL EXPLOSIONS UNDER WATER, ALONG SHORE, ALL AT ONCE.

Courtesy of "The Technical World Magazine"

And yet a popular notion that explosives will "go off" by any simple method is wrong. Many of the most powerful explosives imaginable may be kicked about, may be set on fire, or may be shot out of a gun, and unless the proper agency for exploding them is employed, they will not "go off" and will do no damage.

The reason for this may be explained by an illustration. Consider a grate full of coal. There is there enough of what we may call explosive energy to throw a 1,000-pound weight through a foot of solid steel—if only it could be liberated. But there can be no explosion without oxygen, and the coal in the grate will not burn faster than the supply of oxygen in the air which reaches it will permit. If the coal could be furnished, *all at once,* with enough air to cause its complete burning, it would explode with as great violence as if it were so much dynamite.

The term "explosive," it therefore will be seen, is a very comprehensive one, and can be applied to any combustible substance combined with sufficient oxygen to burn the combustible. The explosion comes whenever, by whatever agency, its various parts are broken from one another, or made to react on one another, resulting in the formation of a gas occupying several hundred times more space than the original material, and at the same time developing a high temperature by which its expansive force is much increased.

I remember well one time visiting Hudson Maxim, the inventor of "Maximite," at his home in Brooklyn, New York, and being astonished to see him, for the entertainment of a caller, calmly lighting a cigar with a stick of dynamite. On my expressing surprise that the dynamite did not explode, Mr. Maxim took another stick and proceeded to use it as a hammer to drive a nail into a hardwood plank. Not content with that, he next cut a piece off, like so much wood, with a carpenter's saw, and, that done, insisted on cooking us a welsh rabbit in a chafing-dish over a lamp filled with nitroglycerin. The explanation simply was that not sufficient heat was produced in any case to break up the parts of the explosive compound.

There are two ways in which an explosive may be "set off"—by burning and by detonation. The burning process is progressive from one particle to another—as of fire in a grate, only infinitely more rapid. This process is adapted to gunpowder, requiring as it does a very short time for the burning-up of the explosive body. The other form of explosion—the detonative—being at once throughout the mass, is unfitted for use in guns (which would be smashed to pieces), but is adapted to shattering, or breaking, purposes, such as blasting rocks in mining operations and bursting charges in shells, torpedoes, and sub-

marine mines.* Substances of the latter sort are termed high explosives.

Some examples may be given of the safety with which the most dangerous explosives may ordinarily be handled. For instance, a considerable quantity of guncotton (such as pure cotton treated with nitric acid) may be set fire, and will burn quietly. But if a sufficient mass be set fire the heat and pressure on the surface of the burning body will cause the whole to be exploded. A torpedo filled with wet compressed guncotton will not explode if a shell from a cannon should penetrate it and burst in the mass of guncotton. Even nitroglycerin will burn like oil in small quantities, and a stick of nitrogelatin may be set on fire without danger of harm.

Most persons unfamiliar with the properties of explosives suppose that shells and submarine mines are dangerous in themselves and that to handle any of them would be courting death. As a matter of fact, however, the fulminating, or "setting off" body which is required to be attached to the high explosive in the shell or the mine is the only ticklish part about the mechanism. Fulminate of mercury usually is used for this purpose, and it is made by dissolving mercury in nitric acid, to which solution, when cool, alcohol is added. Fulminate of mercury has a peculiar chemical make-up that adapts it to this purpose. It has been estimated that fulminate of mercury, when exploded in contact with a body, exerts a pressure of more than half a million pounds to the square inch. In other words, the fulminate used as a fuse strikes the high explosive a blow with a force of half a million pounds to the square inch. The explosive wave thus set up is too strong to be resisted by the chemical bonds of the body, and they are loudly broken apart.

Probably the most powerful high explosive compound in use is that which has been adopted by the United States government as a bursting charge for shells. This explosive is about fifty per cent. more powerful than ordinary dynamite and somewhat more powerful than pure nitroglycerin. Notwithstanding its high explosive property, however, it is but little affected by



shock and will not explode from fire even if a mass of it be stirred with a red-hot iron. Heated in an open vessel it will evaporate like water, and shells for cannon are filled with it by the simple process of melting and pouring. This explosive, like the high explosives in use in European armies and navies, is a compound of picric



EXPLOSIVE APPLIED TO A HUGE STUMP AND ROOTS OF A TREE.

Photograph by Arthur H. Green, with multi-speed shutter in one-thousandth second.

acid, but its real make-up is secret. Picric acid is obtained by treating phenol with strong nitric acid. These explosives can be "set off" only by special fuses, which also are government secrets.

Notwithstanding that the most powerful explosives may be handled with the greatest safety and have all sorts of pranks played upon them, provided their peculiarities are borne in mind, accidents in powder factories are of constant occurrence. This is largely because, not of the conscious carelessness of the workmen, but of the tendency for voluntary acts gradually to become automatic and therefore unconscious. It is this automatic and unconscious tendency that enables the agile fingers of the typewriter and the pianist to perform automatically, leaving the conscious mind to other duties. Thus the workman in the explosives manufactory, knowing the harmlessness of dynamite unless set off by a proper agency, is likely to neglect precautions which, from one cause or another, may be essential to safety. And even with the greatest care death always hovers about any one who works with the tools of death. WILLIAM R. STEWART.

THE RATS OR I?

A YEAR ago last March I planted various seeds in several flower-pots filled with earth, and placed them in the sunny windows of my laboratory and of the house in which I keep my pets. The next day, to my great annoyance, I found the pots nearly half empty, and the earth scattered about the tables and the floor. I at once suspected the general disorder and littering to be the work of rats, for there are many of these animals in the building (in spite of the continued use of traps), being attracted there, I suppose, by the grain kept as food for the pets. I placed some of the traps between the pots, put back all the earth and planted more seeds. One rat was caught that night, but still the earth was thrown out as before. I persisted—and so did they. I noted that some of the larger and more conspicuous seeds were not taken, but supposing that the small ones, which I failed to find, had been eaten, I planted more every time I returned the earth. I did this perhaps half a dozen times, till other matters claimed my attention and the project was abandoned for that spring.

Early in this last season I determined to try again, and I intended to get the best of the rats by covering the pots with wire netting. One pleasant day I filled them, but not having time then to make the frame for the netting, I did not plant the seeds. Other engagements then prevented my entering the building for two or three days, when, to my astonishment, the earth was again out of the pots, and general disorder reigned as it had reigned the year before. Thinking it might possibly be the work of some person, I refilled the pots. The next day I found the earth out as before. On the morning of the third day, as I entered the building I actually saw a rat jump out of one of the pots where there was every indication to show that he had been scratching the earth. Now the question arises: Was I mistaken during the first spring, in thinking that the rats were hunting for seeds? Were they seeking and perhaps getting something else? Or, in the second year, had some old rats remembered that seeds are often to be found in earth in flower-pots, and had instinct or memory led them astray? Who was fooled? This is the question that I ask you as the title to this record of my experience with flower-pots and rats—"The rats or I?"

THE TREE THAT OWNS ITSELF

The tree shown in the picture is probably the only one in the world of which this can be said to the tree itself, as a token of his affection for it. The city of Athens, Georgia, still regards the deed as good in fact, although not good in law.



THE "TREE THAT OWNS ITSELF"



THE TABLET NEAR THE TREE, GIVING THE DEED

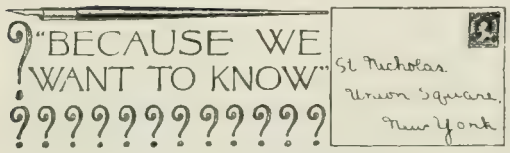
Nearly a hundred years ago the owner of the land on which it is still growing, made a deed giving all the land within eight feet of the tree

Another generous friend of nature has recently given the chain, the posts, and a commemorative tablet for its protection and adornment



THE TREE PROTECTED BY FENCE OF STONE POSTS AND CHAIN.

All three photographs by Professor D. L. Earnest, especially for S. N. H. & A.



THE GILA MONSTER

HAMBURG, ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The readers of our magazine, I am sure, will be interested to hear of the Arizona Gila monster. I was fortunate in finding a very fine specimen. He



THE GILA MONSTER.
Photograph by the writer of the accompanying letter

is eighteen inches in length, with markings of black and orange colors, very much resembling the Egyptians' hieroglyphics. His head is snake shaped, and the eyes are also like a snake's. The tongue is a third of an inch wide, two inches long, and a purple black color. The two front teeth are small fangs, the rest like teeth in a saw, being perfectly even. The tongue is forked at the end. The scientists are in doubt whether or not it is venomous.

Although they are sluggish and somewhat dormant after eating, they are agile enough at other times. Professor Beiderman, a scientist, long connected with the Smithsonian Institution, and a personal friend of mine, is one of the many believing the Gila to be deadly poisonous. On examining our specimen he cautioned me to be very careful, as the bite of a Gila, he claimed, is deadly.

I have special knowledge of one case where a person not thinking the Gila harmful was bitten and died before he could reach medical attendance. This happened not long ago. A prominent officer rode out from Bisbee, a mining town near here, caught a Gila, and tied it on the back of his saddle, forgetting about it. In riding along he reached his hand back to rest on the hip of his horse and the monster bit one of his fingers. He was unable to extract it from the animal's mouth, so died in great agony within a few hours.

I will inclose a kodak picture of the Gila. It is my own work, and I hope I have not tired the patience of the readers.

(Gila is pronounced Hee-la.)

I should like to convey my thanks to dear old ST. NICHOLAS for the many happy hours it has helped me pass.

I remain, with sincere regards,

HELENA HAMBURG (age 16).

The photographs of Gila monster represent same species as figured in "The Reptile Book." The specimen is quite thin and the pattern rather indistinct—otherwise it is quite normal. These animals vary much in coloration. The young lady's letter seems entirely accurate.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

LONG LIVES OF BIRDS

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard that parrots often live to be one hundred, and sometimes two hundred, years old. Please tell me if it is true, and if it is not, please tell me how old they do live to be.

Your interested reader,

DANA BEVINS.

In J. H. Gurney's paper on "The Comparative Ages to which Birds Live" (The Ibis, January, 1899), I find that he gives the extreme age of the sulphur-crested cockatoo as 81 years, the bare-eyed cockatoo 32 years, the gray parrot 50 years, the Amazon parrot 30 years, and the blue macaw 64 years. Some of the earlier writers mention parrots that have lived as long as 120 years, but it is doubtful whether these figures can be depended upon.—A. K. FISHER, United States Department of Agriculture.

THE GINKGO-TREE

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am now sending you a curious leaf. It grows on a tree like a maple. Will you please tell me what kind of leaf and to what class it belongs.

Yours truly,

RUDOLPH MILLER.

The leaf you send is from the ginkgo-tree.

"The ginkgo is a Chinese tree which came to England by way of Japan, and to the United States by way of England. It is proving itself to be perfectly hardy, and is planted in greater numbers year by year.

"That which astonishes the observer is the singular character of its leaves. There is nothing like them in the arborescent foliage of either America or Europe. Apparently they are fern leaves; they so closely resemble the leaves of the maidenhair fern, *Adiantum*, that one of the



THE GINKGO-LEAF.
Did you ever see any other tree leaf with "parallel" veins?

specific names of the tree is *adiantifolia*. They are not evergreen; they turn yellow and drop in late autumn, in that respect partaking of the character of the larch and the bald cypress."—KEELER in "Our Native Trees."

WHAT IS A "SHOOTING" STAR?

San Francisco, California.

Dear St. Nicholas: The stars seem very interesting to [illegible] I would like to [illegible] about shooting stars. What causes them to travel across the sky [illegible]

Your interested reader,
[illegible] M. R[illegible] (age 13)

"FIXED" STARS DO NOT "SHOOT"

[illegible], Kentucky.

Dear St. Nicholas: What I am writing to you about is to ask a question. Why is it that the stars of the Dipper never shoot, or rather, the pieces break off? I will be very much obliged if you would answer this letter in the next number.

My sister Pauline and I have taken your magazine for five years, and we have had each year's magazines bound. I think it is the nicest child's magazine that was ever published. I remain,

Your loving reader,
Natalie Robinson (age 13).

Shooting stars are not real stars at all, but are small bodies which the earth runs into and which are made so hot by friction in the atmosphere that they are burned up. The real stars, as those of the dipper, are very, very far away, so far that no one knows the distance. They are bright bodies like our sun, but seem like points of light because they are so far off. As the earth moves about the sun, it frequently meets little bodies. It is moving so fast that when it strikes them the friction in the air is very great and usually they are burned up. They seem like moving stars, but are really only a few miles above us in our atmosphere. Sometimes one is so large that it comes through the air, without being wholly burned up, and falls on the ground.

Professor Winslow Upton,
Director Ladd Observatory, Providence, R. I.

THE TREE ON THE TOP OF THE TOWER

Greensburg, Indiana.

Dear St. Nicholas: The lone tree on the top of the one hundred and ten foot tower of the court-house at Greensburg, Indiana, is a curiosity which is said to have no duplicate in the world. There were formerly four trees, but when the court-house (built from 1853 to 1860) was remodeled in 1887, the largest tree, then about fifteen feet high, was removed, as its size was thought to render the tower unsafe. Two others on the south side perished from the intense heat. The tree left is found at the northwest corner of the tower where the reflection of the heat of the tower is not so intense as at the point where the two others died.

As there is a grove of soft maples growing in the courthouse yard, the grove on the tower is supposed to have been started by the wind blowing the winged maple seeds between the crevices of the rocks where, catching root in the sediments of dust and watered by the rain, they sprouted.

The trees were first noticed sprouting more than thirty years ago, and since then have been seen by and have excited the curiosity of even "globe trotters," many of whom have carried the news of it to foreign lands.

A recent examination of the tower shows no damage done by the spreading and growth of the roots. This tree is about fifteen feet in height and three inches in diameter. It was found that the trees were nourished by a layer of growth at the base of the tower a few feet below where the



[illegible]

roots emerge from the interstices between the masonry which forms it.

A large crack on the south side of the tower where one of the trees was removed, is noticeable even from the ground. The clock seen has a face on each side of the tower, each of which (face) is ten feet across. Because of the lone tree, Greensburg is sometimes known as the "Lone Tree City."

Bernice E. Shields (age 15).



MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE AND CASH PRIZE, VERSE.)

DUDLEY T. FISHER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE AND CASH PRIZE, DRAWING.)

CATHARINE H. STRAKER, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, PROSE CASH PRIZE, VERSE.)

CONSTANCE FULLER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE AND CASH PRIZE, VERSE.)

LAST month we had the "Story of the League," its origin, and its growth, with the first instalment of the League Album, which we continue here. We are very anxious that all "Honor Members" (gold-badge winners), new and old, should send their photographs to be included in the Album, and there is no better time to send them than *now*. We want the photographs to be taken as nearly at the time when the gold badge was won as possible, or, if a cash prize follows the gold badge, it may be taken then, and those who are winning these honors now, should send their pictures forthwith.

Here, then, is our second presentation of the faces of those who have favored us with their portraits; also a few selections from their contributions that new readers of the magazine may form an idea of what some of our older members have done, and so compare it with the League work that is being done to-day.

QUIET DAYS

BY TERESA COHEN (AGE 10)

(*Cash Prize*)

A DREARY waste of snow doth lie
  Where once the lovely wild flowers stood;
The leaves have lost their brilliant hues,
  And quiet reigneth in the wood.

Jack Frost has spread his net of lace;
  Leaves, torn from trees that gave them birth,
Are whirled around, and soon find rest
  On the kind breast of Mother Earth.

Familiar sounds we love are still,
  The birds' sweet song, the bees' dull hum.
Bright butterflies are seen no more,
  For quiet, dreary days have come.

THE RETURN OF AUTUMN

BY MARGUERITE HACKETT (AGE 15)

(Cash Prize)

We hear her footsteps on the [illegible]
And we see [illegible]
The broadly waving fields of ripened grain,
[illegible]
The hush that rests within the hazy air,
The faint sweet echo of the bob-white's call,
The distant hills, bathed in the mellow glow
Of autumn sunlight, lingering over all.

We read her greeting in the yellow leaves
That down the forest aisles are thickly spread
We hear her voice amid the sighing wind
That blows among the branches overhead;
[illegible]
We see the glories of her wealth unfold,
Till lo! the earth a dream of beauty lies,
Clad all in robes of crimson and of gold.

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY CATHARINE H. STRAKER (AGE 11) *

[illegible]
to know that my mother possesses a document signed by George Washington in the year 1796, making an American ancestor of mine judge of the territory northwest of the river Ohio.

This man had a wife named Rebecca. On the second Sunday after she was married, she had walked to church between her husband and Timothy Pickering, Washington's Secretary of State.

We also have the dress she wore on that day.

[illegible] late with my parents, and my brothers were asked to meet me.

When there was a rising of Indians in the Northwest, and all of the people had to crowd into the forts, my great-great-great-grandfather took his turn doing sentry duty outside the fort to set an example.

My ancestress used to go out and walk up and down beside him, as that was the only quiet time she had to talk with him.

She was afraid of the Indians, of course, but her great courage did not let her remain in for that.

Once, on a river boat, where there was a madman armed with knives, of whom every one was afraid, her only son was made a special constable by his father to go and arrest him.

I do not know anything more about her, but this will be enough to show that my ancestress was a brave woman.

[illegible]



[illegible]

A FAIRY TALE

BY FLOY DE GROVE BAKER (AGE 8)

[illegible]

I 'LL tell you about the fairies:
They dress in seaweed green;
For best, in spiders' network,
They dance around their queen.

They hide in mossy hollows,
In cracks of rocks and grass.
They twine the briers together,
And will not let you pass.

They tilt upon the grasses,
They slide down mountains steep:
They wander in the forests,
So still and dark and deep.

At night they come in armies
And camp upon the green,
And hide away so quickly
They never can be seen.

VACATION DAYS

BY CONSTANCE FULLER (AGE 14)

(Cash Prize)

EACH morning at breakfast, before we are done,
My brothers slip off and away;
A rush in the hall, and a slam of the door,
And they 're gone for the rest of the day.

[illegible]
From civilized places they flee;
But woe to the woodchuck behind the stone wall!
And woe to the fish in the sea!

But at sunset they lazily drag themselves home,
The spoils of the day in their hands:
A cupful of berries, or two or three eels,
Or a starfish they found on the sands.

Their bare legs are scratched, and their blouses are torn;
Their faces are covered with grime;
'T is a gruesome appearance indeed they present,
But they 've had just a glorious time!

Thus passes the whole long vacation away,
By mountain and [illegible]
Till with faces all sunburnt and minds all refreshed
They come back in the autumn to school.



[illegible]
BADGE AND CASH PRIZE, DRAWING.)



[illegible]



[illegible]



[illegible]
BADGE AND CASH PRIZE, VERSE.)



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY STANISLAUS J. MCNEILL, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE)

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

BY ESTHER ALLISON TIFFANY (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge*)

As in the deep enchanted glass
Of her whose life was fraught with woe,
In far Shalott, before me pass,
Shifting, changing, to and fro,
Bright shadows, from the days gone by,
Of mighty men of long ago.

Though in the depths a golden haze
Half hides the forms that faintly show,
Of Ilium's fame I see the blaze,
Which dies with Hector's overthrow.
And dim th' Olympian gods pass by,
Great monarchs of the long ago.

The glass now darkens with the hue
Of angry seas,—storm-clouds hang low.
A viking bark with fierce-eyed crew,
Bears down the blast through sleet and snow.
Sea-robbers dread are sailing by,
From those wild days of long ago.

Now mirrored, see a radiance soft,
A roadside group, one face aglow,
And almost hear, repeated oft,
The words, "See how the lilies grow,"
As He of Nazareth walks by,
In holy days of long ago.

It always happens, when we have one of our "old-time" numbers, with "Family Traditions," poems about the past, and pictures of the treasures of a forgotten day, that we are overwhelmed with good things, and the selection for prizes this month was a hard matter. Every one of the stories and poems on Roll of Honor No. 1 would have been printed if we could have found room for them, and the League editor wished in his soul that for once, at least, he might have the whole magazine, just for League work.

For it would seem that nothing is of more interest to most young people, and to grown-ups, too, for that matter, than the story of the years that lie behind, with all their eventful happenings, which become so quaint and beautiful as the days drift by and add the tender color of romance. The occurrence that was perhaps only a cause of brief excitement, or satisfaction, or regret, when it was fresh and new, often takes on a large importance when viewed in the long perspective of a lifetime, and is cherished in a tale of subtle preciousness and tinge because, in listening to it, we seem to catch a little of the very essence and atmosphere of another day. It is so, too, with the old relics, especially the furnishings and implements our forefathers used, and these we are learning more and more carefully to preserve.

It is right that we should hallow and revere the past. Whatever it is, it is our only completed heritage — the only



"AN HEIRLOOM" BY ELEANOR WHITE, AGE 10. (GOLD BADGE)

that; we can properly construe and understand. We can study and enjoy the present, but we cannot appreciate it; we can hope and prepare for to-morrow, but we can only guess what it will be. The past is our acquirement. Let us treasure its keepsakes by our firesides; let us record it in picture and story, let us celebrate it in our songs.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 97

In making the award, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Marjorie S. Harrington** (age 15), Box 2, Andover, N. J.; **Arthur J. Kramer** (age 15), 209 Main St., Galena, Ill., and **Esther Allison Tiffany** (age 16), 551 Ashland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Silver badges, **Marion Lincoln Hussey** (age 9), 417 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.; **Eleanor Sickels** (age 13), E. Aurora, N. Y., and **Ruth A. Dittman** (age 15), 965 Barton Ave., Avondale, Cincinnati, O.

Prose. Gold badges, **Elbridge Colby** (age 16), 2013 Fifth Ave., N. Y., and **Constance Rosa Merrall** (age 14), Lawrence, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Felix Knauth** (age 12), 302 W. 76th St., N. Y.; **Marion de Kay** (age 11), 413 W. 23d St., N. Y., and **Elizabeth V. Smith** (age 15), Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Stanislaus F. McNeill** (age 17), 1020 Page St., San Francisco, Cal.

Gold badges, **Jacob Weinstein** (age 15), 331 Chester St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Kathleen Buchanan** (age 12), 2 Thurleigh Rd., Balham, London, S. W., Eng., and **Katharine L. Havens** (age 15), 203 Summer St., Newton Centre, Mass.

Silver badges, **Margaret Armstrong** (age 16), Princess, Va.; **Margaret E. Kelsey**, 1063 W. 36th St., Los Angeles, Cal., and **Ezra D. Hart** (age 11), Milton, N. H.

Photography. Gold badges, **Eleanor White** (age 10), Amsden, Vt., and **Agnes Dorothy Shipley** (age 11), 1034 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Esther E. Galbraith** (age 14), 3512 14th St., N. E., Brookland, D. C.; **Henry Asbury Stevens** (age 10), Claremont, Cal., and **Mary E. Lambert** (age 9), 397 Chestnut St., Manchester, N. H.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Siberian Buck," by **John Percy Redwood** (age 11), Bay Pond, N. Y. Second prize, "Sea-gull Flying," by **Amy Peabody** (age 17), 120 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Third prize, "Racoon," by **Rebecca P. Flint** (age 15), 450 N. Charter St., Madison, Wis. Fourth prize, "Woodchuck," by **J. Donald McCutcheon** (age 13), 150 Harvard Rd., Plainfield, Pa.

Puzzle-Making. Gold Badges, **Paul W. Newgarde** (age 15), 1010 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and **Frieda Rabinowitz** (age 13), Jewish Orphan Asylum, Cleveland, Ohio.

Silver Badges, **Margaret Boland** (age 13), 35 Belmont Terrace, Yonkers, N. Y., and **Althea Bertha Morton** (age 10), Route 2, Richford, Tioga Co., N. Y.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badge, **Alice Arnold** (age 14), 38 Coddington St., Quincy, Mass.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Gertrude Smith** (age 13), West Toledo, O.; **Pierre W. Laurens** (age 11), 833 N. 22d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization for St. Nicholas readers for mental and moral improvement. Its membership is free. A League badge and leaflet will be mailed on application.

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

BY ARTHUR J. KRAMER (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

I sat within my dimly lighted room,
Beside the crackling fire's cheerful glow;
I saw half shapen pictures in the gloom,
And thought upon the days of long ago.

As a fair landscape through an autumn haze
Half hid, suggests its glories manifold,
So did the old, romantic, golden days
Grow fairer as the centuries onward rolled.

Robed in romance and bathed in glorious light
From olden martyrs, heroes, princes, kings;
Nothing survives the ages save the right,
Safe sheltered 'neath tradition's golden wings.

So years rolled on, each leaving in its train
Its memories of laughter and of tears—
Its memories of purity and stain,
Its memories of sympathy and sneers.



"[illegible]" (Silver Badge, [illegible])

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY CONSTANCE ROSA MERRALL (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

My ancestor, Sir Lion Gardiner, came from England about the year 1630.

He received as a grant from King James I an island near the northeast shore of Long Island. To this place he brought his family and household goods, and in a few years had built up a thriving estate. The island being of fair size, he kept, beside his flocks, large droves that ran wild through all unfenced lots.

A settlement grew up around the manor-house so that it became almost like a medieval village and was called Gardiner's Island.

One day the great pirate, Captain Kidd, being out of provisions, stopped at the island and demanded food for himself and all of his men.

Lion Gardiner, knowing that resistance was imprudent, gave him permission to take what stores he required, and left the pirates to help themselves. He was offered payment for these provisions, but refused it.

The next morning when the villagers looked toward the bay, they were relieved to see that the pirate ship had gone.

Captain Kidd seemed to have taken nothing but the stores for which he had asked, and everything was running smoothly once more when a discovery was made that surprised every one.

One of the maids who had gone to the well to draw some water had seen something glitter in the bucket. She drew it up quickly, and what was her surprise to find in it a piece of cloth of gold about fifteen inches square and a large uncut diamond.

These articles had been undoubtedly left there by Captain Kidd in payment for the provisions which had been given him and they may still be seen in the old manor-house on Gardiner's Island.

In the center of the village of East Hampton, Lion Gardiner was buried in a sarcophagus on which lies his effigy, clad in a suit of mail.

When I was a very little girl I saw these things, but I have forgotten how they look, so you may be sure that on my next visit to East Hampton I shall surely revisit them.



"SEA GULL FLYING." BY AMY HEATHDY, AGE 17. (HONORABLE MENTION, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

BY MARJORIE S. HARRINGTON (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge.*)

A slight breeze stirs the chestnut leaves
And makes my hammock swing;
A bluebird perches on a branch,
His song of joy to sing.

The present seems to slip away,
And in its place appears
The misty land of long ago,
The scenes of bygone years

Around me stretch the forests broad,
The ground with moss is green,
And here beside a shaded pool,
The jewel-weed is seen.

A deer across the pathway steps,
With antlers lifted high,
Then glides into a shady glen,
Unfollowed by an eye.

Here in this forest red men hunt,
But there 's no trace of war;
They smoke their peace pipes in a group,
Around the wigwam door.



"RACCOON." BY REBECCA P. FLINT, AGE 18. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"SIBERIAN DEER." BY JOHN JERAY REDWOOD, AGE 11. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

But now the woods have disappeared,
We see no deer to-day,
And in their stead my little dog,
A squirrel drives away.

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY FLERIDGE COLBY (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge.*)

Shipwrecked on the coast of Arabia, a captain of his vessel had wandered inland on a search for human habitation. The bright sun beat down on him mercilessly. The hot sands burned and blistered his feet. His throat was parched and dry. When he could no longer walk, he crawled. When he could no longer crawl, he lay still and let the hot rays scorch his back. A captain of his ship, he had, but a few days since, proudly scanned the vessel with a proud sense of ownership. Now, here he was, alone in an Arabian desert with the bright glare paining his eyes.

Although he did not know it, he had wandered in a great semicircle so that he was again near the sea. Arriving at the top of a range of hills, he suddenly beheld the panorama of a broad sweeping bay. Almost under his feet lay a town, clustered around a few wharfs, and on the waters of the harbor floated a full-rigged ship, flying that flag of flags, the Stars and Stripes.

When he had arrived at his home in Massachusetts, after he had greeted his children and wife, who had given him up for dead, he dug a well at his door. His neighbors attempted to dissuade him from doing it by saying that he would never find water there. Nevertheless he persevered and finally the well was finished. While tortured on the desert by thirst, he had sent up a prayer for pity. God had heard the prayer and delivered him. To show his gratitude the captain dug this well so that not a single person or animal should pass his door-step, thirsty.

The well stands there to this day. The sea-captain was Captain Valentine Bagley, an ancestor of mine and the subject of that delightful poem by Whittier, "The Captain's Well."

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

BY [illegible] (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE sky was veiled and the moon had risen;
[illegible]
The Black Witch crept from her gloomy prison,
[illegible]
Those were the days of the years ago,
When the Black Witch breathed incantations low.
Her robe streamed out in the whistling wind,
And her black cat snarled from its seat behind.

Oh, the Black Witch flew o'er the ghostlike trees,
On her eery path to the Druids' ring.
And the owl swooped lower, a mouse to seize,
And the witch laughed loud in her midnight fling.
For close by a cromlech her cauldron swung,
Where the Black Witch nightly over it hung.
And she crooned a spell, as the compound boiled,
While a serpent hissed where it lay uncoiled.

Then again she dashed through the cloudless air,
And the owl before like a spirit led.
A wolf howled long from its hidden lair;
A bat wheeled thrice round the witch's head.
These are the days when the witch lies low;
Her broomstick and cauldron went long ago.
The fire by the cromlech is gray and cold,
And the Black Witch now but a myth of old.

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY ELIZABETH V. SMITH (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN my great-great-grandmother was a little girl about ten years old, she lived with her uncle near Fort Herkimer, New York.

One morning she awoke very much excited. Indeed, the whole household was in a flurry. For the great General Washington was coming to dine with them. And everything must be in perfect order and every one must do his or her best to entertain him.

I think perhaps my great-great-grandmother was a little frightened at the thought of meeting the great man. Perhaps she practised her curtsey before the glass a great many times.

However, Washington and a few of his staff arrived. Everything went well, and dinner being over the men took out their pipes. Then grandmother timidly asked General Washington if she might light his pipe. He gave it to her. And she took it to the large, open fireplace, and by placing a small coal on the tobacco, lit it.

Washington patted the little girl's head and thanked her in his kindly manner. Then he handed her five large copper cents.

I have no doubt that my great-great-grandmother was the proudest girl for miles around when she showed that money to her friends.

My own grandmother has seen the money given great-great-grandmother by George Washington. But greatly to my sorrow, it was stolen from the family several years ago.



[illegible]



[illegible]

IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

BY ELEANOR SICKELS [illegible] (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

MANY a knight in armor bright
In the ranks of battle stood;
Each eye was bright, each heart was light,—
They believed their cause was good.

That martial throng, ten thousand strong,
Like field of steel was glowing:
[illegible]
When gentle winds are blowing.

At quick command, that noble band
Sprang forward to the fray.
Come woe or weal, each knight might feel
He 'd bravely fought that day.

The battle's din rang o'er the lin,
The bravest warriors fell,
The clash of steel, the trumpet's peal
Echoed through dale and dell.

The fighting done, the victory won,
Onward they took their way.
Though victors yet, they ne'er forget
The souls that passed away.

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

BY RUTH A. DITTMAN (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

O THOU oak-framed portrait looking down,
Suspended from thine ancient, paneled wall,
Upon thy brow rare art has set her crown,
Thou art the fairest portrait of them all.

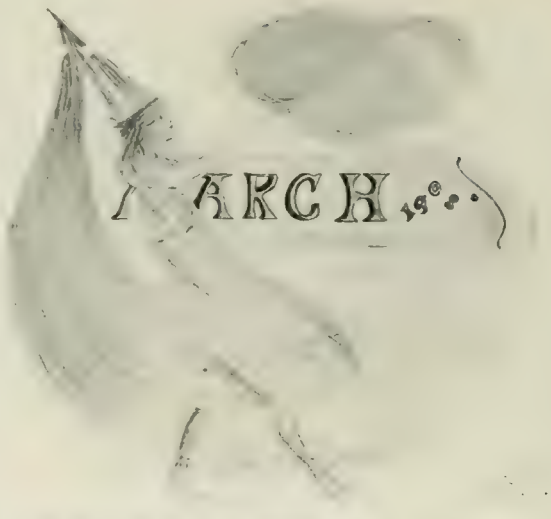
Relate to me the history of thy life,
Thou whose lips do curl so haughtily.
Wast ever in some fray and warlike strife—
How didst thou use thy life so proud and free?

Then from the lifelike shrunken canvas came
A slow, deep voice in answer to my call.
A voice that in its prime had gained its fame
In battle-field and smoke-dim'd banquet-hall.

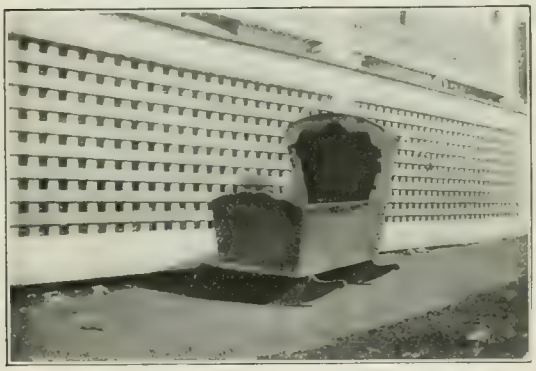
"My name," rang out in accents bold and strong,
"Is Richard, sire of Dalton and of Clure."
As, echoed o'er, the words grew clear and long,
They rolled across the twilight-dappled moor.

"Aye, long my house has been of bluest blood,
Warriors tall, whose wives and whose red wine
Were all they had to keep them brave and good.
And I—the last to perish of that line!"

The clarion accents halted low and stopped.
Reaction trembling waves through-out me sent.
The shades of evening flickering shadows dropped,
As, down the gallery dim, adaze, I went.



"HEADING," BY KATHLEEN HANAN, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)



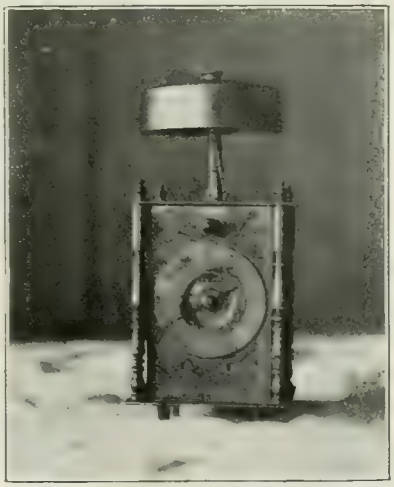
"AN HEIRLOOM." BY MARY E. LAMBERT, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

LONG AGO

BY STELLA ELNSON (AGE 15)

LONG, long ago
I found a fairy on a bud,
A suit of red and gold had he,
He shook his sparkling wings at me.

But now I know
He was an insect born in mud,
And what the happier am I
To know my fairy was a fly,
The common *Sphinx Euphorbiæ*.



"AN HEIRLOOM" (ANCIENT CHINESE CLOCK.)
BY HENRY ASBURY STEVENS, AGE 10.
(SILVER BADGE.)

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY MARION DE KAY (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

MY grandfather was Postmaster-General in the Province of Scinde, India, for many years.

He would often ride along the beautiful roads, running by the jungle, from one town to another. Usually his Hindu servant would run along by his side, but sometimes he would gallop ahead of him.

One day, as he was riding along and no one with him, his attention was attracted by a native woman sitting in the road, crying. When asked what was the matter she replied that she was going to the next town, but had lost her way. My grandfather told her to get on his horse, behind him, and he would take her to the town. Seeing some queer shadowy figures (for it was dusk), which seemed to be running along in the tree-tops beside them, he asked if she knew what they were. She hurriedly muttered something about their being monkeys. It was growing dark, and a queer feeling that something was going to happen came over him which he could not drive away, so he galloped along faster than ever.

After riding for some minutes he felt a stealthy movement back of him. He turned sharply, and saw in the woman's hand a slender silk cord which she was about to put around his neck. Catching her hands he drew his pistol and threatened to shoot her, but let her slip to the ground. She ran across the road, and disappeared into the jungle.

He had lived in India for so many years that he knew what this meant.

The woman was a Thug, and the figures, her companions waiting for him to be killed. Their religion does not allow them to shed any blood in sacrificing people, so they always carry this kind of cord to strangle them.



"THE NATION'S HEIRLOOM" (PLYMOUTH ROCK) BY ELIZABETH B. SMITH, AGE 15

After making a little safe, with a lock of the kind he had just invented, he took it to Wall Street and chained it securely to a lamppost. Inside he put a thousand dollars, and placed a sign on top announcing that any one who could open the lock, or in any other way get at the thousand dollars, could have the money.

After leaving the safe chained on Wall Street a long time, he returned, and, upon opening it, found the thousand dollars still inside.

After a while he sold the patent, and the lock has been developed into the present combination safe lock.

The safe is still in our family, and is very interesting. The lock was called the Patent Combination Lock.

The key is six and one fourth inches long, and weighs six and one half ounces. There are sixteen tongues or wards on this key. By removing a screw on the end of the key, these wards can be changed and the key left on the safe, yet nobody can open it unless they know how it was arranged at first. At the time of the invention it was said that each key had one million changes.

NOTICE

THE subjects for League competition and the rules will always be found on the last League page. An Honor Member is one who has won a gold badge.

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

BY MARION LINCOLN HUSSEY (AGE 9)

(Silver Badge)

IN the long ago I was once brand new,
With silk and satin and lace.
My coat was of velvet, my hat of real felt,
And oh, I moved with such grace!

My little mistress was loving and kind,
I used to love her too,
But now she has changed; she loves me no more,
As once she used to do.

Oh, I was beautiful, beautiful then,
As a little sylph of the air,
But now, oh, 't is sad that I am disgraced
By a modern Teddy Bear.



"[illegible]" BY MARGARET KELLY, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

BY LOUIS DONOVAN (AGE 14)

KNIGHTS and ladies,
Deeds of valor,
Golden spurs
And victory's glow;
Such the history of a combat,
In the days of long ago.

Boys and girls,
A famous touch-down,
Loud hurrahs
And "three times three";
Such, a game of college foot-ball,
In the twentieth century.

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY FELIX KNAUTH (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

ABOUT the year 1830 my great-grandfather invented the first combination lock. He had a workshop in Perth Amboy, New Jersey.



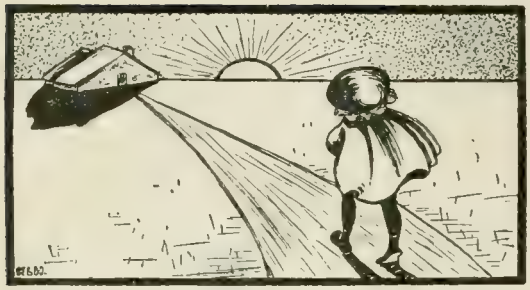
"AN HEIRLOOM." BY JOHN ELY, AGE 12.

IN DAYS OF LONG AGO

BY FRANCES HYLAND (AGE 9)

IN days of long ago, my dear,
In days of long ago
A knight came riding by, my dear,
With his head a-hanging low,
His charger was tired out, my dear,
And its feet were thick with mud
Then from its sheath he drew his sword
And it was red with blood.

He spoke to me of battles—yet he could fight no more—
And how he 'd killed the wicked knights,
Had killed them by the score.
And as I sit in my rocker-chair,
In my rocker-chair and sew,
The thought comes back,
Oh, the thought comes back
Of those days so long ago.



"HEADING." BY KATHARINE L. HAVENS, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

A FAMILY TRADITION

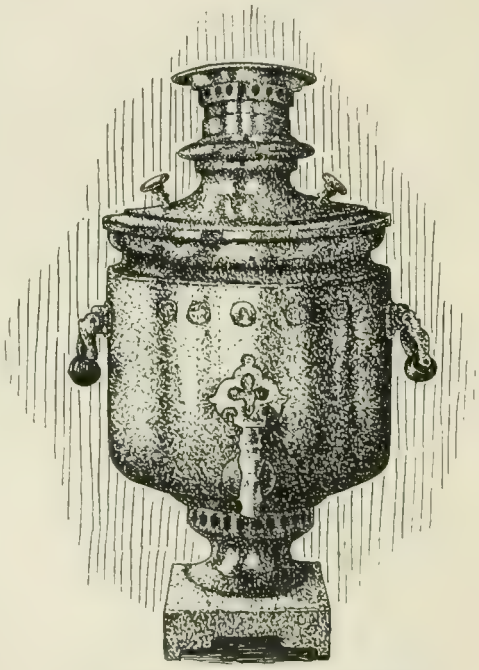
BY LAEL MAERE CARLOCK (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge Winner*)

WHERE, among all the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls, do we find one who does not love to hear the old traditions of bravery and daring exploits, as told to them by their grandfathers? The story which my grandfather told is not of the dauntless bravery of Revolutionary days, but 'tis only of a loyal clan, which has handed down an honorable name for generations.

My family name is somewhat peculiar, but the history of its formation is very interesting to me. It was in the days of good King Charlemagne that several brothers from among a certain family of his subjects, were appointed as special body-guards to the king. When he set out upon a journey, or went to war, it was the particular duty of these men to close and "lock" the king's car or chariot; and furthermore they were commanded to ride by it, so that they might protect his majesty from danger. These men gradually came to be called "carlockers," and after many years this was shortened to "carlock," the present form of the name.

From this story my grandfather drew a lesson for us all; even though we may not be body-guards to a king, and lock his chariot, we should lock the doors of our hearts against all evil, and thus bring no disgrace upon our worthy name.



"A FAMILY RELIC" BY JACOB WEINSTEIN, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY FONDA CUNNINGHAM (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge Winner*)

THE Deerfield massacre took place two hundred years ago.

My ancestors lived on the outskirts of Deerfield.

One day they received warning that the Indians were coming. The red men were so close that the poor settlers had no time for preparation, but had to fly immediately to the woods.

As the family I am writing about rushed through their house, they hastily gathered their silver into a bundle and started to carry it with them, but it was so heavy that when they reached the back of the house and saw a tub of bluing water standing there, they threw the silver into that and ran on.

They spent three days in the woods before they ventured to come back. When they did they found the place in ashes; but there stood the tub of bluing water. They put their hands into it and there was the silver.

That silver has been handed down in my family for generations; mother has one of the spoons and you may imagine that we treasure it greatly.

A TRADITION OF THE BROWNIE FAMILY

(A True Story)

BY MARGARET ELEANOR HIBBARD (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

MY grandmother, who was born and brought up in Dumfries, Scotland, and who was a Covenanter in her early days, often told this story of how the Brownies got their name.

When you hear people speak of a Brownie, you at once think of a tiny man with a fat round body and pointed toes, who steals around at night doing good where it is least expected. It is surprising to find how very like the modern Brownie the original was. Few think that there is really any basis for the description always given to these little fairies, but you will see by this story how true is the representation, even if it is exaggerated.

Years ago, during one of the religious persecutions in Scotland, many of the Scotch were forced to leave their homes and hide in caves for safety. Gradually they became bent from living in low, gloomy places, which they dared leave only at night.

The farmers in the surrounding country were very good to these refugees and supplied them with food and drink, gratis. The grateful little fellows went out at night to the farmers' fields and cut down all their grain so that it was ready to be gathered in the morning. It was the only way they knew of showing their appreciation of such kindness.

The most generous of these generous farmers was called Brown, and he did so much for the fugitives, and they for him, that the other farmers finally nicknamed them Brownies.

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY CYNTHIA WATSON (AGE 9)

IN 1865 my grandmother and grandfather were crossing the plains to California.

Every now and then they would come to a place where somebody had been killed by Indians. They could see the bones of the cattle and the wheels of the wagons.

Sometimes they would see a board stuck up in the ground and the name of somebody written on it who had been buried there.

One day they came across a place where somebody had been killed the day before by Indians.

They were afraid that Indians were going to kill them. But they did not want to turn back so they kept on.

Whenever they stopped to rest at night they made a little yard out of the wagons, and half of it was fixed for the cattle and the other half was for the women and children.

The men stayed outside and kept watch.

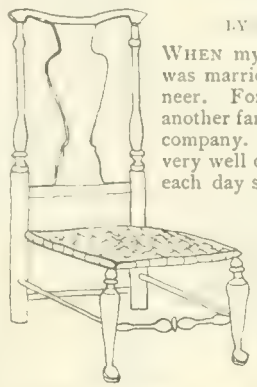
One time as they were resting, a man on horseback came and told them that some Indians had killed a party of people just ahead of them.

The next morning they started again and pretty soon they came to the place where there were the ashes of the wagons and the bodies of the men and cattle.

They went on and came out suddenly on an Indian camp.

The Indians were on the war-path. They were painted red and yellow. They asked grandmother for something to eat. She gave them all she could. The Indians went on and did not hurt them.

By and by my grandparents reached Salt Lake City, and grandmother thought that it was the prettiest place she had ever seen, because it had so many gardens and pretty things. Then grandfather and grandmother crossed the Nevada desert, and came to Washoe City and spent the winter there.



"A CHAIR," BY EZRA D. HART, AGE 11 (GRADE 7 A).

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY CAROLINE NEWSON (AGE 6)

Once, when my grandpa was a little boy two years old, he went to Quebec on a ship from Wales.

There was an old man on the ship, and my great-grandpa was hunting him to say good-by. He saw a crowd of people standing and looking into the water. He walked up and looked over, and there was the man he was looking for.

He jumped down into the water, and stood the man up; he called for a boat, and they brought a rope. He tied it around the man and the people pulled him out.



"HEALING," BY CORNELIA NORRIS, AGE 13.

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY CHARLOTTE THURSTON (AGE 11)

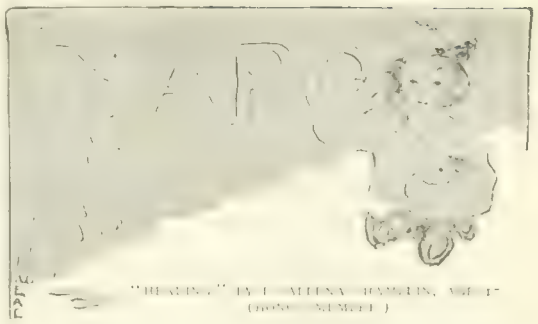
My great-grandfather lived on a farm in Vermont, and he used to like to go and visit his cousin in a little town called Portland.

One winter while he was visiting there a very handsome young man used to come and visit his cousin's oldest sister.

The boys thought this young man a very nice one, and the young lady was also very sweet.

One evening as he and his cousin were playing together, the door-bell rang and the young lady seemed to expect some one, so she went to the door and this young man came in; the young lady seemed very glad to see him. He and his cousin kept on with their game and did not pay much attention to what they were saying, but when the man left, the young lady seemed unusually happy. The boys of the neighborhood suspected what was going to happen and they teased her a good deal.

Afterward they were married, and my grandfather loved to tell that this handsome young man was Mr. Longfellow.



"HEADING," BY [illegible] (AGE [illegible])

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY MARGARET ELIZABETH ALLEN (AGE 16)

When my great-grandmother was sixteen years old she was married in England and came to this country as a pioneer. For many years she lived in Ohio, miles from another farm, and with only her husband and children for company. When she had lived in England she had played very well on the piano, but in Ohio she had no piano, so each day she practised two or three hours on the window-pane. At last my great-grandfather got her a piano, and people came from all the country round to hear her beautiful playing.

Until she was eighty-seven years old she kept up with the new music, and when I visited her several years ago she was ninety-three years old, but still not bedridden.

LOST IN A SNOWSTORM

BY ETHEL LOW MILLS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge Winner)

After graduating from Harvard, my father spent some months traveling through Europe with two of his classmates. From Zermatt, in Switzerland, father decided to walk over the Theodule Pass and down the valley of the Aosta, in Italy, but his friends decided to go by stage and railroad to Milan.

Saying good-by to his companions, and telling them he would join them two days later, father set off with a young Swiss guide before dawn next morning.

As they climbed, the scenery grew more magnificent; below them lay the little town of Zermatt, while above were the rugged peaks of Matterhorn.

At the snow line the guide stopped, and called attention to black clouds on the mountain side. He said a storm was coming, and urged father to return to Zermatt. It was dangerous to cross the glacier in a storm, but father persuaded him to go on. They tied a good rope between them, and started onward.

Before long the storm broke. The wind blew very hard, and the snow stung their faces and almost blinded them. They battled through the snow in silence; after two hours the guide announced they were lost!

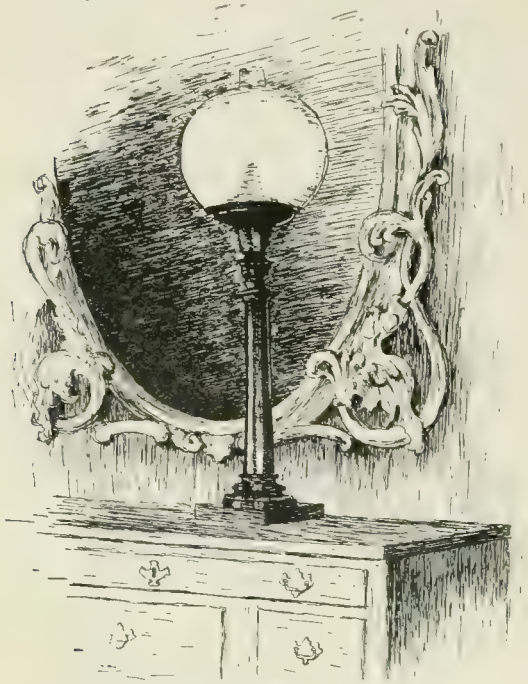
For some time they had been floundering waist deep in snow, in imminent peril of plunging down some crevasse, the guide going first. He was exhausted and ready to die.

Father walked on ahead, half dragging the guide. He did not know which way to go, and his only thought was to

keep moving. Before long there was a lull in the storm, and he looked up to see a huge wooden cross a hundred yards away. Father shook the guide and told him of it.

The guide said it divided Switzerland and Italy. They ran at right angles from where they stood, and fell against the door of a stone hut. They were dragged within, the frozen clothes and rope chopped from them, and they were put to bed.

Two days later, father joined his friends at Milan.



"A FAMILY RELIC," BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE, 1

Alison L. Strathy
Elizabeth Hanly
Gladys C. Edgerly
Jean Russell
Annie Laurie Hillyer
Rispah Britton Goff
Gertrude Emerson
Arthur Albert Myers
Gabrielle Elliot
Alice M. McRae
Jane Rhys Griffith
Eleanor Johnson
Winifred S. Bartlett
Wilbur K. Bates
Mary Taft Atwater
Ruth E. Fitts
Paul Taylor
Nellie Hagan
Alice Brabant
Katherine Davis
Mary Yeula Westcott
Gladys Nelson
E. F. Browning
Primrose Laurence
Winifred E. E. Bleeck
Emmeline Bradshaw
Stella Anderson
Elisabeth R. Berrer
Doris F. Halman
Mary Williams Stacy

VERSE, 2

Estelle Goodman
Lucie Clifton Jones
Madeleine Kenward
Miriam Noll
Elizabeth Toof
Elizabeth Underhill
Theresa M. McDonnell
Henrietta Sperling
W. F. Mason
Jeanne Demêtre
J. G. McWilliams
Helen Marie Mooney
Kitty Brown
Eunice G. Hussey
Beatrice Brown
Theresa R. Robbins
Anita Lynch
Velma Jolly
Katherine de Kay
Rachel Talbott
Elise F. Stern
Margaret E. Howard
Ruth Alden Adams
Miriam Sears
Sarah C. McCarthy
Marjorie Walbridge Brown
Thomas Nolan
Pauline Nichthauser
E. Babette Deutsch
Josephine Kate Ramsay
Esther Vroman Peters
Philip Stone
Magdalen C. Weyand
Mildred Wakefield
Alice R. Cranch
Dorothy Long
Isabel D. Weaver
Pauline A. Shorey
Louise Ffrost Hodges
Doris Eleanor Campbell
Doris Kent
Isador Price
Evelyn Holt
Margaret Deeble
Dorothy Gladding
Ruth Livingston
Ruth S. Coleman
Nancy Ford
Lillian Ethel Adams
Philippa Green
Evelyn Kent

PROSE, 1

Winifred Campbell
Yonnie Kocer
Lorraine Voorhees
Lila Chase
Theresa Born
Mildred Walker
Carrie Ferguson Gordon
Dorothy L. Howard
Russell Wood
Dorothy D. Keyser
Marcia L. Henry
Elizabeth Lewis
Donald W. Matheson
Dorothy Douglas
Robert G. Warren
Gertrude Brown Nicolson
Louise Roberts
Margaret S. Budd
Catharine H. Straker
Dorothy Wooster
Dorothy Atkinson
Margaret Price
Marian R. Priestley
Ida C. Kline
Ruth Adams
Ralph H. Cutler
Helen M. Prichard
Dorothy Kerr Floyd
Florence Schwartzwaelder
Frances Sladen Bradley

PROSE, 2

Dorothy Seligman
Mary Widdifield
Lena Rosenbloom
Elisabeth Maclay
Blanche Dalton
James P. Casey
Ellen Low Mills
Ruth A. Spaulding
Arline Bacon
Mary James
Catharine C. Jackson
John Love
Rosalie Waters
Edith Solis Cohen
Cora S. Clements
Winnie Stooke
Wilton N. Eddy
Elizabeth DuGué Trapier
Samuel A. Tromer
Frances Brooks
Malcolm Snow
Helen M. Barker
Bernice C. McKibbin
Eleanor Longfellow Brewster
Catherine MacKenzie
Marguerite Hughes
G. Ruth Crandall
Frances Coutts
Dorothy Thayer
Caroline Bernard Preston
Helen Whitman
Margaret Lynn Templeton
Margaret Johnstone
Marion Eyre Savage
Elizabeth Brandeis
Dwight Brooks
Margaret Weatherup
Roland Bell
Donald Malvern
Dorothy Edmunds
J. Warren McKeone
Alice G. Peirce
Frances Kearns
John W. Hill

DRAWING, 1

Nan La Lanne
Cornelia Spencer Love
Marshall B. Cutler
Sybil Emerson
Joyce Armstrong.
Marjorie E. Chase
Lucia E. Halstead
Oscar A. Tronstad
Marion Strausbaugh
Dorothy Griggs
William C. Engle
Will L. Greenaway
Eugene L. Walter
Kathryn Maddock
Platt Moody
Gladys Nolan
Maria Bullitt
William Gilmore French
Mary Horne
Nannie Gail
Katherine Gibson
Isabel S. Allen
Muriel G. Read
Dorothy Warren
Phyllis M. Field
Jeffrey C. Webster
John F. Grey
Donald Weatherup
Rachel F. Burbank
Jack B. Hopkins
Margaretta Myers
Townsend Scott
Ruth Cutler
Evelyn Buchanan

DRAWING, 2

Irene O. Keyes
Alice A. Hirst
Honor Gallsworthy
Joan D. Clowes
Stanley C. Low
Edward T. Those
Harold A. Breytspraak
Winifred Scutt
Dorothy Barnes Loye
Louise Alexandra Robinson
Mildred Smith
Alice Orrell Smith
Marjorie T. Caldwell
Marion E. Watson
Guido Rossi
Anita Brown
Evelyn Peterson
Margaret Rhodes
Ruth Havenner Darden
Herschel Colbert
William Baker
Joan Harper
Charlotte Gilder
Muriel Halstead
Helen Seymour
Theresa J. Jones
Harriet K. Walker
Dorothy M. Falk
Eleanor Hartshorne
Mildred P. Lambe
Olive Garrison
Helen M. Grant
Margaret Nash
Helen Purdy
G. A. Rul
Katherine E. Spear
Winifred Almy
Lawrence R. Boyd
Helen Stratton
A. Carroll Miller
Henry Harper
Isabel Scherer
William Flynn Mullay
Levin Cooper Allen
Sidney Altschuler
Elmer Charles Ryan
Vera Hill
Dora Somerscales
Christine R. Baker
Hazel S. Halstead
Dorothy Starr
Dorothy Louise Dade
Frances Hale Burt
Helen A. Ross
Katharine Brown
Dorothy L. Potter
Gaynor Maddox
Helen W. Beugler
Louise Hickox
N. Wiener
Myron A. Hardy
Jean Hopkins
Helen Rebecca Logan
Robert Mattes
Leonora Howorth
Agnes I. Prizer
Marian Sanford
Marjorie Very
Eleanor Parker
Temple Burling
Florence Rice
Dorothy Gardner
Alison Ackerman
Alice Wangenheim
Edith Winter
Louis P. Hastings
James M. Wallace
Marion Travis
Adolf L. Müller
Mildred Atherton
Muriel Dorothy Barrett
Katharine Seligman
Washington C. Huyler
Doris Lisle

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Hildegarde Angell
L. S. Pearson
Ruth Wheeler
Ruth D. Monk
Edgar Bowron
E. Arthur Ball
Lelia E. Wood
Margaret F. Andrews
Margaret Stanley-Brown
Mary M. P. Shipley
L. Eastwood Seibold
Clyde Dick
John J. McCutcheon
George P. McLelland
J. Charles O'Brien, Jr.
Frank Phillips
Charles Hoag
Maude T. Bergen
Victor Hoag
Josephine Sturgis
Sarah Lansing
Carola von Thielmann
Constance Pateman
K. Cunningham
Roy Phillips

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Herman P. Miller, Jr.
Elsie Hall
Marian L. Flavell
Jim Wyse
Blanche Deuel

PUZZLES, 1

Dorothy Fox
Rose Edith Des Anges
Thomas Gren
Rundall Lewis
Edith M. Younghem
Eleanore Wilmarth
Marguerite Knox
Margaret A. Dole
Elizabeth Carpenter
Katharine Flagg
George Chandler Cox
Mary B. Johnson
Catharine Alpers
Helen H. Shaw

PUZZLES, 2

Margaret McCuaig
Marcella Whetsler
Jacob Glück
Dorothy Coleman
David Potter
Winslow Whitman
David M. Brunswick
Kate Davidson
Emery Baldwin

THE EDITOR is always glad to receive suggestions as to new features and subjects for competition.

LEAGUE LETTERS

QUINCY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the center of our city is a large stone church with four large pillars in front of it. Under the two middle ones are buried the presidents, John and John Quincy Adams. Their birthplaces are also here. They are two little red buildings, of a quaint structure.

The Dorothy Quincy house is here also.

The parlor still boasts of the same wall-paper that was put on for the wedding of Dorothy. The secret chamber may also be seen where John Hancock hid from his pursuers.

There is another spot now marked by a stone on a large hill known as "Penn's Hill," where Abigail Adams and her son John watched the smoke of that famous "Battle of Bunker Hill."

The first railroad that was built in the United States was built from here to "Neponset Bridge," a place about five miles from here.

Your loving reader,

ZAYMA GALVIN (AGE 14).



"READING." BY KATHERINE DE TEMPLE (AGE 15) (HONOR MEMBER.)

SALISBURY, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You cannot imagine how surprised and delighted I was to see my name in the October number as a Gold Badge Winner. Curiously enough, I did not see it myself, first, but, one day when at school, a friend of mine ran up to me and said: "Do you know, Esther, you have a gold badge for drawing in St. NICHOLAS?" "You don't *really* mean that, surely?" I said, surprised and delighted (for only having been in the Roll of Honor before, I never dreamed of such good fortune), but she showed me, and there it was plain enough. I was pleased. Thank you ever so much, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I will try more than ever now. I am very fond of working in pen and ink, I think better than anything else, and of drawing children I never get tired.

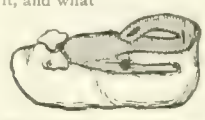
I belong to a fairly large school, but I do not think that many of them had heard of ST. NICHOLAS until I told them about it, and what a glorious "mag." it is.

I am so sorry that "Pinkey Perkins" is finished. I had been following all his escapades with the greatest interest. How I wish that "Denise and Ned Toodles" could appear on the scenes again! That serial story is almost my favorite tale I have read in ST. NICHOLAS.

Again thanking you very much for my lovely gold badge, and the honor you have done my drawing, I remain, dear ST. NICK,

Your enthusiastic reader and League member,

ESTHER W. I. BROWN.

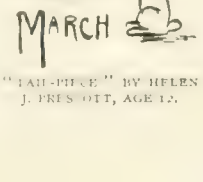


"A LOVELY KEE." BY HELEN MACDALL, AGE 14.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished a lovely summer in Europe. We landed at Plymouth as the sun was setting, and I thought the light shone on the grim fortifications all along the shore. We visited in Devonshire for a few days, and while we were there we took long drives. We drove up hill, and down hill, past fields of scarlet poppies, and meadows full of peaceful, red cattle. Sometimes we drove through little villages, and then flocks of tow-haired children would run out of the thatched houses to see us pass. How I did love those little cottages with their many paned windows and their climbing roses and their tiny flower gardens. I was sorry to leave Devonshire, but Italy and Switzerland lay ahead of me and I departed cheerfully. Yours sincerely,

LILIAN H. GRELL ALBERTSON (AGE 14).

OTHER valued letters have been received from Armand Tibbitts, Mary Helen Stetson, Philena Marshall, Barbara Chamberlain, Margaret Scoville, Dorothy Cory Stott, Martha Emery Fowler, Lulu Ollerdessen, Sidney D. Gamble, Margaret Hibbard, Martha Stone Gay, Isabel T. Clark, Daisy Glaze, Ruth E. Morrison, James Cottew Thompson, Janet Slyfield, Hiram J. Bissett, Alice K. Brice, Annie Somerfield, Laura Gardin, Elinor W. Robinson, Margaret Crocker, Katharine Jo. Klein, Louise Roberts, Ellen E. Williams, Milton Crowell, Fannie M. Stern, Elizabeth McClintock, Irene Oppenheim, Almyr C. Ballentine, Therese Blackburn Lane, Dorothy White, R. E. Naumberg, Jean L. Fenton, Ruth Harriet Bottum, Mary Curry, Edith Guiteras, Edward P. Hutchins, Paul Cavanaugh, Ethel M. Newbold, Lucy D. Smith, Lavinia James, Kathleen Shanks, Dorice Richards, S. Dorothy Thompson, Josepfine Schoff, Mildred Leecraft, Eleanor W. Coolidge, Victoria Sanchez, Ruth Cutler, Lelia Scott Alvey, Lois Hopkins, Susan J. Appleton, Margaret Cornell, Marcella Whetsler, Alice McFarland, Jeffrey C. Webster, Catherine Van Cook, Vernon S. Hybart, Rachel Talbot, Clifford A. Furst, Jeanne Demètre, Charles Gregory, Mary G. Grumbrecht, Agnes I. Prizer, Marguerite Knox, Frederica B. Howell, Mary Alice Tate, Alice R. Cranch, Muriel Ives, Dorothy Vollmer, Melville B. Calvert, Arthur N. Kerr, William F. Mallay, Virginia Phillips, Ruth Hill, Clementine Jordan, Mary Tatt, Cornelia S. Brown, Emmeline Icebusch, Frances Hardy, Stoddard P. Johnston, Lucile Kuse, Sidney P. McAllister Dexter, Marie E. Brown, Esther L. Rosenthal, Lionel Rosenthal, Mary Porcher, Eleanor Atkinson, Sara M. Thompson, Olive Garrison, Walter Davidson.



"TAIL-PIECE." BY HELEN J. PRESCOTT, AGE 12.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 101

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges, each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 101 will close **March 20** (for foreign members **March 25**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **July**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Hero" or "Heroism."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "An Animal Hero." (Must be true.)

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject "The Dusty Road."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "Study of a Child" (from life), and a **July** Heading or Tail-piece.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the composition is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

NACOZARI, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a League member and like ST. NICHOLAS very much. My sister Phyllis and I have received it for a Christmas present for two years and hope to take it much longer. My father and mother both took it when they were children and liked it so much that now they are giving it to us, and when I grow up I will give it to my children.

In the March ST. NICHOLAS I saw an article entitled "Curious Facts About the Figure Nine," which interested me very much. I wish to tell you some more facts about nine which our mother told us when we were learning the multiplication tables, as it may help some of your younger readers.

As what I wish to tell you is rather hard to express, I would like to do it by figures.

9 × 2 begins with 1 and the other figure 8 if added would make 9.

9 × 3 begins with 2 and the other figure 7 if added would make 9

9 × 4 begins with 3 and the other figure 6 if added would make 9, and so on.

When we reach 9 × 12 the three figures of the product add to 9.

9 × 13 is the same, and so on indefinitely.

Another queer thing is the fact that up to nine times five the products are as follows, and then the products are reversed.

9 × 1 = 9	9 × 6 = 54
9 × 2 = 18	9 × 7 = 63
9 × 3 = 27	9 × 8 = 72
9 × 4 = 36	9 × 9 = 81
9 × 5 = 45	9 × 10 = 90

If one begins with the first figure of the product in multiplication and reads down the column we have, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and the other figures are, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

Hoping I may see my letter in the ST. NICHOLAS, I am,

Your sincere admirer,

MARGARET LOUISE AYER (age 12).

CLIPSTON, WINNETKA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a puzzle for the League.

A PUZZLE

It is filled every morning and emptied every night throughout the year, except one, when it is filled at night and emptied in the morning.

The answer: a stocking.

FRANK NOBLE STURGIS (age 10).

H———————, MEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl and I have lived here about ten years. I am now twelve years old. I have an adopted sister; she is a little Yaqui Indian. We have had her two years; she is four years old. The Yaquis have been fighting the Mexicans because they took this country away from them, and now when the Mexicans capture any men, women, and children, they send the men and women away to the Peninsula of Yucatan and keep the children except when they are very little. The ones that can work they give away. Is n't that cruel? My "sister's" name is Theodora, but we call her Dora.

Your loving reader,

NINA G. WILLIAMS.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is many years ago since the writer took ST. NICHOLAS; but his most cherished memories of boyhood are those that were passed in company with the splendid boys and girls whose lives were spread out before us in the pages of your magazine—a magazine whose coming was looked forward to so eagerly that even the vacation months seemed long. I knew all these youngsters and from the days of "Our Young Folks" on up until that publication became part of ST. NICHOLAS, and after, did I live with and love them.

I was in a small town in the central part of this State a few winters ago where, after a hard drive across the country, I had entered a drug store and sought the fire, in the back part, behind the prescription case. There was a boy, and one of the boys we like at first sight. He was busily engaged in putting to rights a few odds and ends, and informed me that he was keeping store that day as his father was too ill to come down.

There were a few books on a stand near by, and the lad and I were soon talking about them. On my asking him what books he liked best, he wound up in a burst of enthusiasm with that delightful classic, by Aldrich, "A Story of a Bad Boy."

I replied with, "Was n't that snowball fight on Slatter's Hill a peach?"

In a trice he had stopped his work—his chair drawn close to mine—and we talked and laughed till the dusk darkened the windows. We threw snowballs at Slatter's Hill; discussed Pepper Whitcomb and the Nutters; renewed our acquaintance with Sailor Ben and his little Irish lass; took hot drops with Aunt Abigail; rode Gypsy to our hearts' content; spent a shy moment with the girls at the seminary; and talked softly of the death of Binny Wallace, and then we finished with a walk "Under the Lilacs" with Bab, Betty, and Ben.

When I rose to go was it any wonder that the boy followed me to the door and waved and waved again as I drove away in the twilight? And was it any wonder that I kept his eager, excited face in sight until the shadows hid it from view?

Some one has told me that he thought he saw "my boy"; and that he seemed less boyish than he should. Perhaps the father's illness has pressed a little on those young shoulders. At any rate, I hope the pressure is not too heavy and that the look of tenderness, which crept into his face when he spoke of the death of Binny Wallace, will not be replaced by one of care. I wish him luck—for his friends were my friends.

Yours very sincerely,

HARRY ROLFE.

OTHER letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Virgil Skipton, Margaret Esselburn, Annette Ruggle, J. W. Mills, Jr., Berenice E. Journeays, Elizabeth McConkey, Hannah McConkey, Beatrice Savigne, Esther Burroughs, Harold Saxton, Katharine Hitchcock, Willard Craik, M. W. Decker, Mary McKittrick, Allan J. Ayers, Billy Pardee, Adeline Jarvis, Helen Wilson, Elizabeth Caranan, Jean Mumford, Phyllis Singer, Dorothy Coleman, Frances Berenice Brouner, Mildred Driesback, Josephine McGregor, Karen Busck, Stuart Hannah, Lucia A. Berry, Fritz Breitenfeld, Kathleen Mendenhall, Connie Armstrong, Jeannette Houseman, Dorothy G. Clement, Stella Knox, Gertrude Stockder, Beverley Cayley, Helen Lasher, Clementine Baker.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

Answers [illegible] were received before February 15th from [illegible].

A Diagonal. Milton. Cross-words: 1. Mother. 2. Tiller. 3. Miller. 4. Hatter. 5. Syphon. 6. Python.

Double Acrostic. Primals, Dartmouth; finals, dark green. Cross-words: 1. Deed. 2. Anna. 3. Roar. 4. Tack. 5. Mug. 6. [illegible]

[illegible] Answers to Puzzles in the December Number were received before December 15th from "Peter Pan and Tinker Bell"—Betty and Mary—Harriet Gates—Helen Davis—Philip W. Thayer—Eugene A. Steiner—Gaylord Merritt Gates—E. [illegible]—I. A. L. C.—Helen Morris—Harriet O'Donnell—Roger Deed Willett—Lorna Doone—"Marzipan"—Emmet Russell—James A. Dodd—Katharine Bigelow—Anita Nathan—Marion Hedrick—"Jolly Juniors"—Lewry A. Baggers—Agnes Mayo—Louis Sax—Margery Beaty—Ellen Wells—Gus Stassel—Helen L. Mayer—Ellen F. Williams—Emily Kaye Burton—Walter H. B. Allen, Jr.—Victor H. Hall—Robert Kretschmer—Randolph Mayer—Frances A. Handy—William G. Milligan—Mary H. Oliver—"Queenscourt"—Eleanor M. Chase.

Answers to Puzzles in the December Number were received before December 15th from Dorothy Oak, 2—Clara B. Comstock, 2—Sidney B. M. Dexter, [illegible]—"Inkling and Stupidity," 3—Evangeline G. Coombs, 1—Margaret Halberman, 1—Edna Meyle, 1—Gertrude O'Connell, Ellen Romans, 3—Dean Jenkins, 3—Harriet R. Gray, 3—Annie S. Reed, 2—Mary K. Colgan, 3—Frances Putnam, 5—Margaret A. Farmar, Muriel Miller, 1—C. Guttzeit, 2—W. I. Lloyd, Jr., 3—Frances Durbin, 7—"Puzzling Trio"—Dorothy Grant, 1—H. C. Kirkpatrick, 1—C. F. Ricker, 1—E. Hays, 1—S. Brugger, 1—K. Lockhardt, 1—R. I. Andress, 1—E. Field, 1—F. Dameron, 1—N. L. Harris, 1—M. C. Brown, 1—A. Walker, 1—V. W. Hoff, 1—L. L. Duffy, 1—B. Schaper, 1—A. A. Kahn, 1—M. Heineman, 1—K. Bringhurst, 1

Puzzles Contributed by [illegible]

Zeneas Washington Dromgay Cross-words: 1. Watt. 2. Baw. 3. Wash. 4. Wish. 5. Asia. 6. Anon. 7. Gird. 8. Atom. 9. Aeon. 10. Bert. 11. Pess. 12. Ante. 13. Dan. 14. Ante. 15. Ore. 16. Dan. 17. Mad. 18. Yon. 19. Yon.

Numerical Enigma. Awkward thoughts make awful [illegible].

King's Move Puzzle. Begin at the second L in the second line: Louise May Alcott, Little Men, Little Women, Jo's Boys, Eight Cousins, Rose in Bloom.

A Cross of Squares: I. 1. Iron. 2. Rove. 3. Oval. 4. Nell. II. 1. Nell. 2. Erie. 3. Lima. 4. Lean. III. 1. Slew. 2. Live. 3. Evil. 4. Well. IV. 1. Well. 2. Erie. 3. Liza 4. Lean. V. 1. Lean. 2. Ease. 3. Asps. 4. Nest. VI. 1. Nest. 2. Ever. 3. Seba. 4. Iran. VII. 1. Tram. 2. Rose. 3. Aves. 4. Mess. VIII. 1. Tape. 2. Away. 3. Pate. 4. Eyes. IX. 1. Nest. 2. Ella. 3. Slap. 4. Tape.

To our Puzzlers: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

CHARADE

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My *first* is always found, I 'm sure, in studies of art,
And to the beauty of the room it adds no little part;
My *second* is an article; and when a blonde you 've passed,
Most dexterously placed o'er her hair you 'll often see my *last*.
My *whole* beat time to many a dance for Spaniard, Turk, and Moor,
Though you never may have heard it, you 've guessed it now, I 'm sure.

ALTHEA BERTHA MORTON.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

I. Upper Square: 1. Imitates. 2. Medicine in the form of a little ball, to be swallowed whole. 3. A feminine name. 4. To hurl with force.

II. Left-hand Square: 1. Urges on. 2. The final purpose or aim. 3. Joyful. 4. To throw.

III. Central Square: 1. To hurl. 2. Affection. 3. A river of England. 4. Belonging to men.

IV. Right-hand Square: 1. Belonging to men. 2. To prepare for publication. 3. A number. 4. Part of a plant.

V. Lower Square: 1. Belonging to men. 2. Equal. 3. A Roman emperor. 4. A cold substance.

PAUL W. NEWARDEN.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My primals and finals each name a famous explorer.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. To see. 2. To blame. 3. Scottish landholders. 4. A large tropical island. 5. The east. 6. The leader of the Muses.

MARGARET BOLAND.

ADDITIONS

Example: Add a letter to a coin, and make declivity. Answer, de-scent.

1. Add an animal to a cutting, and make a flower. 2. Add part of the head to a cozy place, and make eager. 3. Add pale to a necessity when fishing, and make the young of the common herring. 4. Add a portion to a crest, and make a game bird. 5. Add "by way of" to doused, and make a bridge. 6. Add a useful member to a portion, and make attractive to the eye. 7. Add a near relative to a seine, and leave a poem containing fourteen lines. 8. Add an overseer to a weight, and make a certain city. 9. Add a young girl to grasp, and make an error. 10. Add a letter to a performance, and make overthrow.

TAWFIK E. ZREIK (League Member).



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When the twelve objects have been rightly guessed, and the fifty-three letters set down in proper order, they will form a quotation from a play by Shakspere.

DIAGONALS AND ACROSTIC

1 . 7 . 4
. * . * .
. . * . .
. * . * .
5 . . . 2
. * . * .
. . * . .
. * . * .
3 . 8 . 6

Cross-words: 1. A child's name for its mother. 2. Joyous. 3. A song of joy. 4. Flat circular plates. 5. An aquatic worm. 6. A water-nymph. 7. A tree. 8. Tables for readers and writers. 9. Exhibits.

From 1 to 2, a month; from 2 to 3, an animal associated with that month; from 4 to 5, a month; from 5 to 6, birds associated with that month; from 7 to 8 (transposed), certain spring flowers.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

A MYTHOLOGICAL PUZZLE

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail the chief god of Roman mythology, and leave an abyss. 2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a character in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and leave to force in. 3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail another character in the same play, and leave a common verb. 4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail the Muse of Astronomy, and leave a common article. 5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail the daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia, and leave a personal pronoun.

The initials of the five remaining little words spell the name of a famous king of Troy.

HELEN DWIGHT (League Member).

CLASSICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of eighty-nine letters and form a verse from a well-known poem.

My 19–45–23–14–16 is a famous Greek epic poem. My 7–2–46–8–15 18–32 3–30–33–37 was carried off by Paris. My 48–27–34–37–5–11–44–42 is a captive named in the poem. My 39–6–63–58–17–28–56 was a son of Agamemnon. My 13–26–40–72–75–48–76–12–64 was the friend of Achilles. My 9–41–61–24–4–20–51 is the god of the sea. My 35–43–49–70–36–8 is the goddess of wisdom. My 47–10–78–79–57 is the head of an abbey. My 22–71–64–25–66—54–68–74–85–73 50–80–52–88–67–21 was one of the early American authors. My 81–83–52–41–82–89 means a coming. My 1–53–38–84 is to elevate. My 86–77–59–60 was between Pyramus and Thisbe. My 69–87–55 is to linger. My 62–67–29 was a lovely lady in the "Faerie Queen." My 31–65–10 was the residence of Diogenes.

MARY E. CAMACHO (League Member).

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My firsts are in Jack, but not in king;
My seconds in beau, but not in belle;
My thirds are in glee, but not in sing;
My fourths are in said, but not tell.
My fifths, in tambourine, not in fife;
My sixths are in Master, but not in life.
My *wholes* are the name of a warrior bold,
Who could do many things besides fight, we're told.

ELSIE NATHAN (Honor Member).

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

C	F	S	U	B	P	D	W	R	F
L	N	T	I	R	N	I	C	K	A
A	E	D	N	J	B	S	E	P	S
T	Q	U	C	L	O	Y	N	R	Z
D	R	P	D	O	B	R	S	N	G
A	W	I	O	M	W	E	Y	A	D
H	T	S	H	E	O	C	S	I	S
K	G	Y	W	N	L	T	W	O	N
I	N	H	T	A	I	T	R	A	D
U	P	E	M	S	V	E	L	E	S
M	B	O	S	L	E	O	N	Y	O

By moving from one square to another in any direction (as in the king's move in chess) the surnames of three popular authors may be spelled, and also four books written by each author,— twelve books in all. Begin at a new square for each of the fifteen names and titles which constitute the answer.

FRIEDA RABINOWITZ.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



THE NEW BONNET

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXV APRIL, 1908 No. 6

HISTORIC BOYHOODS.

BY RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

MICHAEL ANGELO: THE BOY OF THE MEDICI GARDENS

It was high noon, and a group of boys ran out through the little door that led from the villa of Lorenzo the Magnificent into the gardens and threw themselves on the grass in the shade of a row of poplars. They were all absorbed in one subject, their tongues could scarcely keep pace with their nimble fancies.

"What shalt thou go as, Paolo? I heard Messer Lorenzo say that thou shouldst be something marvelously fine; but what can be so fine as Romulus in a Roman triumph?"

"I am to be the thrice-gifted Apollo, dressed as your Athenians saw him, harp and bow and the crown of laurel on my head. That will be a sight for thee, Ludovico *mio*, and for the pretty eyes of thy Bianca also." Paolo laughed as one who well knew the value of his yellow locks and blue eyes in a land of brown and black. "What art thou to be in Messer Lorenzo's coming pageant, Michael?"

The boy addressed, a slim, black-haired youth, lay on his back, his head resting in his hands, his eyes watching the circling flight of some pigeons.

"I?" he said dreamily. "Oh, I have given little thought to that. I shall be whatever Francesco Granacci wishes; he knows what is needed better than any one else."

As he spoke a tall youth came into the garden and sat down in the middle of the group. He had curious, smiling eyes, and hands that were fine and pointed like a woman's. He answered all questions easily, telling each what part he was to play in the triumphant procession of Paulus Aemilius that was to dazzle the good people of Florence on the morrow. He had lately become one of the chief favorites in the little court of young people that the head of the great house of Medici loved to have about him, and his remarkable talent for detail had made him the leader in all Lorenzo's entertainments.

The boy Michael listened for a time to the flowing words of young Granacci, then rose and wandered to where some stone-masons had lately been at work. He stopped in front of a block of marble that was gradually taking the form of the mask of a faun.

Near the block stood an antique mask, a garden ornament, and this the boy studied for a few moments before he picked up one of the mason's deserted tools and began to cut the stone himself.

Copyright, 1908, by The Century Co. All rights reserved.

The gay chatter under the poplars went on, but the boy with the chisel, lost in thought, his heavy brows bent into a bow, chipped and cut, forgetful of everything else. A half hour passed, and a long shadow fell across the marble. Michael looked up to see his patron, Lorenzo, called the Magnificent One, standing beside him. The boy glanced from the fine, keen face of the Medici to the marble mask of the old faun in front of him.

"Well, sirrah," said Lorenzo, half seriously, half in jest, "what wilt thou be up to next?"

"Jacopo, one of the builders, gave me a stone," answered the boy, "and told me I might do what I would with it. Yonder is my copy, the old figure there."

"But," said Lorenzo, critically, "your faun is old and yet you have given him all his teeth; you should have known in a face as aged as that some of the teeth are wanting."

"True," said the young sculptor, and taking his chisel, with a few strokes he made such a gap in the mouth as no master could have improved.

The Medici watched, and when the change was made, broke into laughter. "Right, boy!" he cried, "'t is perfect; Praxiteles himself could not have bettered that!" Then, with a quizzical smile, he looked the youth over. "I knew thou wert a painter; and now a sculptor; what wilt thy clever hand be doing next?"

"Bearing arms in your worship's cause, an' the gods be good!" exclaimed the boy, his deep eyes, full of admiration, on his patron's face.

"Ah," said Lorenzo, "so? Well, perhaps the day will come. Florence is not a rose bed, and I cannot cure the city as I would of thorns." He fell into thought, then roused again. "But thou, young Michael Angelo, dost know what a time I had to make thy father let thee be a painter, and now thou addest to thy sins and cuttest in marble. Where will be the end of thy infamy?"

The boy caught the gleam in his friend's eyes, and his serious face broke into smiles.

"In Rome, Signor Lorenzo, in the Holy Father's house. There I shall go some day."

"And why to Rome?"

"Every one goes to Rome; thy marvelous pageants are Roman; art lives there."

"Yes," mused Lorenzo, "Rome on its hills is still the Eternal City. And yet in those far days to come I doubt if thou wilt be as happy as in Lorenzo's gardens. How sayest thou, boy?"

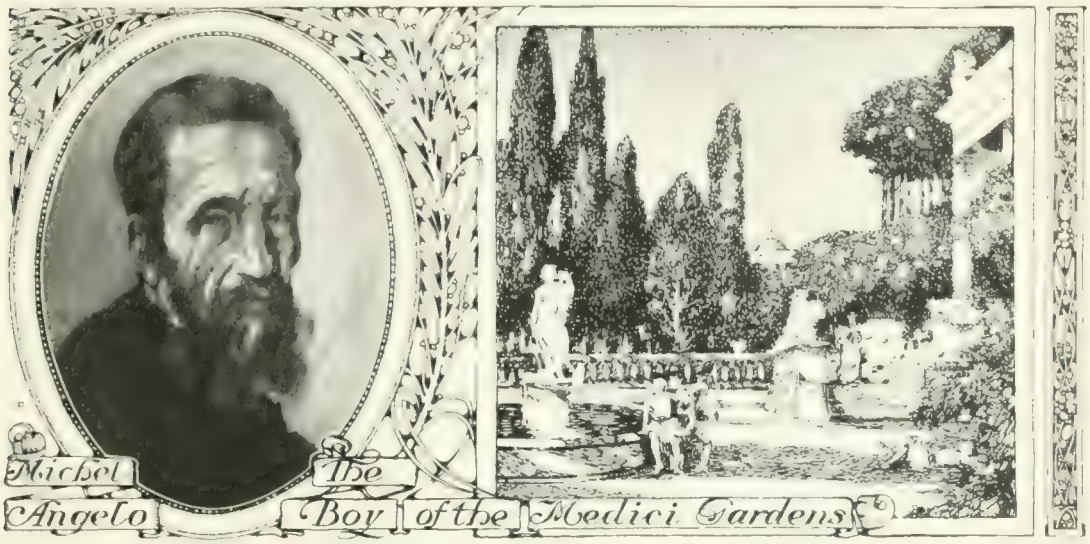
"I know not," was the answer. "Only I know that I shall go."

The laughter of the other boys came to their ears, and Lorenzo turned. "Thy faun is done; to-morrow will I speak with Poliziano of our new sculptor. What is Granacci saying over there? Come with me and listen." So, the prince's arm resting affectionately on the boy's shoulder, they crossed the garden to the noisy group.

Life was gay then in Florence. Lorenzo de' Medici was ruling the turbulent city by keeping it occupied with merrymaking, by beautifying its squares with priceless treasures, by helping its poor but ambitious children to win their heart's desires, by mingling with the citizens at all times, and writing them ballads to sing, and giving them masques to act. His house was open to the great men of Italy; on his entertainments he lavished his wealth, set no bounds to the means he gave Granacci and the others to make the pageants gorgeous, and superintended everything with his own wonderfully keen eye for beauty. Thus the triumphal procession of Paulus Aemilius on the morrow after the little scene in the gardens was an all-day revel. The good folk of Florence left their shops and homes and lined the streets, and for hours floats drawn by prancing horses and picturing great scenes in Roman history passed before the delighted people's eyes. Among the warriors, the heroes, the nymphs and fauns, they recognized their neighbor's children or their own sons and daughters; they were all parcel of it; it was their own triumph as well as Rome's. Girls sang and danced and smiled, boys posed and cheered and played heroic parts, the whole youth of the city spent the day in fairyland. Chief among the boys was the little group of artists who were studying in Lorenzo's mansion, and chief among these Granacci, who was Master of the Revels, Paolo Tornabuoni, who made a wonderful Apollo, seated on a golden globe playing upon a lyre, and the dark-browed Michael Angelo, clad in a tunic, one of the noble youth of early Rome. His father, Ludovico Buonarotti, and his mother, Francesca, were in the crowd that watched him pass. "Yonder he goes," cried the proud mother, "dost see thy son, Ludovico?" But her husband scowled; he had little use for a son of his who had rather be painter than merchant.

A year of happiness passed for the boys in the Medici gardens, and then the skies of Florence darkened. A monk from San Marco raised his voice to shame the gay people of their lightness, and his bitter tongue sought out Lorenzo the Magnificent as chief offender. The boy Michael Angelo went to hear Savonarola preach, and came away, heavy of mind and heart. He heard the beautiful things of the world assailed as sinful, and his beloved master called a servant of the Evil One. A winter of reproach fell upon the city, and when it ended, and Lent was over, darkness fell, for Lorenzo lay dead at Careggi in 1492 —the year when Columbus discovered America.

For a long time Michael Angelo, stunned by his patron's loss, could do no work, and when at last he found the heart to take up his brush and palette it was no longer in the great house of the Medici, but in a little room he had arranged for himself as a studio under his father's roof. He was not long left to work there in peace; the three sons of Lorenzo, boys of nearly his own age, who had been playmates with him in the gardens, and had studied with him under the same masters, needed his help. The great Medici had him aside from the others, told him that in a dream the night before, Lorenzo had appeared before him robed in black, torn garments, and in deep, melancholy tones had ordered him to tell Piero, his son, that he would soon be driven out from Florence, never to return. Michael Angelo told the musician to tell Piero, but the latter was too frightened to obey. A few days later he came again to Michael Angelo, this time pale and shaking with fear, and said that Lorenzo had appeared to him a second time, had repeated what he had



said, long before, that of his three sons one was good, one clever, and the third a fool. Giulio, now thirteen years old, was the good one, Giovanni, seventeen years old, already a Prince Cardinal of the Church, was the clever one, and Piero, the oldest, now head of the family in Florence, was the fool.

The storm raised by Savonarola was ready to break about Piero de' Medici's head, and such friends as were still faithful to him he gathered about him at his house. Michael Angelo, his old playmate, was among the number, and again moved to the palace, and for a brief time they sought to bring back the favor of the people by a return to the old-time magnificence.

With no wise head to guide, the youths were soon in sore straits. Their love of art, their study of the poets, their attempt to revive the history of Greece and Rome were all scorned and mocked at as so much wanton dissipation. The boys drew closer together; the fate of their house hung trembling in the balance.

Then one morning a young lute-player named Cardiere came to Michael Angelo and, drawing said to him before, and had threatened him with dire punishment if he dared again to disobey the strict command.

Alarmed at the news Michael Angelo spoke his mind to Cardiere and bade him to set off at once to see Piero, who was at Careggi, and give him his father's warning. Cardiere, half way to Careggi, met Piero and some friends riding in toward Florence. The minstrel stopped their way and besought Piero to hear his story. The young Medici bade him speak, but when he had heard the warning laughed, and his friends laughed with him. Bibbiena, one of Piero's closest friends, and later to sit for one of Raphael's masterpieces, cried aloud in scorn to Cardiere: "Fool! Dost think that Lorenzo gives thee such honor before his own son that he would thus appear to thee rather than to Piero?" With laughter at Cardiere's crestfallen face the gay troop rode on, and the poor messenger of evil tidings returned slowly with his news to Michael Angelo.

By now the boy sculptor was thoroughly alarmed. Like almost every one else of that age

he believed in portents and visions; he therefore took Cardiere's story to heart, and in addition he could see for himself that the foolish, headstrong Piero was taking no steps to turn the growing discontent. He hated to leave his friends, but knew that they would pay no heed to his warning, and so, after much hesitation, decided, with two friends of about his own age, to go to Venice and seek work in that quieter city.

A year later Michael Angelo returned to his home, but found it changed unspeakably. Florence, that had been a city of delight, was now a city of dread. Savonarola held the people's ear, and had taught them to destroy what Lorenzo had led them to revere. The monks of San Marco made bonfires of their paintings, priceless manuscripts had met with the same fate, and Lorenzo's house had been despoiled of all its sculpture. The gardens were strewn with broken statues that had once been Michael Angelo's delight. He walked through them broken-hearted, and realized that he alone was left of that group who had found so much happiness there only a few years before. The words that he had spoken to Lorenzo on the day he chiseled the faun recurred to him, "To Rome I shall go some day," and thither he now set his face.

Thereafter the Eternal City claimed Michael Angelo. Cardinal after cardinal, pope after pope, employed his marvelous genius to beautify the capital of the world. As he had said, he found work to do in the Holy Father's house. Whatever else they might do, the Italians of that age worshiped art, and there were two stars in their firmament, Raphael and Michael Angelo. Again Fate's wheel turned, and at last Michael Angelo returned to Florence, loaded with honors, this time again the guest of a Medici, Giulio, the playmate of his youth, ruling as autocrat where his father had ruled as a mere citizen. A little later, and the shrewdest of the three boys, Giovanni, became Pope Leo X. As men the friends of boyhood differed, but they were alike in their devotion to Florence and the things they had learned in her school years before. At the height of his power Michael Angelo turned his hand to the Medici Chapel and built there lasting monuments to their glory and his genius, a wonderful return for the rare days of his boyhood in their gardens.



THEIR MASTER'S VOICE—HIS BARK IS WORSE THAN HIS BITE.



TOWARD SPRING

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

Long have we tracked with heavy pace,
  The valley of the Wintry Year;
At last, an upward path we trace,
  And all things speak of vernal cheer.

Even the frost, that on the pane
  Still spreads its garden silver-white,
Foretells that soon will spring again
  The living flowers that drink the light.

And the wind that by the casement sweeps,–
  It lapses with a summer-close:
The brook through icy lattice peeps,
  And on, toward freedom, singing, goes!

THE GENTLE INTERFERENCE OF BAB

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan," "Fritzi," etc.

Chapter X

MISS TWILLA

"Bab, dear, I 've lost my key. I had it just a moment ago, and we can't go a step without it."

Miss Twilla was pattering plaintively about her sitting-room, feeling under books and cushions, stopping frequently to shake her skirts, and pat frantically up and down, hoping the missing key might be concealed in some of her numerous ruffles and plaitings. "I 'm sure Lida must have picked it up," she fretted. "She 's always doing something she should n't."

"Why, here is the key, Aunt Twilla, in this flower-pot," cried Bab, catching sight of its brassy glitter among the pink primroses that bloomed on the window-ledge.

"Oh, so it is, to be sure! I remember now, I did stick it there, thinking it would be safe for once," exclaimed Miss Twilla, her face suddenly clouding. "Oh, dear, I 'm so forgetful, perhaps—" Then as if to herself, she said, "But I saw it last in her hand, I saw it . . . I was only just . . . I can't worry about it."

"Is it something else lost?" inquired Bab. "I 'm very, very good at finding things."

"No, no. I was only talking to myself. Come, come, dear," and she hurried toward the door as if to get away from her own thoughts. "You like pretty things, Bab?"

"Yes, indeed, I do, are you going to show me some, Aunty?"

"We 're going to look through the wardrobes. Some of the things have been there since Great-grandmother Linsey's day. I used to see them all when I was a little girl; mother always used to let us at house-cleaning time. Sister Kate would have none of it. Father humored Katie too much. But Sister Bess, Clothilda, and I, loved the old things. They have both been dead for years, and all their beautiful things are hung there, too, and Sister Kate's and mine, gowns and bonnets we wore when we were young things. Kate looked well when mother could force her out of her riding-habit. Dear, dear, it 's all so long ago. But I don't look my age. Of that I 'm well aware."

So Aunt Twilla and Bab, dear old maid and dear little maid, went hand in hand up the broad stairway, followed by Duchess and Plata, Toots, and two of the biggest kittens—a gay procession.

But you must n't imagine from now on all was smooth sailing. Bab soon declared it was as good as a game, just the getting there; for Aunt Twilla's method was to first lock all the wardrobes, and then carefully hide each key in a different drawer in the east chamber, hiding in turn these drawer keys in the gray spare chamber, and so on until you came at last to the key of the south chamber, which was *the* key, the elusive big brass key that the family pursued from morning until night. All this hunting, with the stopping to count the cats and kittens—for there were always one or two getting left behind and usually locked in—kept them both in a gale of laughter; for, at least, Miss Twilla knew how to laugh at her own peccadillos and merry, indeed, were the sounds that floated down to Miss Kate who sat at her desk looking over her accounts.

"Bless the child! she 's a regular little sunbeam," thought Miss Linsey, with pen uplifted. "Sister Twilla seems years younger already. What it would be to have Bab always around the place. Robert is a splendid fellow and her mother comes of a fine folk. I guess they have n't done very well in that little raw Western town—I wonder—I wonder—" Then suddenly Miss Kate caught up her riding-crop and a moment later was walking down the veranda toward the west wing.

"There, that is the last, I have them all now," declared Miss Twilla, when Bab had fished out the fifteenth, a funny little fat key, from the cabinet drawer.

"Come, we 'll go over to Sister Bess's room first. Such a bit of a girl, with hair like gold, and the pinkest cheeks." As Miss Twilla rambled on she shook out queer old gowns of brocade, and satin, and shining silk, "stiff enough to stand alone"; filmy muslins, and silken tissues. She opened bandboxes from which she took queer old bonnets and hats that made Bab shriek with glee. There were wedding gowns, coming-out gowns, visiting gowns, ball gowns; but Bab's favorite, from the moment she espied it, had once been Sister Clothilda's, who had been dead for thirty years. It was a sea-green silk tissue, the wide skirt had a woven border of brocade velvet roses in softest pinks; the baby waist was made with a low neck, and flowing sleeves edged with wee pink roses and finished with narrow white fringe.

"Ohee!" cried Bab, as she caught sight of it

among its paper wrappings. "Aunt Twilla, it looks just like Spring!"

Aunt Twilla, pleased as a child by Bab's delight, hastened to undo a monstrous flowered bandbox, from which she took a miracle of a bonnet. Bab took it in both hands and gloated. Such a bonnet! A coal-scuttle of Neapolitan, trimmed, if you please, with branches upon which grew small peaches, most luscious-looking among their green leaves, while upon the top was a tiny bird's-nest in which were three pale green eggs, and beside it perched a little mother bird. Was it any wonder Bab danced up and down and begged Aunt Twilla to let her try it on?

"Oh, just once, please, Aunt Twilla!"

So Miss Twilla, nothing loath, arrayed Bab in the sea-green and the great bonnet, tying the wide sea-green strings under her rosy chin. Then from the open box she took a pair of short white kid gloves, a long coral chain from the end of which dangled a little pink fan with gilt sticks, and a sea-green reticule with wee pink velvet pockets set around its fascinating sides.

"Ohee, ohee!" was all Bab could gasp as Miss Twilla flung the long chain about her neck and hung the reticule on her little fat wrist—that reticule with its wee pockets! Oh, Bab, if you only knew!



"LOOK," CRIED EVE, AS SHE AND COMET SUDDENLY PUT THEIR HEADS INTO THE OPEN WINDOW (SEE PAGE 4

"There," said Miss Twilla, "now you can imagine how Sister Clothilda looked at Cousin Sallie White's wedding. My, I can remember it as if it were yesterday, though I was n't but ten years old and was just allowed to go in the room after she was all dressed. Mother made Kate and me clasp our hands behind our backs for fear we would touch her. My, me, she looked like any queen. Clothilda was the beauty of the family. What I 'd give to see some one wearing the sea-green gown again! but that will never be." Oh, Miss Twilla, if *you* only knew!

Bab sailed up and down before the mirror, holding up the long skirt, trying to imagine the sister who looked like a queen with two little girls staring at her, two little girls who were now old ladies, Miss Kate, who looked like Captain Kidd, and Miss Twilla with a shaking head. It did n't seem possible.

"All Clothilda's things belong to Sister Kate, and Sister Bessie's to me," Miss Twilla was saying; "but I take care of them all."

It was quite four o'clock when Lida had finished putting the wardrobes in order, and Aunt Twilla, having come to the last key, went hand in hand with Bab down the stairs. Miss Twilla was tired, but radiant. It was a most fortunate moment, Bab thought, the sight of the long hall that led to the west wing recalling her desire—so, raising the wrinkled old hand to her lips, she said:

"Dear Aunt Twilla, do you care if Joan Stuart—you know she lives with the Trotts, and there are so many there she never gets a piece of a minute alone—and do you care if she comes and paints in the old garden behind the west wing? You know there is a high wall around it and she would n't be seen by any one."

"Yes, yes, child," assented Miss Twilla, her mind so full of past days she scarcely knew Bab had spoken.

"Oh, thank you so much, Aunt Twilla," broke in Bab, "I do think the garden is so lovely, just like a fairy story. How many of the servants stay over in the west wing?"

"What are you talking about, child?" asked Miss Twilla, a bit fretfully. "I was telling you about my coming-out gown. Why, not a soul has lived in the west wing for ten years."

"Why, Aunt Twilla—!"

"Hurry, Bab, dear, here 's Jim with Comet," called Aunt Kate from the lower hall. "Run and get into your habit, it 's time for your ride."

Fifteen minutes later a pretty little girl in tan, from the crown of her billycock hat to the toes of her neat little boots, went galloping down the drive.

The quaint old house with its rambling sheds basked peacefully in the afternoon sun. Not a Trott was in sight as Bab drew rein before the door.

"Girls—oh, girls!"

There was no reply.

"Deaf old things!" grumbled Bab. "Let 's surprise 'em, Comet. The gate is open—go softly, like a little lady—there, go on, honey—go on."

Straight in the gate walked Comet, around the side yard and across the lawn.

"Boo!" cried Bab, as she and Comet suddenly put their heads through the open window.

"Laws 'a' mercy! Why don't you scare a body to death?" shrieked Drusie, upsetting the pan of peas she was shelling, and sending them rattling over the floor for Kiggie to run after.

But Bab had eyes only for Mrs. Trott, who stood at one side of the quaint old dining-room with her skirts lifted daintily in both hands. Behind her yawned the big stone fireplace with its mantelshelf hung with a white valance, its row of blue and white plates, and hanging mugs, and the ferns that Bart kept green upon the hearth. She was like a picture in her white gown.

"You mischief, how you did startle us!" She laughed, when she saw who it was, and then, a sudden hope springing in her eyes, she said eagerly: "Oh, Bab, the girls say you are such a dear about helping every one—perhaps you will help me. Tell me, quick, do you know how to dance?"

Never in all her life had Bab so longed to say yes. Mrs. Trott was so evidently in earnest, and even Mr. Trott and Drusie seemed hanging on her answer.

"No-o," she reluctantly admitted. "My, don't I wish I did!"

"Oh, so do I," groaned Mrs. Trott. "I 've gotten a summer engagement—and I just must take it. It 's *Miss Mittie* in 'Aunt Rachel,' and I have to dance at a Hallowe'en party; but, alas, I never danced in my life. Drusie thought she knew a few steps, but she finds she has forgotten; poor Daddy is trying to make me music. It 's funny, awfully funny. Anybody with any sense of humor would see it," she went on gaily, trying to laugh, as she looked at Mr. Trott with his chair tipped back against the wall, breathing softly now into his melancholy instrument, a mouth-organ, but the tears stood in her eyes.

"If we just had the pickle factory, Sallie," sighed Mr. Trott, having reached the end of the strain, "then you would n't have to do anything like this."

"Yes, yes, dear, I know. But we have n't, and sometimes I fear—but there, there, no croaking,

Sallie, we 'll believe that we have, and they 're there 's a lot in that, Daddy, so we 'll just believe, you and I, and all the children, that soon there will be rows and rows of little white pots, put up by the 'Happy Home Pickle Company' standing upon every grocer's shelf from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Why, I should n't be surprised if King Edward would send over for a jar of Lemon Honey, 'him-own-self,' as Maze used to say—*there*, I feel better already, don't you? Play, Daddy, and I 'll see if I can't limber these awkward heels of mine. All the children are up in the sky parlor, Bab, having a picnic; they wanted Daddy and me, but we had other fish to fry. Try again, dear, just a little faster, and, Drusie, you count, there 's a dear, one, two, three. One, two, three."

As Bab looked at brave Mrs. Trott, pounding stiffly up and down, her face set with a determined, loving little smile toward her husband, at loyal old Drusie, with her dreary "one, two, three. One, two, three"; at Mr. Trott, playing with all the gravity of a grave-digger, she hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. If only, if only—then catching up her rein, Bab wheeled Comet around so suddenly she almost lost her seat.

"Go," she cried, "go, Comet dear, I 've got the loveliest idea in the world. Go!"

Chapter XI

BAB INTERFERES

Down the Serpentine rode Jean, and behind her soberly jogged the groom. Her head bent, flicking her skirt absently with her whip, Jean had no glance for the lovely scene that lay about her. But suddenly she sat straight in her saddle, drawing so sharp a rein, gentle Star reared, for far down the road came a flying figure perched on a little bay horse.

"You precious cousin!" shrieked Bab gleefully, the instant she could really make herself heard. "You dear!" And she pulled up sharply at Jean's side. "Do you love me, honest?"

"Do you want me to, Bab?" faltered Jean, her cheeks flushing, her eyes filling with tears.

But Bab, too intent upon her wonderful idea to notice how Jean was moved, leaned far over in her saddle to give her cousin a resounding kiss.

"Of course I do, and I love you heaps, but, oh, I 'll love you forever and ever if you 'll do something for me. Celeste said once you danced like a fairy?"

"I don't understand," broke in bewildered Jean.

"Oh, Jean," begged Bab, giving the fillies a light tap with her crop that sent them clickety clacking with swiftly flying hoofs up the hard, smooth road. "Don't be a stupid, I 've got the loveliest idea!" and out tumbled the story of Mrs Trott.

At the name of Trott, Jean stiffened somewhat, but as Bab went on and on, in spite of herself she knew she was being won over, and in spite of herself, too, joy was shining in her brown eyes, for, oh, she had been so lonely and forlorn, and here a moment later she was flying along with Bab, the love of her heart. Bab, who was really taking her into things at last, and who seemed to have forgotten all about the quarrel and the cold parting.

And so it was two joyful little girls who came galloping into the Trotts' yard, and leaving their horses with the astonished groom, ran up the steps of the old house.

"Dear Mrs. Trott," cried Bab, bursting into the dining-room while Jean came shyly after her, "here is Cousin Jean, and she dances like an angel."

"Oh, how kind of you," cried Mrs. Trott when she caught her breath. "I—I really was getting a little discouraged. Bab, it was lovely of you to think of it; but, alas, alas, I am afraid I 'll prove a very stupid pupil. Besides," then suddenly her merry face fell, "perhaps your mother would n't like it, perhaps Jean—"

"Oh, Mrs. Trott," and Bab's arms were around her, "why, Aunt Millicent would be so glad. She is just the loveliest—"

"Yes, yes, dear," said Mr. Trott, "it 's so hard on you to learn without help."

"Well, anyway—it—it is n't for myself—it 's for the children. I 'll accept this favor from you, Jean, so thankfully; but I will warn you, I 'm as stiff as a poker. My work has always been to do sweet, gentle old ladies, I 'm not acquainted with this new frisky kind. But I must learn, I must."

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Trott," exclaimed Bab, flying to drag Jean into the room, stumbling over Kiggie on the way and then running back to Mr. Trott to say coaxingly:

"Oh, Mr. Trott, do let me have your other mouth-organ, I can play it finely. You see, Mr. Trott," she wheedled, fearing to hurt his feelings, "what you are playing is a little—don't you think so, Mrs. Trott?—just a wee bit mournful. You see it ought to go like this," and, perched upon the steps that led to the kitchen, Bab, in her tan riding-habit, with her billycock hat on the back of her head, her crop still swinging from her wrist, made a charming picture, as she broke into a rollicking tune upon her reedy instrument.

"Aye, aye," chuckled Drusie, tapping a lusty tattoo with her flat foot. "That 's something like!

Even my old feet could get a-goin' to that swing." Up and down, around and about, flew graceful Jean's pretty, tripping feet, and bumpety bump painfully followed Mrs. Trott, with set teeth and short-coming breath; for, alas, alas, in spite of patient teacher and willing pupil, in spite of Bab's frisky time, and Drusie's canty tattooing even Mr. Trott was forced to shake his head. Mrs. Trott was a very dull pupil, a very dull pupil, indeed.

The groom was growing weary with waiting, while Comet and Star, between nibbles of clover and nibbles of the picket fence, with which they frequently regaled themselves, were tossing their heads impatiently; but still the girls lingered on, and it was only when the Trott children, big and little, happy and hungry, came rushing in pell-mell, that any one realized how late it was growing.

"Well, just get on to this!" cried slangy Maze, "you two girls are regular bricks."

"Bab Howard, you 're the best girl in the world," cried they all, when their mother had explained. "It 's just lovely of you, Jean."

And bashful Jean, having felt the happiness of really helping for once, and being really one of them, shed her shyness and stood flushed and laughing with Mrs. Trott's arm around her. As she and Bab rode up the Serpentine, turning again and again to wave good-by to all the gathered clan, she knew she was happier than she had ever been in all her life. Then she suddenly realized that Bab was riding with her back to Brook Acres.

"Oh, Bab," she faltered, leaning over to lay her hand on her cousin's, "are you really going home with me? It 's so dear of you; but had n't I better send Morgan back to tell Aunt Katie? They 'll be sure to worry."

"Oh, bless you, child," laughed Bab, with a careless, Trottish nod of her head—it had been such a glorious afternoon she was happy to the tips of her little tan boots—"I 'd just love to go, since you want me—you 've been a perfect angel, Jean, and I just love you for it. But you see Aunt Kate and Aunt Twilla they need me most; they are awfully lonely at Durley, and I am trying to be all the company that I can. Then you see I am going to help Joan, oh, goodness," she cried, clapping her hands over her mouth, "that 's a secret, a perfectly dandy secret, just between Joan and me."



"'WHAT IS THAT?' GASPED JOAN, SPRINGING TO HER FEET." (SEE PAGE 404.)

Already the joy had faded from Jean's face and she was sitting up very straight and dignified. Star, as if she understood her little mistress's mood, broke into a sharp canter.

"Why are you riding home with me then?" she asked, stiffly, looking back over her shoulder.

"Oh, I 've got a note for Joan, and I 'm taking it over to the post-office in the tree," said Bab.

"But you saw Joan not a minute ago," retorted Jean, plainly puzzled as well as angry. "Why did n't you tell her then, or give her the note, instead of riding all the way over to Brook Acres to put it in that silly hole in the tree."

"Goodness gracious, Jean!" burst out Bab. "Anybody would think you were your own grandmother. Did n't you ever do anything just for the fun of it, and don't you see how much more —oh, mysterious and—and, well—delightful it is to hide a note in a tree when it 's a secret, than just to blurt it out? Do you know, you do make me tired sometimes—"

But Bab got no farther.

"Perhaps I do—I don't doubt it," and Jean's tone was very cold and scornful, and, giving Star a sudden lash, she sped away up the road, leaving Bab to follow as she would.

Chapter XII

In the Sunken Garden

"Oh, Joan, I 've been just like Anne, Bluebeard's sister-in-law. I 've almost looked my eyes out from the turret window." Bab, swinging the rusty key, was prancing before the green door, waiting for breathless Joan, who had evidently run most of the way, in spite of the big box and rickety easel she carried.

"I came the very minute I could get away without any one seeing me," gasped Joan, dropping down on the stone step to catch her breath. "I had to tell Aunt Sallie, for if the family got scared about me they would be rushing all over the country."

"When did you get my note?" inquired Bab. "I was so afraid you would forget to look."

"Oh, Seth brought it yesterday."

"There, Joan," cried Bab, who, having turned the key in the rusty lock, pushed open the gate. "Is n't this a dream of a garden?"

"Oh-o-o—!" breathed Joan, as all the careless loveliness of the old garden broke like a vision upon her artistic, beauty-loving little soul.

"You 're not disappointed, are you, Joan?" implored Bab. "Don't tell me that. Just look at that white rose climbing the old trellis. Is n't it just like a picture with that pale lavender iris down below? Oh, Joan, you do think it is lovely, don't you?"

"Can't you see, Bab? Why, I 'm just letting it soak in; it 's too, *too* lovely. Oh, Bab, if I could just paint that one spray of red roses by the fountain!"

"Why, of course you can," cried practical Bab, dragging in the dilapidated old easel. "You shall paint every blessed thing in the garden; that is if you don't get to mooning."

Joan laughed as she gathered herself up and her big box and came down the steps.

"I never had much time for mooning, Bab, and I guess I never will, even if I should be so happy as to get to be an artist."

The girls soon set up the easel before the spray of roses that wreathed the satyr's marble shell, and settled themselves, Joan to work and Bab to rummage among Joan's treasures.

Even Bab's uncultivated eye caught something of the charm of Joan's work as she tossed over the little flower sketches.

"My, Joan!" she exclaimed. "Do you know I believe you take after your uncle. You 're a genius, that 's what you are. These are lovely, I wish you would let me show them to Aunt Kate."

"Oh, I could n't, Bab," gasped Joan, blushing at the thought. "Not Miss Linsey. Why she has been to Europe, and, oh, everywhere—but these; oh, Bab, do you suppose I could sell these over in New York?" and she fished from the bottom of the box a little package, which proved to be a dozen cards, each decorated with a wee overturned rush basket, from which tumbled wild flowers, delicate ferns and trailing vines.

"Ohee!" shrieked Bab. "Why, Joan, I just know Aunt Millicent would buy these—they just breathe at you; why, I do believe I can smell them."

"But, you see," faltered Joan. "If your aunt bought them it would be because you asked her, or because I 'm poor. I could n't bear that, Bab. I would like to have somebody buy them because they really wanted them."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Bab. "I suppose that 's the way real geniuses always feel. I suppose your Uncle Trott would n't want anybody to buy a jar of his pickles, or a pot of lemon honey, unless they were just hungering for 'em; but, after all, even geniuses have got to make a living."

"Oh, I know, Bab, and I won't be silly, and, oh, I just must make some money. I did n't mean to tell you, but some way, Bab, you are so sympathetic a body always tells you everything. You see we did n't get the interest paid on the mortgage this year. That 's the reason poor Aunt Sallie had to accept this summer engagement. She finds it so hard on account of that dance, although Jean is just patience itself. Then she has to have three gowns, and the one for the last act must be lovely; you see, she is a rich old maid in the play. But there, you will never understand unless I begin at the beginning. You see Aunt Sallie's father was a manager of a theater over in England and

her mother was a famous actress. Aunt Sallie and her little brothers used to be carried on the stage when they were babies and Aunty was never taught to do anything else. They all came over to America when she was a little girl. When she grew up she fell in love and married Uncle Trott. Well, after a while there were all the children, and Sethie and I—and Uncle Trott just could n't make money—and the place got mortgaged. Poor Aunt Sallie just had to do what she could, so she went back on the stage, but she just hates it more and more, and, oh, Bab," wailed Joan, "we—Sethie and I, are *two* more for her to support. If we could only get the pickle factory. We were all talking about it last night, and, oh, it would be heavenly. We would plant the whole place to pickly things, and Aunt Sallie would manage the business, Christie keep books and Seth and Bart deliver, so that Uncle Trott could give his whole heart and soul to pickles, and after a while we would branch out, and make jams, and jellies, and lemon honey—"

It made Bab smack her lips just to hear about it.

"And here," went on Joan, fishing again in the box, "is a design I made last night for the labels. I told Aunt Sallie I would do every one of them by hand, until we could afford to have them printed. You see, the label reads: 'Happy Home Pickles put up by Cassius D. Trott.' That wreath of cucumbers and tomatoes and lemons and things around the edge I don't care for, but Uncle Trott wanted them that way, so I did it."

"Oh, dear," groaned Bab, "if I were only rich so I could help."

"You dear Bab, you do help, just by wishing," Joan assured her. "But we can't do anything this year—dear me, how I wander. What I meant to tell you was about Aunt Sallie's gowns, was n't it? Well, Nell and I washed her flowered mull she wore in 'Cloverdale,' and it looks quite decent, and Janet who was her maid last season says she can turn and make over her violet silk, but there is just nothing for the last act—and it ought to be something perfectly lovely with a coal-scuttle bonnet."

"Joan Stuart!—Oh, if I could only get Aunt Kate to let me take it," cried Bab, springing to her feet as the word "coal-scuttle" brought before her mind a vision of peaches among their leaves and a wee nest and a mother bird. "If I only could!"

"*Poor me! poor me! poor old me!*"

Through the pleasant sunny garden wailed the discordant voice.

"What is that?" gasped Joan, springing to her feet and upsetting her easel into the fountain.

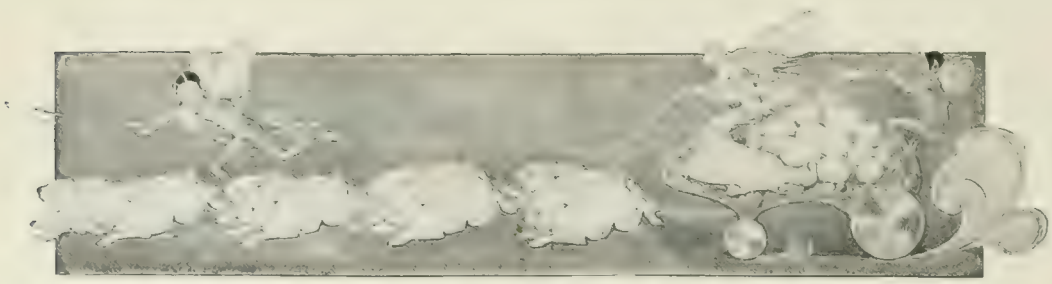
"*Poor me! poor me! poor old me!*" moaned the weird, uncanny voice.

Even Bab's strong nerves tingled for a minute, her ruddy cheeks growing a wee bit pale, but then her glance fell upon the cheery bright geraniums upon the window-ledge.

"Oh, don't be scared, Joan. It must be one of the servants trying to frighten us. They 'll see that can't scare me worth a cent. See the geraniums, somebody must live up there. You think you are awfully smart, don't you?" She cried tantalizingly to the open window. "But you can't scare us, we 're too busy."

"Well, it was a horrid, horrid voice," shivered Joan, the color coming slowly back into her cheeks. "It did n't sound quite—quite human, did it, Bab? But," as she looked around her, and saw all the beauty of the old garden, "I guess it will take a good deal more than a voice to drive me away from this lovely spot. My, I 'm glad the paper did n't get a bit wet; see, it is just the top of the easel. Here, let us set the easel up again."

(To be continued.)



AN EASTER TURN-OUT.

IN THE LAND OF FIRE AND STEAM

BY W. G. FITZGERALD

If one can imagine a furious and active volcano with a crater a thousand miles in extent, sunk level with the earth and thinly covered with a screen of soil, one has some idea of the awe-inspiring "Wonderland" of New Zealand's North Island. You can not poke a stick into the ground without starting a boiling spring; and wherever you turn, the ground is fairly alive with geysers of boiling water—steam jets and blow holes, with quivering volcanoes and gurgling "mud-pots," all colored fantastically with rainbow hues, ranging from brilliant sapphire to vivid scarlet. Stranger still, the entire face of this region is constantly changing in shape and color, and there are hot springs here stretching in a continuous chain for three hundred miles. The ground throbs and quivers with volcanic activity, and set in the midst of it all are native Maori villages of surpassing interest. A strange race of magnificent savages, who, although they *have* been cannibals within the memory of living man, are now a highly intelligent race, and actually send representatives to the parliament in Wellington.



GETTING FUEL BY POKING A STICK IN THE GROUND

The native women, gorgeous in garments of crimson, green, and purple, are forever puffing stolidly at big pipes, and going hither and thither about their household work with the quaintest of babies slung across their backs. This reminds me that domestic work in this strange region is made light, indeed, for white housewives as well as the Maori women. Every garden and back yard has its hot water, provided by nature.

And when these easy-going people grow hungry, the mother prepares a meat pudding or a joint, and drops it into a convenient pot of natural boiling water in the earth, and in a few minutes it is cooked. The same conveniences are still more in evidence on washing day. Stepping carefully through a tangle of boiling geysers and gurgling mud-pots, one suddenly comes upon a



MAORI WOMEN USING THEIR COOKING AND NATURAL HOT WATER



WAIMANGU GEYSER THROWING ITS BOILING WATER AND MUD HUNDREDS OF FEET IN THE AIR.

great collection of native women and girls doing their washing in a vast smoking lake big enough to have steamers on it.

The amazing thing about such a lake is that ice-cold and boiling hot waters are to be found in it almost side by side! And the place is rendered the more terrible-looking in that the very precipices that hem it in are pitted with steam holes that blow and whistle and shriek with uncanny persistence. Not far away one is shown an innocent-looking lake of placid water, perhaps an acre in extent. This is the famous geyser of Waimangu, and the apparently harmless pool will suddenly dart a boiling torrent over a thousand feet into the air, bearing with it, with fearful violence, every thirty hours or so, hundreds of tons of mud and great boulders. After this it relapses again into utter calm.

All over this region the New Zealand government has established health resorts; and at Rotorua there are immense swimming baths of hot mineral water, fed directly from the boiling geysers. The "cure" lasts about six weeks; but visitors usually stay much longer,



NATIVE WOMEN DOING THEIR LAUNDRY-WORK IN THE NATURAL HOT WATER.

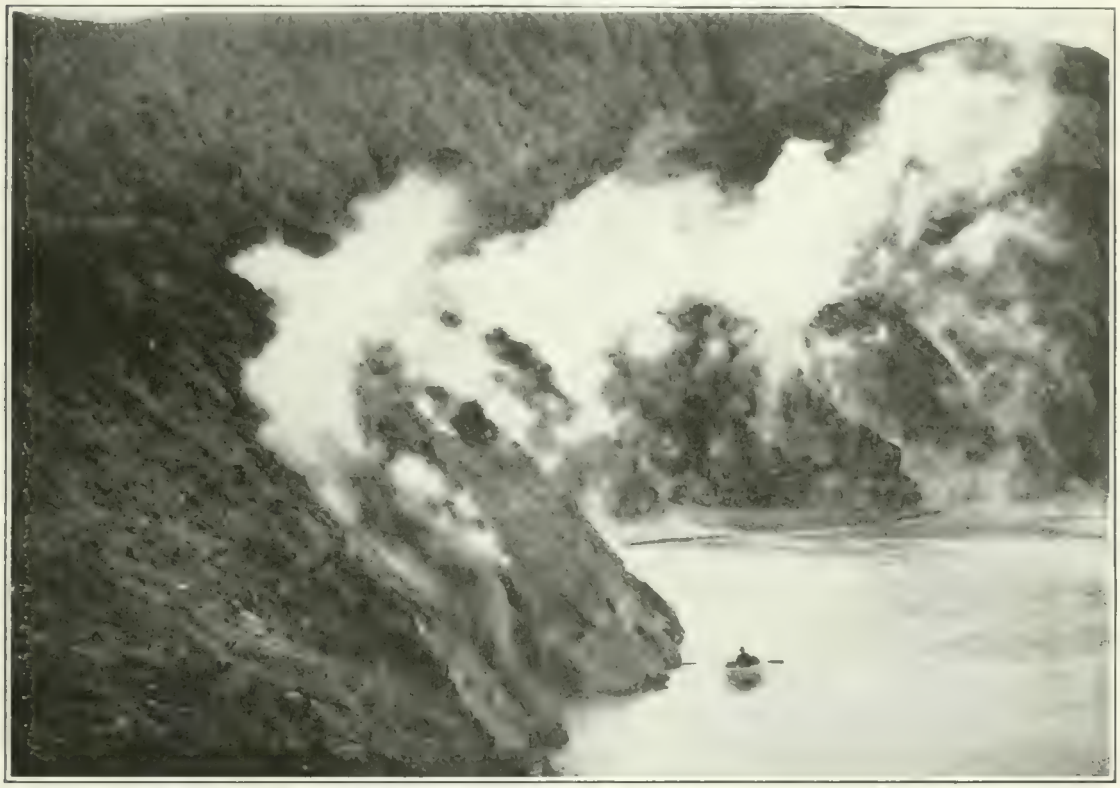
lost in amazement at the sights in a region unique on earth.

Here is Rainbow Mountain, made up entirely of earths tinted scarlet and purple, orange and

pink and green. The valley below is fairly robed in vapor-clouds; and here within a few acres are ten mighty geysers of boiling water in active eruption, beside hundreds of miniature mud-volcanoes forever thumping and bubbling.

The very precipices hemming in the valley are stone walls so hot that one can not rest one's hand upon them; and all through the treacherous scrub the ground is quivering and muttering and throwing sulphur-laden steam. Here is the strangest of volcanoes, Mount Kakaramea, whose entire north side appears to have been boiled soft by steam from the interior of the earth, so that it appears on the point of collapse. Its summit is blazing crimson in hue; while from every crack and cleft, fierce jets of steam and boiling water are streaming.

It is no wonder the gentle Maori fear such phenomena. One dark night years ago the native town of Te-Rapa was buried, like another Hercu-



THE BOILING LAKE OF TOKAANU

"Champagne Cauldron," the mouth of which measures eighty feet from lip to lip; the "bottle" is eighty-three feet deep, evidently blown out of the solid rock. Amid dense clouds of scalding steam the water shoots up periodically, an exquisite blue in hue, churned into dazzling foam, out of which effervescent waves are flowing fast upon each other to the ice-cold river below. Round about are great "porridge" cauldrons, throbbing like steam-engines, and lovely sapphire-blue pools with snow-white borders. Only a couple of miles from the native village of Tokaanu lies the laneum, under an avalanche of steaming mud, and every soul perished. Higher up is the smoking peak of Ngauruhoe, casting hot stones and ashes with violent explosions, and lighting by night the lovely face of Lake Taupo.

Look down the walls of Ngauruhoe's crater and you will see it literally incrusted with glittering sulphur crystals, weirdly varied with opalescent shades of red. Is it not strange that men, women, and children from the remotest corners of the earth should come to so terrifying a region in search of health?



"PICKING" OR "NICKING" EASTER EGGS

BY EVERETT WILSON

THERE is an Easter custom among boys in and around Philadelphia, and other parts of the country of "picking" eggs. A boy will go over the eggs in the pantry (with his mother's consent, it is hoped), and, by gently knocking the ends on his teeth, will select one or more of the strongest. Then he goes out among his playmates and soon is challenged, or he himself will invite another boy to "pick." Before daring to risk this, each boy will try the other's egg on his teeth and if he thinks his chances are good he will accept the challenge. The boy challenged will then hold his egg so as to expose only the very point, while the challenger lightly raps the egg with the point of his own until the shell of one or the other is slightly cracked. The eggs are then reversed and the "butts" are picked in the same way. The winner gets the broken egg.



A "FAR-FETCHED" JOKE

I told my Dachshund *such* a joke!
I thought he did not see,
But ere five minutes had elapsed
He wagged his tail in glee!

Mark Anderson



THREE YEARS BEHIND THE GUNS

THE TRUE CHRONICLES OF A "DIDDY-BOX"

BY "L. G. T."

Chapter XV

ON THE DEEP—ADAMASTOR—A BURIAL AT SEA—IN A DRIFTWOOD FIRE

The life of a seaman is not lived entirely in port. When cruising out on the broad ocean we steer clear from the tracks laid for the mail-ships,



"FAR OUT AT SEA."

choosing a pathless waste where there is uninterrupted target range. I should like to write of thirty-seven days out of sight of land, just cruising, and drilling as a long cruise, but when I hear sailormen telling tales of more than a year afloat on an old wind-jammer I am ashamed to mention it, although I cannot leave off wondering where all the blue comes from. Has the ocean drunk from the heavens until they have grown pale, or is the sky merely a mirror of the ocean's sapphire?

In the calmest of weather there are always great blue swells far out at sea, so blue, so free from whitecaps that one requires but slight imagination, by looking through half-closed lids, to see great rolling meadows of gentians. This is where all the pretty little formalities of port life are laid aside—the moment the anchor is on deck, the ship's flag and the union jack are folded away, and their staffs taken down, while simultaneously with their lowering an ensign mounts to the gaff and the admiral's flag shrinks on the main truck.

It is at sea we get in our hard work, and there is so much of it that half of the crew (two hundred men) are always on duty.

If for the cruise you are chosen as a helmsman, you are exempt from sea watch, deck work, etc.

It is n't a bit jolly to stand a trick at the wheel: it is two hours on and four hours off, day and night. Not a word dare you speak, and the presence of an officer nearby makes a stolen smoke impossible. Were a choice offered I would say, give me a mid-watch aloft in a storm in preference, for there, when the night is cold (although it is not so written in the regulations), a peculiar jerking at a signal halyard tells you that a can of hot coffee is on the way, and when it comes up, you bless it from the fullness of your heart.

For variety at sea, once when we had been practising with the six-inch guns, and were "securing" for dinner-hour, we saw a monster spouting off our starboard beam. We begged to take a shot at it, and the officer of the deck, recognizing an impromptu target, gave us leave. We fired two shots, and the expression, "a sea of blood," which I had always looked upon as an extravagance of speech, became a reality. When we returned from mess the ocean for a mile surrounding the whale was as red—well, as *red as blood*.

It is during these cruises that we get down to hardtack and salt-horse. The zest of the brine savors everything.

The eight-inch turret guns, which we keep like burnished silver in port, we treat to a coating of white lead and tallow at sea. When the weather invites, drills and gun practice are gone through again and again.

On dark nights sometimes we flash signals upon the clouds, and if one of our own ships sees it she answers back from miles and miles away.

Often have I been forced to the exertion of my utmost strength in fighting the wind as I struggled aloft, where I would stand pinned to the topmast by the storm.

It is on nights like this that the old salt warns, "Look out for Adamastor," a hideous phantom



ADAMASTOR.

whose face is scarred by lightning and whose eyes shoot fire. The roaring one hears in the rigging is his awful voice, hissed between blue teeth and lips of black, warning the sailor that the shipwrecked shall be made to deplore their foolhardiness. (Whenever a ship is wrecked, the sailors alone are to blame.)

Adamastor is only one of many sea-spooks firmly believed in.

One night I thought surely I had met him, but it turned out to be a flash of lightning so near my face that it blinded me. I told Purdy about it, and he said, "You have seen him, lad. He was batting his eyes at you because you were sleeping on watch."

There are some incidents of the deep sea that a natural shrinking from things unpleasant has caused me to omit. For instance, on our ten days' cruise from Chi-fu to Vladivostok, when poor little Coxswain Jimmy died, it was the first burial at sea I had ever witnessed. It was at six bells of the forenoon watch when Pat Murray piped: "A-l-l h-a-n-d-s—bury the dead!"

We mustered on the spar-deck, where the starboard gangway ladder lay reversed alongside, revealing a smooth, well-finished, rounded sluice, which I at once suspected of having been so fashioned for a purpose. At its upper end, sewed up in his hammock, with a shot at his feet and the union jack spread over him, our shipmate lay.

Heads uncovered and bent in solemnity, we listened to the chaplain's prayer, ending with, "We commit thy body to the mighty deep." Then the gang-plank tipped and its burden shot from under the union jack out into the old ocean; three volleys of musketry were fired over the water; the bugler sounded "taps," and the cannon boomed "farewell." (It is the only time a sailor ever goes over the starboard gangway.)

During the service the ship stopped her engines, but it could not have been fifteen minutes from the piping to quarters until all hands were back at their stations and it was all over. Sometimes I envy the man with a lame memory and no imagination!

It was in the early dawn of the star watch, when the sea and the sky were our world, that I stood in the yards watching the dawn spreading her rosy path for old Phoebus as he came riding out of the deep. I never tired of the picture, and never tire of recalling it; and as I looked, between it and me there arose that which regulation demanded I should report. "Sail O!" I cried.



A DERELICT—CUT ON THE HEAVY SEA WAY OF THE PACIFIC

"Where away?" was the call from the bridge.

"Three points on the port bow, sir."

"Can you make her out?"

"I think it is a wreck, sir."

It proved to be a derelict, the first I had ever seen, and although I have met many since that day, I can never forget it nor cease to wonder *where* she had sailed from. Generally a boat is sent out with mines and the derelict blown into driftwood.

But this much do I know of my future: whenever I sit by a driftwood fire I shall see that

derelict, green with moss like a rotted tree in the forest, nests hanging from her broken spars,



THE DERELICT IN THE DRIFTWOOD FIRE

and the old hulk rolling and floating aimlessly, monotonously, as the sea-gulls circle about, crooning their lamentations.

Chapter XVI

In port—Casey's Band—How it is done

On entering port we are met by the harbor-master, who conducts us to our berth. As soon as we are anchored or moored, all hands turn to and get things into shipshape. After the national salute, if there is another flag-ship we salute her, and are answered back thirteen guns for our own two stars. It is little short of marvelous how quickly so many things can be accomplished. If it is warm weather the awnings are spread, and when the union jack goes up at the bow we are ready for a season at home. (Have I written it before that the union jack never flies when work is going on, only when the ship is in perfect order, and also when she is at anchor? This may be news to some.)

There are many "social functions" held in the cabin and ward-rooms, while the crew, in ways peculiar to themselves, revel in entertainments that are at least unique.

One day, on the bulletin-board, there appeared the following

NOTICE:

Casey's Band will give a full-dress concert, forward on the berth-deck, at 6 bells t' night. All hands invited.

Nobody went ashore, and six bells found a full house gathered to greet Casey's Band. Their uniforms were oilskins, their instruments the ones discarded by the ship's band for more modern ones.

These instruments had been sent down to the hold, where Purdy was heard to remark, "If they only had mouthpieces they would be as good as new." It was a light task for "Chips" to fashion excellent mouthpieces from empty spools, while to fit a man to each horn was no trouble at all.

Casey, the leader, had played in a band before, and blew a fairly good cornet, and the natural confidence that most seamen possess in their abilities supplied the other necessary talent. Anyway, taken as a *"toot"* they were a success.

To save brainwork in the arranging of a program, they took one of the old ones used by the ship's band. It was great, and when they essayed "Cavalleria Rusticana" the audience rolled upon the deck with laughter—a triumph of applause.

* * * * * * *

I recall an evening in Yokohama when I was watching for my chance to shinny down the anchor chain, when the forecastle sentry said, "I 'm on to you, Jack, and if you are not out of my sight in five minutes I will run you up." Then, like a gentleman, he turned his back while I proceeded to obey orders.

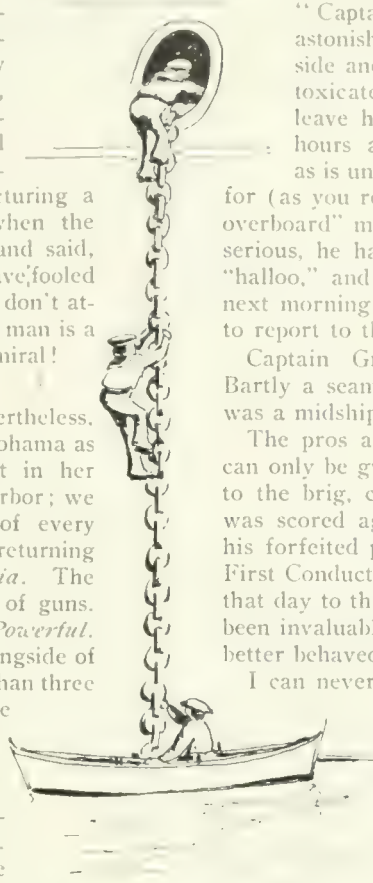
It is easy enough to crawl through the hawser-hole, clamber down the chain, drop into a sampan and be rowed ashore, but not always so simple a matter to get back, for there is uncertainty about the anchor watch, and a certainty that an officer will be at the port gangway with the shore-list.



CASEY'S BAND

If he is new it is easy to borrow a name both to

go and return on, thus many a time have I skipped ship and returned without detection, but there came a day when the port gangway was our only port of entry. Andy Burns was with me, and it was he who proposed that we run a bluff. Accordingly, when the liberty party was coming off we joined them, saluted, and reported, "Returned aboard, sir," and passed on with our mates. I was hugging myself in delight and picturing a future in diplomatic circles when the officer-of-the-deck sent for us and said, "Young men, don't think you have fooled anybody, and see to it that you don't attempt this trick again." That man is a brick, and will make a good admiral!



IT IS EASY TO CRAWL THROUGH A GANGWAY FOR AN ENLISTED MAN DOWN THE CHAIN

HOME was never like this! Nevertheless, we have grown to speak of Yokohama as home. We know every street in her town and every craft in her harbor; we have visited the men-of-war of every nation that floats one, always returning prouder than ever of the *Olympia*. The British tars call her a shipload of guns. They have a battle-ship, the *Powerful*. We look like a steam-launch alongside of her. Her crew numbers more than three times as many as ours, and yet she carries less than our complement of *guns!*

Because of a common language it is with the English sailor we engage in shore games. Many boxing matches are "pulled off" between the tars of the United States and its mother country with wavering results.

In boat-racing the eagle has beaten the lion and the unicorn every time, and of the races that are confined to our own squadron, and which take place almost every time we come into port, I am proud to write that the stars are thickening about the Cock of the Station, and that we still roost on the *Olympia's* yard-arms.

After dark none but our own boats or those bearing our officers or men are supposed to approach the ship. Therefore, when the bridge lookout calls "Boat ahoy!" there can be but one of these answers. If it is

Flag-officer: "Flag."

Chief-of-staff (if not in command of the ship): "Fleet."

The captain: "Olympia" (the name of the ship).

Other commissioned officers: "Aye, aye!"

Other officers: "No, no."

A sailor (or enlisted man): "Halloo!"

One night the quartermaster reported "Captain coming alongside, sir." To his astonishment, the boat pulled up at the port side and up came Bill Bartly, hopelessly intoxicated. Unlucky Bill! The only shore-leave he ever got was the quarterly twelve hours a man must take willy-nilly, and, as is understood in Bill's case, that he swims for (as you remember, he was the regular "man-overboard" man). But this was an offense most serious, he had answered "Olympia," instead of "halloo," and for such a transgression the very next morning was taken into the skipper's cabin, to report to the captain himself.

Captain Gridley immediately recognized in Bartly a seaman he had known since he himself was a midshipman.

The pros and cons of that heart-to-heart talk can only be guessed at; but Bill, instead of going to the brig, came forth with every offense that was scored against him wiped off the slate and his forfeited pay restored. He was put into the First Conduct Class, where he has remained from that day to this. Bill as a blacksmith, has always been invaluable, but to-day there is not a soberer, better behaved man on ship.

I can never think of B. B. without the accompanying subject of swimming; and what jolly times we have, too! There is always a life-boat out at swimming hour, and the safety born of its proximity has made us fearless and expert. On summer nights we often don our swimming tights underneath our uniforms, and when clear from the ship, strip and jump overboard, swimming and floating until we go ashore at Homoca, where we loll beneath the vines until the boat with our clothes overtakes us.

Then for a sailor's moonlight picnic, often watching the varied water carnivals. One that comes in August, "The Festival of Departed Spirits," I can never forget, although I shall make no effort to describe it.

CHAPTER XVII

1898—REAR ADMIRAL MCNAIR RETIRED—ENTER COMMODORE DEWEY

Ring out the old,
Ring in the new.

FOR 1898 has dawned and my "three-years'" enlistment is drawing toward an end.

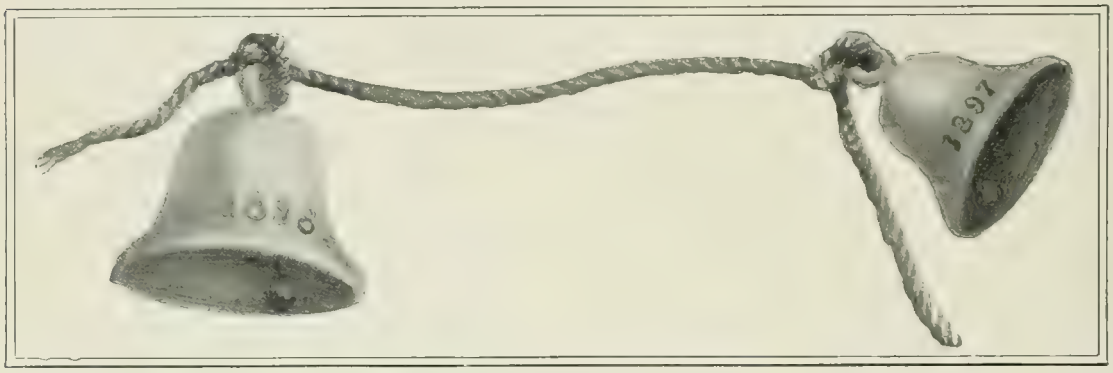
What a pity that I should have fallen from the log, there have been so many happenings worth relating at the home fireside had I but jotted them down! This brushing together of port and deep-sea incidents is but a poor apology for all that I might have written.

There are men who have lived for years upon the water, sailormen every inch, whom I would not forget if I could.

a-l-l-ll you men whose name is on the liberty list, s-t-a-n-d by to go ashore!"

At first I thought some monster of the deep was roaring, but I have learned to understand his every call, even when it is absolutely inarticulate.

Another boatswain is of the Second Class and belongs on the gun-deck at the port gangway. If there was ever one drop of the milk of human



"RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW!"

There is Pat Kelly, master-at-arms and venduemaster of the lucky bag, who always announces himself, as he heaves in sight, "Now, here I am, and a fare-you-well. On the jump from morning till night"; and another Pat, the chief boatswain's mate, as quiet and well-behaved a gentleman as one would ask to meet in civil walks. One day, in his modest manner, he was commanding the lowering of a boat, when a lieutenant, looking on, interposed, "Lower away a little aft, there." Pat Murray paid no attention to the officer, but blew his whistle as a warning to the boat's crew, and in his wonted manner commanded, "Lower away a little *for'ard*." The men obeyed, and Lieutenant Y., in a burst of temper, unbuckled his sword, and, proffering it to the boatswain's mate, said:

"Here, you 'd better take my sword."

"Very well," replied Murray, taking off his cap that he might remove the black lanyard from his neck, "You take my whistle."

The lieutenant walked aft as he buckled on his sword, trailing in his wake a volley of exclamations that would have enriched the vocabularies of Seaman McCue or Jack Weir.

Jack Heeny, the First Class boatswain's mate, is the very opposite of his chief. He pipes his whistle like a flageolet, and in its returning echoes blends a deep-sea voice that sounds like the voice of a lion at feeding-time in the zoo. There is nothing on earth or sea like his call, "N-o-w,—

kindness flowing in that man's veins he certainly spilt it in one of the twenty-one shipwrecks he has been in.

And where, oh, where, I ask, again and again, do all the rest of these men come from? For more than two years I have been asking it of the blue ocean, and of the stars that shine above it, but they will not answer me. Can it be—? Yes; these men of the deep, from Rear-Admiral McNair down to the lowliest marines, are the grown-up children of the kindergarten, public schools, and colleges, of our glorious nation. You can find them there in embryo, every one of them. Probably the admiral made his début in the little log school-house near his father's farm, for, some way, it seems that men get a better start there, for although they are seldom the chosen at the beginning of the race, they most frequently come in on the home-stretch, head and neck ahead of the incubated children of the city.

As to caste in the navy, it knows neither wealth nor family; nor does the decoration on cap or sleeve have the weight it does in the army—every midshipman expecting to be a rear-admiral before he is retired.

In studying the crew, I recalled the words of a great philosopher: "A man is not his father, but himself": otherwise there would be scattered among our lowly ranks, merchants, doctors, a minister of the gospel, an editor and a bank president; while among the commissioned, where one

looks only to find "a gentleman and an officer," it sometimes happens a snob sneaks in.

There is an ensign whose name I need not write, for I shall never forget it. That fellow has developed the brute instincts in my nature until I can never feel myself a man until I have avenged his insults. Repeatedly he has goaded me beyond human endurance, watching me grow pale with resentment; he once taunted me still further with, "Why don't you strike me?" To have yielded to the temptation would have landed me in the stone frigate, where I must have remained for five years in penal servitude. I thank heaven I was able to restrain myself, but the world is small, and the years of man are reckoned at three score and ten. Some day we shall meet on shore, and whether it be at the court of St. James's, or in the court of the Palace Hotel, I will thrash that little cur until he begs for mercy. When I have done this I can laugh at every other indignity a seaman's life has brought to me.

Three score years and two retires an officer from service. In the full power and pride of a magnificent manhood Rear-Admiral McNair has left us. Soon some one will come to replace him; then the *Baltimore* will return to our relief just as we did to hers. The flag and the band will go with the new admiral back to her, and, rumor says, the *Olympia* will return *via* the Suez Canal, calling at the chief ports of the Mediterranean, then to New York under the coach whip of Captain Gridley.

Chapter XVIII

THE LITTLE COMMODORE—THE NAVY BLOWN UP—WAR-PAINT—SEALED ORDERS

He came aboard at Nagasaki, dressed all in gray, every snap of his keen black eyes telling that he was not delighted with his berth, and for that matter neither were we, the crew, exultant when we looked to our gallant-mast and saw that we had lost a star, for instead of an admiral's pennant with *two* stars we fly the *one* star of a commodore. It was *Commodore* Dewey who was succeeding *Rear-Admiral* McNair. McCue timed his sweeping to accompany his cracked voice, and sang:

> "Hurrah! hurrah! for southern right hurrah!
> Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag, that bears a single star."

But the swallowtail saves it. Oh, the discrimination of flags and pennant! Some day, when I have *nothing to do,* I will go to the flag locker, just around from the ship's library, study them out, and write a descriptive poem about them. A flag that means "yes" at the main truck means "no" on the after gaff. We carry the ensign of every country under the sun, and among our rating flags there are blue fields with one, two, three, or four white stars, standing respectively for commodore, rear-admiral, vice-admiral, and admiral. Of the last our navy has had but two:[1] Farragut and Porter. It will cost another war to restore the office.

Purdy recognized the new-comer on sight; says he cruised the Mediterranean with him when he was a middy, and Scotty says, "Him and me was shipmates with Farragut at New Orleans." These two, with others of the old guard, having approved, we have nothing to do but accept their verdict, and certain it is he can render an admiral's inspection quite as miserable as his predecessor. This through with, we started back for



THE COMMODORE'S PENNANT.

Yokohama, making our seventh trip through the Inland Sea.

I have seen it in the rosy bloom of spring; in summer, when the purpling mists from the hills came down and nestled among the pendant wistarias; in autumn, when the rose had deepened into crimson, and the golden kiss of Midas awakened it to unwonted splendor. But on this, my last voyage, I thought it more beautiful than ever before, for the cold winds coming down from the home of eternal snow crisped the air until the halos on the heads of the sailors' guardian angels shone with uncommon radiance.

Some time I am coming here again; coming when I may sleep all day undisturbed in my berth, and lie awake all night upon the deck, watching the stars as they guide the mariner on his way. Or I will loaf all day upon the deck and *sleep all night.* Oh, joy in the thought to sleep again a whole night through!

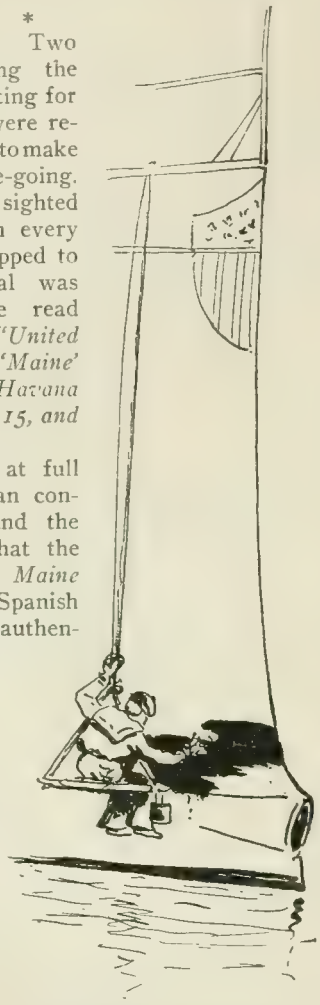
We were disappointed on entering Yeddo Bay not to find the *Baltimore* waiting for us. How-

[1] Admiral Dewey is now the third.

ever, I have still five months to serve and really I think I prefer this to a home port, just so I am in California on the twenty-fourth of next June. . . .

* * * *

What a change! Two weeks after writing the above, weary of waiting for the *Baltimore*, we were returning to Kau-lung to make ready for our home-going. No sooner were we sighted at Hong-Kong than every flag in Victoria dropped to half-mast. A signal was given us and we read in consternation: *"United States battle-ship 'Maine' was blown up in Havana Harbor on February 15, and 266 men killed."*



GIVING THE *OLYMPIA* HER COAT OF "WAR PAINT."

Before we were at full anchor the American consul was aboard, and the general belief is that the destruction of the *Maine* was the result of Spanish treachery. Nothing authentic nor authoritative has been given out, but I noticed the governor of Hong-Kong waived the salute, and that we are not doing any target practice; in other words, we appear to be husbanding our ammunition.

The little commodore has taken matters in hand; he has called all of our squadron to meet here in Hong-Kong. He has also brought two ships, which he has provisioned and coaled. As fast as they come in, our ships are run on to the docks and made ready. Should war be declared between the United States and Spain, England, China, and Japan will be neutral, which means we shall be without a berth, our nearest being San Francisco, unless we should go out and capture the Hawaiian Islands, a trick which even for our little *Petrel* would be "like taking candy from the baby."

The little commodore has kept us jumping, and we are ready for whatever may come, and already the men are shouting, "Remember the *Maine!*"

One morning I saw the ship's painter come out from the commodore's cabin, carrying a long, three-inch wide board painted in various shades of neutral greens or grays. When I asked him what they were for, his answer was both unsatisfactory and inelegant, but the following morning at breakfast the uniform announced throughout the squadron was "old working clothes," and the boatswain piped, "A-l-l h-a-n-d-s paint ship!" That was on the morning of April 19. By noon ships, masts, boats, launches, guns, and everything, had been treated to a coat of "war-paint," which, in the United States Navy, is a dark gray. Unless one has witnessed the painting of a man-of-war it is difficult to imagine how quickly it can be done. There are barrels of paint all mixed and ready before the order is given, and in ten minutes after, the ship is literally manned with painters. The last painting has transformed our beautiful squadron which had gathered like a flock of white swans wearing red favors, into a flock of ugly ducklings sulking upon the water; everything save our spirits and our flags were the color of lead.

As soon as the *Baltimore* reaches Yokohama she will hear the news and hasten to us, and then—?

* * * * * * *

She came in early one morning, was rushed through coaling and painting, and at the request of the governor of Hong-Kong, all hands together sailed away while the men on England's war-ships cheered us as we passed them.

We are cut off from everybody, aliens in a foreign country, but it can't last long. There is going to be "something doing."

* * * * * * *

It was past noon on the twenty-seventh when our fleet, nine ships all in battle array, was sailing to sea under sealed orders, and with nine crews bursting with expectancy. At five o'clock the *Olympia's* crew was piped to quarters, where we listened to the reading of the following:

Commodore Dewey:

Proceed at once to Manila; engage and destroy the Spanish fleet, when and where you find them.

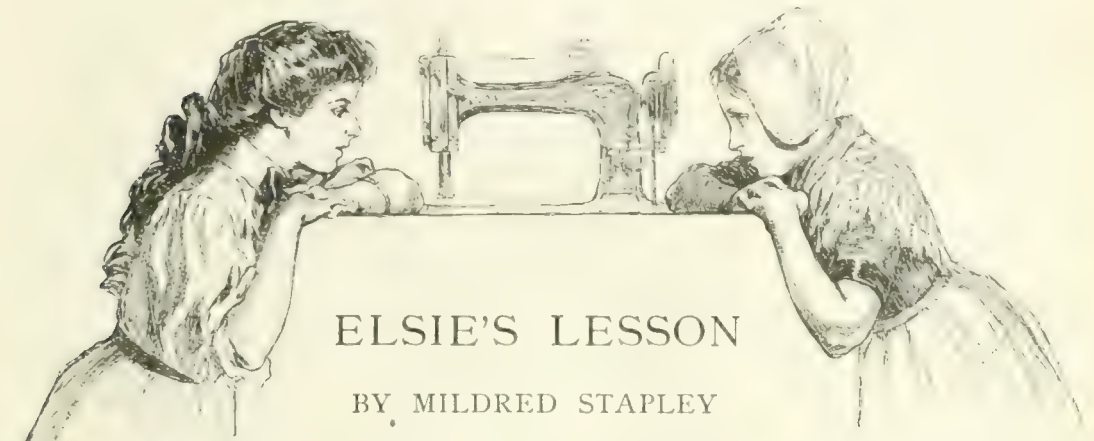
Wm. McKinley, President
United States of America.

We went mad with joy. The news was signaled from ship to ship, and before we turned in that night a new battle-flag was begun and finished. The placing of the stars proved that we had a representative from each State in the Union. I wrote California and my name on the back of one and sewed it on.

But there was more to do than just the making of flags. Next morning the order: "Clear for action," was given in earnest, and things we never thought we could exist without, went overboard.

From the Chinese-Japanese war we learned that more men were killed by splinters than by shell, and it was rumored the diddy-box must go, but the little commodore, with the fate of a nation fluttering in his hand, came to our rescue. He said it would be an outrage to take from a man the *only* thing the Navy allowed him to hold sacred, and he asked that we be permitted to stow them below the protective decks—so, here you go!

Good-by, Diddy, till—well, till we meet again!



ELSIE'S LESSON

BY MILDRED STAPLEY

UNTIL that summer when the Americans came to Blaarikam, Hendrikje Ruyter was a happy girl. But the advent of the American ladies brought trouble into her life.

The American ladies were artists. Some of them painted out in the fields; others in the peasant cottages, using the inmates as models, and paying them a half gulden a morning for just sitting still! Hendrikje's friend Berta was one of the lucky models who thus earned twenty cents a day. And Berta became very proud and even disagreeable over it too.

One of the artist ladies had a pretty daughter, just about Hendrikje's age and size. This fourteen-year-old girl wore the loveliest clothes that ever the eyes of Blaarikam gazed upon. At least two eyes gazed on them with envy, and those were Hendrikje's. It seemed to her she never stepped out of her door but she saw the beautifully dressed Juffrouw (which is Dutch for "Miss"). Then she would look down at her own shabby frock, and feel wretchedly poor.

In September the artists began to leave the little Dutch village. And one of them on leaving did something that made the cloud on Hendrikje's face blacker than ever—something that made her go home and weep as soon as she heard of it.

"Mother," she cried, indignantly, "the Amerikaansche dame has given all her old clothes to Berta!"

"Yes, dear, and why not?" asked the vrouw, quietly. "She knows Berta very well by this time. You would n't expect her to give her clothes to strangers."

"I don't see why it did n't happen to be *me* she painted! I 'm sure I need clothes more than Berta does—especially the winter coat!" and poor Hendrikje gave way to bitter tears. That she needed clothes was true enough, for the Ruyters were the poorest family in the village.

The next piece of news she learned in the town did not make her any happier. She came home in a sullen mood and told it to her mother.

"Moeder, the artist with the young daughter is going to stay here all winter. She 's one of the artists who paint trees and sheep. If she only painted *people*, she might get to know *me*,"—and the poor girl had visions of the clothes she might fall heir to in that case. "I 'm sick of seeing that dressed-up girl around!" she ended, resentfully.

"Tut, tut, meisje. The Juffrouw is very nice. Did n't she give the children a whole bag of candy whenever she met them on the heath?"

"Ballitjes don't keep you warm," muttered Hendrikje.

Which remark was true. For ballitjes are the Dutch substitute for sugar—little lozenges of various flavors, which the peasants hold on the tongue while drinking their sugarless coffee. Until they met the young lady on the heath, the little Ruyters had never known the luxury of eating *bals* as candy—ten whole cents' worth at a time! So of course *they* liked the Juffrouw, even though their elder sister did n't.

While the good vrouw tried to talk her daughter into a more reasonable frame of mind, another mother in Blaarikam was similarly engaged. And that was Mrs. Goring, whose well-dressed young girl Hendrikje was "tired of seeing around."

Elsie Goring did n't want to stay in Blaarikam. She wanted to go back to New York, where the high school was awaiting her; and, after that, one of the big colleges. For Elsie was ambitious, and cared more for her studies than for anything else in the world. That was why she had carried off all the honors at her graduation, and why she was "crazy to get back."

But her mother thought a year out of school would be best—a year out on the Dutch sand-dunes, where the fresh salt air blows in from the Zuyder Zee; and where the rich Dutch milk and butter and eggs and other good things would make her plump and rosy.

Elsie was terribly disappointed.

"Why, mother," she protested, "I 'll forget everything I ever knew before next September comes round! And all the other girls of my class will be a year ahead of me!"

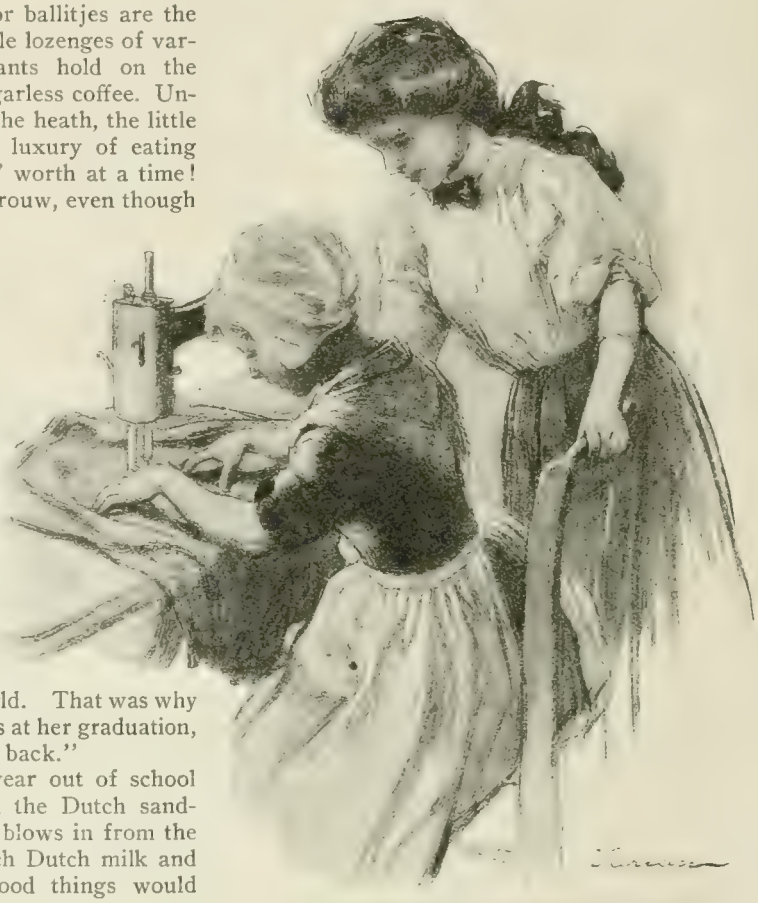
"A year ahead of you in school lessons," agreed her mother. "But *you* may pick up something *they* don't know."

Elsie looked astonished.

"What can one pick up here in this little Dutch village? If you would go to Paris for the winter, I could study something. But here"—and Elsie's look of disgust finished the sentence.

"Yet there 's a lot to be learned right here, dear," smiled her mother. "Things you could never learn from books."

Elsie could n't understand it, and cried herself to sleep that night. But the September days were so beautiful, she could n't help feeling glad sometimes when the keen heather-scented air blew in her face. The crisp October was lovelier still,



"'SHE STOOD RIGHT BY ME, AND EXPLAINED HOW TO RUN IT.'"

and she began to feel a little more reconciled. Though, for the life of her, she could n't see that she was learning anything by just prowling around Blaarikam.

One day she saw Hendrikje Ruyter in the village, and spoke to her—for the first time.

"Don't your little sisters ever play out on the heath any more?" she asked. "I never see them."

"Oh, no, Juffrouw," and Hendrikje fairly shuddered at the thought. "It is much too cold now. We just sit huddled by the fire all the time."

"But it 's fine out on the dunes now!" cried Elsie, remembering the keen wind that she loved to have "blow her to pieces," as she put it.

"Fine for you, Juffrouw; you are dressed so warm," the Dutch girl reminded her. And then

Elsie noticed that the other had only a little shawl pulled around her shoulders.

The reply and the look that accompanied it suddenly opened a whole new world of thought to Elsie. It had never occurred to her before that perhaps the peasant girls were not as comfortable in their little knitted shawls as she was in her pretty American coat.

"Do you mean to say that you have n't any warm winter clothes?" and there was such sympathy in the voice that, before she knew it, Hendrikje was telling the family troubles to the girl she disliked.

Once the crops were in, she said, there was no more employment on the farms, so her father, as well as her mother and herself, sat at their spinning-wheels all winter. But the demand for hand-spun flax decreased every year. This year they could get scarcely any orders for it. Besides, they had had no luck with the artists. No one painted her or her sisters. Other families had earned money by posing, and had received large donations of cast-off clothing; but—

"There goes Berta Maritz!" and she pointed to an odd-looking little figure crossing the bleak village square. "She got that lovely warm coat from the lady who painted her last summer."

Elsie knew the lady referred to—a stout, middle-aged woman. No wonder Berta looked so funny. A twelve-year-old child in a big woman's coat.

"Why did n't Vrouw Maritz cut the coat down to fit?" she asked. Hendrikje just stared in a puzzled way.

"The coat is so big on Berta," Elsie explained. "Why did n't her mother make it smaller for her?"

"Oh!" gasped the child, astounded at the other's ignorance. "Vrouw Maritz could n't do that. Only the dressmaker could do it. *She* has a sewing-machine. But it costs a lot to have her come over from Laren on the steam-cars!"

Then Elsie remembered that she had never seen a sewing-machine in the town. A plan flashed through her clever little head, and when Elsie thought of a plan she did n't lose time in executing it. But she was n't telling Hendrikje all about it. She only said:

"It 's too bad you have so little money in the house. If you want to come to our house every Saturday and Monday afternoon, I think I can show you how to earn something."

Hendrikje politely said she would like to.

At four o'clock the lady came in from the next room, where she had been painting, and they had a warm drink; but not coffee—a fragrant cup of *tea*. It was very good; and instead of bals, the kind lady put real sugar in it.

"But what did you earn?" asked her younger sister on Hendrikje's return from the lesson.

Then Hendrikje's troubles came back to her.

"Oh, nothing," she answered, hopelessly. "She 's teaching me to sew. And she did n't say a word about giving me her old clothes."

"And can the young lady sew? Does n't Mevrouw have to teach you both?" asked the mother.

"No, indeed; the Juffrouw herself knows all about it. She cut out a skirt for herself—a blue check skirt. And she pinned the pieces together, and showed me how to baste them. And when I ran a crooked seam, she laughed at it, and said that was just the way she did when she first began; and her mother used to make her rip out the same seam over and over, until she made it straight. She says I 'm going to learn real fast."

And Hendrikje did learn "real fast." When the skirt was put together, a blue-flannel waist was cut out; something the Juffrouw called a "shirt-waist"—a garment unknown in Blaarikam. The three pieces were tucked down the front and back, and there were to be cuffs and a collar just like a man's shirt. And Hendrikje was sewing the tucks with the very finest little stitches that ever were seen. She was really becoming quite interested in her work, even though she did not see any immediate return.

And her mother was glad to see her acquiring such useful knowledge. She began to have dreams of Hendrikje becoming assistant to the Laren dressmaker. Though, of course, that would not be for several years to come. In the meantime, it was good that the child had a comfortable place to go to three or four times a week; besides, it left more room for the others around the little peat fire on the hearth.

After her fifth visit, Hendrikje could scarcely talk straight, she had such wonderful tidings to impart.

"Mother, what do you think? Mevrouw has bought a sewing-machine—in Amsterdam! And it came to-day, while I was there."

All her listeners were speechless with amazement. A sewing-machine in Blaarikam!

"Yes, it 's their very own. And the Juffrouw has taught me already how to thread the needle and fill the spool."

"What, they let you touch it?" cried her mother in alarm. "Suppose you had broken it! They must be crazy!"

"But the Juffrouw stood right by me, and explained how to run it. She says her mother used to let her try the machine when she was only twelve years old."

Hendrikje had never before been so interested in anything as she was in the sewing; so her

mother could not know, what the Gorings had long since found out, that Hendrikje was unusually clever. It was not long before the peasant child was doing very creditable work, both on the machine and by hand; and the check skirt and two shirt-waists were duly finished and laid aside. Then came the greatest event of all. But it nearly broke Hendrikje's heart.

"The Juffrouw is making herself a new coat," she told her mother, and there were tears in her voice as she spoke.

"They bought the cloth in Amsterdam—pretty, bright-blue cloth. And it 's to be made just like the old coat—a big collar and big pockets on the outside. Oh, moeder," she finished with a sob, "it must be nice to have money."

"Never mind, dear! Maybe people with money have troubles that poor people don't know anything about; so do not be discontented."

Every sewing day after that, the Ruyter family waited eagerly to hear how the new coat was progressing. The body of it was made of three pieces, and Hendrikje herself had basted them together, just where the Juffrouw had pinned them. Then it was ready to fit, and Mevrouw came in while Elsie tried it on. And Hendrikje pinned her little sister's dress up on the shoulders, to illustrate to her audience what Mrs. Goring had done to Elsie's coat.

After the fitting, Hendrikje basted the seam a second time, where the new row of pins were, and Elsie tried it on again. This time Mrs. Goring said that it was all right, and they told Hendrikje to sew it on the machine.

"I was awful scared," she confessed. "I got the first seam all crooked, and I was ashamed to show it to the Juffrouw. But she only laughed and said I must rip it out and do it over again. So, when I found no harm was done, I laughed too. I got the other seams straight, and then she showed me how to press them open with an iron, over a wet cloth!"



"SHE TURNED AROUND SLOWLY THAT THEY MIGHT SEE HER FROM EVERY SIDE."

After that, each visit saw the coat moving on to completion. The cotton-wool interlining, that was to keep Elsie warm when she tramped the heath, was tacked to the seams with such big stitches that Hendrikje had no fear of getting *them* wrong. Mrs. Goring's blue-silk dress was ripped and pressed for a lining, and made separate, and then put in; and the little assistant thought any girl might have considered herself lucky to have owned either the outside or the inside; but to get them both, as one coat,—well, that was richness indeed! The day came when Mevrouw herself made the buttonholes, and tomorrow Hendrikje was to sew on the beautiful gold buttons. And the name of the coat was a "Reefer."

And the young lady had paper patterns, all the way from America, with pictures of such pretty dresses on the outside of the envelops, and when the reefer was finished more dresses were to be made. Hendrikje could n't see what Elsie was going to do with so many clothes.

And all this time, she was in an agony of suspense, because neither Elsie nor her mother ever mentioned giving her the old coat. In fact, from various things said, she was almost sure its owner intended keeping it. They had given her an old worsted shawl to tie around her shoulders, so she was n't quite as miserable looking as before. They talked of Christmas that was coming and the Christmas tree they would have for the children, and asked if her little sisters would like new dolls; in truth, they did everything that was nice and kind, except giving her the coat.

So, the afternoon she went off to sew the buttons on, her heart was very heavy. That day would end her pleasant visits. To be sure, she had learned a wonderful lot about making clothes, but what would it avail her, if her mother could never afford a piece of cloth on which to practise the newly acquired skill. That day was the coldest they had had, and the low-lying, wet, gray sky added to the poor child's misery. Her mother noticed the cheerless face, and understood.

"Never mind, child; never mind. Things will be better some day!"

That was at one o'clock. At three, Vrouw Ruyter noticed that a few drops of rain began to fall. A moment later, there was a knock at the door, and a strange voice said:

"Please may I come in out of the rain?"

"Yes, come in," answered the vrouw, though she did n't think there was enough rain to harm anybody. The whole family turned curiously toward the door, and there entered the most glorious vision they had ever seen—a girl dressed in a blue tam, a blue reefer with gold buttons, a blue checked dress, and a pair of black shoes. She advanced slowly to the middle of the room and turned slowly around, that they might see her from every side.

"It 's our Hendrikje!" they all screamed.

"Moeder," she cried, "the clothes were for me, all the time! But the Juffrouw wanted them to be a surprise, so she fitted them on herself. And, oh, moeder! I felt so ashamed to take them after all the mean things I 'd been thinking. I could only cry, and then, before I knew it, I was telling them how I had hated them. And the Juffrouw said she was sure she would have felt the same.

"And she said she did not want to give them to me, because it 's so much finer to work for things. Her mother works for their money, too. And the Juffrouw is going to work, too, in a few years. She says all nice people work, and I must never want anything that I am not willing to work for.

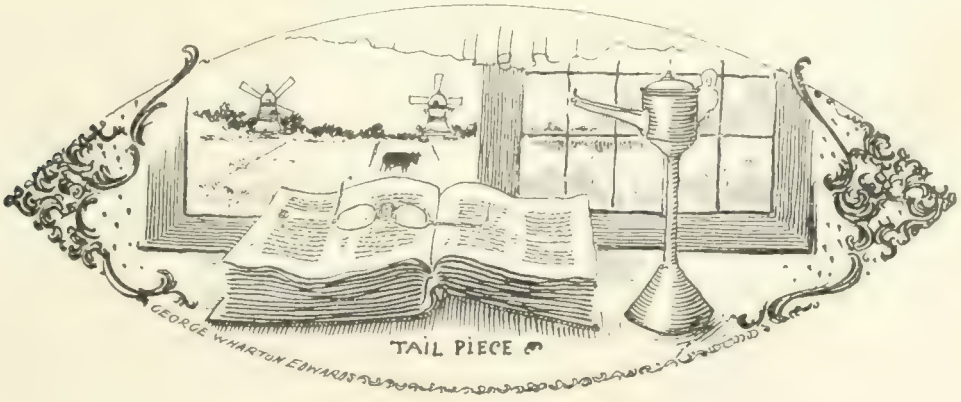
"And now I see her plan, and how I am to earn money. I am to show my new clothes to everybody in the village and see if the vrouws will let me make the children's clothes. The Juffrouw will help me as long as she is here, and she says that by the time she goes away, I will have earned enough money to pay for the sewing-machine, and it will be mine, moeder, *mine!* Then I will be a real dressmaker, and get all the trade around here. Just think, moeder, of owning the only sewing-machine in Blaarikam!" And happy tears coursed down her face.

In the Goring home, another girl was indulging in a few tears—also happy ones.

"I see now, mother," Elsie was saying, "what you meant when you said there are some kinds of knowledge you don't get out of school-books. I know now that there *was* something for me to learn right here in Blaarikam."

"And you think the lesson was worth learning?" asked her mother tenderly.

"Oh, mother, yes! It 's been the happiest time of my life."



FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

VII. MANUELITO: A NAVAJO WAR CHIEF

You all remember how the Indian chiefs went with me to see the great American chief, President Grant, in Washington, and what a long ride we had before we took a train. Well, during that trip we rested for two days at Fort Wingate in New Mexico, and here for the first time I saw some Navajo Indians. They are cousins of the Apaches, and the language of the two tribes is so much alike that they can easily understand each other. Some people have said that the word Navajo comes from the Spanish word for knife, but probably it is an Indian word meaning "well planted fields." There were about 70,000 in the tribe, and they lived in log huts and raised corn, but their chief living was from large flocks of sheep and goats. From these they got plenty of wool which they dyed in soft colors and from which the women made splendid blankets known the world over for their beauty. These are the famous Navajo blankets you have heard about.

Now the Apaches and Navajos are cousins, but they have not always been friendly cousins, and just about this time they had been fighting each other rather hard. I am sorry to say that some of the white people thought it was a good thing for Indians to fight each other; it would help kill them off, they said. Of course it was a good thing for Indians to stop fighting white men, but the more they fought Indians the better. Now I thought this was all wrong, so I made up my mind to help the Indians to make peace with the Indians as well as with us. I had talked with my four Apache chiefs about this, and Santos was heart and soul with me. Pedro agreed with us, but Eskeltesela was doubtful, and Miguel made many objections. He said the Navajos had behaved badly to his Indians, had broken up their lodges and stolen their corn, and must be punished. Miguel had a good deal of the old war spirit left in him.

Well, here we were at Fort Wingate in New Mexico within ten miles of the principal Navajo village, and were resting for the night. We had taken the packs from our tired mules and let them loose to roll in the dust or run to the neighboring stream for water. We had unsaddled the horses and tied them nearby. Our driver, Dismal Jeams, was getting supper and looked as happy as I ever saw him as he thought of the good things which would soon be ready. Then of a sudden we heard a loud whoop, as loud and long as any you ever heard in Buffalo Bill's show. One-eyed Miguel was quickest to catch the sound and he knew what it meant. "Indian horsemen!" he cried, and sure enough there they were. Navajos in full gala costume; the men with bright blankets, streaming hair, and feathered hats, the horses with braided manes tied with red and yellow. To see them charging toward us was enough to make our hearts beat very fast, but the Indians only laughed and said: "Good, good! it is only a Navajo visit!"

The brilliant Navajos rode up at a trot, halted all together and came to the ground at once, each holding his bridle and resting his right hand upon the pommel of his saddle. The leader's horse stood waiting while he came toward me and stretched out his right hand saying: "Buenas dias" (Good day).

This was Manuelito, the Navajo war chief. He was over six feet tall and weighed perhaps two hundred pounds. He was dressed all in deerskin with fringes on his coat and trousers and had on new leggings, buttoned at the side, and moccasins on his small feet. His hair was worn in many short braids and he had on a Mexican hat with a feather tucked into the brim and tassels hanging over. He wore many strings of beads around his neck too, and was as fine a looking fellow as you ever saw.

Mr. Cook and Louis hastened to help Dismal Jeams, and we brought fresh stores from our packs and added a piece of canvas to our tablecloth. Then we sat down to supper and Manuelito was given the seat of honor at my right.

I think Miguel was not quite pleased at this for he looked at me with a sly twinkle in his one eye and said, "Bad Manuelito, he has not been war chief of the Navajos very long."

After the supper Manuelito shook hands again, said good night and then they all mounted and were off, but not before we had planned for a council the following day at the Navajo village.

The next morning the sun rose clear and bright, and peace seemed to be in all that beautiful land. By eight o'clock we were in motion, but the Indians were thoughtful and in no haste to lead the way. It took us two hours to ride the ten miles. Some Navajo scouts met us half way and guided us to a good spring. Here was a pretty grassy

knoll and we camped beneath a group of pine-trees whispering in the summer breeze.

The principal chief, Juanito, was an old man, lame and feeble. He limped over to pay his respects to me, but pretended not to see my Apache Indians. I asked him to be present at the council, but he whispered something about my having the wicked Miguel with me, and would not promise.

Everything was ready at the hour appointed for the council and I went to a small grove where a platform had been made of rough boards large enough for the Indian chiefs and myself. Mr. Cook, Louis, and Captain Wilkinson were with me, but the Indians did not appear. We waited and waited, till at last I remembered that neither party wanted to be first at the council. Then I asked Captain Wilkinson to go to Juanito and ask him to come and see *me* and bring his war chief with him.

Mr. Cook went to Miguel and told him I wanted to see him and the other chiefs, and Louis took my message to Santos. To be sure they all knew what it meant, and they came, watching each other carefully so that they should all arrive at the same moment. Miguel and Manuelito were both laughing when they stepped on the platform and soon all were talking cheerfully to each other. Santos took great pains to make friends with Juanito and I began to feel sure of a good peace.

All Indian councils are very ceremonious—if you know what that big word means—and every one puts on his very best manners for the occasion.

Mr. Cook opened the meeting, and I at once explained that the great chief at Washington had sent me on a peace mission and then Juanito said he always wanted peace, for he planted fields, raised sheep, ponies, and cows, and made blankets and many other things. His young men hunted in the mountains too, but the Apaches made wars.

Then Manuelito—splendid fellow that he was—stood up and spoke, for he was the war chief. He said he was all for peace. Of course he had had to fight the Apaches, Miguel knew that, but now he wanted a solid peace and to be friends with Apaches and all the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. Santos spoke in the same spirit and so did Miguel and the others.



"TO SEE THEM CHARGING TOWARD US WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE OUR HEARTS BEAT FAST"

After all had spoken Manuelito rose and asked to speak again. He had been thinking, and he said he was sure that he could stop all the badly disposed Navajos from hurting Indians or white men. He asked me to appoint twenty Navajo policemen and dress them in a United States uniform, for then every Indian would know them and every white man would respect them. He asked me to give them the same pay as soldiers and then they would be proud and obey their leader and there would be no more trouble from the Navajos. This I agreed to do and Manuelito chose and commanded a fine body of Indians. So ended the council, but a month later on our return from Washington, we reached that same old Fort Wingate just before sundown and were met by Manuelito and his special policemen. They wore soldiers' hats with grand army cords and tassels, blue blouses and belts with two pistols, to show their authority.

"Buenos dias, signor! Bueno—bueno!" cried Manuelito, as he sprang to the ground and with bridle in hand stood ready to embrace me. Nearby the Navajos had a bivouac, and that night we camped near them. In the morning Manuelito rode beside me and told me that peace had prevailed.

When, after riding ten miles, we reached a beautiful spring we lunched together beneath some shady cottonwood trees and then Manuelito bade us farewell. As he and his men rode away my eyes followed this splendid leader, and I rejoiced that so fine a man was using every energy to bring joy and happiness to all about him—a war chief no longer, but a man of peace.



PEDRO ESKELTESELA. ONE-EYED MIGUEL.

VIII. COCHISE, THE CHIRICAHUA APACHE CHIEF

Once upon a time, far away in New Mexico, an Indian tribe lived on a large stretch of land near a place called Tulerosa. They had not always lived there, but now the white men said they must stay there and nowhere else, for there were in this land, many trees, and plenty of water. But the ground was really too poor for the Indians to plant, and they said the water made the children sick.

The chief of this tribe, the Mescalero Apaches, was Victoria, a good man who was troubled for his people. He knew they were discontented and wanted to go on the war-path and that it was better for them to keep peace.

President Grant wanted everybody in the whole country to be happy, so he decided to send some one out to Tulerosa to see just what the matter was and what could be done.

I was very busy just then in Washington, but the President sent for me and told me not to wait a minute, but go right out to New Mexico and find out about things; so, of course, I went.

After I arrived the very first Indian I saw was the chief, Victoria. He had been trying his best to keep peace but there were Indians on the war-path nearby, who made it just as hard for him as they could, and among these Cochise, the chief of the Chiricahua Apaches was the most warlike.

He had been fighting for many years, taking prisoners from the long wagon-trains that passed

by, burning the wagons, and driving off the horses and mules quite like an old German robber baron. He lived in a stronghold, a great fortress among the rocks, 'way up in the Dragoon Mountains, and from here he attacked stages until none could go along the highways or on any road near where he lived.

He never took prisoners. No, indeed; he killed all the white people he came across, and had never spared one, except a man the Indians called Taglito, which means Red Beard. His real name was Jeffords, and he was a white guide. How he alone came to be spared nobody knew. Of course, there could never be peace till Cochise agreed to it, so I told Victoria I had made up my mind to try and see this powerful warrior. Victoria was horrified. He seemed to think this out of the question, for no white man had ever seen Cochise and lived, except this same scout, Captain Jeffords. But where there 's a will there 's a way, and I did not give up, and kept at Victoria to help me.

At last he said there was one Indian who might perhaps help me. This was Chie, the son of Mangus Colorado (Red Sleeve), a brother of the warlike Cochise. To my surprise I found him inclined to be friendly, and he spoke so much of Jeffords and the love of his Uncle Cochise for the scout, that I decided to see the famous Taglito. He was out just then acting as a guide to a troop of soldiers, but the next day would return, and then I could see him.

As soon as he arrived the commanding officer sent him to me, and when he entered my tent I did not wonder that he was called "Captain." He was very tall and fine looking, with clear blue eyes and a long bright red beard.

I said to him: "They tell me that you have really been up in the Dragoon Mountains in the stronghold of the famous Apache chief—Cochise?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I have! Some people doubt it, but I assure you I made the old chief a visit last year."

"You are the first man," I said, "who has been able to get beyond his Indian spies. I want to go to see him; will you take me?"

Jeffords looked very steadily into my face with his fearless eyes and then he said: "Yes, General Howard, I will; but you must go without any soldiers."

"All right," I said, "get ready to start as soon as you can."

Chie promised to go with us to see his Uncle Cochise if I would give him a horse, and also give one to his wife, who stayed behind. Again I said: "All right. I will give you each a horse."

Jeffords thought that we could find Ponce, a friend of Cochise, not far from Canyada, Alamosa, with his band of Indians. He was a wild fellow, but he could interpret from Spanish into Apache to perfection, and, besides, Cochise believed what he said.

The next morning Victoria was ready to lead us with a small band of his men over the one hundred miles to the Rio Grande. We came, after a while, to a place called Silver City. It was only a little town, but there was a hotel where we could spend the night. Now there was one white man who hated Indians more than any one else in Silver City because some bad Indians had killed his brother. Well, he said that he would never be happy till he had killed an Apache, so he managed to get in front of us on the road. He was very angry when he saw us, and pulled out his gun ready to fire at Ponce and Chie. We were all on horseback, and when this bad man rode forward, pointing his gun at the Indians, I believe I was angry too. Anyway, I turned my horse so that I was between the gun and our Apache guides.

"Man," I said, "shoot them, if you please, but you 'll have to shoot me first." This made him more angry than ever, but I think he must have been a coward at heart, after all, for he did not quite dare to shoot the representative of President Grant, and so he turned his horse and rode away; but Ponce and Chie never forgot.

At last we reached the Mogollon mountain range. Here Chie ran ahead of us and started nine fires, far enough apart so that anybody up in the wooded heights could see the smoke and count them. It meant that we came in peace and that there were nine of us. After a little while Chie began to bark like a coyote, and, as we listened a coyote bark came back from the hills. Chie waited not a moment, but ran quickly up the steep mountain side and disappeared among the trees. There was nothing for us to do but to wait for him to come back, and when he finally did return a small party of Cochise's Indians were with him. In the morning with Ponce to talk for us we had a council with Nazee, a sub-chief. He told us that we were still a hundred miles from Cochise, and that we would never find him as long as there were so many of us. Nine had not seemed very much to me, but I was determined to see Cochise, if I possibly could, and I sent every one back except Captain Sladen (my aide), Jeffords, and the two Indian guides, Ponce and Chie; so we started once more.

When we finally arrived at the stronghold, Cochise was off hunting or hiding, and Nasakee, a sub-chief, said he could not tell us what Cochise

would do with us when he came back, whether it would be peace or war. I could see that Chie felt very much afraid, for his uncle might be angry at him for bringing us. Ponce lost his usual jolly looks. Would the great chief accept our peace message in the morning, or would he kill us as he had always killed all the other white prisoners?

Whatever happened in the morning we were safe for one night, and must make the best of it. I wanted to talk with the boys and girls, so I took out my memorandum book and holding up an arrow, said: "What 's that?" All the children cried: "What 's that?" But I said: "In Apache?" One boy saw in a minute what I wanted, and called out: "Kah," so I wrote it down in my book. Next I held up a bow. "Eltien," said the children, and in a few minutes they were bringing all sorts of things and telling me their names in Apache. The women stood around laughing, and so I spent the hours till it was dark, and they went away to sleep under the trees, but when I put my head on a saddle and drew a blanket over me for the night, the children put their little heads all around on my cover and fell asleep, too. "Sladen," I said, "this does not mean war," and very soon I fell asleep and did not wake till morning.

We had just had our breakfast when the chief rode in. He wore a single robe of stout cotton cloth and a Mexican sombrero on his head with eagle feathers on it. With him were his sister and his wife, Natchee, his son, about fourteen years old, and Juan, his brother, beside other Indians. When he saw us he sprang from his horse and threw his arms about Jeffords and embraced him twice, first on one side, then on the other. When Jeffords told him who I was, he turned to me in a gentlemanly way, holding out his hand, and saying, "Buenas dias, señor" (Good day, sir). He greeted us all pleasantly and asked us to go to the council ground where the chief Indians had already gathered. Just as we started, Ponce told an Indian woman of the death of one of her friends among the Mescaleros. She listened for a moment, then gave forth a shrill, sorrowful, prolonged cry. Instantly every Indian stood still and showed silent respect till her repeated wailings had ceased.

Then we went on and took our seats on the blankets spread for us and the council opened.



"HE DID NOT QUITE DARE TO SHOOT THE REPRESENTATIVE OF PRESIDENT GRANT."

Ponce and Chie first told Cochise all about me, who I was, and what I had done for other Indians. He seemed very pleased with the story, and you may be sure we watched very carefully to see how he took it. Then he turned to Jeffords, and, calling him Taglito, told him to ask me what I came to him for. I answered him plainly that the President had sent me to make peace with him. He replied: "Nobody wants peace more than I do. I have killed ten white men for every Indian I have lost, but still the white men are no less, and my tribe keeps growing smaller and smaller, till it

will disappear from the face of the earth if we do not have a good peace soon." He told me too how the war with the white men began. An officer had lost some horses, so he seized Cochise, his brother, Mangus Colorado, and some other Indians, and put them in a tent under guard. Cochise slit the tent with a knife and escaped. Then he seized the first white man he met and sent word to the officer that he would tie a rope round the white man's neck, hitch him to a pony and drag him along till he died. He would let the officer know that if he hurt Indian prisoners Cochise would drag white men by ropes till they died. But the officer would not hear. He took the Indians and hanged them all in Apache Pass. So war began, and how could it be stopped? It was a dreadful story. I had heard part of it before, but now as I listened I was very, very sorry. Cochise asked me how long I would stay. He said it would take ten days for all of his captains to come into camp, for they were off in all directions. I told him I would stay as long as it took to make peace. Cochise was very much afraid if any of his captains met the soldiers, that the soldiers would fire on them and then there would be war again, so I proposed to send Captain Sladen to Fort Bowie where he could telegraph to all soldiers in New Mexico and Arizona not to fire on Indians, but Cochise shook his head. "No, no," he said, "you go. Leave Captain Sladen here; we will take good care of him." I was very willing to go, and felt sure that Captain Sladen would be safe even in Cochise's stronghold; but who would be my guide? All the Indians were afraid, for I was going straight among soldiers and they knew that most soldiers did not like Indians. Every one who was asked to be my guide, refused, even Ponce. At last Chie said he would go. I had saved his life once and he did not believe I would let the soldiers hurt him.

On two good mules Chie and I made the journey to Fort Bowie, and were back again by the second day, followed by a wagon with provisions, and a spring wagon drawn by four mules. While we were gone Cochise had chosen a new camp ground looking west. On a high rock, a quarter of a mile away, a large white flag on a pole stood out plainly. When we arrived we spread a piece of canvas on the ground and called it a table. I took the head and Sladen at the foot was carver. Cochise sat at my right and Jeffords with Chie on the left, Ponce and one or two others between. Here we ate three times a day, and Cochise and I became close friends while we waited for his captains to arrive. When they did come he held a "Spirit meeting," taking his stand in a cozy place surrounded by small trees and wild vines. The women formed a large circle sitting side by side. The men inside the ring sat or knelt. Then followed a wonderful song in which all joined. It began like the growl of a bear and rising little by little to a high pitch, lasted ten or more minutes and then suddenly stopped. After this Cochise interpreted to the people the will of the Spirits, saying: "The Spirits have decided that Indians and white men shall eat bread together."

Then what a rejoicing there was. The Indian captains crowded around us and tried in every way to make me understand their joy, promising to keep the peace.

The next day we all went ten or twelve miles to Dragoon Springs, where we met Major Sam Sumner and the officers from Fort Bowie who had all come at my request to confirm the "Great Peace."

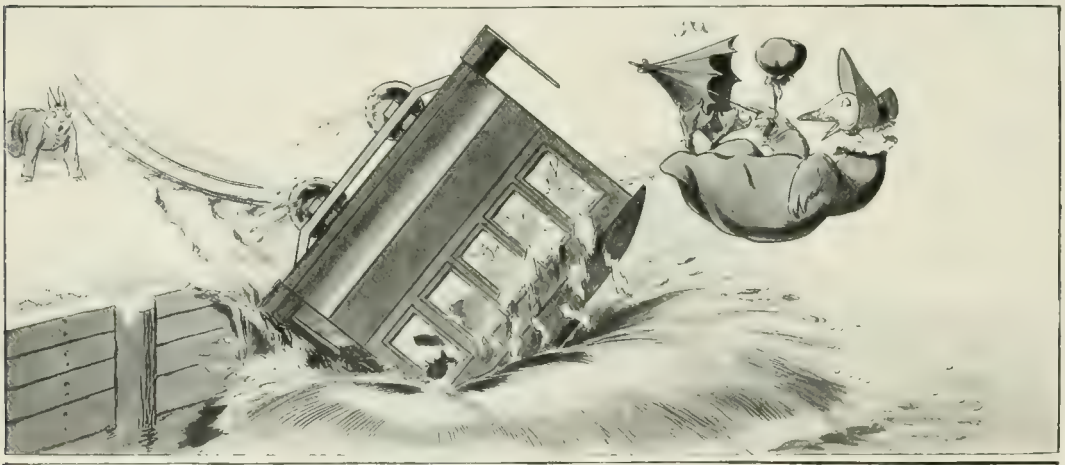
When Cochise saw their uniforms in the distance he put his warriors at once into a sort of skirmish order, so that they could go forward for battle, seek cover, or run back in retreat at his word of command, but Captain Sladen and I brought about a happy and cheerful meeting, and the great good peace which we had made in the mountains was witnessed and confirmed. Then we went with Cochise and his five hundred Indians to Sulphur Springs near Rodgers Ranch. Captain Jeffords was made Indian agent, and a large reserve of good public land was put aside for these Indians.

At last, when I was about to go, Cochise wrapped me in his arms and begged me to stay with him, but I said: "Your men obey you and I must obey the President who wants me to come back to Washington and tell him all about this 'Good Peace.'" And as I started for my home so far away I felt very happy, for I knew that while Cochise was a wild, desperate warrior, still his heart was warm toward me, and he was true to his friends and every inch a man "for a' that."

MOTHER GOOSE'S LAST TROLLEY RIDE



ON A RUNAWAY CAR: "HERE, YOU, CONDUCTOR I WANT A TRANSFER AND I WANT IT NOW!"





MOTHER GOOSE. "LUCKY FOR YOU I FELL IN THE WATER. I'LL NEVER TRUST MYSELF ON LAND AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE."

HARRY'S ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

CHAPTER VII

"WHEN" PAYS A VISIT

"I 'm not grumbling," denied Chub. "I 'm only only stating my position."

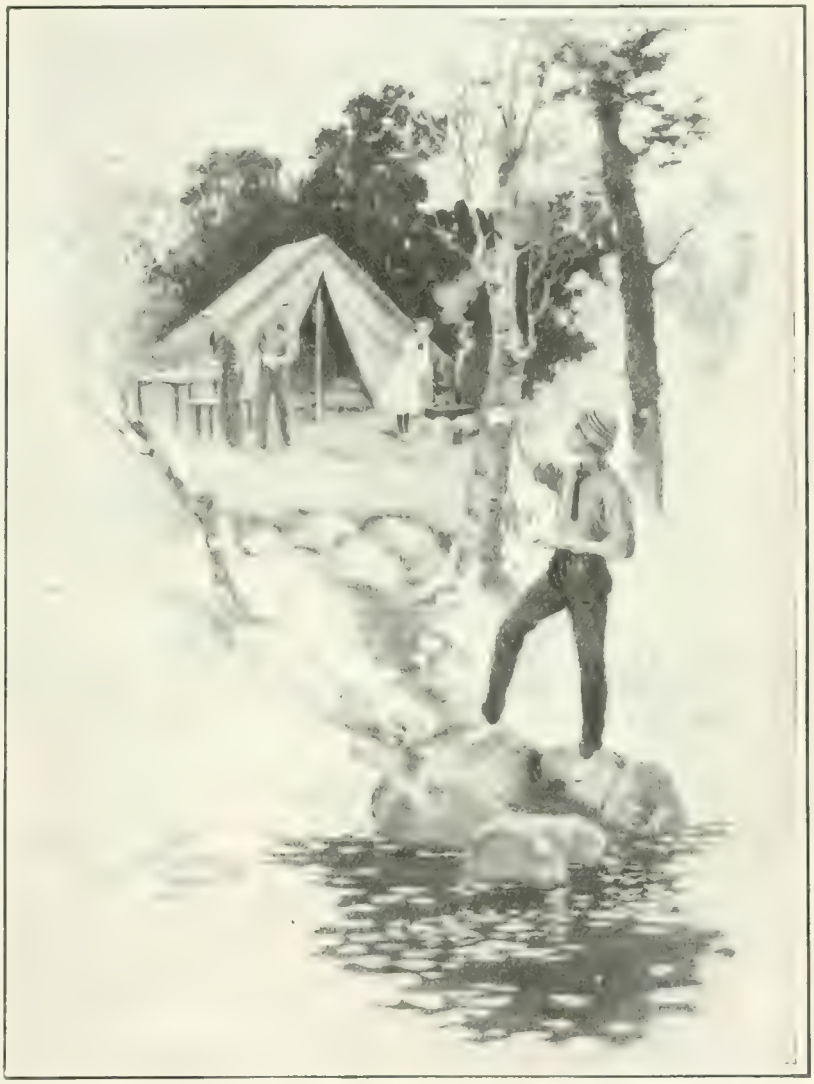
They had been on Fox Island just one week; had bathed, canoed up and down the river, explored the country on each side of them to some extent, had eaten three generous meals every day, and had slept nine hours every night; and now Chub had given the first expression of dissatisfaction. They had finished dinner and were still sitting about the scanty remains of the feast. Harry was not present, to-day being one of the two days in the week when piano practice kept her an unwilling prisoner at the Cottage. Yesterday it had rained from morning until night, keeping them close to camp, and to-day, although the rain had ceased after breakfast, the clouds still hung low, and there was an uncomfortable rawness in the east wind. The square of canvas over the stove flapped dismally, and the camp fire smoldered smokily, as though it were depressed by the cheerlessness of the leaden sky and the gray river.

"What do you expect in camp?" asked Roy, almost irritably, tilting back on the soap box which had served him for a dining chair. "A parade in the morning, circus in the afternoon, and theater in the evening?"

"Maybe he 'd rather have a garden-party this afternoon and a concert to-night," suggested Dick, sarcastically.

"Now, look here," answered Chub, warmly, "you fellows need n't jump on me. I only said that life was growing dull, and it is, and you know it is—only you 're afraid to say so. There are times when even you fellows fail to amuse."

"Who 's jumping on you?" asked Dick.



SOMEBODY'S STOLEN MY HAT, THE LITTLE PICKPOCKET, AND LEFT A PIECE OF POETRY.'" (SEE PAGE 522)

"You, you old crank; and Roy, too. I 'm bored to death, if you want to know; and I don't care who hears it. I say let 's *do* something. We 've stuck around the camp here for two days and played euchre till I can't tell a king from a four-spot. I want excitement!" And in proof of the assertion Chub rolled over backward off his box and flourished his legs in air. The others laughed and good nature returned to Camp Torohadik.

"Well, what is there to do?" asked Dick. "You suggest something and we 'll do it. If the launch was only here—"

"You and your launch!" jeered Chub. "It was going to be here in six days, and it 's eight now. I don't believe you bought it."

"It may be at the Cove now," answered Dick. "Suppose we go down and see?"

"Oh, there 's no fun paddling around in this sort of weather," said Roy. "We 'll go up to the Cottage and telephone. Then if it is there we can go down in the canoe and get it and we won't have to paddle home."

"Won't we?" asked Chub, ironically. "How do you propose to get the launch up here?"

"We 'll get you to push it," answered Dick. "Well, let 's go over and telephone, then. That 'll take Chub's mind from his troubles."

"And, say," added Chub, "while we 're there, let 's have a couple of sets of tennis. Harry and I will play you two."

"Harry won't be through practising until three or half past," answered Roy. "Besides, it does n't seem quite fair, somehow, to play tennis when you 're camping out."

"Fair be blowed!" said Chub. "If it will keep me from going dippy, it 's all right, is n't it?"

They agreed that it was, and after the dinner things were cleared up they tumbled into the canoe and paddled over to the landing. As they neared the Cottage the dismal strains of the piano, suffering an agony of scales and five-finger exercises, reached them.

"Poor Harry!" sighed Roy. "She 's worse off than we are."

They stole up to the window and rapped on the pane, and when Harry looked up, startled, she was confronted with a row of three grinning faces whose owners applauded silently with their



"AT THEIR FEET LAY THE SMOLDERING REMAINS OF A SMALL FIRE." (SEE PAGE 524.)

hands. She flew across to the window and threw it open.

"What is it?" she demanded eagerly.

"Nothing. We came up to telephone to the Cove to see if the launch has come. How much longer have you got to torture that piano?"

"About—" Harry looked doubtfully at the little gilt clock on the mantel—"about half an hour—or twenty minutes."

"Make it fifteen," said Chub, "and come on out and play tennis. Dick and Roy against you and me. What do you say?"

"I can't," faltered Harry. "I have to practise two hours, you know. Mama 's away. If she were here I might skimp a little, but I don't like to cheat when she 's gone."

"That 's a noble sentiment," said Dick. "Go ahead and do your worst, Harry; we 'll wait for you."

"We 'll get our rackets and go over to the court," said Roy.

"You 'll have to put the net up," Harry said. "But don't you go and begin to play till I come; promise!"

"We promise!" answered the three in unison. Then they went around to the door, and as Harry closed the window, laughing, she heard them stampeding into the hall.

The launch had not arrived, the freight agent at the steamboat wharf informed them. There followed a council and Dick returned to the telephone and sent a message to be forwarded by wire to the boat-builder.

"When he gets that I bet he 'll sit up and take notice," growled Dick.

"He will be scared to death," agreed Chub. "I did n't know you could be so stern and masterful, Dickums. It becomes you, though, 'deed it does, Dickums!"

Half an hour later they were all four engaged in mighty combat on the tennis-court. Chub forgot his boredom and, with Harry at his side, played splendid tennis. But the first set went to the opponents, none the less, six games to four. They changed courts and the contest was renewed. This time Chub performed so well that the first two games went to them before the others had found themselves. Then, at two games to one, Harry, encouraged by their success, won on her serve, and they had a lead of three; and, although Dick and Roy fought doggedly and brought the score up to 3—5, Chub and Harry went out brilliantly on the next game. At that moment, as though in applause, the sun burst through the bank of clouds in the west and lighted the damp world with a soft golden glow.

"Come on, Harry!" cried Chub. "That set made even the sun sit up! Let 's take the next one now."

But Roy was on his mettle and made his service tell every time, which is equivalent to saying that he had things his own way. But it was no "walk-over" at that and when the quartet threw themselves down on the bench under the apple-tree the score was 6—4.

"If you 'd serve like a civilized man," grumbled Chub, good-naturedly, "we might have a show. But I 'd like to know how any fellow can be expected to take those fool twisters of yours that never leave the ground after they light!"

"When Roy came here two years ago," said Harry reminiscently, "he could hardly play at all. Could you, Roy? Why, I used to beat him all the time!"

"That 's so," answered Roy. "Harry taught me the game."

"I did n't teach you that serve," said Harry. "I wish I could do it."

"Well, I 've tried to show you," Roy laughed.

"Wish I could play as well as Harry," remarked Dick disconsolately.

"Oh, you can, Dick, and you know it!" cried Harry.

"Indeed I can't!"

"Well, there 's only one way to settle it," said Chub. "You two get up and have it out."

"Are you too tired?" asked Dick. Harry assured him that she was n't a bit tired, and they took their places. Roy and Chub made a very appreciative "gallery," applauding everything, even mis-strokes. In the end Dick proved his assertion by getting himself beaten seven games to five, and the four, stopping at the Cottage for Harry to get her coat, raced down to the landing and paddled across to camp in the highest of spirits. The camp-fire had gone out in their absence, but Dick soon had it going again. And then the stove was lighted and he set about getting an early supper, Harry volunteering to assist and becoming wildly enthusiastic over the frying of the potatoes, so enthusiastic that she allowed them to burn under her nose. It must n't be imagined from this, however, that her culinary efforts always ended in disaster, for there had been several batches of doughnuts—unflavored—which had turned out excellently, and even now the party was finishing a recent baking of vanilla cookies. Doughnuts and cookies, however, were prepared at the Cottage; when it came to camp cookery Harry was n't an unqualified success; perhaps there was too much to distract her attention.

Chub declared that he preferred his potatoes well browned and the others said that it did n't

matter a bit. Harry, who had been suddenly plunged into deepest woe by the calamity, recovered her spirits sufficiently to suggest tentatively that perhaps it was better to have them too well done than not done enough. Dick and Roy were about to agree heartily to this sentiment when a shout from Chub who had been sent to the "larder" for the butter interrupted them.

"Somebody 's stolen almost half the butter," he called, "and left a piece of poetry."

"Stolen the butter!" exclaimed Dick.

"Left a piece of poultry!" cried Roy.

"Yes," answered Chub as he came up, a plate of butter in one hand and a slip of clean white paper in the other, "helped himself to about a half a pound of it, and left this in the tub." And he fluttered the paper.

"What is it?" asked Harry, as they crowded around him.

"Poetry, verse," answered Chub, "and the craziest stuff you ever read."

"Oh, I thought you said poultry," said Roy. "What does it say?"

"Thanks for your hospitality
Which I accept, as you can see.
When I possess what you have not
Pray help yourself to what I 've got.
"W. N."

"Well, what do you think of that?" gasped Roy when Chub had finished reading. "Of all the cheeky beggars!"

"Let 's see it," said Dick. He took the paper and looked it over carefully. It appeared to be the half of a page from a pocket note-book. It was traversed by pale blue lines and the lower corners were curled as though from much handling. The writing was small and the letters well formed.

"Do you reckon it 's a joke?" asked Chub.

"Who could have done it?" inquired Roy. "We don't know any one around here, now that school is closed."

"Wait a bit," exclaimed Dick. "Here 's something on the other side; it 's been rubbed out, but I can see the words 'set' and 'Billings,' and there are some figures, I think."

"'Set Billings,'" pondered Roy. "It is n't 'Seth Billings,' is it?"

"No, I don't think so; I can't see any h. Here, you see what you can make of it."

Roy took the paper and scrutinized it closely, but was unable to decipher any more than Dick.

"Well, 'Seth Billings' wants to keep away from this camp in future," said Chub, "or he will get his head punched."

"I don't think his name can be Seth Billings," said Harry, "because he signed that verse 'N. W.'"

"'W. N.,'" Chub corrected. "Not that it matters, though. He was probably going by in a boat and saw the camp and just naturally snooped around and helped himself to—say, do you suppose he 's taken anything else?"

There was a concerted movement toward the tent and a rapid inventory of their property. Nothing was missing, however; or so, at least, it seemed until Dick raised the cover of the tin bread-box. Then:

"Bread, too," he said dryly; "and here 's another sonnet in the bottom of the box. Listen to this:

"What 's the good o' butter
When it can't be spread?
Hence I am your debtor
For half a loaf of bread.
"W. N."

Chub burst into a laugh and the others joined him.

"He 's a joker, he is!" he gasped. "As far as I 'm concerned he 's welcome. But I would n't want him to visit us every day; we 'd be bankrupt in a week!"

"But who is he?" puzzled Roy. "Any one know a 'W. N.'?"

They all thought hard but without solving the riddle.

"Oh, he 's probably a tramp or—or something like that," said Roy.

"Tramps don't usually pay for what they take with verses," Chub objected; "and his rhymes are n't bad, you know, all except 'butter,' and 'debtor'; that 's poetic license with a vengeance."

"Well, we 'll call him the Licensed Poet," said Dick, "and have our supper. We ought to be thankful that he did n't take more than he did. There were two whole loaves of bread there besides the half loaf: it was decent of him to take the half."

"For that matter," observed Roy, "it was decent of him, I suppose, not to take the tent and the cook stove. After this we won't dare to leave the camp alone."

"Supper! Supper!" cried Chub. "We can talk about it just as well while we 're eating. Come on, Harry; take the head of the table, please."

"No, I 'm not going to sit at the head," Harry declared. "That seat is n't comfortable. I 'm going to sit here, right by the preserve."

Of course there was just one all-absorbing topic of conversation, and that was "W. N.," "Seth Billings," or the "Licensed Poet," as he was variously called. Harry advanced a theory to account for the difference between the initials

signed to the verses and the name on the reverse of the paper which found instant favor. The theory was that there had been two visitors, that "W. N." had written the verses, and that "Seth Billings" had supplied the leaf out of his notebook. That explanation was very plausible, and, while it did n't begin to explain all they wanted to know, it brought a measure of relief.

Long before sunset, Harry became fidgety and evinced a disposition to start abruptly at slight noises and to glance continually over her shoulder toward the edge of the woods, and though she always left for home while it was still daylight, she made a very early start this time, pleading that the tennis had made her very tired and sleepy. Chub grinned skeptically but said nothing, and he and Roy took Harry home, accompanying her all the way up the hill and only turning back when the lights of the Cottage were in sight across the campus.

"Shall we fasten the tent-flap?" asked Roy when they had undressed under the swinging lantern and were ready to dispense with its feeble radiance.

"What 's the use?" yawned Chub. "If Seth Billings wants to steal us I guess he will do it anyhow."

"I 'd like to see what he 'd write after he 'd stolen you and had a good look at you," said Roy as he blew out the lantern. For once Chub made no retort, for he was already fast asleep.

Chapter VIII

A GUEST AT CAMP

They awoke the next morning to find the sky swept clear of clouds and the sunlight burnishing the green leaves. There was a dip in the blue waters of the Cove and a race back to the tent where three tingling bodies were rubbed dry and invested with clothing. Then Dick, who could dress or undress while Roy or Chub were getting ready to do it, went whistling out to start the fire. In a moment the whistling ceased abruptly and there was silence. Then the tent-flap was pushed back and Dick appeared in the opening holding forth a square of birch bark on which lay four good-sized fish.

"Pickerel!" exclaimed Roy. "Where 'd you get them?"

"Found them on top of the stove."

"Seth Billings, I 'll bet!" cried Chub. "Was there any poetry?"

"Not a line," answered Dick. "If Seth left them, we 're very much obliged to him, but I 'd just like to catch a glimpse of him; he 's too plaguey mysterious for comfort."

"I tell you!" said Roy. "He 's camping out here on the island! What 'll you bet he is n't?"

"I 'll bet he is!" answered Chub. "Let 's go and look for him!"

"All right. But it was careless of him not to write a poem this time," said Dick.

"Are you sure there was n't one?" Chub asked. "Did you look around? It might have blown off."

"Yes, I looked. What I like best about these fish is that they 're already cleaned. All I 've got to do is to slide them into the frying-pan."

Roy and Chub followed him out and watched while the pickerel were transferred from the birch bark to the pan. Dick tossed the bark aside and Chub rescued it out of curiosity.

"It made a pretty good platter," he said. Then, "Here it is!" he cried delightedly.

"What?" asked the others in a breath.

"The verse! He wrote it on the other side of the bark! Listen!

'Fish, so the scientists agree,
As food for brain decisive,
So help yourself; but as for me,
I take them for my nerve!
"W. N."

"For his nerve!" gasped Dick.

Then they all howled with laughter until Dick leaped to the stove to rescue the coffee which was bubbling out of the spout.

"He certainly can't be accused of bashfulness," said Chub. "Is n't he the festive joker? I think he 's squared himself now for the butter and the bread, eh?"

"I suppose so," answered Roy, "but he had no business stealing our things."

"Oh, well, he 's paid us back."

"Just the same he had no right to—"

But just at that moment there came an imperative tooting from the Ferry Hill landing, and Roy and Chub shoved the canoe into the water and paddled over for Harry and Snip. Harry was wildly excited as soon as she had learned of "W. N.'s" latest vagary, and insisted that they should at once set out on a hunt for him. The boys, however, were unanimously in favor of eating breakfast first, and Harry was forced to submit to the delay. The fish were delicious; even Snip agreed to that; and before the repast was ended the four were feeling very kindly toward the Licensed Poet.

"I tell you what we 'll do," said Chub. "We 'll get Snip to trail Seth Billings to his lair."

"How?" demanded Harry.

"Let him smell of the piece of birch bark," an-

swered Chub promptly. "Here, Snip! Come, smell! Good dog! Find him, sir, find him!"

Snip sniffed at the bark in a really interested manner, and Chub was quite encouraged until Roy remarked that what Snip smelled was the fish. Snip next evinced a strong inclination to chew up the bark, and, foiled in this, he wagged his tail cordially, just to prove that there was no ill-feeling, and sat down. Chub shook his head.

"He does n't understand," he said. "He will never make a man-hunter."

As though pained at this observation, Snip got up and ambled down to the river for a drink, and Chub turned to the others triumphantly.

"There!" he cried. "How 's that for intelligence? He smelled the fish and went right down to the river where they came from! Talk about your bloodhounds!"

"Come on," laughed Dick. "We 'll be our own bloodhounds."

"What are we going to say to him if we find him?" asked Roy as they set off, Snip far in the lead, along Inner Beach.

"Thank him for the fish," suggested Chub.

"Tell him to keep out of our camp," said Dick.

"I don't think I 'd say it just that way," remonstrated Harry cautiously. "You see, Dick, he 's a poet, and poets are very easily offended; they 're so—so sensitive, you know."

"Seems to me you know a lot about them!" said Roy.

"I 've read," answered Harry oracularly.

"Well, I 'll bet you anything this poet is n't very sensitive," scoffed Chub. "Any fellow who will steal your butter can't be suffering much that way!"

"I don't believe we ought to accuse him of stealing anything, either," said Harry. "Stealing is a very—very strong word, Chub."

"Whew!" exclaimed Chub. "You must want us to thank him for—*purloining* our grub and invite him to dinner!"

"I think it would be very nice to invite him to dinner. I 've never met a real poet."

"Well, if we do," said Dick grimly, "I 'm for hiding the solid silver—if we have any."

They reached Point Harriet without finding trace of the quarry, although whenever Snip barked in the woods Chub insisted that the poet was treed. They turned homeward and passed the Grapes and Hood's Hill. Then, as they scrambled down to Outer Beach, Roy gave a shout. At their feet lay the still smoldering remains of a small fire. The sand between the fire and the edge of the water was trampled, and marks showed where a boat of some sort had been pulled partly out of the water. But there was no one in sight, and no sign or sound of a boat.

"He 's gone," said Harry disappointedly.

"Yes," answered Dick. "He spent the night here, I guess, although there is n't any sign of a tent or anything. Perhaps he slept on his boat. It 's likely he did."

"Well," said Roy, "if he 's really gone, we won't have to hide the grub when we leave camp. That 's one comfort."

"Maybe he will come back." Harry spoke at once questioningly and hopefully.

"I think not," answered Dick. "I suppose he has gone on down the river."

"Maybe he did n't like our butter," suggested Chub. "I 've thought sometimes myself that it was n't all it should be. He can't have been gone very long, though, fellows; look at the fire."

"Well," said Roy, "he 's gone, and that 's enough for us."

They went on finally along the beach and so back to camp. They had planned a trip to the hills after huckleberries. Harry knew a place where there were just millions of them, she declared; and so as soon as camp was cleaned up they set out for the west shore at a point a mile or so above Coleville, armed with an empty lard-pail, two tin cans which had once held preserved peaches, and a pint measure. It was a long walk, made more so by the fact that Harry had forgotten just how to reach the spot, and it was well on toward eleven before they began picking. But Harry's startling tales of the fruitfulness of the locality proved in no wise exaggerated.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Chub, as he pushed back his cap, "there are just slathers of 'em!"

And there were. By one o'clock their pails were filled to overflowing, so they started homeward, very warm and hungry. Only one incident marred the return. Dick in a moment of forgetfulness, finding the sun uncomfortably warm on his head, thoughtlessly attempted to put his cap on, and half a pint of berries were lost. They still had fully five quarts, however, and, as Chub pointed out, philosophically, there was no use in crying over spilled berries. They reached the island again at a little after two and found a note pinned to the front of the tent.

"Very sorry," it read, "to be out when you called. Come again. W. N."

"He 's back!" cried Harry.

"Wonder why he did n't write it in poetry," said Chub.

"Wonder what he took," growled Roy.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Dick. "That 's so. I guess we 'd better look around."

"I think it 's horrid of you to be so suspicious," said Harry. "I just know he did n't take a thing! And think of those nice fish he left."

And as far as they could find out Harry was right.

"As soon as we 've had dinner," said Dick, "we 'll go around there and see him. How would it do to take some berries along? We 've got heaps more than we need."

"Great!" said Chub.

"And let 's ask him to supper," added Harry. The boys laughed.

"Harry 's fallen in love with the Licensed Poet!" cried Chub.

"I have n't!" denied Harry warmly. "But I do think it would be nice to ask him to supper."

"Maybe he did n't bring his dress-clothes," said Roy.

"I guess we 'd better have a look at him first," said Dick. "Then if we want to ask him we can. Only there is n't very much in the pantry just now; I guess bacon or ham and some fried potatoes will be about all we can set before his poetship."

"There 's plenty of preserve and jelly," said Harry, hopefully; "and there 's huckleberries, too, and fancy crackers. I do wish I 'd made some doughnuts to-day."

Dick had been very busy meanwhile, and already a slice of steak was sizzling on the dry skillet. A quarter of an hour later they were very eagerly assuaging their hunger: three famished boys, one famished girl, and a famished dog.

It took some time to get enough to eat to-day, and so it was well into the middle of the afternoon before the procession set out for the farther end of Outer Beach, bearing a quart of huckleberries as an offering to the Licensed Poet. But once more they were doomed to disappointment, for the poet was again away from home. A new fire had been built since the morning and some egg-shells at the edge of the bushes showed that the poet had not wanted for food. I think Harry resented the sight of those egg-shells as being unromantic and opposed to her notion of poets, who, according to her reading, always starved in garrets. Roy pretended to be relieved at finding "W. N." away, but in reality he was quite as curious as any one, and just as anxious to see the mysterious person.

"We can't invite him to supper," said Harry sorrowfully.

"Let 's leave him a note and put it on the berries," said Chub.

After some discussion this plan was agreed to. Dick supplied a scrap of paper from the back of an envelop and Chub had a pencil at the end of his watch chain.

"I suppose this ought to be in rhyme," said Chub, "but it 's beyond me."

"Oh, never mind that," said Roy. "We can't all be poets."

"Well, how will this do? 'The pleasure of W. N.'s company is cordially requested at Camp Torohadik this evening at six thirty for supper. R.S.V.P.' Is that all right?"

"Perfect!" cried Harry.

"Fine," said Dick and Roy in unison. "Only," added Roy, "I 'd leave off the 'R.S.V.P.' part of it. We don't want him coming around this afternoon while we 're away."

"That 's so," laughed Chub, canceling the letters, "the tent 's only pegged down."

"If he 'd wanted to steal anything he could have done it when he left that note," said Harry indignantly.

"Please be careful how you speak of Harry's poet," begged Dick, "or we won't get any more doughnuts and cookies."

They placed the can of berries with the note on top of it beside the smoldering ashes and, calling Snip, who was trying very hard to eat an egg-shell, they returned to camp. Later Roy and Chub went canoeing down the river while Dick and Harry and Snip rowed over to the landing in the skiff and went up to the Cottage to see if there was any news of the launch. They found word from the freight agent that the boat had arrived and was awaiting the consignee at the wharf at Silver Cove. It was too late to go after it to-day, so, after Harry had begged for and received half a loaf of cake from her mother, they returned to the landing and set forth in search of Chub and Roy to tell them the news. The canoe was finally descried half a mile above Fox Island and Dick rowed toward it. That its occupants had not been entirely upon pleasure bent was evident from the pile of wood which lay in the middle of the craft. Firewood was getting low at Camp Torohadik and the cargo would be welcome. When within hailing distance Dick shouted his news:

"Fellows, the launch is here!"

Chub looked around him and searched the horizon.

"Where?" he shouted back.

"Down at the Cove," answered Dick. "We 'll go down the first thing in the morning and bring it up. What do you say?"

"Sure," answered Roy. "I suppose it 's too late to go this evening?"

"Yes, I guess so. Besides we 've got company coming to supper, you know, and I 'll have to be busy pretty soon. Mrs. Emery gave us a whole half a cake."

"That 's rank partiality," grumbled Chub as the two boats drew together. "Here we 've been

camping out for over a week and not a bit of cake have I seen. And now, just because the Licensed Poet is going to take supper with us, Harry brings a whole half loaf! Gee-whilli-kins! Wish I was a poet!"

"You always have cake when there 's company," answered Harry.

"Wish I was company, then," said Chub. "I tell you what, fellows; I 'll go off and camp by myself at the other end of the island and then you can invite me to take dinner and supper with you and feed me cake. Chocolate cake for choice," he added reflectively.

The two boats drifted down to the island and presently were side by side on Inner Beach. In the intervals of assisting Dick with the task of preparing the evening meal, the others played quoits with horse-shoes which had been left from spring camping. At six Harry stopped playing and seated herself with dignity on a log near the tent, smoothing her skirt and re-tying her hair-ribbons. Inside the tent, Chub asked Roy quietly whether they ought to dress for their guest, the Poet.

"About all I could do," he reflected, "would be to change my necktie and put on another shirt. But as the shirt would be just like this one, he would n't know that I 'd changed. In fact, as he has never seen me at all, he would n't know whether this one was the one I 'd been wearing right along or one that I 'd put on in his honor; and so if I changed this one for another one he would n't know which one—"

"That 'll do for you," interrupted Roy. "Seeing that you 've got only a small wardrobe on the island you do a lot of talking about it. I 'm not going to change anything. If Seth Billings does n't like what I wear he can get off our island."

Harry's gaze wandered frequently toward the path from Outer Beach as half past six drew near; and so did that of the boys; but the half hour came and passed and no guest arrived.

"He 's extremely fashionable," grumbled Chub.

"Maybe he did n't come back," said Roy.

"Perhaps he did n't find the note," Dick suggested. "Perhaps one of those bears which Chub 's always talking about ate the huckleberries and the note, too."

"Most likely he 's dropped his collar stud under the bureau and can't find it," said Chub. "I vote we sit down and eat."

But Harry begged for another ten minutes and the boys agreed to wait. But at last they were forced to begin the meal without the guest of honor. It was plain that Harry was greatly disappointed, but I can't truthfully say that the absence of the Licensed Poet interfered with the appetites of any of the others. And a very nice supper it was, too, for Dick had gone to extra pains, while Harry had ransacked the packing-case cupboard and had set out everything which she thought might tempt the palate of a starving poet.

They had been eating several minutes when Snip, who since the return to camp had been appearing and disappearing as he pleased, treeing mythical bears and barking himself hoarse over the scent of a squirrel, trotted out of the woods with his tongue hanging and crawled into Harry's lap.

"You must wait awhile, Snip," said Harry, "for your supper. I guess you 're a pretty hungry little dog, are n't you?"

"I should think he would be," said Chub, "the way he 's been—say, what 's that on his neck?"

It proved to be a piece of twisted paper tied about the middle and attached to Snip's collar.

"Hold him still," said Chub, "and I 'll get it off."

The others had gathered around and, in spite of Snip's struggles—he laboring under the delusion that Chub wanted to play with him—the paper was untied and unfolded amid the breathless interest of the group.

"It 's 'W. N.' again!" cried Chub. "Poetry, too! Listen, everybody!

> "A man with his clothes on the line
> With friends is unable to dine;
> So he shivers and frets
> And sends his regrets
> By a messenger known as 'K 9.'"

"But—but how did he manage to get hold of Snip?" marveled Dick. They all talked at once for a minute and great excitement reigned at Camp Torohadik. Finally Harry's voice triumphed above the babel.

"I think it 's perfectly wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Snip will never go near strangers. It just shows that he must be a beautiful character!"

"Who?" asked Dick. "The dog?"

"No, the Poet," replied Harry, earnestly.

"If we knew his size, we might send him an outfit," said Roy. "But we don't. He may be as big as all outdoors or as small as Chub."

"We might offer to do it, anyway," said Chub, ignoring the insult.

"We might take them over to him and tell him we 'd be glad to have him come," said Dick.

"Who 'll go?" asked Chub.

"Tie the things on Snip and let him take them," Roy said.

"I don't mind going," Dick volunteered. "Get

the things, Chub, and I 'll go. I dare say he has shoes and stockings. It 's a jolly good lark, anyhow, is n't it?"

"It 's downright exciting," answered Chub. "I 'm all of a tremble. Want me to go along?"

"Oh, no, Chub," said Harry, earnestly. "You must n't! Let Dick go alone. Tell him we don't mind what he wears, Dick; that we will feel—feel much honored—and pleased—"

"Tell him we 'll send the carriage for him in a quarter of an hour," interrupted Roy unkindly. "You 'd better take Snip along to show you the way."

Perhaps Snip understood what Roy said. At all events, he jumped up at once and bounded over to where Dick was stowing the bundle under his arm, wagging his tail and barking hysterically.

"Snip, too, has fallen victim to the charms of the Unknown One," said Chub. "Tell Seth that I 've got a necktie he can have if he 's fussy, and that if he wants me to, I 'll go over and tie it for him."

"All right, but you 'd better put the supper back on the stove so it won't be all cold if he does come. I 'll be right back and let you know." Dick, with Snip running excitedly ahead, moved toward the path leading to Lookout and Outer Beach.

"Be sure and tell him, Dick, that we don't mind what he wears," called Roy. "Tell him we 're none of us dressed up, and that—"

"Kind-hearted one, say no more!"

Harry gave a little shriek, the boys turned quickly around and Snip barked valiantly. Behind them, standing in the mellow glow of the setting sun, bowing with one hand on his heart, stood as strange a looking figure as had ever met their sight.

(To be continued.)

The Leader of the Butterflies



BY FRANCIS BAKER

The long, sleepy shadows which lay across the main street of Santa Barbara one April afternoon were suddenly surprised by one which appeared among them leaping and running and throwing out its legs. It was cast by a small Spanish boy speeding along on his bare brown feet.

Through a broken, tile-topped fence he darted, past the hedge of prickly pear and into a little adobe house, calling out, "Mother, mother, I am chosen leader of all the butterflies!"

At his call a huge woman ran heavily to meet him, but Alessandro had raced so far and so fast that it was some time before he could find breath to explain.

The City of Santa Barbara was to give a flower festival, and on a certain evening there was to be a grand ball in which beautiful young ladies were to appear as different flowers, and twelve little boys from the kindergarten, dressed as butterflies, were to have a part in the dance; and, most important of all, he, Alessandro, had been chosen their leader!

During the days of the rehearsals, Alessandro bore himself with great dignity. It would be un-

fair to tell of the brilliant pictures he drew of himself for the benefit of Juan and Pancho and the other little Spanish boys of the neighborhood, —he was only five years old and he had a vivid imagination.

The festival was by far the greatest event that his little life had ever looked forward to, and when the day finally arrived he could hardly realize that it had come.



He was in a state of great excitement by supper-time, and could eat very little. Long before the hour for the arrival of the omnibus, he was standing waiting at the door, his mother beside him, and Juan and Pancho in the midst of a little crowd vying with each other to get a word from the hero.

The town clock struck seven. "They 'll be here soon," he whispered.

Half-past seven came. "You boys had better get away from the gate, out of the way of the 'bus," he called out with what breath he could command.

The evening grew dark; the town clock struck eight; Juan and Pancho and the rest of the little crowd had been summoned home one by one to bed; and still Alessandro had not been called for. What could it mean? He was not old enough to reason much about it. He could only stand there silent, and in the darkness feel a great weight of disappointment settling down upon his little heart. Nine o'clock struck out on the still night air. It was the hour for the appearance of the butterflies in the dance. A heartbroken sob followed the last stroke of the town clock. The boy's mother tenderly gathered him tight in her arms and bore him into the house, crooning little Spanish phrases to comfort him.

The thought of the evening's pleasure had become such a large part of Alessandro's little life, that he lay there in his mother's loving arms and thought that nothing, nothing, would ever ease the pain of disappointment. But gradually his eyelids dropped, his sobs became less frequent, and at last his sorrow was forgotten in sleep.

Suddenly there was a sound of heavy wheels in the street, and a voice called out:

"Alessandro, Alessandro! Quick, hurry! We cannot wait a moment."

The mother hurried to the door. "Cowards!" she cried. "You have crushed my little one's heart. He sleeps. You cannot have him. Go!"

But something was pulling at her gown, and there in his night clothes, with the little black velvet butterfly suit over his arm, stood Alessandro, his eyes heavy with sleep, but his lips quivering in pitiful entreaty.

Unable to resist, she dressed him quickly, wrapped him in a great Mexican cloak, kissed him good-by, and helped him tenderly up the narrow steps of the omnibus, calling upon the good angels to protect him.

Alessandro, thoroughly roused by the commotion, found his teacher and some drowsy little "butterflies" huddled together on the long seats; and as they galloped toward the pavilion, his teacher explained that the driver who was to have gathered the "butterflies" had failed in his duty, and that, at the last moment, another omnibus had been procured and sent after the little boys.

When the dazed little band of black figures were at last safely in the dressing-room, a glad welcome went up from the young ladies who were to take part in a flower dance. Immediately

there was much eager hurrying to fasten on the large black-and-yellow wings.

"Here, quick, Alessandro," cried a beautiful pansy. "Remember that the butterflies depend on their leader," she cautioned, as she buttoned the little jacket to which the wings were attached.

Alessandro rubbed his eyes very hard, and said softly:

"There are angels here, are n't there?"

Pansy looked dubiously at his heavy eyes, but the music had already begun, and she had to hurry away.

The butterfly squad stood in a line at the dressing-room door. The flowers had commenced the dance. Then the signal was given for the butterflies to enter. Alessandro bounded into the hall. His ears were greeted by a noise like the noise of storm breakers upon the beach. His eyes were dazzled by the lights. He hesitated; the butterflies crowded in confusion behind him. All at once his illumined face seemed to answer the flowers, swaying, beckoning, and, before his hesitation had been really noticed, he skipped away followed by his butterfly companions. In and out of the graceful dance he wove, around and among the iris, the daisy, the hollyhock, the pansy, and the rest. To the last step he safely led his band, until the end was reached and the dancers faded into the dressing-room.

"It was well done, little one!" said Pansy, as she unfastened his wings. "You were a brave leader."

Alessandro looked up at her with luminous dark eyes, and said earnestly:

"There are angels here to-night, are n't there?"

"My poor little sleepy-head," answered Pansy, "you are not used to such scenes as these."

"There *are* angels here. You are one of them! You helped me through the dance. Ay, the little mother will be glad."



A YOUNG EXPERT IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

BY CHARLES BARNARD

THERE was once a prince whose father was a famous general and king over a very large kingdom. At one time the king made war against another king, and having defeated his army, captured his kingdom and added it to his own. To the boy prince this seemed very discouraging, for he was sure his father would soon capture all the kingdoms in the world and there would be none left for him when he grew up to be a king. To-day the prince's mistake seems amusing, for we



Photograph by C. Dunstewitz

WALTER J. WILLENBORG.

know that he had no conception of the real size of the world.

Now, it happens that even to-day there are young folks who make the same mistake in thinking that all the great things that are worth doing have been done; all the great discoveries made; all the strange countries have been visited; all the grand inventions finished, and all that is worth finding out has already been printed in books. Let us see what one young man has done. There is in one of the great scientific schools a student who when fifteen years old began the study of a new science called wireless telegraphy. Many able and learned men, both here and in Europe, had studied the laws of nature that govern the behavior of the mysterious waves that in wireless telegraphy appear to fly from ship to ship or from shore to shore over miles of land and sea. These men had invented curious machines wherewith they could send telegraphic messages from place to place without wires. Walter J. Willenborg learned of all that had been done in this new science, yet he did not sit down idle and discouraged. He decided to try in his own way to learn at home all that was already known and then he would try to learn more.

Fortunately, Walter's father saw that his son was in earnest, and he fitted up for him a little room adjoining his bedroom as a laboratory and workshop and Walter began his studies in his own little shop, where he could take up his work bright and early in the morning, and see his books, tools, and papers the last thing at night. Before long he began to plan a wireless telegraphic station in his own workshop at the top of the house. These things were to be of his own invention, though, of course, based upon some of those already in use. In time, he learned to be a master operator with the apparatus used in the new science. Curious to see what could be done on a very small scale, he invented and made a portable wireless telegraphic station that he could carry about in his pockets. From the top button of his coat he hung a slender wire that reached to the ground and so arranged that when he walked along a country road the wire would trail upon the ground behind him. In his pocket he carried a little battery. On a bit of board, as big as your hand, he placed a complete wireless transmitting apparatus, induction-coil, baby sounder and all, supporting this fairy telegraph station by fastening it to a belt around his waist. From this traveling station he sent messages from a country road to his folks at home, eight miles away in town, telling them where he was and where he was going and that he would reach home in time for supper.

Let us make a call on the young man.

If, as we approach his home, we glance up overhead, we see two wires hanging side by side across the street. Nothing remarkable in that, for they appear to be merely a couple of telegraph or telephone wires hung over the street from house to house! Walter welcomes us and we find him a rather quiet young man with a pleasant face, simple and natural manners, and when he

speaks we find he talks like a man of science. We go up-stairs to the very top of the house and sit down in a little room filled on every side with electrical appliances of various kinds and [illegible]



[illegible]

At the left is a door leading to his bedroom. Next to this door, on the wall, is a large switchboard, and above it a group of electric lights. On the table in front of the switchboard are two receivers inclosed in wooden boxes and covered with glass. Next to them, on the table, are a number of large Leyden jars, and just beyond, at the other end of the table, several smaller jars. Between the jars are three induction-coils, the larger coil having discharging posts. In the clear space on the table in front of these things is a telegraph-key, and beside it a small telegraphic receiver and recorder with its paper tape. On the other side of the room are large boxes inclosing transformers for changing the character of the electric current he employs in his experiments. On the wall are a number of wires connecting by means of plugs the different electrical appliances. On the table are also three telephone receivers.

Walter explains briefly that all the apparatus [illegible] by means of the switches and the wires on the wall, connected to the two parallel wires that stretch from a short mast on the roof to another mast on the building opposite. These wires he calls his "antennæ." This means literally the "feelers" (like the antennæ of a moth) and we presently see that this curious name given to a pair of horizontal wires hung in the air over the street is a most appropriate name, for they feel and catch invisible waves moving through the space that is occupied by the atmosphere.

The young student sits before the table and places his hand on the telegraph-key.

"Let me call up one of my stations in a city about two hundred miles away."



"What!" I said in some surprise. "Have you a private telegraph wire?"

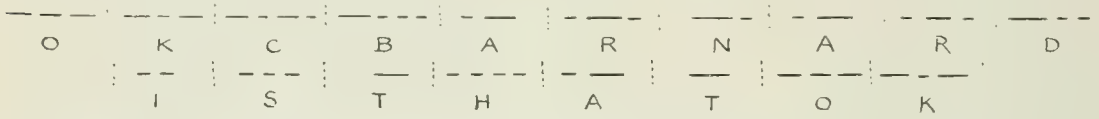
"No. There is nothing save my antennæ hanging over the street and a second pair of antennæ hung in the air, just as here, in that far-away

town. Between the two pairs of antennæ, two hundred miles apart, there is nothing save the invisible air. Our house is lighted by electric light and I designed the apparatus that you see in this room in such a way that the same current of electricity that comes from the power-house can be used to charge my antennæ with the invisible waves that travel two hundred miles over land and water, through three States, and reach the distant station where the antennæ feel the thrill of the electric waves that start from this room. This I can do by means of this telegraph-key, and in doing this I will use the 'Continental Code' of dots and dashes. I will now call up the distant station by using the letters S and D, that would be represented thus:

S . . . D — . .

"Taken together they would read three dots, then a space, then a dash and two dots.

"Now watch the terminals of my induction-coil and you will plainly both hear and see the two letters SD in loud snapping sounds and flashes of light."



Instantly there were three loud snaps, and a quivering flame leaped across the terminals of the induction-coils. It was plain that the snapping sounds spelled S. Next came one long snap followed by two sharp little barks from the flashing flame. Then, for a moment or more, the little room was strangely silent. Then the young operator repeated the call and, without removing his right hand from the key, with his left inserted the plug of a long wire in the receiver.

"I have now connected my antennæ with my receiver. Watch the little magnet of my sounder."

The breathless silence of the room was broken by a faint tick, repeated slowly three times—which stand for the three dashes that spell the letter O. Then came a long tick, a short, quick tick, followed by a long tick—or the letter K.

"He says O.K.; meaning I hear you and I am ready. Now I will send him your name, and as he does not know your name or how it is spelled, I will spell it for him and he will then send your name back and you can both hear it and read it. First, I must explain to him just what we wish him to do. Now he is probably sitting before his receiver and waiting for his 'feelers' to pick up what I say. Now I will call him up again and we shall see just how long it takes for my call to go to him and his answer to come back."

Walter touched his keys rapidly and then instantly changed the plug again, and in just fifteen seconds the ticking magnet spelled O.K. Two hundred miles out for the message, two hundred miles back for the reply; four hundred miles in fifteen seconds, including the changing of the switch at the distant station.

Then Walter handled the key rapidly and the air of the room resounded with the furious crackling of the bridge of fire between the terminals.

"Look out! Listen! It 's coming!"

The little magnet of the sounder began to tick softly, as if its message had come over miles and miles of land, mountains, rivers, farms, and towns. At the same instant the tape began to unroll from its reel. In a moment it stopped, and Walter tore off a piece of the tape and with a pencil put under each group of marks its proper letter, marking off each letter by a vertical line. This is an exact reproduction of the tape, only in two lines instead of one:

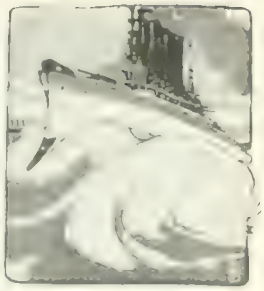
Here is a young student in the junior class of his scientific school using a wireless telegraphic system planned and designed by himself. While in general principles it resembles other systems, in details it differs from them, and is the result of his own research, study, and invention. His system works perfectly and instantly, and connects his home with several private stations of his own in Eastern cities. Messages are flying through space from many places, from ship to ship at sea, and from ship to shore, yet not one interferes with his messages, nor can other stations, except his own, intercept, pick up, or overhear a word that he sends to his own stations. He hopes soon to have new stations in Paris, Berlin, and London.

Think of it! Only twenty and yet a man of science, an inventor and skilful operator in this new art. Could anything be more inspiring to every boy and young man? He does not complain that others have found all that can be learned. He goes to work determined to add new knowledge to the knowledge of others. This is the spirit that is never discouraged, that goes on learning every day. Already he is recognized as a young man who knows; already he is consulted as an expert in his science. Already he has done many remarkable things in wireless telegraphy, sending messages to ships far out at sea, listening to the faint, as it were, whispered words spelled across the Atlantic. And we can be confident that as a man he will do even greater things than any done now while still a student at school.



A WRECK AND A RESCUE

BY WILLIAM O. STEVENS



NOTE: For the facts in regard to the wreck of the *Saginaw* and the life on Ocean Island, as well as the drawing of Ocean Island itself, the writer is indebted to Rear-Admiral [illegible], U. S. N., who was [illegible] one of those who volunteered for the expedition.

IN an out of the way corner of one of the huge buildings at the Naval Academy hangs a boat which few visitors have ever noticed. She is an ordinary ship's gig, twenty-six feet long and decked over with painted canvas, on which lies a dusty placard bearing the names of her crew and telling in the fewest possible words the story of her gallant voyage. Even at the time the incident attracted little attention, for the papers were crowded with the battles of the Franco-Prussian War, and now it is only a memory among the older officers of the Navy; but it is too fine a story to be forgotten.

By the 29th of October, 1870, the U. S. S. *Saginaw* had finished dredging a channel for Pacific mail-steamers at Midway Island, and, following his instructions, her commander, Captain Sicard, sailed that afternoon to take a look at Ocean Island, about sixty miles distant. During the night the *Saginaw* was caught by a strong ocean current, and, about three o'clock the following morning, crashed upon a coral reef. As officers and men rushed on deck, many were hurled back by the torrents of water that poured down the hatchways, and on gaining the deck they found great seas breaking over the ship, which drove every one to a place of safety in the rigging. In a few minutes the vessel was forced so high on the rocks that the seas were less dangerous and it was possible to do something for the safety of the crew.

It was a time to try the coolest nerves. No one knew where they were, for the darkness made it impossible to see beyond the side of the ship, which was rapidly pounding to pieces. All the boats on one side were smashed; then the smoke-stack toppled over the side, followed by the main-mast, which was chopped away. About day-break, or six o'clock, the forward half of the ship broke away and swung in further upon the reef, but the dawn revealed within the reef a small island—Ocean Island itself. At the sight of land the men cheered and worked with a will to get the undamaged boats afloat over the breakers to the shore. All that day was spent in saving as much of the provisions as possible, amounting to a couple of barrels of pork and a small quantity of canned vegetables and coffee. Fortunately, the carpenter's chest also was saved, along with the hammocks of the men, which were used as tents.

On looking about, Ocean Island proved to be a low sand spit, nowhere more than fourteen feet above the level of the sea, and covered with bushes. As there was no spring to be found, a dozen wells were dug; but in every case the water proved too brackish, and it looked as if the seventy officers and men had escaped drowning only to die miserably of thirst. Then, at the suggestion of some ingenious fellow, a condenser was rigged, by means of the ship's boiler and a rubber hose, which supplied forty or fifty gallons a day. Luckily, fuel was provided by the wreck of an old whaler imbedded in the sand. Naturally, this could not supply fuel indefinitely; and the amount of food saved from the ship was barely enough to supply officers and men for a month at one quarter rations—that is, one quarter of their regular daily allowance. This was helped out by seal meat and fish, but both proved unwholesome. Since Ocean Island was so far out of the track of ships, it was only too clear that starvation was bound to come in time unless help could be brought from somewhere. Accordingly, Captain Sicard decided to fit out one of the small boats that escaped the wreck and let a volunteer crew try to take her to the Hawaiian Islands—1200 miles distant—to get relief. Out of the volunteer officers and men who instantly pressed forward, Lieutenant J. G. Talbot and four seamen were selected to undertake the long and perilous journey. The boat was fitted out with all the care possible under the conditions, containing a few necessary instruments, twenty-five



Photographed by C. S. Alden.

THE GIG OF THE *SAGINAW* IN THE NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS. IT WAS IN THIS BOAT THAT THE VOLUNTEER CREW SAILED 1600 MILES FROM OCEAN ISLAND TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

days' provisions and ninety gallons of water; and three weeks after the wreck of the *Saginaw* the little gig spread sail and disappeared below the horizon, followed by anxious eyes.

Meanwhile, Captain Sicard had begun work on



Photographed by C. S. Alden.

DETAIL OF THE COCKPIT OF THE GIG—SHOWING THE CREW'S NAMES CUT IN THE COMBING.

a larger boat out of the material in the wreck of the *Saginaw*, for the [illegible] of gaining another chance of rescue and of keeping the men occupied. It was very difficult work, and officers and men toiled together manfully; but, owing to the wretched food, fully one third of the number were always on the sick-list. Finally, at the end of the second month, it began to look as if the little boat had been lost, and the remaining chances of escape were small indeed. But, about four in the afternoon of January 3, 1871, the lookout perched on top of the signal mast shouted, "A steamer's smoke!" and a great cry of joy went up from the camp. The little gig had succeeded after all! The strange vessel proved to be a Hawaiian steamer despatched to their relief, and it brought also the melancholy story of what the mission of rescue had cost their brave comrades.

Scarcely had the gig been five days at sea when all fire was lost, with absolutely no means of getting any, so that for three miserable weeks there was not a spark for cooking or drying. As the heavy seas flooded the little craft, the canvas decking proved leaky, and in a few days there was not a dry square inch in the boat. Such food as was not ruined had to be eaten raw and soggy wit salt water, and as a result, Lieutenant Talbot and two of the crew were sick for week together Meanwhile th further they re

the weather. Twice the boat had to heave to with a sea anchor to prevent being swamped, twice the drag broke adrift, the third hung for three hours and then was swept away, but fortunately the boat rode out the remainder of the gale safely. Three such gales were weathered. Day after day and week after week went by of drenching waves, of cold, fatigue, sickness, and starvation; till, finally, after a voyage of thirty-eight days over a course of 1600 miles, the adventurers sighted a blue pinnacle of rock which meant the outpost of the Hawaiian Islands.

Even then, the weather continued so rough that the boat had to be kept away for three days, waiting for a favorable opportunity to enter the harbor. Early on the morning of December 19, while waiting for daylight to show the channel, they were sucked in by the current, and the gig capsized repeatedly in the tremendous breakers. In their emaciated condition, the men could not struggle long; and of the five only one, William Halford, the sturdy coxswain of the gig, staggered ashore alive, bearing in his arms one of his comrades who was already past rescuing. It was Halford who carried the news that despatched relief to Ocean Island.

Fortunately, neither at the time of the wreck of the *Saginaw*, nor during the sixty-eight days of imprisonment on the island, was there any loss of life, save that of Lieutenant Talbot and the three men who gave theirs in the effort to save their shipmates. A tablet, subscribed to by the officers of the *Saginaw*, has stood for years in the Naval Academy chapel as a quiet reminder of their heroism, to the younger generation of officers, who also may be called on for self-sacrifice



COXSWAIN WILLIAM HALFORD

in the line of duty at any moment of their careers. The inscription concludes with these fitting words:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that [illegible] down his life for his friends."



CAMP SAGINAW—OCEAN ISLAND.



APRIL

BY MAY AIKEN,

April's sun on my birthday shone,
The little grass blades grew bolder,
And pushed up smiling.—I 've grown quite old,
But John is a whole year older.
He took me out to buy me a gift,
And down came the raindrops cool,—
Spattering over my new spring hat,
And pattering "April Fool!"

HOW A PUZZLE WAS SOLVED

BY JOHN PHIN

It was a holiday; school was closed, and as the weather was delightful two young girls and their brother got leave to spend the afternoon in the woods and carry a lunch-basket with them. Among the eatables they had three boiled eggs—one for each, but just as they were about to set out a young friend called, and they invited him to accompany them. The oldest girl, with an elder sister's thoughtfulness, said to her brother:

"George, we must add to our lunch-basket or there may not be enough," whereupon George went off and got another egg and put it in the basket, while his sisters procured cake, etc.

"Why, George, where did you get that egg?"

"Oh, out of the basket in the cellar," was the reply.

"But it is not cooked, and we can not use a raw egg. Which was the egg that you put in last?"

But George could not tell; the eggs all looked just alike, so they felt them to see which were the warmest, but they were all equally cold, the boiled eggs having been cooked early in the day and taken to the cellar to cool. They then held them up to the light and they thought that one of the eggs was more transparent than the rest, but the difference did not seem to be so great as to make them quite sure as to which had been boiled and which was raw. At last the visitor found out their dilemma and at once said that he could easily tell. Taking an egg between his fingers and his thumb, he twirled it on the table, and it spun like a top. "That egg," said he, "has been boiled." Another was tried with the same result, and then he found one that he could not make spin. "That," said he, "is the raw egg." And so the puzzle was solved.

Try it; it is an interesting experiment, and when those of you who are pursuing your studies in natural philosophy reach the higher branches, you will find that it illustrates some very important principles.



TERRIER TO BULLDOG. "I DON'T THINK THAT YOUR BROTHER IS ANYTHING SO WONDERFUL! WHO COULD N'T BALANCE ON A BALL WITH LEGS LIKE THOSE!"



EVERY-DAY VERSES

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

PICTURES BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

THE DINING TABLE

It 's the best place for dishes,
For bread and for meat,
For silver and glasses,
For good things to eat.
But the dining-room table,
As every one knows,
Was never intended
For little elbows.

A REMINDER

Just before you leave the table,
Just as well as you are able,
Fold your napkin up the middle
And the ends together bring.
If so far you 've done it rightly,
Roll it evenly and tightly,
And you 'll be surprised how lightly
It will slip into its ring.



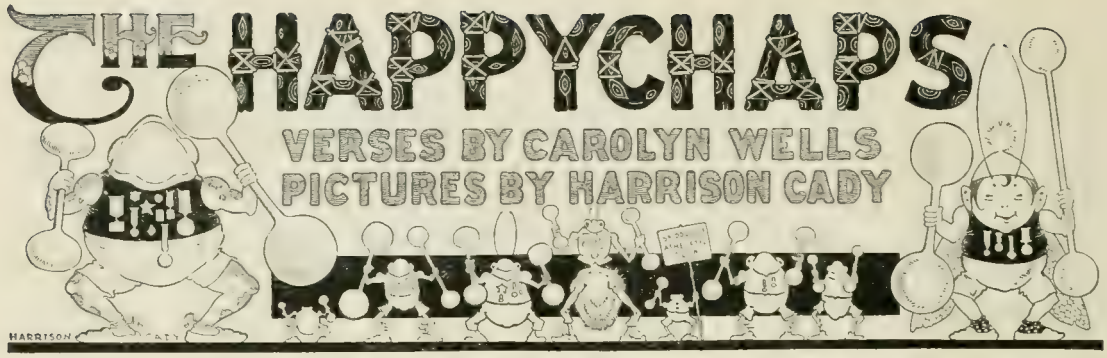


EATING BETWEEN MEALS

'Twixt breakfast and dinner,
And dinner and tea,
A boy may get hungry
As hungry can be.

But if he 's impatient
And eats right away
His appetite 's gone
For the rest of the day.

Whereas by just waiting,
This fact I assert,
His bread and potatoes
Will taste like dessert.



CHAPTER IV

THE night before the great
Field Day
Seemed made of a million hours!
The Happychaps scarcely slept a wink,
The Skiddoodles, rather less, I think;
And then (like some friends of ours),
When it was almost time to rise,
Unheeding the glow in the eastern skies,
They calmly turned over and closed their eyes!
The sun was so anxious the day to break,
That some of the Happychaps were n't awake
When over the hills the impatient fellow
Showed his smiling face so round and yellow.
But soon the breakfast-bells loudly rang,
Then up the Skiddoodles and Happychaps sprang;
Around they flew
With such to-do,
That they all tumbled over one another
And every one said, "Excuse me, brother!"
As it chanced, it was a be-yootiful day;
Indeed, by the way,
I truly may say
'T was the be-yootifullest day that ever was seen,
And they all started off on their walk to the green.
Now the green was a large, big, enormous place
Which covered much length and breadth of space,
Indeed, I should say,
In a general way,
'T was about the size of a field of hay;
But covered with grass of a greenish hue,
A prettier color for grass than blue
(At least, so I think,—and I 'm sure, so do you).

There were booths bedecked with bunting gay,
Whose flags fluttered out in the jolliest way;
The banners streamed,
And the colors gleamed,
For the Happychaps' great Field Day.

And then there were lots of curious things,
Such as swinging rings,
And long rope swings,
And flying trapezes
That waved in the breezes;
Hurdles, for testing the running high jumps,
And mattresses to save the victims from bumps;
All kinds of contraptions and paraphernalia,
With able attendants in gorgeous regalia;
For all sorts of sports and races and games
Would bestow on the victors illustrious names.
A circular track went running around



"AND LEMONADE BOOTHS DID ABOUND."

(Though of course it stayed still in its place on the ground),
And here was a band,
And there a grand-stand;
And lemonade booths did abound!
On one side of the green were the Happychaps' tents,
On the other, Skiddoodles prepared for events.
And all the contestants, with pride and assurance
Made ready for tests of their skill and endurance.

And I don't in the least mind confiding to you,
That the Happychaps, and Skiddoodles, too,
Each thought that their rivals they could outdo.



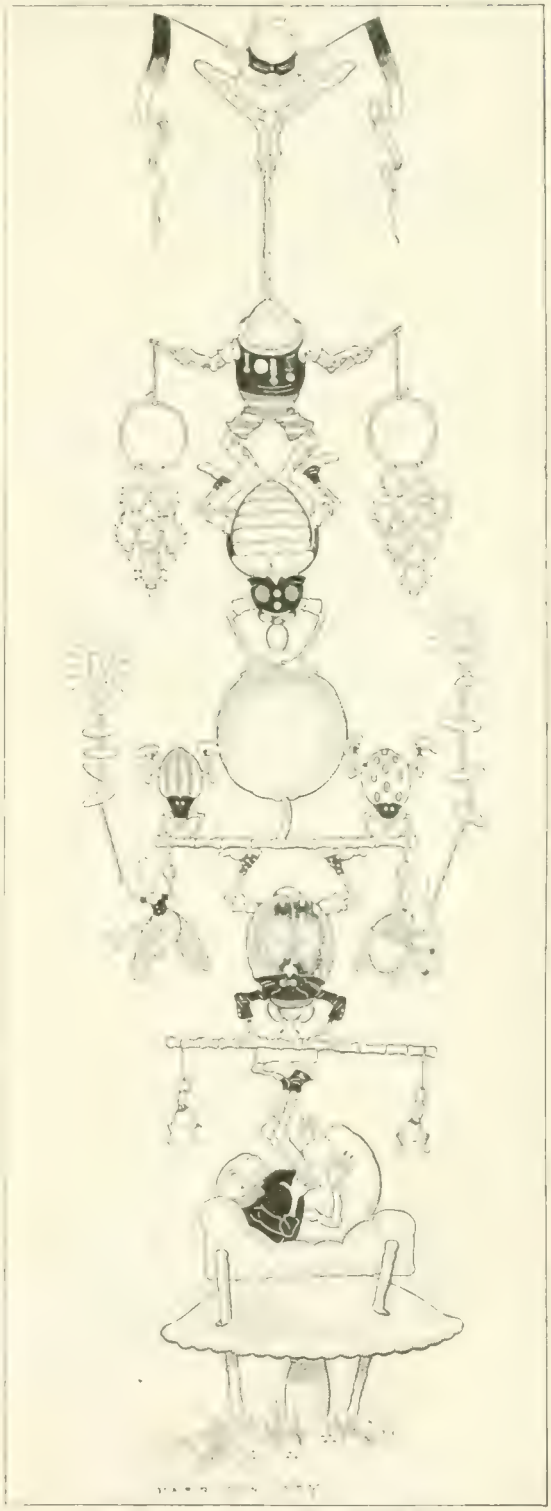
THE BEETLEVILLE GRASS BAND

For the marvelous feats that by all were expected
A sort of Grand Out-door "Gym" was erected;
There were pools for the fish, and looms for the spiders,
Perches for flyers, and tracks for the riders;
And every detail from border to border
Was in the most perfect, apple-pie order.
To the strains of the great Beetleville Grass Band,
The parade marched round the reviewing-stand;
The Skiddoodle Division was bravely led in
By H. Hoppergrass and T. Terrapin.
While Bonesy Skiddoodle, now here and now there,
Went dancing and prancing about everywhere.



THE CHIEF LEWDKOP.

The Happychap line was marshaled in state
By General Happychap, courtly and straight;
Who was assisted in charge of his troops



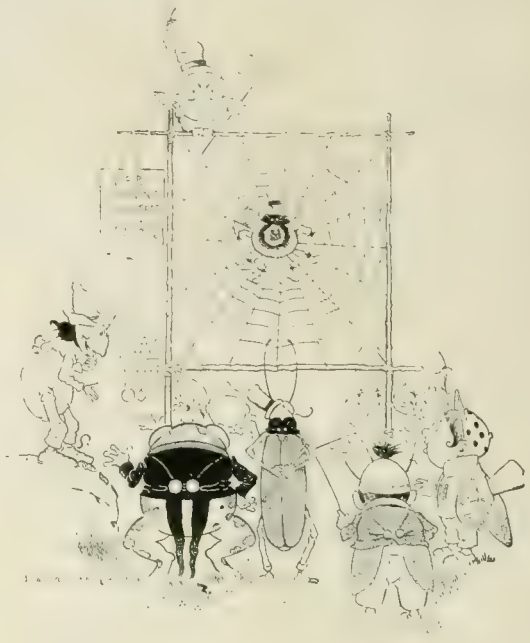
AND EVERYONE WENT THROUGH MOST DIFFICULT STUNTS."

By Big Chief Dewdrop, with fearsome war-whoops!
His feathers and paint
Made him look rather quaint,
And his tomahawk might have made timid folks faint;
But they knew that old Dew-drop was gentle and mild,
And never would harm a chick or a child.
Also Duncan McHappychap, canny old Scot,
Was the General's aide, and helped him a lot;
While motoring Toots,
In the queerest of suits,
Was so helpful he nearly jumped out of his boots!



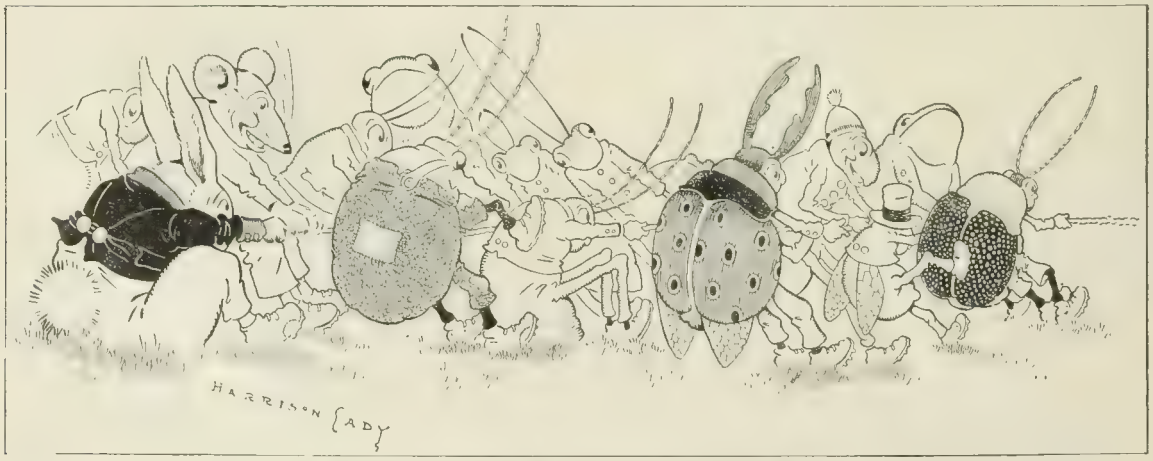
"AND SWAM A SWIFT RACE WITH FROGS."

But, my! when the contests were really begun,
They discovered that Field Day was no end of fun!
All sorts of athletics were started at once,
And every one went through most difficult stunts.
A great, free-for-all flying contest was started,
And from lofty perches, birds, bees and bats darted.
Some Happychaps into the big pool jumped, swish!
And swam a swift race with frogs, turtles and fish.
The industrious spiders spun webs for a prize,
While the inchworms excitedly measured their size.
The tumble-bugs did their great balancing act,
And stood on their heads till their bones nearly cracked.
Then the Happychaps showed off their acrobat feats,
And proved themselves equally good as athletes.



"INDUSTRIOUS SPIDERS SPUN WEBS FOR A PRIZE."

The fireflies and glow-worms
(Though the latter are no worms!)
Strove to excel in shedding their light;
And this made the whole place exceedingly bright.
The Rah-Rah-Rah boys
Made a great deal of noise,
As they yelled, "Hip, Hurrah!" or shouted out "Hail!"
For Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, or Yale;



THE GREAT TUG-OF-WAR BETWEEN THE SKIDDOODLES—

Then maybe, perhaps,
They cheered Happychaps;



THE FIREFLY COMPETITION

And then the Skiddoodles called forth their attention,
And of these (at the top of their lungs) they made mention!
Indeed, everywhere,
Wild yells rent the air,
As somebody won some great race here or there.
A blinking old owl awoke from his slumber
Just as Duncan McHappychap finished his number.
The owl cried "Hoot! Hoot!" till every one laughed,
And Duncan McHappychap gaily was chaffed.

And Sir Horace Hoptoad, who, though he was stout,
Declared at broad jumping he 'd beat Hiram out!
Now as you may suppose
Sir Horace's clothes
Were for running and jumping too tidy and trig;
So he put on a regular athletic rig.
Then Horace and Hiram
With true zeal to fire 'em,
Jumped over a few small Skiddoodles with ease;
Then several more were added to these,
Until, if you please,
There were three bumblebees,
Four crickets, a dormouse, a water-wagtail;



SIR HORACE HOPTOAD AND HIRAM HOPPERGRASS HAVE A JUMPING CONTEST

Two squirrels, three beetles, a frog, and a snail!
Sir Horace made safely this wonderful jump,
But Hiram fell, bump!
Ker-thumpetty-thump!



A LITTLE HAPPY HAPS

One of the funniest contests of all
Was between Hiram Hoppergrass, slender and tall,
And came down on the three beetles all in a lump!
Then Near-Samson Ant showed his wonderful muscle,

And invited some fighter to come for a tussle;
But nobody dared,
For they felt a bit scared;



"THEN NEAR-SAMSON ANT SHOWED HIS WONDERFUL MUSCLE."

And so he proved proudly his marvelous strength
By holding a blackberry out at arm's-length!

A great tug-of-war was the last feat of all,
And every one came at the herald's loud call,

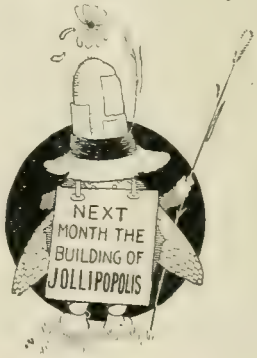


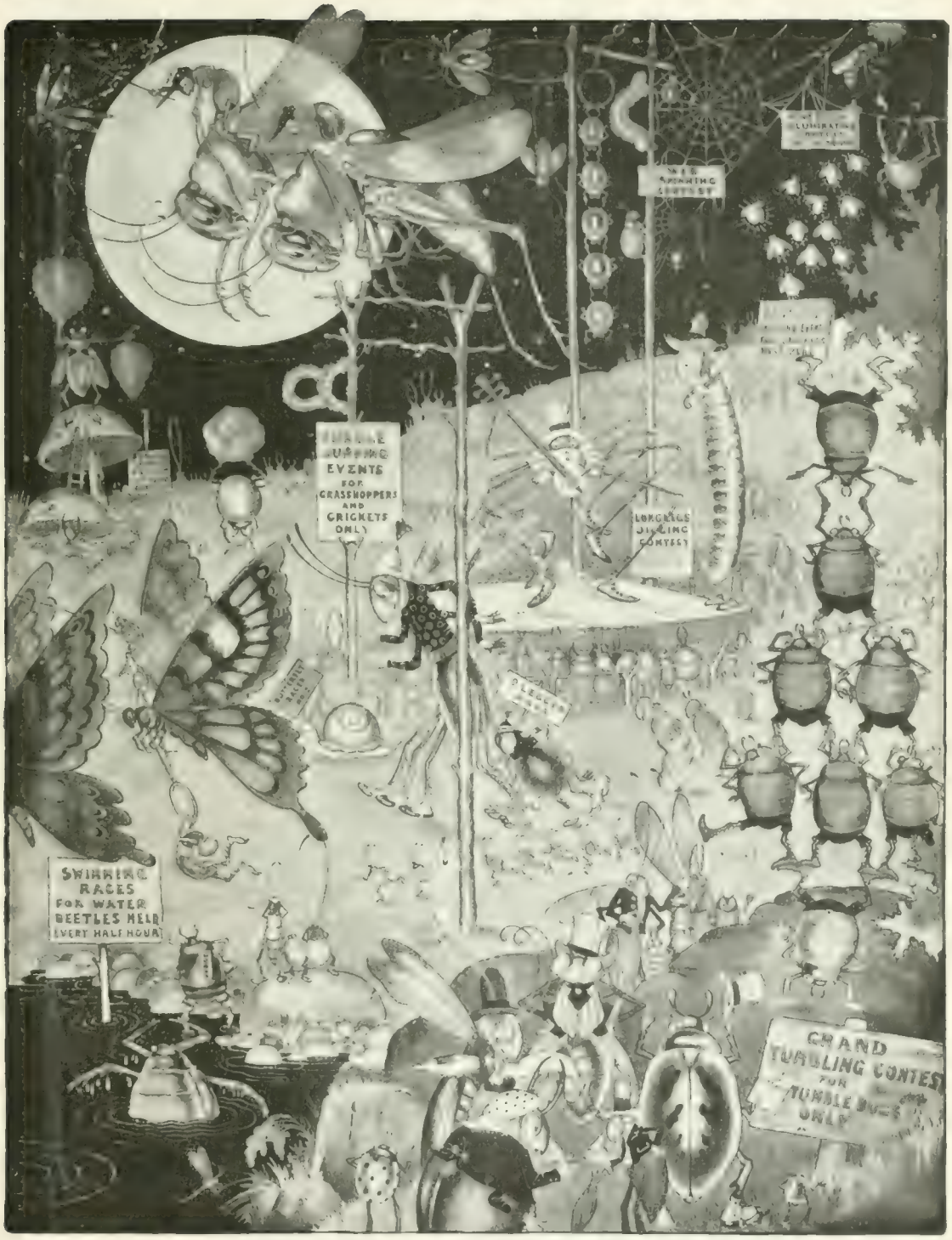
JUMPING THROUGH THE PAPER HOOP.

To watch the fierce contest, all eager to learn
If Skiddoodles or Happychaps this prize should earn.
A picked team of each made a fine-looking show,
And the audience scarce breathed when the starter said "Go!"
Such pulling and tugging you never have seen!
Cheers and groans sounded both sides of the green.
The Skiddoodles just yelled
When their side excelled,
Then the Happychaps gained—and their smiles were dispelled!
The tug was immense,
The excitement intense,
When Toots Happychaps announced from the fence,
"The tug-of-war's over! The Happychaps won!
But who cares who 's the winner? We strive for the fun!"
Then every contestant shook hands with the rest,
And each thought the other the bravest and best.
For Happychaps always are smiling and gay,
And Skiddoodles, also, act just the same way.
Fine prizes were given to victors and winners,
And then the Skiddoodles skipped home to their dinners;
For Skiddoodles homeward quickly run
When they hear the boom of the sunset gun.

About their camp-fires the Happychaps sat,
Talking over the day
In a satisfied way;
Until, in the midst of the general chat,
Old General Happychap rose and said,
"An idea has just popped into my head;
If you think it would
Be wise and good,
Let us build a village or town or city
With houses strong and gardens pretty;
Not as big as New York
But larger than Cork;
'T will be our Happychap metropolis,
And we 'll call the city Jollipopolis!"

But our space is gone, and that 's a pity!
So we 'll tell next month how they built the city.





"BUT MY," WHEN THE CONTESTS WERE REALLY BEGUN
THEY DISCOVERED THAT FIELD DAY WAS NO END OF FUN!"

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



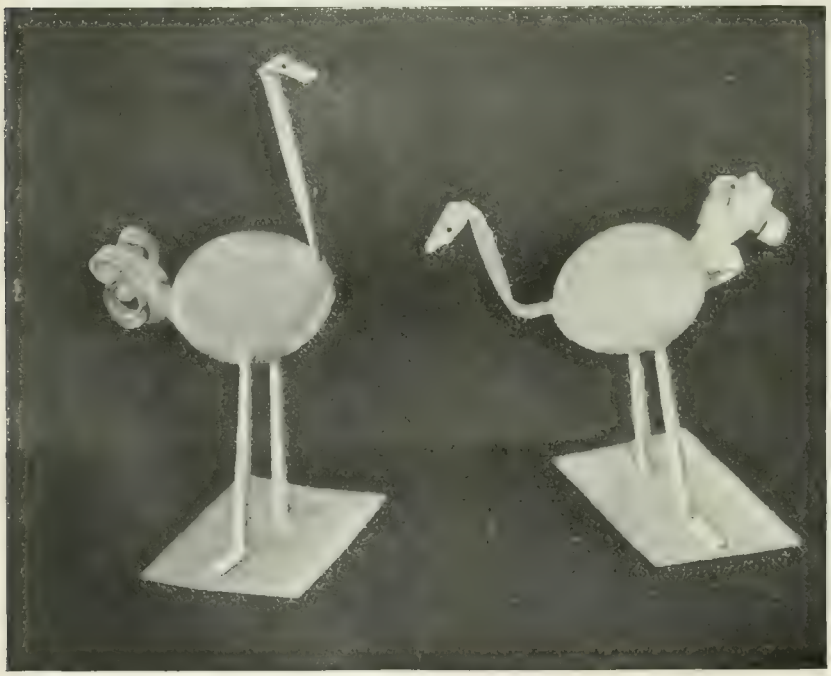
Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

THIRTEENTH PAPER "EGG-SHELL EASTER TOYS"

ORIGINATED BY ADELIA BELLE BEARD

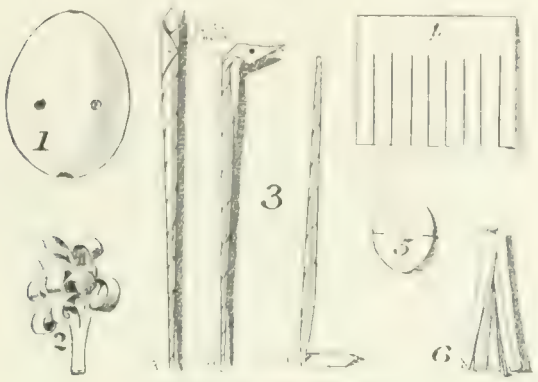
AN EGG SHELL OSTRICH

One egg-shell, three twisted paper lighters, and a small piece of fringed paper go to the making of one ostrich. You will need a whole egg-shell for the body and must empty it by making a small hole in each end and blowing out the egg. Bore the holes with a large darning-needle or hatpin, pressing steadily but not too hard, and twisting the point round and round until a small hole has been punctured; then enlarge the hole slightly with the sharp point of your scissors, being careful not to crack the shell in doing so. Make the hole in the large end of the shell a trifle larger than the one in the small end. Hold the egg over a bowl, put the small end to your lips and blow steadily until all the egg has run out of the shell. Now, bore a hole low down on each side of the shell in the position shown in Figure 1. These are for the legs. Let the egg-shell dry while you make three twisted paper lighters, like A, Figure 3. Cut strips of rather stiff white writing-paper about ten inches long and half an inch wide. Begin at one corner and twist



THE OSTRICHES

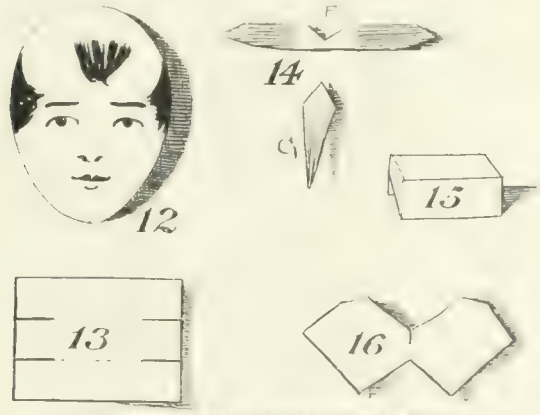
until your lighter is formed, then paste the end at the top (A, Fig. 3). One of the lighters is for the head and neck of the ostrich. Bend the



top over about one inch to form the head, pinch the point together for the bill and ink in the eyes (B, Fig. 3). Bend the ends of the other two lighters, like C, Figure 3, and you have the two legs and feet. The lighters for the legs should be about four and a half inches long, not including the feet, so you will probably have to cut off an inch or more from the small end.

Make the tail of a piece of writing-paper two and three quarter inches long and two and one quarter inches wide. Cut this in a fringe like Figure 4. Fold the top of the fringe together (Fig. 6), and curl the strips, like Figure 2, by drawing them lightly over the scissors' blade, making them all curl in the same direction.

Cut an oval-shaped collar from the writing-paper one and a half inches long and one inch



wide (Fig. 5). The lines on either edge and in the middle show where you must cut slits. Flatten the neck at the small end of the lighter so that you may bend it in a natural curve out from the body; then slide the end through the slit in the middle of the collar and into the hole in the small end of the shell and glue the collar to the shell. The collar will hold the neck in whatever position you choose to place it, with head lowered or held erect. The slits at the sides of the collar allow it to lap and fit closely to the curve of the shell. Push the end of the tail into the hole in the other end of the shell and it will hold fast without gluing. Now slip the legs into the holes underneath the shell and turn the feet out squarely at the sides, as shown in the photograph. If the holes for the legs are not too large they will be a tight fit and will not require gluing, but if you find they are loose, drop glue around the edges of the holes. This will keep the legs firm. All that now remains to be done is to glue the feet of the



ostrich to the back of a stiff visiting or advertising card, and the funny little bird will stand up true to life. Make wings, or not, as you please.

THE LITTLE FRENCH COOK

The French cook is in the form of an Easter card. His head is made of one half of an egg-shell cut lengthwise (Fig. 12). His cap (Fig. 15) is cut, like Figure 13, of white paper. The heavy lines show where it is cut, the dotted lines where it is folded. Make the oblong about two inches long and one and a half inches wide. Bend the paper along the dotted lines in the shape of a box and paste at the ends where the pieces lap. Then cut the two ends up slantingly from the front to make the cap fit the head (Fig. 15).

Outline the features on the shell, placing the eyes halfway down from the top. From your white paper cut the cook's mustache and goatee, fringing them as shown in the diagrams F and G, Figure 14. If you use a dark colored shell the white mustache and goatee will show to advantage. Figure 16 is the white collar cut from paper. Fit the cap on the cook's head and adjust the head on a colored card. Paste the back of the cap to the card. Open the collar where it is slit down at the top, fit the edges over the chin and paste in place. The cap and collar will secure the head to the card. Paste the mustache on the upper lip and the goatee on the chin, and you have a remarkably lifelike little French cook.

THE LITTLE GNOME

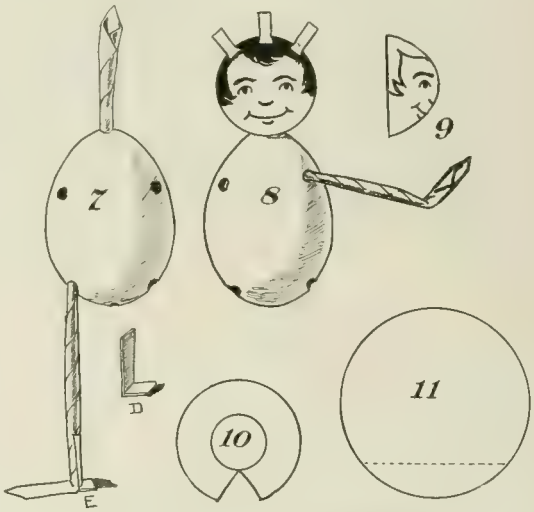
BLOW an egg-shell as for the ostrich, then in it bore four holes as in Figure 7. Make five paper lighters, two long ones for the legs, two shorter ones for the arms and another short one for the neck. Trim the small end of an egg-shell off evenly for the head. Figure 9 is a profile view and shows the depth from front to back. Bend the ends of the two long lighters for the little man's feet, then insert the small ends of the lighters in the holes at the large end of the shell. Figure 7 shows one leg in place and also the spinal column. If the legs do not hold firmly



THE LITTLE GNOME.

fasten them on with glue as described for the ostrich.

Glue three short, narrow strips of paper to the top of the head for holding on the hat, allowing half of each to extend beyond the shell (Fig. 8). Bend up the ends and then ink over the parts that

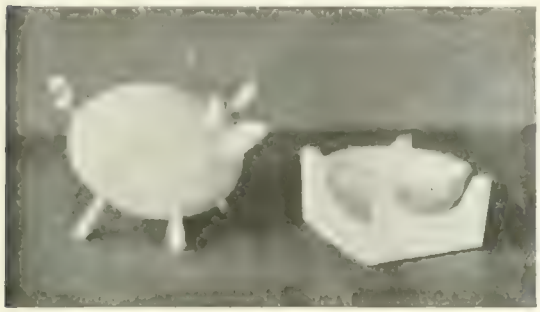


DETAILS OF THE LITTLE GNOME.

rest on the head when you paint in the hair. Draw the features also with ink, or paint them with water-colors. In any case it is better to use a brush than a pen. Now push the spinal column in place through the hole in the top of the egg (Fig. 7). Flatten the large end and glue it to the inside of the head, curving it to make it fit while the head rests upon the shoulders (Fig. 8). Make a white paper collar (Fig. 10), put it around the little man's neck as shown in the photograph; then cut a paper circle, three inches in diameter, for his hat (Fig. 11). Curve the bottom of the hat at the dotted line (Fig. 11) to fit the back of the shoulders, then glue it to the shell so that the head will be in the middle of the hat, and the hat flat against the back of the head. Then glue the strips of paper on the head to the front of the hat. This will hold the hat securely in place and conceal the fact that the little fellow's head is all face. Insert the arms in the holes made for them, as in Figure 8, and paste the feet, with toes turned out, to a stiff card. You will notice that the gnome's feet are not turned as squarely out as those of the ostrich. They support him better in the position shown in the photograph. In D, Figure 7, is shown a brace for strengthening the ankles. It is made of a folded piece of paper pasted together, and it is to be pasted to the back of each ankle, as shown by E, Figure 7. It is always best to spread the glue thin.

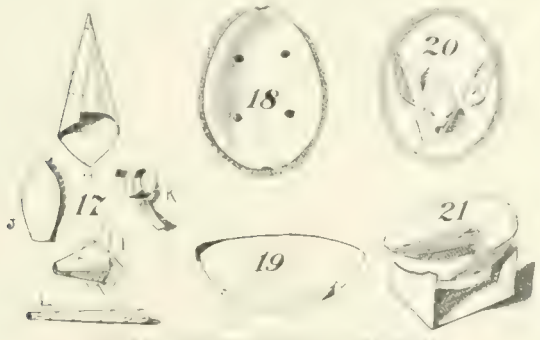
A PIG AND TROUGH

Our next toy is the little pig, with his feeding-trough (Fig. 21). Piggie is so substantial and stands so firmly on his four feet he makes a plaything that can be played with a long while without breaking. For the body you must have a whole egg-shell. Blow out the egg and bore four



THE LITTLE PIG AND TROUGH

holes in the under side of the shell (Fig. 18). Make his snout, ears, tail, and legs of writing-paper. Twist a small square of the paper into a cornucopia (H, Fig. 17). Paste the edges, then cut it off according to the dotted lines at top and bottom. Now you have a cone open at both ends. Slit the large end of the cone and cut it in laps, one lap at the top and one on either side, like I, Figure 17. Bend the laps out and draw two eyes on the head. Cut two ears, like J, Figure 17, and curl a strip of paper like K for the tail, then make four short lighters and cut them off at top and bottom for the legs (L, Fig. 17). Push the four legs in the holes made for them, adding a little glue to the edges of the holes to keep the



FIGS. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21

legs steady. Glue the snout on the large end of the shell and the ears quite near it. Pinch each ear to bring its edges partially together (Fig. 20), then glue the tail on the small end of the shell.

Use the lengthwise half of an egg-shell for the feeding-trough. Glue a narrow strip of paper along the middle on the outside of the shell and turn out the ends (Fig. 19). Cut down a visiting-card to one and a half inches in width, bend up the ends evenly and cut each top edge in a curve to fit the shell, set the shell in the rack, so that each end rests in its curve, and paste the ends of the paper strip to the inside of the uprights (Fig. 21).

EGG-SHELL FLOWERS

Here is a new, pretty, and interesting experiment with egg-shells. Any shells not too much broken may be utilized in this way. Those left from the breakfast-table will do as well as fresh ones. Wash the shells perfectly clean and dry them, then fill a small bowl with vinegar and put as many shells in the bowl as it will comfortably hold without sliding one within another. The vinegar must entirely cover each shell. Set the bowl aside for several hours, then take out one shell at a time, wash off the dark scum that has formed on the surface, and you will find that a wonderful change has taken place. Instead of the



EGG-SHELL FLOWERS.

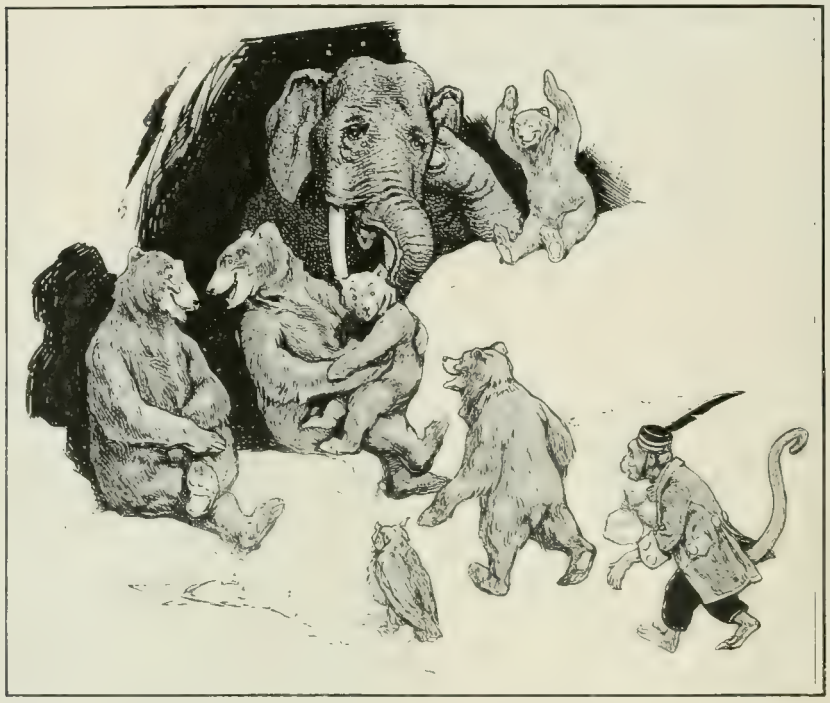
unyielding, brittle shell you have one that you can cut with your scissors into all sorts of shapes almost as easily as if it were paper. The stems of the flowers are paper lighters forced into small spools to hold them upright. The small end of the lighter is pushed through a hole in the bottom of the flowers and extends up to form the pistil in the center. A paper calyx holds the flower to the stem as the collar holds the neck of the ostrich.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE BEAR FAMILY AT HOME

AND HOW THE CIRCUS CAME TO VISIT THEM

BY HON. CURTIS D. WILBUR

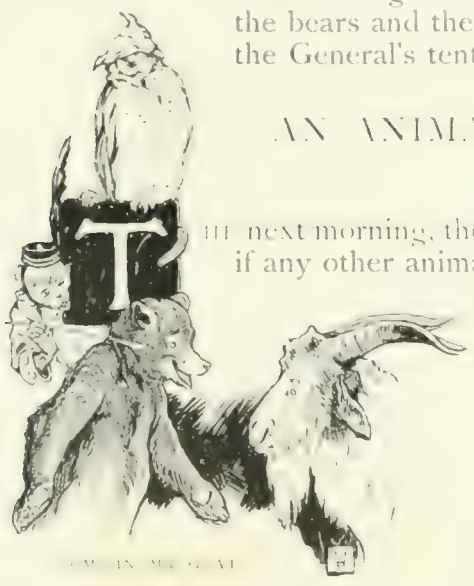


THE COMING OF A BIRD WITH BIG EYES

That night as they were wondering whether any of the animals would find the cave in the dark, they heard all of a sudden the flapping of wings. The little Cub Bear ran at once to the mouth of the cave to see what it was. "Oh! Circus Bear," he said, "here is a great bird. He has great big eyes as large as marbles. He has the funniest pointed ears. He has a hook nose, he has great claws, and he is as big as half a dozen doves." The Circus Bear said, "That is Mr. Owl. Ask him to come in." So the little Cub Bear said to the owl very politely, "Come in, Mr. Owl," and the owl came into the den. He blinked his great eyes, and looked solemn and wise, and the little Cub Bear said, "Mr. Owl, we are going to build a house, so that all the animals can come to live with us if they want to, and we want to know if you can help us



build the house." And Mr. Owl said, very solemnly, "I would be very glad to help you, because when we lived in the Circus, your brother was very good to me, and I should like to do anything I can to help you." The little Cub Bear said, "What can you do?" And the owl said, "If you want me to, I can be door-keeper, and when any one comes I can ask who he is, because, you know, I can say, "Who-o-o? who-o-o?" The little Cub Bear danced up and down, and said that would be very fine. And he said, "I am very glad that my brother was kind to you when you were in the Circus." So the owl went out to the mouth of the den, and there was a tree, and the tree had a long limb sticking out like an arm, and the owl flew up to this limb and sat there, looking very solemn and very wise, as all owls do, blinking his great eyes. And there he sat day and night winking and blinking his eyes, so solemn and wise, keeping watch for the bears and the animals, just like a soldier standing guard at the General's tent.



AN ANIMAL WITH A BEARD COMES TO THE CAVE

The next morning, the little Cub Bear waked up early and wondered if any other animal would come from the Circus. He rubbed his eyes and listened.

Just then he heard a sound of small hoofs pattering along the path. The little Cub Bear ran to the mouth of the cave and looked down to see what it was, and he saw something white. He said, "I see something coming up the path. It looks something like a sheep, but it has long, straight horns, and it has a beard, and long, straight hair." Just then the owl saw the animal, and said, "Who-o-o, who-o-o?" And the animal answered, "Ba-a-a, ba-a-a," and the Circus Bear said, "I know who that is, that is Billy, the goat," and just then the goat came to the mouth of the den, and the little Cub Bear said, very politely, "Come in, Mr. Goat," and the goat came in, and he looked around and saw the Circus Bear and the big bears. The little Cub Bear said to him, "Mr. Goat, we are going to try to build a house large enough for all the animals, so if they come to see us we will have a place for them to stay." And the goat said, "I will be very glad to help you in any way I can, because your brother was very good to me when we were in the Circus." And the little Cub Bear said, "What can you do?" And the goat said, "I don't know. I can butt like everything." And then the little Cub Bear said, "Well, there is a very soft place in the ground, perhaps you can knock some of the dirt and rocks down, so we can carry it out and make more room." And then the goat said, "All right," and he butted, and he butted, and he butted, and knocked down more dirt, and they carried it out, and he kept on, and butted, and butted, and butted, and when he got through butting, there was a fine large room, and the Cub Bear said, "Thank you. We will call this room Billy's room. I am very glad that my brother was good to Billy, when he was

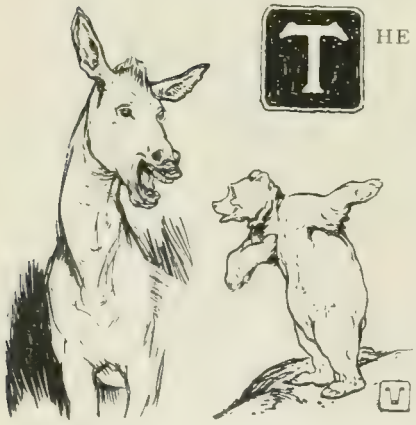
in the Circus, because if he had n't been, maybe Billy would have butted me, instead of the rocks, and I am sure I would not have liked that."



"AND HE BUTTED, AND HE BUTTED, AND HE BUTTED."

They all worked hard that day trying to make the cave bigger. They scratched and dug the dirt and the rocks and worked as fast as they could, for they were sure that very soon the animals would be there and the cave would not be large enough.

THE COMING OF THE ANIMAL WITH THE LONG EARS



THE next morning early the little Cub Bear got up and rubbed his eyes with his paws, instead of washing them as little boys do.

Just then he heard a noise as if some animal were coming, and he ran to the mouth of the den and looked out, and said, "I see the queerest looking animal coming up the path. It has long ears and a great big mouth, and a queer looking tail, and looks something like a horse, but still it does n't look just like a horse," and just then the owl saw the animal and said, "Who-o-o, who-o-o?" and the animal answered, "Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw." And the Circus Bear said, "I know who that is. That is a mule. His name is Neddie." Just then Neddie came to the mouth of the den, and the little Cub Bear said, very politely, "Come in, Mr. Neddie"; and he came into the den, and the little Cub Bear said, "Mr. Neddie, we are going to try and build a house big enough for all the animals, so

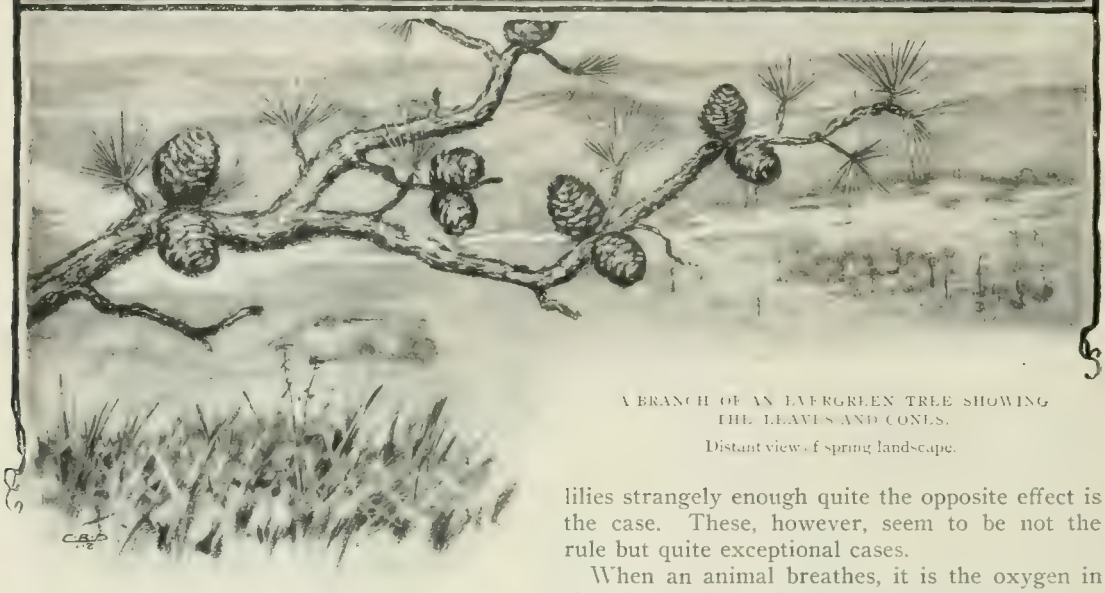
if they come to see us we will have a place for them to stay. Can you help us?" Then Mr. Neddie said, "I would be very glad to, because your brother was very good to me when we were in the Circus," and the little Cub Bear said, "What can you do?" And Neddie said, "I have n't worked for a long while, but I can kick like everything." The little Cub Bear said, "Well, here is a soft place in the rock. Perhaps if you will kick, it will fall down and make more room." And



Neddie turned around and kicked the rock, and it fell down; and he kicked, and he kicked, and more rocks fell down; and he kicked, and he kicked, and more rocks fell down; and he kept on kicking, and more rocks fell down and the bears picked up the rocks and carried them out, and when he got through there was a nice large room, and the little Cub Bear said, "We will call this Neddie's room." That day the bears worked hard trying to find enough to eat for themselves and for all the other animals that were coming to see them, for the little Circus Bear told his father and mother just what kind of things the circus animals liked to eat.

Before he went to bed that night the little Circus Bear said to his father, "I am very glad that my brother was good to Mr. Neddie when he was in the Circus, because if he had n't been, maybe he would have kicked me, instead of the rocks.

Next month we will tell of some other animals that came to the cave.



A BRANCH OF AN EVERGREEN TREE SHOWING THE LEAVES AND CONES.

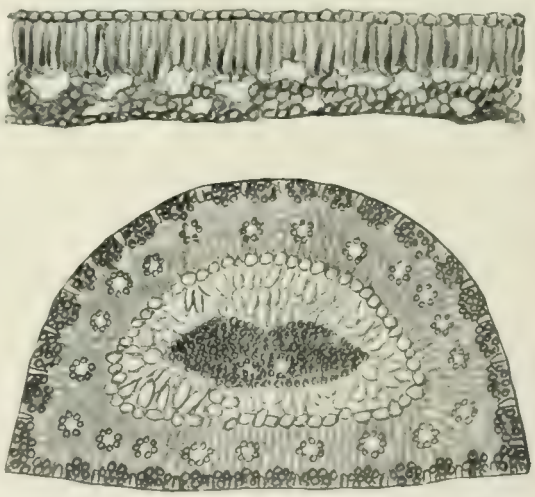
Distant view of spring landscape.

A GREEN LEAF

With the advent of spring the sap begins to rise, the buds to swell and the leaves to unfold. This annually recurring condition of things we accept as such an ordinary and commonplace occurrence that it attracts no notice. One would as soon think of giving heed to the fact that plants have leaves as to specially notice that animals are covered with hair, birds with feathers, and that fishes have scales. Nevertheless, a close look at a green leaf and a careful study of its structure and functions will afford us many happy and instructive moments.

Few of us ever think of a green leaf as a breathing, living organism, but, in some respects, such is a fact. Of course, leaves do not breathe muscularly as animals do, but the diffusion of the air through their structure in a way suggests animal breathing. In the surfaces of leaves there are many tiny holes with well balanced valves that are extremely sensitive to external conditions. These are the breathing pores of the plants and are called stomata. These stomata belong especially to the green parts of plants but have been found on all parts except the roots. They have the power to open or close, as acted upon by the proper influence. In the light they remain wide open, but darkness causes them to close. The application of water will usually cause them to close, but in certain orchids and lilies strangely enough quite the opposite effect is the case. These, however, seem to be not the rule but quite exceptional cases.

When an animal breathes, it is the oxygen in the air that is retained and a gas called carbon dioxid that is thrown off. Plants do this also to a certain limited extent, difficult for any one but a botanist to understand, but in the main, when a leaf breathes, it is the carbon dioxid that is used and the pure oxygen that is returned to the air. This condition is taken advantage of in making what are known as "balanced" aquariums

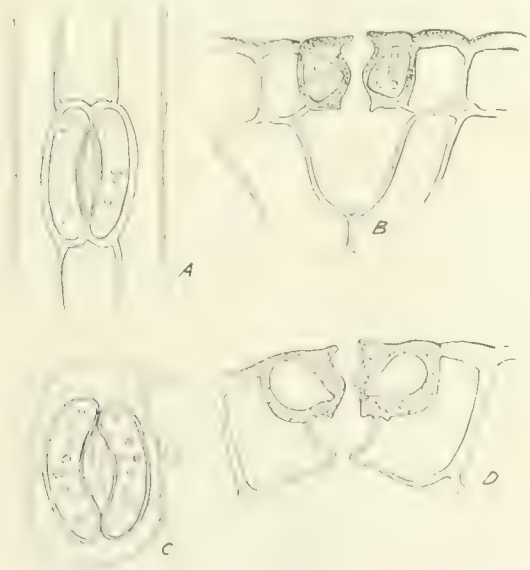


These two illustrations show the cellular structure of the edge of leaves when cut through. The upper one is deadly nightshade, a close cousin to the potato and egg-plant. The lower one is a section of a pine needle. The little white slits around the edge are the breathing pores. The circular white spots in the greenish grayish part are the resin ducts.

in which the fish and water plants are so proportioned that each supplies the other with the proper amount of the right kind of gas for their use.

If you can examine a thin section of a leaf through a microscope, you will see that it is composed of a number of cells of various shapes and sizes. Usually, the cells along the lower side are more scattered and have air-spaces among them. With the exception of the outside layer of cells, forming the "skin" of the leaf, these tiny cells contain minute granules of a green-tinted substance, called chlorophyl. It is this substance that gives the green color to the leaf. When air comes through the stomata and circulates among these cells, the carbon dioxid that it contains is decomposed by this chlorophyl. The oxygen is returned to the air but the carbon is retained and with the water is sent to various parts to form wood, fruit, nuts, berries, etc.

When a piece of wood is burned you will notice that the amount of ash is only a very small part compared with the size of the stick before burning. This represents the "solid" material taken by the plant that does not pass off as gas or vapor in the burning. Some material comes through the roots, some through the leaves. In changing the "earthy" (inorganic) material to



ENLARGED VIEWS OF STOMATA OF A WALKING LEAF

A and B are cross-sections and C a top view of the epidermis of a portion of the lower surface of the leaf. D is a cross-section. Both cross-sections are more greatly enlarged than the top view.

plant (organic) material, that can be used by animals for food, much depends on the "labor" of the leaves. They are active, transforming chemists,—our friends. Perhaps, now that we realize that our very existence depends on them, the commonplace green leaves on the plants and trees may hold more of interest for us, aside from their mere beauty.

CLEM B. DAVIS, New York City.

WALKING LEAVES

THROUGH the open doorway where the light streamed out, a pleasant voice called after me,



A WALKING LEAF

"You 'd better take the umbrella; I can hear the drops already."

With lantern in hand and palm outspread I lingered a bit on the door-step. The ground underneath the big apple-trees which shaded the steps was covered with dry leaves. Suddenly, in that direction, I seemed to hear the "patter-patter" of the on-coming rain, yet not a drop fell nor did a twig stir in the branches overhead. When I turned the lantern's light over the surface of the ground here and there, a dry leaf scattered on the soil moved in a mysterious manner.

Stepping under the trees to learn the cause of this queer hocus-pocus, I could distinctly hear the strange little patter-patter on all sides of me, but as soon as I approached a "walking leaf" it immediately stopped moving, and I was on a lost trail. Standing quietly with the lantern low, I stealthily turned over a fallen leaf which stirred at my foot

and caught my wriggling culprit in the very act of backing into his own doorway. This night walker had literally bumped his head on a fallen leaf.

To my surprise a countless number of earthworms had made this patter-patter, so suggestive of autumn rain. Now these worms play an important part in Mother Nature's garden, continually stirring up and loosening the soil through which they make their way in search for food, while their enemies, the moles, aid still more in loosening up the ground. Note that the boy who is going a-fishing always digs for angleworms where the soil is rich and deep. Plump robin redbreast learned the same lesson when he first listened at the earthworm's hole and pulled his breakfast from the brown meadows.

The locomotion of the earthworm is worth studying. Two sets of muscles enable it to contract and dilate its rings, while the minute pairs of bristles pointing backward on these rings prevent backward motion. This whole muscular effort works like a small plow, for when the worm expands its rings, the rear segments contract and draw forward the hinder parts, making a passage through the earth where particles of the soil are closely packed.

W. C. KNOWLES.

In Darwin's "Vegetable Mould and Earth-worms" is an excellent account of the manner in which an earthworm seizes and pulls a leaf or other plant material. The entire book is well worth reading and is intensely interesting.

THE GREAT ANT-EATER

As soon as I learned that there was a great ant-eater (or "ant-bear") out at the Washington zoo, I made haste to get a drawing of him, and the success of my efforts accompanies this article. During the afternoon, a while before his feeding-time, was the only chance I could have at him, as then he walks up and down anxious to have his "waiter" appear with his dinner. At other times he remains rolled up in a nest of hay, in one corner of the cage, with his enormous tail spread out like a blanket over his entire body.



THE GREAT ANT-EATER AT THE WASHINGTON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

What a strange creature he is! Does not he look like a mistake? For the vocation in life he pursues, however, he is admirably fitted. The most striking oddities in his appearance are the very small head and great tail, in proportion to the rest of the body.

I should estimate this animal to be somewhat over four feet from nose to tail-tip, and somewhat over two and one half feet high at the shoulders. He wanders around rather slowly in his cage, on his turned-under fore claws and hind toes, and seems not to object very greatly to his new quarters. He pokes his long snout out between the cage bars occasionally, and the visitors have a chance to see his long, worm-like tongue, which is about one foot in length, as it feels about like a squirming little snake for some morsel of food in the zinc gutter placed just outside his cage. The long jaws are toothless, and only a small opening at the end of his snout serves for a

mouth, which is about as large as a rabbit's. He makes his pound and a half of chopped beef disappear in a hurry, notwithstanding the small size of his mouth. Gladstone's rule of thirty mastications to each bite of food, he can ignore entirely, as his digestive juices are abundantly competent for the task he sets before them. His fare, when in his native place, consists almost exclusively of large white ants and their larvæ, and in the swampy forests and wet river bottoms of Guiana, Brazil, and Paraguay, he passes his prosaic days.

When taken outdoors at the zoo, he tore up the ground near some ant-hills by the use of his knife-like claws with as much rapidity as could be done with a spade. The powerful construction of his fore legs shows that, like the blacksmith's arm, they have been developed by heroic exercises. The flat, fan-like tail finishes off one of the most puzzling animals at the Washington zoo.

The hair on the head is very short and gradually increases in length as it approaches the tail where, at the central part, it is about ten inches long. The general color of his body is a dark brown with the black marking up over each shoulder and running along under the neck. The fore legs are an iron-grayish color which extends up under the black stripes and merges into a dirty brown color continuing to the back part of the body. The upper part of the tail, a short distance from the end, is a light brownish-gray merging into dirty brown below. The hair is very coarse and does not lie well on the body, and the general form and color of the animal are only attractive on account of their grotesqueness.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

A POTTER-WASP AT WORK

THE family *Eumenidae*, or solitary wasps, contains some curious workers. Some are miners and dig tiny tunnels in the earth; some are carpenters and cut channels in wood and then divide the space into chambers by partitions of mud.

Some build oval or globe-like mud nests on branches or twigs. Herewith is an illustration of one of these potter-wasps building a jug-like home on a twig. This home may be partitioned into several tiny rooms into which are put various small insects captured by the mother wasp, and upon which the young wasps feed.



A POTTER-WASP MAKING ITS MUD HOME

[illegible] cells, and he thinks the observant aborigines may have de- [illegible] Book.

THE SUN'S RAYS HARNESSED

MILLIONS of dollars, perhaps, have been spent in the attempt to harness the heat from the sun for our use. Heretofore, nearly all these attempts have been to concentrate the heat from the sun on a steam-boiler by means of lenses or huge focusing reflectors. Owing to the complicated mechanisms needed to keep the reflectors pointed directly at the sun, these systems were too costly to install and operate to be of practical use.



PUMPING WATER BY POWER FROM THE HEAT OF THE SUN

Instead of employing this cumbersome and costly construction to generate the steam, Mr. Frank Shuman, of Philadelphia, uses merely a hot-bed frame like the ones used by the gardeners to raise their plants under. This hot-box is simply a big wooden frame, 18 x 60 feet in area, sunk into the ground. The top is made of ordinary hot-house glass, and differs from the hot-bed frame of the farmer only in having two layers of glass spaced an inch apart instead of only one layer. Within this hot-box are coiled iron pipes painted black. These constitute the boiler and are connected with the engine. The pipes contain ether, which is vaporized by the heat of the sun in the box and runs the engine just as steam would do. The exhaust goes to a condenser and is then returned to the hot-box to be used again.

In this box Mr. Shuman has secured a temperature of 240° Fahrenheit. On bright, sunny days

ordinary water could be used, but ether is used instead, as it has a much lower boiling point than water. By heating a large tank of water to 208° F., by circulating in a hot-box, enough heat is stored to use for running at night or on rainy days. Ether is supplied to a boiler located in this tank, and the heat of the water vaporizes the ether which then runs the engine.

The scientists are not sure of the real action of the sun's rays, but the most plausible theory is that the radiant heat from the sun, on striking the blackened surfaces, is converted into ordinary heat which has longer wave-lengths and will not pass so rapidly through the two layers of glass and air-space. The iron pipes convey this heat to the contained liquid which is vaporized and so furnishes the power. C. B. D.

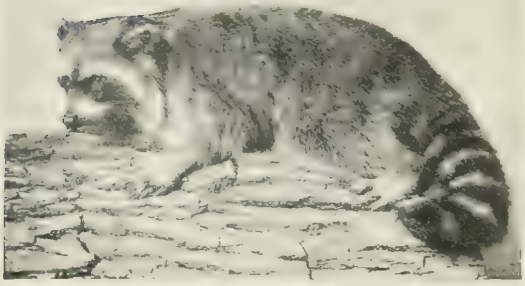
THE RACCOON IN THE CORNFIELD

HERE are two excellent photographs showing a wild raccoon and a cornfield, which is always its favorite feeding-ground. Mr. C. B. McCurdy, who kindly sends them to ST. NICHOLAS, writes that the 'coon was captured in a trap set in the cornfield where the raccoon was accustomed to go at night to feast on the corn.

It was kept for a long time in a cage, yet it never became tame, but on all occasions manifested a desire to escape and go back to its home in the forest.

Notice the excellent qualities of the photographs, especially the distinctness with which every detail is shown. The face of the raccoon is in itself a study, for it expresses untamed, suspicious, crafty thoughts.

Mr. McCurdy advises every young person to learn to recognize the peculiar barking of a raccoon or the call of any animal, as an important part of a training in woodcraft.



THE RACCOON THAT WAS CAUGHT IN A CORNFIELD.

PHOTOGRAPHS ON APPLES, PUMPKINS, ETC.

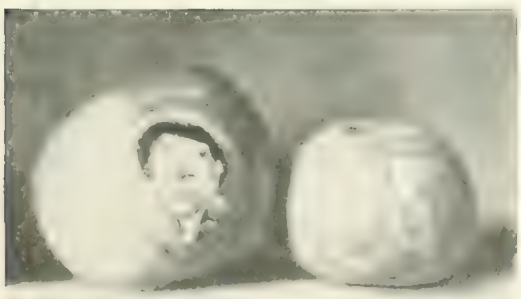
IT IS a simple matter to print photographs upon the ordinary red apple, the tomato, and smooth-skinned pumpkin, if one goes about it in the right way. In addition to the process being most simple, there is no expense incurred, not even for so cheap a chemical as hypo, as no chemical or water is required, while the resultant prints can only be said to be as permanent as the support on which the image is formed. The skin of an apple, tomato, or pumpkin, particularly at a certain stage of its ripening, bears a strong resemblance to our photographic plates and printing paper, for the reason that it is sensitive to light. It is this sensitiveness to light that causes the side exposed to the sun to burn red or yellow, and, as one can often notice, where a leaf intervenes so as to cut off the light close to the pumpkin, apple, or tomato, it will print an outline of itself, a silhouette as it were, in green upon the red or yellow ground. It was through noticing this that I conceived the idea of printing from a negative upon the same surface. My first attempt was with apples. I first hunted out an apple having a leaf close to its surface, placed a piece of glass beneath the leaf and on it cut my initials with a sharp knife. I then removed the glass and pasted the leaf firmly to the apple so it would not be blown away by the wind, and left it for a week.



A VIEW IN THE CORNFIELD.

At the end of that time, I took the apples, peeled off the leaf, and found my initials in bright red on a light green ground having the outline of the leaf. My success prompted me to try an actual photograph, or one printed from a photograph negative. To this end, I selected some apples of the red variety that were yet green and encased them in bags made of the black paper in which plates and paper are usually packed. These bags were left on for ten days to exclude the light and add to the sensitiveness of the surface. At the end of this time the bags were removed and film negatives were pasted in position by using the white of an egg. This white of an egg I found later to be the only adhesive that would not show in the print. In order that all except the image when printed might be green, the apples were again inclosed in the protecting bags, this time an opening a little larger than the portrait being cut opposite the film. This acted much as would a vignetting device over a printing frame, and greatly enhanced the results. Other apples were given negatives made by scratching monograms, initials, and sketches in spoiled films with an etching knife, and attached in the same manner, and were provided with the same protection for the remainder of the surface. The richness of color and wealth of detail that can be secured in this way is really astonishing. I am tempted to say that the results are superior to any that could be obtained on photographic papers. A week was allowed for printing. The fine, deep red of the picture upon the delicate green of the ground must be seen to be fully appreciated. Only nature could give just the exact tones of the two colors that would harmonize so perfectly. The method for printing on tomatoes or pumpkins is the same as for apples. I hope that others will try the experiment, and I can assure them that they will be amply repaid for their trouble.





NICK BRUHL.

THE CLOSED DOOR.

THE school-house is closed, and the ambitious ivy has barricaded the door, clothed the wall with this splendid mantle and cushioned the steps in a way that for beauty and grace and artistic effect, we have never seen equaled.

Notice how varied is the vine on the door; note especially the graceful lines and curves of the new growth near the top. It is not possible for nature to make an awkward curve nor a displeasing angle. The growth on the steps is especially satisfactory to a lover of beautiful things. Could a cascade of living green be more delightful to look at than the leafy billow that ornaments each stone, and yet leaves each step distinct? The vine has been growing downward from the wall toward the ground, but at the two lower corners it is meeting a competitor that is hastening upward in curving stems that appear to have been in so great a hurry that they have not taken time to form the foliage.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"

St. Nicholas
Union Square
New York

INTERESTED IN MARS.

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear St. Nicholas: Will you please tell me if there are people living on the planet Mars?

If we see it could the people in China see it at the same time?

How does it compare in size with the world?

From your interested reader,
Billee Morgan.

No one can say with any certainty whether there are people living on the planet Mars. Very few astronomers think that there are people living there.

Mars rises in China a short time before it sets in America.

Its diameter is a little more than half the diameter of the earth, and its surface somewhat more than one-fourth that of the earth.

Malcolm McNeill, *Professor of Astronomy.*

THE "CATCHING" DEVICE OF A SPIDER'S-WEB

Englewood, N. J.

Dear St. Nicholas: Will you please tell me if spiders ever become entangled in their own webs, and if not, why?

Your devoted reader,
Emily C. Timlow.

If your questioner will look closely at the web of an orb-weaving spider, she will see that the viscid or sticky spiral lines do not come to the center, but only about two thirds of the way;

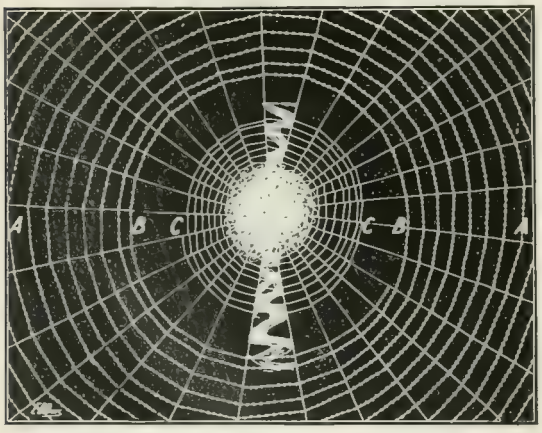


Diagram of web of orb-weaver. Space A-B has the viscid beads, like minute drops of mucilage, strung along the spirals. These beads adhere to the insect and cause it to stick to the web. The open space, B-C, is to enable the spider to go easily from one side of the web to the other. The space C-C is where the spider stays when at rest and is free from the viscid beads. The zigzag lines running up and down from center are supposed to be put in for extra strength.

and it is that part which makes up the real snare, its sticky beads being the trap by which the insects are arrested and held. The remaining third or central part of the orb is without the beaded web. The center is either open or covered with scant meshes, or, as with the large and beautiful species *Argiope* (*A. aurantia and A. argyrapsis*), with a close shield or mat. It is this part against



THE STICKY MATERIAL ON A "THREAD" OF THE WEB. (MAGNIFIED.)

which the spider rests when on watch, and therefore there is no danger of entangling herself upon her own web. It is only when she is striding over the spirals to catch prey that she is likely to become entangled. But this rarely happens because she keeps her body well up and free from the viscid beads.—Henry C. McCook.

MOSSES ON THE NORTH SIDES OF TREES

Haverford, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: Will you please tell me if it is true that moss grows on the north side of trees. I would like to know this. Some people say that it is true, and some say it is not. I remain

Your loving reader,
Louisa Pharo.

Mosses that grow on the bark of trees, as other species of mosses, prefer moist and cool situations. With trees in some places, especially away from other trees, the north side is moister and cooler, and therefore more favorable for mosses, because the sun does not shine on it. From this fact has arisen the common saying that a person lost in the woods can tell direction by noting the patches of moss which are on the north sides of the trees.

This statement, in view of the explanation as given, sounds reasonable and is true to a limited extent; but I have noted by actual observation that in a dense forest, where the sun reaches the bases and trunks of trees but little, if any, that the mosses find all sides of the trees moist enough. Then, too, the sun is not the only factor in the problem, for the moisture is affected by the slant of the land and nearness of marsh, brook, wall, etc. So my observations induce me to assert that the time-honored claim of moss as a compass, from growing only on the north sides of trees, has only a small bit of truth in it. In some forests I could find no basis whatever for the claim, for the mosses grew about equally at all points of the compass on various trees.

WHAT IS THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP?

[illegible], N[illegible].

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish you would explain to me about the will-o'-the-wisp.

[illegible],

[illegible].

The will-o'-the-wisp (or *ignis fatuus*, fool's fire) is a faint light that sometimes appears in summer and autumn nights above marshy places near stagnant waters. Science has no positive statement as to exactly what it is, for the reason that from its very nature it is not easy to experiment upon it. It is evidently the outcome of the dampness and decaying vegetable matter, for when the land is well drained the lights are no longer seen. Perhaps it is a spontaneous or slow burning of a gas generated by the decaying vegetable matter. Our "Nature and Science" readers will recall that it is easy to set fire to this gas even over water. The gas may be liberated in huge bubbles by the aid of a pole pushed down into the mud and decaying sticks and leaves. See article, "Fireworks from the Mud," "Nature and Science" for July, 1900, page 837.

QUERIES ABOUT THINGS THAT ARE NOT SO

AMESBURY, MASS.

[illegible] S[illegible] N[illegible] I [illegible] [illegible]

Why does the sun shining on the stove put out the fire?

Sincerely yours,

LEWIS S. COMBES.

There is a story to the effect that a king of France once propounded the following question to a society of learned men:

Why is it that when a live fish is put into a pail of water the weight of the pail and its contents is not thereby increased?

The scientists discussed the question, but although no one could answer it, they were all too proud to say so. But after several days, one of the members, more truly scientific than the others, suggested that they make the experiment. Upon trial, it was found that the addition of the fish did increase the weight, and that the king had been playing a merry prank upon the members of that learned society.

If the sender of the foregoing inquiry will apply the lesson taught in the foregoing story, and put the question directly to nature, he will get the answer: The sun shining on a stove does not put out the fire.—ELROY M. AVERY.

This answer applies to many queries about things or phenomena that exist only in some person's imagination, or are the result of imperfect observation or of faulty reasoning. Do not accept common sayings as necessarily descriptions of facts. The most important mission of "Nature and Science" is to teach young folks to see and to think for themselves, and to go directly to nature for the facts. First make sure of the fact, then ask nature all that you can. As a last resort "write to ST. NICHOLAS."

A MODEL FROG

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day my friend, Mr. Jungwirth, was having some pictures made of his shop and I [illegible]

"Gloomy Gus." It came out so well I thought perhaps some of your readers might like to see it. You see, Gus is the most valuable frog I ever heard of. We call him the Million-Dollar Frog, because he is used as a model in all the decorations of the big steamers that run from here to Cleveland. In the picture he is sitting on the nose of a big carved wooden frog that will hold the clock on the main staircase of the new *City of Cleveland*, which is to cost one million and a quarter of dollars.

The artists of the "David C." line used to come and draw from Gus when we first got him. They said then he was a perfect model; but now he has been fed and petted so much he is getting awfully fat. Mr. Jungwirth got him for fifty cents from the Detroit College of Medicine, and saved him from being experimented on like the other frogs.

Gus is named for Mr. Schantz, the manager of the steamboat company. We call him gloomy because Mr. Schantz is always smiling. We have a nice aquarium for him, but he likes to get out and visit the workmen. They feed him from their dinner pails and catch flies for him. When he first came he was very wild, but now he 'll sit



[illegible]

still and let the men hammer all around him. But he does n't like other noises. Last Fourth of July he ran away and we could n't find him for a week. When the photographer took his picture he sat very still until the flash-light went off. Then he jumped in back of the bench, and would n't come out all the rest of the day.

Very truly yours,

ROY A[illegible] age 9.



CHARLES IRISH FRESTON, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE, APRIL, 1904.)

ELIZABETH TOOT, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE, NOV., 1905.)

MABEL ELIZABETH FLETCHER, AGE 20. (GOLD BADGE, VERSE, MAY, 1903. THEN 16, NOW CONTRIBUTING TO PERIODICALS.)

E. ADELAIDE HAHN, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE, PUZZLE ANSWERS, MARCH, 1904. CASH PRIZE, PUZZLE MAKING, MARCH, 1907.)

THIS is the third exhibition from our League Album of Honor Members, and while photographs for still other exhibitions are arriving steadily, they do not come as rapidly as they should, considering how many Honor Members, new and old, there are in the League, and how anxious we are to have them all.

Indeed, there seems to be a misunderstanding among a large number of our readers as to what constitutes an Honor Member. Let us explain, then, that an Honor Member is a *gold badge winner*. It is not necessary to win a silver badge or a cash prize to become an Honor Member. It is pleasant, of course, to have these things to one's credit, but the gold badge alone entitles the winner to all the League honors, for, after all, the gold badge is apt to be the highest honor that the League can bestow. When a cash prize is awarded, it is simply because some Honor Member has once more sent the best contribution in that particular class. It does not mean, necessarily, that the contribution is of higher merit than the contribution which entitled that same member to the gold badge, previously awarded. It only means that in this particular month this particular member has once more taken first place. It is true that a "cash prize" contribution is bound to be of superior excellence, for the reason that in order to win first place it could not be otherwise; but those gold badge winners who have tried long and earnestly without winning a cash prize, need not feel discouraged when they remember that in every competition there are contributions that only win for their authors a place on the Roll of Honor when according to their merits it is only for the reason that their authors have already been so often represented in the League's crowded pages, that such excellent work did not win publication and even prize-roll honors.






Here are a few simple things to remember:

An Honor Member is one who has won a gold badge.

It is not necessary for a League member to win a silver badge before a gold badge can be awarded his or her contribution again wins the highest place. The cash prize is the only prize where age is not considered in making the award, and is not likely to be conferred on a younger member. It becomes a special honor, indeed, when it is so






BADGE, WILD CREATURE PHO-

A silver badge may be awarded after a gold badge, provided a gold badge winner has not already won a silver badge.

A gold badge winner is awarded a cash prize when conferred, for it means that its winner has entered the lists claiming no benefits or exemptions because of years or inexperience, and in this open tournament of wit, skill and ingenuity have won.






BADGE, VERSE, JAN., 1903. CASH,

BADGE, PUZZLE-MAKING,

(GOLD BADGE, PUZZLE-

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR APRIL."

BY MICHAEL KOPSCO, AGE 16.
(CASH PRIZE.)

April brooks are flowing,
April robins fly,
April clouds are blowing
Straight across the sky.

APRIL

April sun is shining,
April showers fall,
April days are bringing
Flowers of May for all.

As has often been said, the League is a great art and literary school, but it is a school only in the sense of being a place of exhibition for the purpose of comparative study. It is not a school of criticism, and if the editor undertook to criticize the various contributions that seem to need it, he would not have any time left in which to edit the League. Criticism is very hard work. It requires time; also, it requires a special talent which the ordinary editor, perhaps, does not need, or he would possess it oftener. The League editor is not gifted with the talent of critical advice. He is obliged to content himself with the simple belief that he can generally recognize good work or the other kind without trying to explain how it could be made better, or worse. Still there is a place now and then where he feels that even he can indicate a weak spot. In the present instance he is thinking of certain disagreements in rhyme. More than once he has pointed out that while slight variations are allowable in the vowel sounds of words intended to rhyme, any variation in the consonants is fatal.

It is difficult, to understand how a little girl can write a poem which was almost good enough to win a prize, and then spoil it by trying to rhyme "trees" with "leaves" in the last stanza, when "trees" would have to rhyme with "ease" or "pease" or "ecstacies," or some such consonant sound; and how could a still older little girl — a young lady, almost — spoil her pretty poem with trying to couple "barns" with "harms," when "barns" would have to rhyme with "yarns" and "tarns," or, to vary the vowel a little, perhaps with "warns." But even these are not so bad as that other young lady who started out by rhyming "bright" with "thrice" and "toss" with "lost." No poetic license issued by the St. Nicholas League will cover rhymes like these. Such liberties are only permitted to popular song writers who do not hesitate to rhyme "wheelbarrow" with "Fifth Avenue" and still achieve success and, perhaps, escape violence. But we have as yet no "popular song" competition in the League. So for the present we shall have to tread the path of fame to the same old measures and the same old consonant rhymes that guided the feet of Tennyson and Longfellow and Whittier and Poe along the poetic way.



"THE LAKE BROWN FIELDS" BY DOROTHY SCHAEFFER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE LIFE FOR ME

BY MILDRED MARGUERITE WHITNEY (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge.*)

When the east winds blow,
And the clouds are low,
And the foam is flying free —
Then fill your sail
With the rising gale,
And steer for the stormy sea!

With every slash
That the gray waves lash,
As the boat bounds down the bay,
In the plunging bow,
Your fearless brow
Is struck by the flying spray.

For the sloop will leap,
O'er the tossing deep,
With the strength of a racing steed;

And your spirits soar,
[illegible]
And the glorious life
[illegible]
The wild, wild waves,
And the wind from the open sea!



PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 98

[illegible] contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. [illegible] **Mildred Marguerite Whitney** (age 17, 173 Mt. Vernon St., Cambridge, Mass., and **Marion Risedorph** [illegible], Kingston, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Margaret T. Babcock** (age 15), Nanuet, N. Y., and **Annette Blake Moran** (age 8), 133 E. 64th St., N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Phyllis E. Ridgely** (age 13), Dover, Del.; **Frances L. Ross** (age 17), Conshohocken, Pa., and **Therese Born** (age 11), 1308 South St., Lafayette, Ia.

Silver badges, **Mabel Jordan** (age 14), 905 S. Minn. St., Sioux Falls, S. D.; **Valerie vonD. Marbury** (age 12), 159 W. Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md., and **Richard C. Thompson** [illegible], 583 Orange St., New Haven, Conn.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Michael Kopsco** (age 16), 8 Oak St., S. Norwalk, Conn. Gold badges, **Natalie Johnson** (age 15), 576 Bradford Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., and **Leonie Nathan** (age 17), 6 Washington Terrace, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Marjorie E. Chase** (age 15), Box 75, Warren, Mass.; **Margaret Farnesworth** [illegible], Mrs. M. E. Somerville, Centralia, Wash., and **Elsket Bejach** (age 11), 1085 Poplar Ave. (Place illegible, please send.)

Photography. Gold badges, **Constance Ayer** (age 14), Delaware, O., and **Dorothy Schaffler** (age 13), Eagle Grove, Ia.

Silver badges, **Phœbe Briggs** (age 15), Alta, Calif., and **John J. McCutcheon** (age 15), 420 E. Lafayette St., Jackson, Tenn.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Fawn," by **Janet Martin** (age 14), Audubon Park, N. Y. City. [illegible] "Baby," by **Fred R. Thorne** (age 16), 122 14th St., Pacific Grove, Calif. Third prize, "Wild Ducks," by **Marion R. Bailey** (age 14), 139 Neal St., [illegible], Mass. [illegible] "Young Gulls," by **Mitchell Leavitt** (age 12), 32 Akron St., Roxbury, Mass.

Puzzle-Making. Gold Badges, **Hamilton Fish Armstrong** (age 14), 58 West 10th St., New York City, and **Althea Bertha Morton** (age 10), Route 2, Richford, Tioga Co., N. Y.

Silver Badges, **Dorothy Llewellyn** (age 15), 6033 Jefferson Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and **Gladys Eustis** (age 14), 6104 Hurst St., New Orleans, La.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Roger Dod Wolcott** (age 15), Highland Park, Ill., and **Philip W. Thayer** (age 14), Wilbraham Ave., Springfield, Mass.

Silver badges, **Harriet Gates** (age 16), 2725 N. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.; **Katharine Brown** (age 12), Perkins Place, Norwich, Conn., and **Eleanor M. Chase** (age 12), 914 Stewart St., Seattle, Wash.

A FOREST ADVENTURE

[illegible]

EVERY spring I go into the woods to gather violets, and every autumn I go to gather nuts. We usually walk until we are "nearly dead," and most of the girls tear their dresses while crawling under the barb-wire fences. But these are happenings connected with every trip into the forest.

In the evening I show the scanty rewards of my search, and my torn dress. Then father will laugh, and will tell me of the time when he went with his mother and brothers into the Black Forest, the home of hundreds of quaint legends and tales, and the heart of fairyland.

In the forest were seven tiny waterfalls, and these father remembers very clearly, as it was "necessary" for him to get his feet wet.

They walked and walked, and father grew so tired (and wet shoes are very heavy for tired feet), and he was hungry, too. Then father began to cry, for he was not so very big [illegible]



"[illegible]" BY [illegible], AGE 17 [illegible]



"FAWN." BY JANET MARTIN, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPH.)

Finally a little cottage, partly hidden by the trees, came into view. Grandmother knocked at the door, much against the children's wishes, for they were sure some ogre or goblin lived there. But the door was not opened by a goblin, or an ogre, or even a fairy, but by an old woman, who invited them to enter.

The room was poorly furnished, but oh! so neat. The furnishings were rough, and they looked as though they had been made and carved by the old man who sat in front of the fire.

There was a little nanny-goat in the shed attached to the house. Around her neck was a string of bells, and "so she made music wherever she went."

While father's shoes were drying, a lunch of real Swiss cheese and goat's milk was served and every one did full justice to the lunch.

You may believe it was a happier party that set out from the cottage than the one that entered it.

A FIRE IN A FOREST

BY PHYLLIS F. RIDGELY (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge*)

THERE are, of course, many adventures exciting to the utmost which may occur in a forest, but perhaps a fire may be considered the most thrilling of all — a fire which, starting mysteriously in an incredibly short time, threatens the whole of an enormous forest and the lives of many people.

Such a fire occurred at Twilight Park in the Catskills last summer. It started in a chimney of one of the Inns, and working secretly, suddenly burst forth in all its glory and terror.

The music-room of Squirrel Inn was crowded that morning because of a concert to be given there. Just before the concert was to begin some one requested the audience to leave the room. It was emptied quickly and quietly, no one suspecting a fire. Even after they were told, no panic ensued. Every one was calm and collected.

A friend and I were in the village that morning. We were in the library when a man rushed in crying "Squirrel Inn is on fire." The next minute the church-bells began to ring and people to run from every direction. We rushed up the mountain for amid the woods the smoke and flames



"PTARMIGAN." BY FRED R. THORNE, AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPH.)

were bursting up, and both our mothers were at the Inn. We fairly seemed to fly up the steep road, the trees rushing by us, and our feet scarcely touching the ground.

As soon as we entered the park we met what seemed to us hundreds of women and children carrying clothes and valuables. The road was strewn with things they had dropped in their hurried flight.

Men and boys toiled incessantly saving all they could from the Inn, and every house in the parks was open to the homeless guests.

A high wind was blowing and burning brands were swept down the mountain, and the parks below were in danger, but no one faltered, no one lost heart, although the fire was gaining, and there was but little water.

At last, however, the fire was conquered and although the Inn and part of the forest succumbed, the parks were saved.



"THE BARE BROWN FIELDS." BY JOHN J. MCCUTCHEON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

LIFE

BY MARION RISEDORPH (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge*)

I CANNOT see the veiled face of success
My weary efforts in the shadow lurk —
I cannot guess reward beyond the stress,
But I can work.

I cannot find the life where I belong —
The heart with need of me, all else above,
I cannot be the burden of its song —
But I can love.

I cannot always hopeful be, and brave —
The long hard struggle may not seem worth while!
I cannot quench the slow hot tears I crave—
But I can smile.

LIFE AWAKENED

BY MARGARET T. BABCOCK (AGE 15)



What is this joy, this stir unseen?
[illegible]
and green?
And, hark! Why do the birds so
sweetly sing?
The very frogs "chonk" cheerily,
The peeper whistles merrily;
[illegible]
Spring!

The little brook once more flows
free,
The bluebirds flit from post to tree,
The orchard, e'en, is decked with
flowers.
Spring blossoms have peeped forth
anew,
Since touched by early springtime
dew,
Or damped by frequent April showers.

Among the trees the squirrels play,
Chattering all the livelong day.
They have forgot that winter's roar
Has come and gone, will come again,
With all its hunger, all its pain,
Will starve and freeze them as before.



[illegible]

"OUR FOREST LAKE ADVENTURE"

[illegible]

(*Gold Badge*)

We had been rowing for several hours on the lake, which was set like a giant's mirror in one of the most beautiful parks of the Adirondacks. Mountains surrounded it on all sides, mountains which might have been the giants themselves gazing down to see their reflections in its clear depths.

As we rowed farther under the rays of the hot sun, the wild and picturesque charm of the scene around us increased; the under brush on the banks became more dense, and no sign of life was visible.

At last, hot and tired, we came to what appeared to be the end of the lake; the trees on each side bent far over to meet and to interlock their branches; in the water grew dead stumps in grotesque shapes, and a few yellow water-lilies, the thick, tube-like stems of which twined around our oars, as if to hold us back from some sacred precinct of their own.

But, as we turned to row away, by chance we caught sight of a narrow passage under the boughs of the trees, which had been hidden from us until now by a projection of the bank and by the blackened tree-stumps. We bent our heads low, and pushed aside the branches of the trees, which seemed, like the water-lilies, to be sentinels of the hidden place we were about to find, and tried to hold us back.

Then, suddenly, with one stroke of our oars, we came upon the place we had dreamed of, but never seen; we recognized it at once as a spot where fairy spirits lurk. Over a small, deep pool of water, clear and dark, yet turned to silver here and there where the sun touched it, leaned trees as graceful in form as those enchanted princesses whose fitting abode this place seemed to be. Here and there among the shadowy boughs of the evergreens gleamed the snowy birches. Scarlet tiger-lilies, too, drawn by the subtle attraction of the magic pool, crowded one another around its edge and lighted the place with their splendor. Outside, the sun was hot and glaring; here all was dim and cool. We stayed for a while, enthralled by the mysterious charm of the scene. Then we raised our oars, and silently left the place of magic we had discovered.



[illegible]

THE LIFE SONG OF A PLANT

BY ANNETTE BLAKE MORAN (AGE 8)

Silver Badge

FIRST I was a little seed,
Sun and water did I need.
Up into the world I grew,
Happiness! my work was through,
'Til my blossoms I did bear,
Each one for a maiden fair.
And my blossoms as they grew
Opened wide their petals blue.



"HEADING," BY NATALIE JOHNSON, AGE 15 (GOLD BADGE)

A FOREST ADVENTURE

BY MABEL JORDAN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

MY grandfather, who lived in New York State in the year of 1855, had an occasion to go into the woods one day. On returning home he heard a noise and looking behind him saw a panther; instantly he remembered of hearing some one say that if you turned your back upon a panther he would spring upon you, but if you faced him he would keep a certain distance from you. So grandfather faced the panther quite a distance until he came to a tree that he could climb easily. He took off his hat and threw it at the panther and at the same time gave a yell which startled the animal. Then my grandfather climbed the tree. The panther soon became tired waiting for him and wandered away. Grandfather was not long reaching home.

LIFE

BY RUTH S. COLEMAN (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge Winner)

FIRST it is a baby small,
Baby dresses, crib and all.
And again he is just five,
Happy boy that he 's alive.
Then it is a boy of nine,
Tops and pop-guns, oh, how fine!
Then he 's twelve years old, and my!
Such a big boy meets my eye.
Now he 's really seventeen,
Never nicer boy was seen.
When again we see this lad,
He 's a man as tall as dad.
If you 'll look once more you 'll see,
This same man at thirty-three.

A FOREST ADVENTURE

BY VALERIE VON L. MARTLEY

(AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

MANY years ago before there were any railroads, my great great uncle happened to be driving through the Bakonyerwald, a large forest in Hungary. At that time the woods were filled with highwaymen, who robbed all that came their way.

As my uncle was peacefully driving along, he heard the sound of horses' feet. Before long, a man followed by some others came out of the forest, and pointing a pistol at the coachman's head, commanded him to halt. As there was nothing else to do, the carriage stopped.

The robbers took all they wanted including a box of very fine cigars. Presently they rode off, and left my uncle to pursue his way in peace.

Again the tramp of horses was heard, and the first highwayman appeared again. He stopped the coach, and taking off his hat said to my uncle: "I have taken all your cigars; you have not even one left; help yourself to some."

My uncle, too surprised to speak, helped himself to some of his own cigars.

The robbers then rode off, and the rest of the way was passed quietly.

CITY LIFE

THE LAMENT OF A SKYE-TERRIER

BY LOIS DONOVAN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge Winner)

OH, for a day in the country
With another dog of my kind!
Six months more in the city,
And I 'll probably lose my mind.

I 'm bathed and fed every morning,
I 've a French maid all of my own,
I drive every day, in my mistress's coupé,
But oh! for a common bone.

I 've taken a prize — a blue ribbon —
I 'm a little toy terrier-skye,
But I 'd give my best bow, for a run to and fro,
On our country lawn — oh my!

I can't stand much more of this pampering,
I wish, oh, again and again,
That I was the commonest yellow pup!
But hark! I must lay down my pen!



"LOAN A LARGE BROWN FIELD" BY AMY HEAPHY, AGE 17 (HONOR MEMBER)

TO LIFE

BY ELIZABETH B. FRENCH

(AGE 16)

WE 'VE been together quite a while.
Life, you 've been good to me;
And why we ever have to part,
Is more than I can see.

I 've heard it rumored now and then,
Life, tell me, is it true?
That some who think their lot is hard,
Are getting tired of you.

If this is so, please go to each,
Take what they have to spare;
Then come to me with all they 've giv'n,
And I 'll live out their share.

And when at length it 's time to close
This goodly so-called "strife,"
Then may I have as happy death,
As I 've had happy life.

CITY LIFE

BY ROSE NORTON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge Winner)

Bustle, hurry,
Push and worry,
Horns and engine-whistles blowing,
Restless rushing,
Crowding, crushing,
Cars and horses coming, going.
Roar and rumble,
Growl and grumble,
People getting in the way,
Laughing, talking,
Riding, walking,
This is city life to-day.



"HEADING," BY MARGARET FARNSWORTH, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

A FOREST ADVENTURE

BY RICHARD C. THOMPSON (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

As we were riding in the woods hunting for cows, my companion whispered "Look!" I looked and there were two deer dancing and jumping. Everything was silent, except for the wind and rustle of the leaves under their feet. The sunset made the water grow red as we watched the deer, and they shone, too. Then they left, and we went on our way.

THE LIFE OF THE FISHERMAN

BY FRANCIS COUTTS (AGE 13)

Under the shadow of the cliff,
In a hut of wood dwells he,
And his only friends and companions
Are the sandy beach and the sea.

And, on the dawn of every day,
With his nets and oars goes he,
Down to his well worn rowboat,
At anchor in the sea.

He rows to his favorite fishing ground
And fishes there all day,
Till the sun sinks low, and a rosy glow
Is stealing o'er the bay.
Then he hauls in his nets and homeward goes till another fishing day.

This, is the life of the fisherman,
And I think, between you and me,
That of the two he 's the happier;
Than a nation's king may be.

LIFE

BY EMMELINE PEADSHAW (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge Winner)

The lark leaps up to the daffodil sky,
And the lilies wave by the blue lake's shore,
As the morning breezes go wafting by,
And the gold beams shine from the sun's bright store,
And man starts forth on his life's long way,
To the sweet, sweet tune of the lark's glad lay.

The glamour of noon lights over the plain,
Where the poppies shine in the waving grass,
And the cornflowers long for the soothing rain,
But the sky is an ocean of molten glass.
And the wand'rer faints in the weary strife,
As the night shuts down on the road of life.

The evening is filled with the light of love;
And softly the scent of the white rose swells,
On a billow of peace to heaven above,
From the forest's pale and enchanted dells,
And floating afar through the moonlit sky,
Life drifts away to eternity.

A TRAMP IN THE BLACK FOREST

BY ERMA QUINEY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge Winner)

On a sunny August morning, my father, brother, and I walked down the little street of Triberg (a town in the heart of the Black Forest) to the station. We were just in time to jump on the train before it puffed away. Div-



"HEADING" BY MARJORIE E. CHASE, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)



"HEADING" BY ELSKET BEACH, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE)

ing in tunnels, then plunging out in the sunlight again, with just a wink to get glimpses of emerald mountain-sides before we were carried into darkness, kept us interested until we got off at Sommerau.

From here we walked through the shady woods to St. Georgen, a quaint old village. Here we had the good fortune to see a real peasant fair.

But we had not come to see the fair, however interesting it was, so, after a little lunch we started to walk back to Triberg.

In some of the fields the peasants were cutting and spreading the grass, while in other fields they were taking the sweet-smelling hay to the lofts. Strange to say, the hay is not put in barns, but in the lofts of the houses. Stranger still is the fact that the cows occupy the ground floor of these picturesque Black Forest dwellings.

The people were busy at other occupations than hay-making. Looking through an open window of a roadside house I saw workmen carving bears, deer, and clocks from wood. At another place, where the road led between tall trees, woodmen were sawing logs.

At last, late in the afternoon, we reached Triberg, tired from the long walk in the hot sunshine, but glad to have seen so much of every-day Black Forest life.

A FOREST ADVENTURE

BY CECILE LEONA DECKER (AGE 15)

AMONG the pioneer settlers of Central New York was a Scotchman, James MacKee, who, with his bride, came to a forest home on the east bank of Cayuga Lake. For many years they remained here, isolated, as it were, their nearest neighbor being two miles distant. To Mrs. MacKee there occurred an experience of such a novel nature that it cannot easily be forgotten; at the same time it shows her gentle disposition.

The Cayugas, a tribe of the Iroquois which at the time occupied the central and northern section of the State, were frequently seen around the MacKee home and, although never hostile, were not very desirable neighbors. True to the Indian character, they secured their livelihood by hunting and fishing. The deer at that time were very numerous and many an Indian spent his time in their pursuit.

One day, Mrs. MacKee was walking through the forest on her way to a neighbor's home, when she was suddenly startled by the baying of approaching hounds. Alarmed, indeed, by the possibility of a meeting with hostile Indians, she hurried her pace and never once looked right or left. Suddenly, in the path not five feet from where she was, a deer dropped exhausted. The baying of the hounds was now augmented by the wild yells of their masters. In less than five minutes the place was swarmed with both dogs and Indians, the former yelping, the latter yelling. But Mrs. MacKee was not to be frightened by their movements. Hastily snatching the red linsey-woolsey shawl which she had around her, by means of gestures and the smattering of broken English which she knew, she bartered for the deer.

Attracted by the brightness of the shawl the Indians readily relinquished their claim of the animal and departed. As soon as the deer had regained sufficient strength, he bounded away into the forest.

. . . . . .

This is the "Forest Adventure" which was told me by a friend who is a direct descendant of Mrs. MacKee.

LIFE OF THE FLEUR-DE-LIS

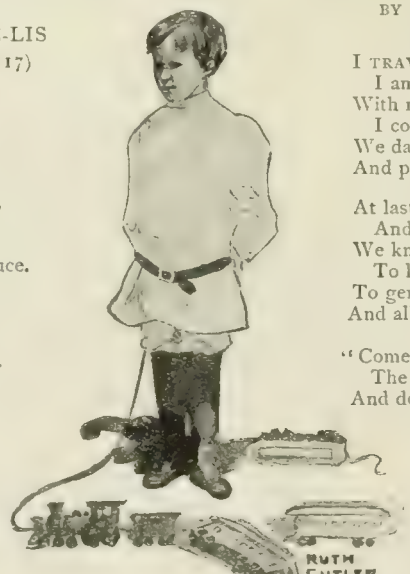
BY ELIZABETH HANLY (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

CLAD all in splendid purple,
Color of royalty,
Stalwart the ranks about him,
Proclaiming fealty.
Though born to war and peril,
He holds eternal truce,
Lord of the misty marshes,
Knight of the Flow'r-de-Luce.

Flower of Bourbon glory,
Firm on a foreign strand.
Alien the skies above him,
Dauntless he yet doth stand.
Yeomanry strong about him,
Each with uplifted lance.
Swearing, forever and ever,
Fidelity to France.

Nearer, his comrades gather,
Sighing a vesper song.
His lady-love is stealing,
Star-sprinkled fields along.
Twilight doth come slow drifting,
Towed by the crescent moon—
Sir Knight of the misty marshes,
Keepeth his tryst with June!



"SPRING" BY RUTH CUTLER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)

THE NEW LIFE

BY RUTH LIVINGSTON (AGE 9)

(*Silver Badge Winner*)

I TRAVEL gaily from on high,
I am dear Mother April's child.
With many little raindrop elves,
I come to wake the flowers mild.
We dance and prance for many an hour,
And people say, "An April shower."

At last we fall upon the earth
And slowly trickle through the ground.
We know why April sent us here,
To hunt for fairy cradles round;
To gently sway them till they shake,
And all the little inmates wake.

"Come, ope your eyes, 't is spring," we say
The babies leave their downy beds,
And don a robe of tender green,
Then upward stretch their frail soft heads
Until they see the bright blue sky,
And view the world with raptured eye.

They feel the warm rays of the sun,
The bushes and the trees they see
Rejoicing in their new gained life.
A bluebird singing in the tree,
Is building now a summer nest
In which the baby birds will rest.

A FOREST ADVENTURE

[...] (Age 14)

One winter my cousin was hunting near Bear Lake. It [...] felt as though they would freeze. One freezing day, while hunting, my cousin was separated from the other members of the party, and soon lost his way in the dense forest.

He shouted and called for help, but without success. He wandered about for a long time, and at last he came upon a little log cabin. He hurried up and was going to knock at the door, but when he touched it, it swung open, and he saw only one bare room. No one lived there. He went inside and found a little mud chimney in the corner. The fireplace was filled with dry leaves, and sticks, that had dropped down the chimney in the summer.

He hunted all through his pockets, and at last found a few matches. He tried to strike them, but they were wet and of no use.

At last, as he became colder and colder, he took his handkerchief and placed it on the leaves and sticks in a way that they would catch fire, and then he put some gunpowder on the handkerchief, and then he shot it until it caught fire and made a good blaze.

After he had warmed his hands (which were numb; he could hardly use them), he looked around for something to eat. At last, after a long search, he found a small lump of bread. It was so hard he could hardly break it, but he was so hungry he was glad to have anything. He was in the hut a good while, before the party found him.

"LIFE"

BY E. VINCENT MILLAY (AGE 15)

(Silver Medal)

Life is an imitation,—we are born,
We live, we die,—and do no more, no less
Than all have done before.
To us is given the living only; that at least is ours,
To do with as we please; and let it be
Our constant care to make that living such
That, when we die, it will be deemed more worthy
Of further imitation.



"[...]," BY HAZEL HALLIDAY, AGE 12 (GOLD MEDAL)



LIFE

BY [...] (AGE 17)

(Silver Medal)

Life is a song that is caroled in tune,
A roundelay sweet in the gay month of June,
A cup that is filled up with wine to the brim,
A delicate goblet with ruby-crowned rim;
A lilac that fragrantly blooms in the spring;
A bird winging upward, nor ceasing to sing;
A song, and a wine-cup, a bird, and a flower,
A wish to achieve and a yearning for power.

MIDDLE AGE.

Life is a burden, a routine of care,
That bows down the figure, and whitens the hair,
A dull, changeless labor that never is done,
'Neath a sky that is leaden, with no cheering sun;
Life is a wheel, to which all men are bound,
That grinds men beneath it, each time it goes round;
A reasonless striving, and sighing for wings
To fly from the ceaseless oppression of Things.

OLD AGE.

Life is a waiting for what is to come,
A waiting for rest, and the glad going home;
The great preparation for things yet to be,
When all shall be clear, and at last we shall see.
Life is a wonderful, mystical quest
That some take with a sigh, and some with a jest,
But all, like a child who is tired by play,
Stop a moment to rest, and in sleep slip away.

A FOREST ADVENTURE

BY MARY L. HUNT (AGE 16)

A few years ago, while visiting some cousins in Michigan, we had planned one day a trip to the woods. Snow was on the ground and as it was very cold we hoped to be able to find a sliding place on one of the many swamps there.

After sliding until cold, we started on our way home.

Suddenly hearing a strange noise I turned, very much alarmed, to my cousin, asking him what he thought it could be. He immediately assured me that it must be wolves. Hearing that dread word I turned and fled, he following.

Over roots of trees and old blackberry bushes we stumbled, the wolves still following us, until completely out of breath we reached the open road. I dared not look behind, but my cousin ventured to do so, just peeking a little. Then



"HEADING." BY CHARLES E. MANSFIELD, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER)

he stopped running and began laughing so hard that I could no longer resist from looking.

Instead of a pack of hungry wolves racing toward us I perceived the large form of a collie-dog trying to catch up with us, having seen us in the wood.

LIFE IN THE AUTUMN FIELDS

BY HELEN FITZ JAMES SEARIGHT (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

THE sky overhead is as blue as the gentians
That raise their long lashes above the brown grass,
And the wind in tree-tops is sighing a message
Of tender farewell to the birds as they pass.

Bright leaves are faltering down from the maples,
Warned that the season for resting is near,
When winter, with soft, silent snowflakes descending,
Will lull them to sleep through the night of the year.

As I stand with the breath of the breeze fresh upon me,
And gaze o'er the valley in autumn arrayed,
A wave of strange happiness fills me and thrills me,
Like flickering sunlight through deep forest shade.

For autumn is sad — 't is the death of the springtime;
Yet Nature is welcoming swift her release,
Awaiting the coming of rest-giving winter,
To spread her white mantle of silence — and peace.

A FOREST ADVENTURE

BY ARTHUR CLARKE (AGE 12)

ONE day a boy and myself went out into the forest and we climbed up trees and up rocks. We started to climb up a rock that was quite steep. The boy that was with me started up first; when he got almost up, he took hold of a tree that was on the top. But, alas, the tree was rotten and it gave away, and he came falling down on to the ground.

I asked him if he was hurt very much and he said: "Yes, I can hardly move." I told him I would go home and tell his mother if he wanted me to, and he said: "All right."

I started off on a run and got to his house in about half an hour. I told his mother, and she was quite frightened. It took us a little more than a half hour to get back, because his mother could not run. When we did get there he was sitting up. His mother asked him if he thought he could walk and he said: "Yes." He rested on our shoulders, and he got home all right. That ended our tree and rock climbing for that day.

The next day he was out playing, but he did n't want to go climbing.

A FOREST ADVENTURE

BY IDA F. PARFITT (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member*)

MY cousin was once staying with some friends at Dromana, on the shores of Port Phillip, Australia, and she and another girl were going to some friends to lunch; they lived about twelve miles away, in the bush (forest). My cousin proposed riding on their bicycles, and this suggestion was gladly agreed to, so they started quite early in the morning.

It was a broiling hot day and they found the ride hot and fatiguing, but at last they arrived at their destination.

They had a very pleasant luncheon party, and were waiting until the cool of the evening to ride home; but in the afternoon an alarm was raised that a bush fire had just begun. My cousin and her friend immediately thought about getting home and made all preparations to start. "We can easily race the fire if we ride fast enough," they thought, and so they did, for about a mile or two, but they began to feel the atmosphere getting hotter and hotter, and on looking back they saw the flames rushing after them. Now, indeed, was a race for life!

They flew along on their bicycles, but the fire overtook them, and soon they were tearing along through the burning bush, sometimes the flames leaping out and almost catching them in their fiery embrace; but after a terrible ride they reached the main road, and were soon home, away from the burning bush and smoky air; but both determined never to ride through the Australian bush on the evening of a very hot day again.

REAL LIFE

BY FRANKLIN WOLF (AGE 10)

RUNNING on the sand,
Or sailing on the blue;
That is life to me,
But maybe not to you.

Oh, the balmy air!
And the ocean spray;
Which is better, sailing on
The ocean or the bay?

When vacation 's ended,
Then I must away;
But I never will forget
The ocean or the spray.

A FOREST ADVENTURE

BY MARIAN VAN BUREN (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge Winner*)

ONE day my brothers and I had gone for a walk in a forest near a little town in Switzerland. We had been picking raspberries and playing tag and hide-and-seek, and so, coming home we all felt rather tired and I proposed to sit down beside a little stream on the edge of the forest. I was watching two girls of about thirteen and fifteen years old and three little boys of five and six, picking up sticks. Somehow I got to talking with the girls, and the younger of the two told me the following story:

"Last Wednesday," she began, "we were picking sticks like to-day, and, having picked enough, we sat down to rest. After a while, Elsa proposed to play a game of hide-and-seek. Of course the little boys and I agreed at once, so I said that I would hide my eyes. Elsa and the boys went to hide themselves. I waited for some time, then I heard Elsa and Fritz call. I expected to hear Walter and Franz soon. I strained my ears and listened, when, suddenly, instead of the usual 'hoo-hoo!' I heard, far to my left, two awful yells. I started up and ran toward the place where the sound came from, the cries getting louder and louder as I ran. I arrived at a sort of clearing in the forest at the same time as Elsa, who came running from the opposite direction, and what *do* you think I saw? Well! I was almost frightened out of my skin! Franz was struggling wildly with an old man, and Walter lay on the ground, while another tramp bent over him, stuffing a handkerchief in his mouth to stop his cries. Elsa and I, knowing that there were some woodcutters quite near, set up a series of awful shouts and screams. The men soon came to our rescue; they freed the boys and brought the kidnappers to the town prison, while *we* went home. Of course ever since then, when we go to pick sticks, we stay on the edge of the forest."

Soon after that we came here to Nice to spend the winter. We had always heard that there were tramps in that forest, but I, for my part, had never believed it, but I can tell you that, after *that*, I never wished to go in *any* forest alone.

LEAGUE CHAPTERS

No. 1028. "Seul Cinq." George Henry Hetzlauz, President. Vos I. Mosely, Vice President. W. Walter I. Wanger, Secretary. four members.

No. 1029. "The Number Four Chapter." Alice Pierce, President; Alice Griffin, Secretary and Treasurer; seven members.

No. 1030. "Four Leafed Clover Chapter." Beulah Beach, President; Alice Beach, Secretary; seven members.

No. 1031. Browning Moseley, President; Donald Osborn, Secretary; Melville Siegel, Treasurer; eight members.

No. 1032. "Sunshine Club." Edna Astruck, President; Frances W. Levy, Secretary; eight members.

No. 1033. John B. Ford, President; William P. Harris, Secretary; fourteen members.

No. 1034. "Delphi Jr. Club." Nathan Silverstein, Secretary. fourteen members.

No. 1035. Russell W. Dixon, President; E. P. Wright, Secretary and Treasurer; five members.

No. 1036. Mrs. Ely, President; Corina Ely, Secretary; seven members.

No. 1037. "The Live to Learn and Learn to Live Chapter." Ruth S. Coleman, President; Lorna Tweedy, Vice President; Frederica H. Atwood, Secretary; Kathryn James, Treasurer; four members.

NOTICE

In sending in reports of new chapters formed, secretaries must give the full name and address of each member as well as those of the officers before badges will be sent.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 102

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 102 will close **April 20** (for foreign members **April 25**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in St. Nicholas for **August.**



"SEEKING A MEAL." BY [illegible] AGE, 14.
SILVER BADGE.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "School" or "Scholar."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A School Adventure."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "An Animal Friend" or "Friends."



"THE LAKE FROM THE [illegible]." BY [illegible] AGE, 14.
SILVER BADGE WINNER.

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "Study of a Wild Animal" (from life), and an **August** Heading or Tail-piece.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. Nicholas. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES

Any reader of St. Nicholas, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*.

A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

(League continued in advertising pages)

THE LETTER-BOX

A FEW LETTERS FROM OUR YOUNG READERS ABROAD

SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This picture was taken at the village of St. Nicholas, Switzerland. I thought that you and your readers might be interested to see some real "children of St. Nicholas" so far from New York.



THE RAILROAD STATION AT ST. NICHOLAS, SWITZERLAND.

The train from Zermatt, where I have been staying, stopped at the little place, and the inclosed photographs were taken while standing upon the platform.

Your very interested reader,

THERESA REYNOLDS ROBBINS.

THANK you, Theresa, for the interesting picture, and for your kind thought in sending it to the magazine which bears the same name as the Swiss town.

HERE is a welcome letter from a young reader in a famous English university town.

OXFORD, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year. My mother and my aunt always had you as children, so you can understand how they wanted me to have you, too. I must try and contribute soon, but I am not good at rhymes or anything, and I 'm afraid my works would n't be published. You can see I am English by my address. I live in this lovely old University town because my father is a don at one of its colleges. Last summer we had a great historical pageant here. I dare say you have heard of all the pageants which are taking place in different towns of England. Of course I say the Oxford one was the best. There were sixteen scenes, representations of historical things which really happened here long ago. Some of them were very exciting, such as the Surrender of Oxford to Cromwell in the time of Charles I, and the Coronation of Harold Harefoot, an Anglo-Saxon king, in 1036. I should like to tell you all about the Eights, the University Boat Races, and about how much I like your magazine.

Your very interested reader,

CHARLOTTE ALLEN (age 11).

CHUNGKING, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking your magazine for the first time this year. A kind friend in America is having it sent to us. It takes about two months for it to reach us.

We live in Szechuan, the most western province of China. Chungking is on the Yangtze River, about fifteen hundred miles west of Shanghai.

We have no steamboats or railroads in this part of China, so we have to travel in house-boats on the river and in sedan-chairs when we travel overland. The sedan-chairmen can travel about two and a half miles an hour, or about thirty miles a day.

Traveling up river in a house-boat is very slow also. One has plenty of time to enjoy the scenery. The boat is pulled by men called "trackers." There is a long bamboo hawser fastened to the mast and the men pull the boat with the rope or hawser. There are from fifty to a hundred men on the boats, according to their sizes. The Yangtze River has many bad rapids and many boats are wrecked in them.

Going down river a boat can travel much faster as the men row with long oars.

We have lived in China all of our lives except two years while we were on furlough in America.

In spring we have fine times flying kites. The Chinese have many different kinds of kites. They are made in to shapes of butterflies, dragons, birds, and scores of other kinds.

We have never had a kite that did n't fly. They are made of thin bamboo "ribs" and covered with tough



ST. NICHOLAS IN CHINA.

tissue paper, and they always fly well. Some kites are so large that they take several men to hold them. The men seem to enjoy flying kites as much as the boys.

From your West China readers,

THE PEAT BROTHERS.

THESE boy-friends of ST. NICHOLAS also sent a photograph, which we gladly reproduce here, showing their enjoyment of a "just-arrived" number of the magazine in their distant home—half-way round the world.

OTHER interesting letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Kathryn King, Hazel Benvie, Doris Babcock, Lela Schuster, Minnie Foster, Marion Chapin, Stillman Jenks, Amelie Ervin, Mollie Galloway, Alice A. Hog, Virginia Duncan, Margaret I. Forbes, Elsie Hun, Napier Edwards, Mary Craig, Helen V. Merwin, Elsie Ault, Beatrice Easterday, Helen E. Adams, Helen W. Balfe, Beatrice Bloch, Edwin W. Mills, Esther Iris Hull, Ruth Knapp, Constance H. Smith.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

2. Happy. Desks. 9.

6. Apollo.

ridge. 5. Via-duct. 6. Hand-some. 7.

Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

3. Ella. 3. Nine. 3

CLASSICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,

"Dombey and

"Quarter Days

To OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Miller—Helen C. Black—Betty and Maury—"The Jolly Juniors"—Elsie, Lacie and Tillie—Jo and I—Elsie Nathan—Jennie Lowenhaupt—Margery Beaty—Edward Eastman—James A. Lynd—Caroline C. Johnson—M. G. L. and M. M. L.—"The Wise Five"—A. Robert Kirschner

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 15th, from Maude Fisher, 3—J. W. Sims, 12—Ethel Bowman, 3—Whitney Landon, 7—Mary Kerney Culgan, 9—"Peter Pan and Tinker Bell," 12—Randolph Monroe, 12—Geo. R. Crowther, 3—Ruth Porter, 8—

O'Donnell, 12—Harriet Barto, 7—Sydney L. Wright, 11—Helen L. Patch, 12—Dorothy Fox, 10—Margaret Bigelow, 5—Lester Levy, 12—David, Charles, and Hugh Hitchcock, 12—Thos. W. Bartram, 3—Mary Louise Stover, 10—N. Jenkins, 1—J. Anthony, 1—B. Brabrook, 1—M. C.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in late, but not in eight;
My *second* in pet, but not in debt;
My *third* is in night, but not in plight;
My *fourth* is in eight, but not in fate;
My *fifth* is in flight, but not in night;
My *sixth* is in lead, but not in pale;
My *seventh* in bought, but not in caught;
My *eighth* is in nothing, but not in naught;
My *ninth* is in leap, but not in keep;
My *whole* is a fête that children adore;
Now answer this riddle — I 'll tell you no more.

HELEN M. MACKLIN (age 10).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY initials, reading downward, spell the first name of a famous Roman orator, and another row of letters spell the name by which he is generally called.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Pertaining to the science of medicine. 2. The quality of being grave. 3. A feminine name. 4. Blots out or obliterates. 5. To be subjected to. 6. Relieves from difficulty or distress.

A ROMAN ZIGZAG

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The emperor who ruled after Constantine. 2. The wife of Mark Antony. 3. The birthplace of Diocletian. 4. A great paved highway in ancient Rome. 5. The noblest Roman of them all. 6. A celebrated Roman general. 7. A famous king of the West Goths. 8. A great Roman emperor. 9. A famous Roman orator. 10. A virgin consecrated to Vesta. 11. A famous battle fought 210 B.C. 12. One of three tribes of ancient Rome.

Take the first letter of the first word; the second letter of the second word; the third letter of the third; fourth letter of the fourth; fifth letter of the fifth; sixth letter of the sixth; sixth letter of the seventh; fifth letter of the eighth; fourth letter of the ninth; third letter of the tenth; second letter of the eleventh; and first letter of the twelfth. These letters will spell the name of a very famous Roman.

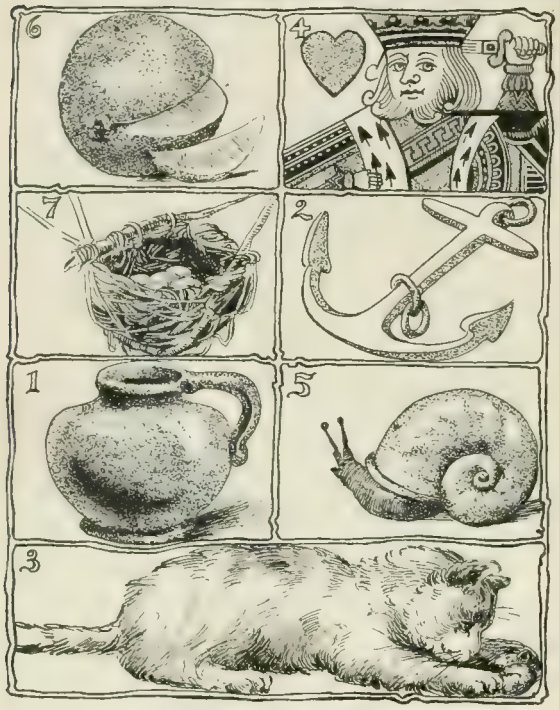
HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1. IN buy. 2. Delved. 3. To construct. 4. Burns. 5. To reside. 6. Kills. 7. Harps. 8. To cut. 9. Joined by stitching. 10. To direct attention. 11. To carry. 12. Uncooked. 13. In buy.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC



IN this primal acrostic the words are pictured instead of described. When the seven objects have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the surname of a famous man.

Designed by

INES D. GUITERAS (League Member).

CHARADE

MY *first* is seen on many a head,
Yet may be on a gun, instead;
My *next*, a word that 's very small,—
It is a pronoun, that is all.
My *third* is not a merry crew,
It is, dear reader, only *you*.
My *last* shows something far behind,
A very common thing, I find.
My *whole* is a word that is used far and wide
When an army surrenders to the other side.

FLORENCE EDITH DAWSON (League Member).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1. TRIPLY behead a part of speech and leave a part of speech. 2. Triply behead makes dearer, and leave part of the head. 3. Triply behead in advance, and leave a division in a hospital. 4. Triply behead eats, and leave a pronoun. 5. Triply behead a building for soldiers, and leave an instrument of torture. 6. Triply behead ingenuous, and leave not so much. 7. Triply behead to pass away, and leave comfort. 8. Triply behead leaves, and leave devices. 9. Triply behead a medicine often given for colds, and leave a number. 10. Triply behead here, and leave dispatched.

The initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a city in the United States.

GLADYS EUSTIS.

WORD-SQUARES

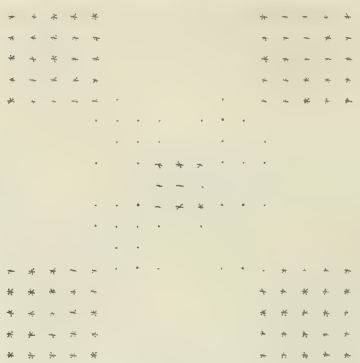
I. 1. A FERTILE spot in a desert. 2. A fruit. 3. A European country. 4. A famous epic poem. 5. Causes to go in any manner.

II. 1. A member of the solar system. 2. A musical drama. 3. A hard substance. 4. To rub or scrape out. 5. Any rehearsal of what has occurred.

HAROLD BEATY (League Member).

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Heavenly bodies. 2. A game of cards. 3. Agreeable odor. 4. A round, braided thong of leather, used as a whip. 5. Not new.

II. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. A feminine name. 2. An entrance. 3. Part of the face. 4. Surface.

III. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. One who competes. 2. To worship. 3. A punctuation mark. 4. To wear away. 5. To make new again.

IV. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. To box. 2. A country of South America. 3. Weapons. 4. Artifice.

V. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Tune. 2. A feminine name. 3. A sharp knock.

VI. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Transparent. 2. Permission. 3. Consumed. 4. To turn aside. 5. Leases.

VII. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. A wild hog. 2. An imaginary monster. 3. An operatic melody. 4. Genuine.

VIII. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A Mediterranean vessel. 2. Exultant. 3. A kind of meat. 4. Short jackets. 5. An old word meaning "to perfume."

IX. ADJOINING SQUARE: 1. A game in which horses are used. 2. To expand. 3. To exact by authority. 4. A substance used for cameos.

ALTHEA BERTHA MORTON.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.